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WILLIAM PENN.
FOUNDER OF THE PROVINCE OF PENNSYLVANIA
1673-1718

Engraved by J.B. Lequere from a drawing by M. Edwin





ATKINSON'S CASKET.
GEMS OF
LITERATURE WITH A SENTIMENT.



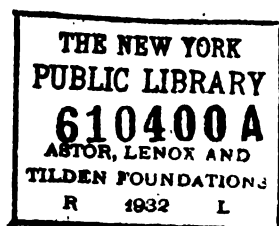
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GENERAL INDEX

TO

ATKINSON'S CASKET, FOR 1833.

Description of the Vignette Title Page, representing the Origin of the Orders of Architecture.

..... tell me, what is this thou hast raised with the mysterious magic of thy hand?

It is a new art! replied Lycidas. The forms thou viewest around I found in nature; and this art is a memorial of HUMAN AFFECTION.

Explain thyself! said Amaryllis, with fondness and curiosity.

Observe that column opposite.

It is delicacy and lightness!

It is thyself!

Lycidas smiled, while the wondering Amaryllis leaned over him, contemplating the column with the tremor of delight.

Yes, it is thyself! raised to thy memory, I gave it the delicacy of the feminine character. It has all thy grace; it is a model of a woman with her ornaments. The volutes at its head, twining in spiral lines, represent thy locks curling beneath thine ear: the deep indented flutings that run down the trunk, imitate the folds of thy flowing dress: the base, which winds like twisted cords, resembles thy sandals. But the columns opposite are richer than mine. What means that beautiful ornament, which looks like a rich foliage, branching from the top.

It is designed for what it seems. One day, near the cave, thou didst leave a pansy on a young acanthus; the pansy was covered by a tile, and the rich foliage of the plant grew around it; and we admired how thy basket, covered by a tile, had, as it were, become a part of the acanthus itself, forming a new and beautiful object. Examine it; it is but a copy.

Wonderful, Lycidas! but thyself, where art thou?

There, replied the first architect, pointing to a pil-

lar of the Doric order, which is formed with the proportions and strength of the body of a man; a naked simplicity rather than a finished elegance, mark that plain unadorned column; it was the first I raised; it has a rude and primitive simplicity, for one never knows how to ornament a first production. The origin of the first column was the trunk of a tree; my great difficulty, at first, was to know how high I should make it; the height of the tree was too great, so I proportioned it to my own height. Those long arcades were imagined from a row of trees; and this dome above us, but imitates the vault of heaven.

Divine artist! thou hast not explained that secret something, that silent music, which so touches and so satisfies the soul!

What thou fancifully callest a silent music, is the effect of a symmetrical proportion. In art, no inharmonious object is agreeable; all must be balanced. The height must be proportioned to the breath; the relative parts of a work are measured by the whole, and the whole must be consonant to the parts. Such, Amaryllis, are the *concordes* even in marble!

This I learnt from nature, for it is exhibited in the human form; there we trace an affinity between the foot, the hand, the finger, and all its parts: in every perfect work each individual member should enable us to judge of the magnitude of the work itself. It is thy tapering arms, winding like tendrils round my neck; thy two soul dissolving eyes; and the regular graces of thy well proportioned form, that enchant. From nature and from thee, I learnt the gradual charm of unity in proportion, and uniformity in variety.

D'Irassie's Romances.

MONTHLY IMPROVEMENTS—

January Number—Portrait of William Penn—Dartmouth College—Lausanne—Kosciusko's Monument.

February—The Fashions, coloured—Friends' Meeting House, Sandy Spring—Philadelphia Exchange—Tower of London.

March—Apprehension—Erie Canal, at Little Falls—Catholic Church at South Boston—Statue of Peter the Great—Court House at Cleveland—Petrarch's Inkstand.

April—Portrait of John Hancock—Royal Clarence Vase—Ohioyle Falls—Coblentz—The Mahogany Tree—The Sugar Cane.

May—Mount *Ætna*—Crater of Mount *Ætna*—Quadrant, London—Fair Mount Water Works.

June—The Fisherman's Return—The Tomb

of Talma—Cathedral at Rheims—View of Mauch Chunk.

July—Latest Fashions—Academie Royale de Musique—Windsor Castle—Tobacco Plant in Flower.

August—The Serenade—Holt's New Hotel—Departure of the Israelites.

September—Portrait of Dr. Wistar—Representation of Rotterdam—Monument to Robert Burns—An Indian Battle.

October—Los Musicos—City of Bruges—Benares, in India—Hotham Island.

November—Skin Lodges of the Kaskaias—Pere la Chaise—La Grange Terrace, N. York.

December—The Peasant Boy—Ghaut of Cutwa—State House of Kentucky—Catching Tortoise on the coast of Cuba—City of Mecca.

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OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

In public life eovre,
To virtue still inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Nor friendship softer was, nor love more kind.

No. 1.] **PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY.** [1833.]

**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF
WILLIAM PENN.**

Perhaps the young reader can find no stronger example of fortitude and practical wisdom in the annals of history, than the life of the excellent person whose name stands at the head of this article. There may have been characters more brilliant; Alexander, and Caesar, and Napoleon, are more memorable for the splendid mischiefs they occasioned, but the fame of William Penn stands on a more solid basis than theirs. He is famous among the sons of men for his blameless life, his sterling piety, and the good he wrought for his fellow creatures. Admiral Sir William Penn, the celebrated father of a more celebrated son, was actively employed in the British Navy, under the Parliament and Charles the Second. He was early inclined to maritime affairs, in which he so distinguished himself that he was a captain at twenty-one years of age, rear-admiral of Ireland at twenty-three, vice-admiral at twenty-five, and vice-admiral of England at thirty-one. Other great trusts he held, and was employed by both contending parties, the Parliament first, and the King after his restoration; yet he took no part in the domestic troubles, having always in view the good of the nation, rather than the interest of a party. He married the daughter of a merchant at Rotterdam, and William Penn was the issue of the marriage. He died in 1691, of complaints brought on by incessant application to his public duties.

The memorable William, son of Sir William, was born in London, in 1644. His early promise was such, that his father resolved to give him a liberal education, and he became a member of Christ's Church College, in Oxford, at fourteen.

About this time he became imbued with the vital spirit of religion, in which he received instruction from a Quaker preacher, and consequently joined that sect with heart and soul. He withdrew from the communion of worship established by law in Oxford, and held private reli-

gious meetings with those of his own belief. This gave offence to the heads of the college, and he was persecuted for non-conformity. As he refused to submit, he was expelled from Oxford, and returned home, where he constantly showed a preference for the company of sober and religious persons. His father, who was more a man of the world, tried every effort to induce him to abandon his fellowship with the Quakers, thinking it would be a great obstacle to his preferment. But persuasion, and even stripes, had no effect to make the young man forsake his principles, and he remained a shining example of moral and religious purity in a corrupt and licentious age. At last, his father became so incensed at his firmness, that he turned him out of his house. This is, perhaps, the only eminent instance of a son punished by a father for perseverance in well doing.

The young William bore his misfortunes with meekness and patience, so that in a short time his father's affections were restored, and he was shortly after sent to make the tour of France. He returned so good a scholar, and with manners so polished, that his father considered the object of his travel answered, and received him with great satisfaction. Indeed he had become a complete and accomplished gentleman.

At the age of twenty he was strongly tempted to give himself up to the pleasures of fashionable life; but the care of Almighty Providence strengthened his early impressions, and prevented his virtues and talents from being lost to the world. Two years after, his father sent him to Ireland to take care of an estate he had in that country, and there he entered into full communion with the Friends. This was partly caused by his being imprisoned, together with several others, for attending a religious meeting. He was soon discharged at the intercession of the Earl of Orrery, and immediately assumed the dress and manners of a Quaker, which subjected him to infinite ridicule and contempt.

Hearing of what he had done, his father sent

for him home, and did his utmost to persuade him to abandon the profession he had assumed, and it cost his affectionate heart a hard struggle to withstand the entreaties which his father addressed to him, hoping to persuade him to study for worldly advancement. However, he did resist, and that to a degree which his friends could not altogether approve.

One thing on which Sir William insisted was, that his son should take off his hat before the king, the duke of York, and himself. Undoubtedly, it would have done him no harm to comply, but he thought such a piece of civility wrong, and desired time to consider. Thinking he meant to consult with his Quaker friends, his father forbade him to see them, and shut him up in his chamber, where he told him he should be ready to give his answer. After some time given to reflection, he told Sir William that his conscience would not suffer him to comply with his desire. This so enraged the father, that he again turned him out of doors. This conduct might be wrong, but it cannot be doubted that the young man acted conscientiously, and did what he thought his duty.

After this, his father became convinced that his conduct arose from a regard to principle, and not from perverseness or obstinacy, and therefore suffered him to return home. And whenever he was imprisoned for attending Quaker meetings, as he frequently was, Sir William contrived to get him released.

In the twenty-fourth year of his age, William Penn felt himself called by heaven, to preach to others, those principles in which he himself trusted, and that self-denial and moral purity which he practised. He therefore began to hold forth in public meetings. He also wrote and published several works, one of which so much offended the dignitaries of the established church, that they procured an order to imprison him in the Tower of London, where none of his friends were permitted to visit him; and he was told that he should either make a public acknowledgment of his errors, or die in prison. But his enemies could not prevail with him, and in something less than a year he was released.

In the same year he went again to Ireland, where he visited certain Quakers, who were in prison on account of their religion, and endeavored to procure their liberation. He also wrote and published several treatises, preached in public, and yet found time to manage his father's estate.

In a short time he returned to England, where he soon found opportunity to distinguish himself by his firmness and talents.

In 1690, a law was passed forbidding the assemblage of persons not belonging to the church of England, for purposes of religious worship. It was rigidly enforced against the Quakers. They were kept out of their meeting house in London, by main force, and therefore held a conventicle in the open street. William Penn preached to them on that occasion, for which he was taken into custody, and soon after tried, at the court of Old Bailey. Notwithstanding the partiality and tyranny of his judges, he showed much manly and christian magnanimity, and made so excellent a defence, that the jury acquitted him.

The trial was printed, and remains to this day a monument of honor to William Penn, and of infamy to his violent and unjust judges.

Not long after this his father died, perfectly reconciled to him, and left him his blessing and a large estate. He then engaged in controversy with certain Baptists, and wrote a book against popery. This he did because he had been accused of favoring the Roman Catholic religion.

Towards the end of the year 1670, William Penn was again taken into custody by a band of soldiers, for preaching, and carried to the Tower. His behaviour at the examination before the Lieutenant of the Tower was remarkably bold and spirited. That officer having told him that he had been as bad as other people, he made this reply: "I challenge all persons on earth, to say that they have seen me drunk, heard me swear, lie, or utter an obscene word. There is nothing more common than for men of loose lives to comfort themselves with the conceit that religious persons were once as bad as themselves." However, he was committed to Newgate for six months, after which he went to Holland and Germany. In 1672, he married a Miss Springett, and fixed his residence in Hertfordshire. Here he remained several years, writing and preaching to the Quakers, and upholding them on all occasions. He also made several visits to different parts of Europe.

We now come to William Penn's instrumentality in settling America. In 1673, Lord Berkeley, the original proprietor of New Jersey, sold his interest in that province to a Quaker, named Billinge, who soon after surrendered his right to his creditors. William Penn was one of them, and thus became one of the chief instruments in settling the west part of New Jersey. And it must be said here, that the Quakers engaged in this settlement never defrauded the Indians or did them wrong.

It seems, that when admiral Sir William Penn died, the British government owed him a large sum of money. William Penn petitioned king Charles to grant him, instead, that part of America, now called Pennsylvania. The land was given to him in 1680, and it became his property as far as the British government could make it so. Having thus obtained this grant, he offered lands to those who might be willing to settle on them, at forty shillings an acre. A good number of purchasers soon appeared, and in the next year three shiploads of them crossed the Atlantic.

Two years after, William Penn, or as he was then called, The Proprietary, crossed the ocean himself, and entered into treaties with the Indians, for he did not think, as some have done, and do, that the savages had no right to their lands. Then was laid the foundation of that friendship with the savages which lasted as long as the Quakers had any power in the government of Pennsylvania. William Penn treated the Indians with justice and humanity, never taking from them any thing for which he did not fairly pay, and his name is held in great respect among them to this day.

The Proprietary also laid out the plan of the city of Philadelphia, within a year after his arrival.

William Penn remained in Pennsylvania four years, settling and establishing the government, and doing good to all men, especially the Quakers. At the end of this time he appointed a commission, consisting of a president and five judges, to govern in his absence, and departed for England. For some years after he continued to reside in England, where he uniformly made the cause of the Quakers his own. Having obtained the favorable regard of the unfortunate James II., he was suspected of an inclination towards popery, and he was much and often vilified by polemical writers; however, he wrote often and ably in his own defence. After the abdication of the Catholic sovereign, and the accession of king William III. to the throne, he was accused of a clandestine correspondence with the former, intended to bring James and popery into England together. Though nothing could be more false, this calumny gained weight by repetition. Mr. Penn became displeasing to the reigning monarchs, William and Mary, and in 1692 he was deprived of the government of Pennsylvania.

In the course of the year, the Proprietor was enabled to prove his innocence, and his government was restored to him in 1694, just after the death of his wife. As he was considered a very useful member of society, on account of his writings, &c., he was further honored with the appointment of a solicitor for the government, for the relief of his friends the Quakers, whose business he was thus enabled to conduct. He this year appointed Markham his deputy governor over the province of Pennsylvania.

In 1696 he married a religious young lady of many qualities, named Hannah Callowhill. He lived with her all the rest of his life, and they had four sons and a daughter. Four years after he sailed with all his family for Pennsylvania, having left a farewell address to his beloved Quakers in Europe, in which he assured them that his love for them "passed the love of woman."

On his arrival at Philadelphia, he took measures for the benefit of the negroes and Indians, whom he very much desired to protect and instruct in the truths of the gospel. Hence a meeting of the negroes for this purpose was appointed to be held once a month, and he agreed to dwell in perfect peace with the savages, promising to suffer no wrong to be done them, and they agreeing to offer none to the whites. As far as he was able, he caused good example to be set for their imitation. Nor was this the only good he did in Pennsylvania. He did justice to all men, settled disputes, and, in short, so governed the province, that his very name was blessed by all. After remaining in Philadelphia five years, he gave the inhabitants a charter, or grant, of all the privileges he could reasonably confer on them, and then sailed for England, where, on the death of king William, he became a favorite of his widow, the reigning queen Anne.

Henceforward governor William Penn lived in his usual manner in England, that is, in the constant observance of virtue and religion, and the practice of good works. During the last five years of his life his infirmities rendered him almost incapable of public business, but he continued firm in his early principles and reliance

on divine goodness to the last. His life was full of benevolence and service to mankind, both in a religious and civil capacity. The flourishing and happy state of Pennsylvania may speak of his goodness, and his printed life to future ages, showing that an honorable, nay, glorious fame, is not inconsistent with peace, Christianity, and the uniform exercise of every moral virtue.

[N. Y. Traveller.]

We extract the following from the Token for 1833, as a very highly finished production. It is from the pen of Miss HANNAH F. GOULD, of Newburyport—a lady to whom we are often indebted for like contributions.

THE QUAKER.

THE Quaker stood under his smooth broad brim,
In the plain drab suit, that, simple and trim,
Was better than royal robes to him,

Who looked to the inward part,
Foregoing the wealth and honors of earth:
And emptied his breast of the praise of birth,
'To seek the treasures of matches worth,
Reserved for the pure in heart.

And he heaved a sigh at the lofty look
Of the mitred head o'er the gilded book;
And a view of the costly drapery took,

With a meek and pitying eye:
"Alas!" said he, as he turned away
From the splendid temple, the grand display,
"What honor to worldly pomp they pay,
In the name of the King Most High!"

Then he looked around on his own proud land,
Where those of his faith were a suffering band,
Enchained in the conscience, and under the land
Of merciless power oppressed.

"I'll seek," said the quaker, "a happier shore,
Where I and my people may kneel before
The shrine we erect to the God we adore;
And none shall our rites molest!"

And sick of the sounding of empty things,
Of beggarly strife in the island of kings,
His dove-like spirit unfurled her wings,

For a bold and venturesome sweep.
She wafted him off, o'er billow and spray,
'Twixt the sea and the sky, on a pathless way,
'To a beautiful sylvan scene, that lay
Far over the boiling deep.

And when he came down, unruffled and staid,
Where along the skirt of the peaceful shade,
The Schuylkill and Delaware rolled, and made
Their friendly waters unite,

The Indian sprang from his light canoe,
The bird to the topmast bough withdrew.
And the deer skipped up on the cliff, to view
The new and unseemly sight.

But the tomahawk dropped from the red man's hand,
When he saw the Quaker advance, and stand
Presenting his purse, but to share the land

He had come to possess with him.
And scanning his bland and noble face,
Where goodness was all that his eye could trace,
He laughingly smiled at his hiding place,
Far under the hat's broad brim.

"Thou'lt find," said the Quaker, "in me, and in mine,
But friends and brothers to thee, and to thine,
Who abuse no power, and admit no line

Twixt the red man and the white,
Save the cords of love, as a sacred tie;
For our one great Father, who dwells on high,
Regards the child with an angry eye.

Who robs from his brother's right?"

The Indian passed—and the Quaker stood,
The righteous Lord of the shadowy wood,
Like the genius of thought, in his solitude,

Till his spirit, the inner man,
Became too mighty to be repressed
Beneath the drab on his ample breast,
Had moved—and with neatness and plainly dressed,
Came forth, as his lips began.

I may not swear, but I'll prophecy—
This lofty forest that towers so high,
Must bow—and its stately head will lie
On the lap of its mother earth!
When the stroke of the axe shall its pride subdue,
And its branching honors the ground shall strew,
Then some of its parts may be reared anew,
To shelter the peaceful hearth!

"Where now the poor Indians scatters the sod
With offerings burnt to an unknown god,
By gospel light shall the path be trod

To the courts of the Prince of Peace.
And, here will commerce appoint her mart;
The marble will yield to the hand of art;
From the sun of science the rays will dart,
And the darkness of nature cease!"

And thus did the vision of prophecy
Expand and blaze to the prophet's eye,
Till it grew so vast and rose so high,
That the gentle words that hung,
Like a string of pearls, from his cautious lip,
On their silver thread, he was fain to clip,
Lest something more than the truth might slip,
For once, from a Quaker's tongue.

But the trees quaked too, at the things he spoke;
For they knew that the "knee of the knotted oak"
Must bend, ere the vow of the Quaker broke;

And they bowed and kissed the ground.
The hammer and axe had adjured repose;
And the mountains rang with their distant blows,
As the forest fell, and the city rose,
And her glory beamed around.

Her laws were as righteous, pure and plain,
As the warm in heart, and the cool in brain,
To bind the strong in a silken chain,
Could in wisdom and love devise.

The tongue needed not the bond of a vow,
And man to his fellow worm did not bow,
Nor doff the screen o'er his open brow,
To any beneath the skies.

The Quaker passed on from land to land,
With the lowly heart, and the open hand
Of one who felt where he soon must stand,
And his final account give in.

For long had he made up his sober mind,
That he could not depart, to leave mankind,
With the ample field of the earth behind
No better than he had been.

And bright was the spot where the Quaker came,
To leave it his hat, his drab and his name,
That will sweetly sound from the triumph of Fame,

Till its final blast shall die.

The city he reared from the sylvan shade.
His beautiful monument now is made;
And long have the rivers their pride displayed
In the scenes they are rolling by.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

How sweet the twilight pensive hour,
While o'er my throbbing heart,
I feel its softening soothing power,
Tranquillity impart.

My troubled spirit finds repose
As evening shades appear,
And gratitude my heart o'erflows,
While hope draws heaven near.

A silent penitent I sit,
And view the garden, where
Our blessed Saviour oft saw fit
To bend his knees in prayer.

When o'er the verdant lawn I tread,
Or view the spreading tree,
Thought wafts me, where his sacred head
Sweat drops of agony.

O! awful, silent, sacred spot,
Did nature not assume
An aspect suited to her lot,
A withered, pensive, gloom?

Did not the feathered songster fly,
With 'frighted plumage hide,
As groans ascended to the sky,
Before a Saviour died?

The dew drop well might then deny
Its once refreshing power,
And let the lily droop, and die,
During that awful hour.

A. H. M.

THE MERMAID'S CAVE.

SUNG WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE BY MISS HUGHES.

Poetry by Miss Gould, of Massachusetts.

Music, by C. E. HORN.

Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,
And hide thee under the wave;
For I have a bed of coral for thee.
And quiet and sound shall thy slumber be,
In a cell of the Mermaid's Cave.

And she who is waiting with cheek so pale,
At the tempest and ocean's roar,
And weeps when she hears the menacing gale,
Or sigh to behold her mariner's sail
Conceal whitening up to the shore—

She has not long to linger for thee,
Her sorrow will soon be o'er;
For the cord shall be broken, the prisoner free,
Her eyes shall close, and her dreams will be
So sweet she will wake no more.

More Passages from the Diary of a Physician.

THE THUNDER-STUCK.

In the summer of 18—, London was visited by one of the most tremendous thunder-storms that have been known in this climate. Its character and effects (some of which latter form the subject of this chapter) will make me remember it to the latest hour of my life.

There was something portentous—a still, surcharged air—about the whole of Tuesday, the 10th of July, 18—, as though nature was trembling and cowering beneath the coming shock. From about eleven o'clock at noon, the sky wore a lurid, threatening aspect, that shot awe into the beholder; suggesting to startled fancy the notion, that within the dim confines of the "labouring air" mischief was working to the world.

The heat was intolerable, keeping almost every body within doors. The very dogs, and other cattle in the streets, stood every where panting and loath to move. There was a prodigious excitement, or rather agitation, diffused throughout the country, especially London; for, strange to say, (and thousands will recollect the circumstance,) it had been for some time confidently foretold by certain enthusiasts, religious as well as philosophic, that the earth was to be destroyed that very day; in short, that the awful Judgment was at hand!

By the time I reached home, late in the afternoon, I felt a fever of excitement. I found an air of apprehension throughout the whole house. My wife, children and young visitor, were all together in the parlour, looking out for me, through the window, anxiously—and with paler faces than they might choose to own. The visitor just alluded to, by the way, was a Miss Agnes P—, a girl of about twenty-one, the daughter of an old friend and patient of mine. Her mother, a widow, (with no other child than this,) resided in a village about fifty miles from town—from which she was expected, in a few days' time, to take her daughter back again into the country. Miss P— was without exception the most charming young woman I think I ever met with. The beauty of her person but faintly showed forth the loveliness of her mind and the amiability of her character. There was a rich languor, or rather softness of expression about her features, that to me is enchanting, and constitutes the highest and rarest state of feminine loveliness. Her dark, pensive, searching eyes, spoke a soul full of feeling and fancy. If you, reader, had but felt their gaze—had seen them—now glistening in liquid radiance upon you, from beneath their long dark lashes; and then sparkling with enthusiasm, while the flush of excitement was on her beautiful features, and her white hands hastily folded back her auburn tresses from her alabaster brow, your heart would have thrilled as mine often has, and you would with me have exclaimed in a sort of ecstasy—"Star of your sex!" The tones of her voice, so mellow and various—and her whole carriage and demeanour, were in accordance with the expression of her features. In person she was a little under the average height, but most exquisitely moulded and proportioned; and there was a Hebe-like ease and

grace about all her features. She excelled in almost all feminine accomplishments; but the "things wherein her soul delighted," were music and romance. A more imaginative, etherealized creature was surely never known. It required all the fond and anxious surveillance of her friends to prevent her carrying her tastes to excess, and becoming in a manner, unfitted for the "dull commerce of dull earth!" No sooner had this fair being made her appearance in my house, and given token of something like a prolonged stay than I became the most popular man in the circle of my acquaintance. Such assiduous calls to inquire after my health, and that of my family!—Such a multitude of men—young ones, to boot—and so embarrassed with a consciousness of the poorness of the pretence that drew them to my house! Such matronly inquiries from mothers and elderly female relatives, into the nature and extent of "sweet Miss P—'s expectations?"

During a former stay at my house, about six months before the period of which I am writing, Miss P— surrendered her affections—to the delighted surprise of all her friends and relatives—to the quietest and perhaps worthiest of her claimants—a young man, then preparing for orders at Oxford. Never, sure, was there a greater contrast between the tastes of a pledged couple; she all feeling, romance, enthusiasm; he serene, thoughtful, and matter-of-fact. It was most amusing to witness their occasional collisions on subjects which brought into play their respective tastes and qualities; and interesting to note, that the effect was invariably to raise the one in the other's estimation, as if they mutually prized most the qualities of the other. Young N— had spent two days in London—the greater portion of them, I need hardly say, at my house—about a week before; and he and his fair mistress had disputed rather keenly on the topic of general discussion—the predicted event of the 10th of July. If she did not repose implicit faith in the prophecy, her belief had, somehow or another, acquired a most disturbing strength. He laboured hard to disabuse her of her awful apprehensions; and she as hard to overcome his obstinate incredulity. Each was a little too eager about the matter: and for the first time since they had known each other, they parted with a little coldness: yes, although he was to set off the next morning for Oxford! In short, scarcely any thing was talked of by Agnes but the coming 10th of July: and if she did not anticipate the actual destruction of the globe, and the final judgment of mankind, she at least looked forward to some event, mysterious and tremendous. The eloquent, enthusiastic creature almost brought over my placid wife to her way of thinking.

To return from this long digression—which, however, will be presently found to have been not unnecessary. After staying a few minutes in the parlour, I retired to my library, for the purpose, among other things, of making those entries in my Diary, from which these "Passages" are taken: but the pen lay useless in my hand. With my chin resting on the palm of my left hand, I sat at my desk, lost in a reverie; my eyes fixed on the tree which grew in the yard and overshadowed my windows. How still, how

motionless was every leaf! What sultry, oppressive, unnatural repose! How it would have cheered me to hear the faintest "sough" of wind—to see the breeze sweep freshening through the leaves, rustling and stirring them into life! I opened my window, untied my neckerchief, and loosened my shirt collars—for I felt suffocated with the heat. I heard at length a faint pattering sound among the leaves of the tree—and presently there fell on the window-frame three or four large ominous drops of rain. After gazing upwards for a moment or two in the gloomy aspect of the sky, I once more settled down to writing; and was dipping my pen into the ink-stand, when there blazed about me, a flash of lightning, with such a ghastly, blinding splendour, as defies all description. It was like what one might conceive to be a glimpse of hell—and yet not a *glimpse* merely—for it continued, I think, six or seven seconds. It was followed at scarce an instant's interval, with a crash of thunder, as if the world had been smitten out of its sphere and was rending asunder! I hope these expressions will not be considered hyperbolic. No one, I am sure, who recollects the occurrence I am describing, will require the appeal! May I never see or hear of the like again. The sudden shock almost drove me out of my senses. I leaped from my chair with consternation; and could think of nothing, at the moment, but closing my eyes, and shutting out from my ears the stunning sound of the thunder. For a moment I stood literally stupified. On recovering myself, my first impulse was to spring to the door, and rush down stairs in search of my wife and children. I heard, on my way, the sound of shrieking proceed from the parlour in which I had left them. In a moment I had my wife folded in my arms, and my children clinging with screams round my knees. My wife had fainted. While I was endeavouring to restore her, there came a second flash of lightning, equally terrible with the first; and a second explosion of thunder, loud as one could imagine the discharge of a thousand parks of artillery directly over head. The windows, in fact the whole house, quivered with the shock. The noise helped to recover my wife from her swoon.

"Kneel down, Love! Husband!" she gasped, endeavouring to drop upon her knees, "Kneel down—pray for us! We are undone!" After shouting till I was hoarse, and pulling the bell repeatedly and violently, one of the servants made her appearance, but in a state not far removed from that of her mistress. Both of them, however, recovered themselves in a few minutes, roused by the cries of the children. "Wait a moment, love," said I, "and I will fetch you a few reviving drops." I stepped into the back room, where I generally kept some vials of drugs, and poured out a few drops of sal-volatile. The thought then for the first time struck me, that Miss P—— was not in the parlour I had just quitted. *Where was she? What would she say to all this? God bless me, where is she?* I thought with increasing trepidation.

"Edward—Edward," I exclaimed, to a servant who happened to pass the door of the room where I was standing, "where is Miss P——?"

"Miss P——, sir!—Why, I don't—Oh,

yes," he replied, suddenly recollecting himself, "about five minutes ago I saw her run very swift up stairs, and haven't seen her since, sir."—"What!" I exclaimed with increased trepidation, "Was it about the time that the first flash of lightning came?" "Yes it was, sir."—"Take this into your mistress, and say I'll be with her immediately," said I, giving him what I had mixed. I rushed up stairs, calling out as I went, "Agnes, Agnes, where are you?" I received no answer. At length I reached the floor where her bed-room lay. The door was closed but not shut. "Agnes! Where are you?" I inquired very agitatedly, at the same time knocking at her door. I received no answer.

"Agnes! Agnes! For God's sake, speak! Speak, or I shall come into your room!" No reply was made; and I thrust open the door. Heavens! Can I describe what I saw?

Within less than a yard of me stood the most fearful figure my eyes have ever beheld. It was Agnes! She was in the attitude of stepping to the door, with both arms extended, as if in a menacing mood. Her hair was partially dishevelled. Her face seemed whiter than the white dress she wore. Her lips were of a livid hue. Her eyes, full of awful expression—of supernatural lustre, were fixed with a petrifying stare, on me. Oh, language fails me, utterly! Those eyes have never since been absent from me when alone! I felt as though they were blighting the life within me. I could not breathe, much less stir. I strove to speak, but could not utter a sound. My lips seemed rigid as those I looked at. The horrors of night-mare were upon me. My eyes at length closed; my head seemed turning round; and for a moment or two I lost all my consciousness. I revived. *There* was the frightful thing still before me; nay, close to me! Though I looked at her, I never once thought of Agnes P——. It was the tremendous appearance; the ineffable terror gleaming from her eyes, that thus overcame me. I protest I cannot conceive any thing more dreadful! Miss P—— continued standing perfectly motionless, and while I was gazing at her in the manner I have been describing, a peal of thunder roused me to my self-possession. I stepped towards her, took hold of her hand, exclaiming, "Agnes—Agnes!"—and carried her to the bed, where I laid her down. It required some little force to press down her arms; and I drew the eyelids over her staring eyes mechanically. While in the act of doing so, a flash of lightning flickered luridly over her; but her eye neither quivered nor blinked. She seemed to have been suddenly deprived of all sense and motion: in fact, nothing but her pulse—if pulse it should be called—and faint breathing showed that she lived. My eye wandered over her whole figure, dreading to meet some scorching trace of lightning; but there was nothing of the kind. What had happened to her? Was she frightened—to death? I spoke to her; I called her by her name, loudly; I shook her, rather violently: I might have acted it all to a statue. I rang the chamber bell with almost frantic violence: and presently my wife and a female servant made their appearance in the room; but I was far more embarrassed than assisted by their pre-

sence. "Is she killed?" murmured the former, as she staggered towards the bed, and then clung convulsively to me—"Has the lightning struck her?"

I was compelled to disengage myself from her grasp, and hurry her into the adjoining room, whither I called a servant to attend her; and then returned to my hapless patient. But what was I to do? Medical man as I was, I never had seen a patient in such circumstances, and felt as ignorant on the subject, as agitated. It was not epilepsy; it was not apoplexy, a swoon, nor any known species of hysteria. The most remarkable feature of her case, and what enabled me to ascertain the nature of her disease, was this, that if I happened accidentally to alter the position of her limbs, *they retained, for a short time, their new position.* If, for instance, I moved her arm, it remained for a while in the situation in which I had last placed it, and gradually resumed its former one. If I raised her into an upright posture, she continued sitting so without the support of pillows, or other assistance, as exactly as if she had heard me express a wish to that effect, and assented to it; but the horrid vacancy of her aspect! If I elevated one eyelid for a moment, to examine the state of the eye, it was some time in closing, unless I drew it over myself. All these circumstances, which terrified the servant who stood shaking at my elbow, and muttering, "She's possessed! she's possessed! Satan has her!" convinced me that the unfortunate young lady was seized with CATAPLEXY; that rare, mysterious affection, so fearfully blending the conditions of life and death: presenting (so to speak) life in the aspect of death, and death in that of life! I felt no doubt that extreme terror operating suddenly on a nervous system most highly excited, and a vivid, active fancy, had produced the effects I saw. Doubtless the first terrible outbreak of the thunder-storm, especially the fierce splendour of that flash of lightning which so alarmed myself, apparently corroborating and realizing all her awful apprehensions of the predicted event, overpowered her at once, and flung her into the fearful situation in which I found her: that of one **ARRESTED** in her terror-struck flight towards the door of her chamber. But again—the thought struck me, had she received any direct injury from the lightning? Had it blinded her? It might be so, for I could make no impression on the pupils of the eyes. Nothing could startle them into action. They seemed a little more dilated than usual, but fixed.

I confess that, besides the other agitating circumstances of the moment, this extraordinary, this unprecedented case too much distracted my self-possession, to enable me promptly to deal with it. I had heard and read of, but never before seen such a case. No time, however, was to be lost. I determined to resort at once to strong antispasmodic treatment. I bled her from the arm freely, applied blisters behind the ear, immersed her feet, which, together with her hands, were cold as marble, in hot water, and endeavoured to force into her mouth a little opium and ether. Whilst the servants were busied about her, undressing her, and carrying my directions into effect, I stepped for a moment into the adjoining room, where I found my wife just reco-

vering from a violent fit of hysterics. Her loud laughter, though so near me, I had not once heard, so absorbed was I with the mournful case of Miss P——. After continuing with her till she recovered sufficiently to accompany me down stairs, I returned to Miss P——'s bed-room. She continued exactly in the condition in which I had left her. Though the water was hot enough almost to parboil her tender feet, it produced no sensible effect on the circulation or the state of the skin; and finding a strong determination of blood towards the region of the head and neck, I determined to have her cupped between the shoulders. I went down stairs to drop a line to the apothecary, requesting him to come immediately with his cupping instruments. As I was delivering the note into the hands of a servant, a man rushed up to the open door, where I was standing, and breathless with haste, begged my instant attendance on a patient close by, who had just met with a severe accident. Relying on the immediate arrival of Mr. —, the apothecary, I put on my hat and great-coat, took my umbrella, and followed the man who had summoned me out. It rained in torrents, for the storm, after about twenty minutes' intermission, burst forth again with unabated violence. The thunder and lightning were really awful!

[The new patient proved to be a noted and very profane boxer, who had in returning home dislocated his ankle. His pain and blasphemies were horrible, and during one of his imprecations a flash of lightning struck him DEAD!]

I hurried home, full of agitation at the scene I had just quitted, and melancholy apprehensions concerning the one to which I was returning. On reaching my lovely patient's room, I found, alas! no sensible effects produced by the very active means which had been adopted. She lay in bed, the aspect of her features apparently the same as when I last saw her. Her eyes were closed: her cheeks very pale, and mouth rather open, as if she were on the point of speaking. The hair hung in a little disorder on each side of her face, having escaped from beneath her cap. My wife sat beside her, grasping her right hand—weeping, and almost stupified; and the servant that was in the room when I entered, seemed so bewildered as to be worse than useless. As it was now nearly nine o'clock, and getting dark, I ordered candles. I took one of them in my hand, opened her eye-lids, and passed and re-passed the candle several times before her eyes, but it produced no apparent effect. Neither the eye-lids blinked, nor the pupils contracted. I then took out my penknife, and made a thrust with the open blade, as though I intended to plunge it into her right eye; it seemed as if I might have buried the blade in the socket, for the shock or resistance called forth by the attempt. I took her hand in mine, having for a moment displaced my wife, and found it damp and cold; but when I suddenly left it suspended, it continued so for a few moments, and only gradually resumed its former situation. I pressed the back of the blade of my penknife upon the flesh, at the root of the nail, (one of the tenderest parts perhaps of the whole body,) but she evinced not the slightest sensation of pain. I shouted suddenly and loudly in her ears; but with simi-

lar ill success. I felt at an extremity. Completely baffled at all points; discouraged and agitated beyond expression, I left Miss P—— in the care of a nurse, whom I had sent for to attend upon her, at the instance of my wife, and hastened to my study to see if my books could throw any light upon the nature of this, to me, new and inscrutable disorder. After hunting about for some time, and finding but little to the purpose, I prepared for bed, determining on the next morning to send off for Miss P——'s mother, and Mr. N—— from Oxford, and also to call upon my eminent friend, Dr. D——, and hear what his superior skill and experience might be able to suggest. In passing Miss P——'s room, I stepped in to take my farewell for the evening. "Beautiful, unfortunate creature!" thought I, as I stood gazing mournfully on her, with my candle in my hand, leaning against the bed-post. "What mystery is upon thee? What awful change has come over thee?—the gloom of the grave and the light of life—both lying upon thee at once. Is thy mind palsied as thy body? How long is this strange state to last? How long art thou doomed to linger thus on the confines of both worlds, so that those, in either, who love thee may not claim thee? Heaven guide our thoughts to discover a remedy for thy fearful disorder!" I could not bear to look upon her any longer; and after kissing her lips, hurried up to bed, charging the nurse to summon me the moment that any change whatever was perceptible in Miss P——. I dare say, I shall be easily believed when I apprise the reader of the troubled night that followed such a troubled day. The thunder storm itself, coupled with the predictions of the day, and apart from its attendant incidents that have been mentioned, was calculated to leave an awful and permanent impression in one's mind. "If I were to live a century hence, I could not forget it," says a distinguished writer. "The thunder and lightning were more appalling than I ever witnessed even in the West Indies, that region of storms and hurricanes. The air had been long surcharged with electricity; and I predicted several days beforehand, that we should have a storm of very unusual violence. But when with this we couple the strange prophecy that gained credit with a prodigious number of those one would have suspected to be above such things—neither more nor less than that the world was to come to an end on that very day, and the judgment of mankind to follow: I say, the coincidence of the events was not a little singular, and calculated to inspire common folks with wonder and fear. I dare say, if one could but find them out, that there were instances of people being frightened out of their wits on the occasion. I own to you candidly that I, for one, felt a little squeamish, and had not a little difficulty in bolstering up my courage with Virgil's *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*," &c.

I did not so much sleep as dose interruptedly for the first three or four hours after getting into bed. I, as well as my alarmed Emily, would start up occasionally, and sit listening, under the apprehension that we heard a shriek, or some other such sound, proceed from Miss P——'s room. The image of the blind boxer fitted in

fearful forms about me, and my ears seemed to ring with his curses. It must have been, I should think, between two and three o'clock, when I dreamed that I leaped out of bed, under an impulse sudden as irresistible—slipped on my dressing gown, and hurried down stairs to the back drawing room. On opening the door, I found the room lit up with funeral tapers, and the apparel of a dead room spread about. At the further end lay a coffin on tressels, covered with a long sheet, with the figure of an old woman sitting beside it with long streaming white hair, and her eyes, bright as the lightning, directed towards me with a fiendish stare of exultation. Suddenly she rose up—pulled off the sheet that covered the coffin—pushed aside the lid—plucked out the body of Miss P——, dashed it on the floor, and trampled upon it with apparent triumph! This horrid dream woke me and haunted my waking thoughts. May I never pass such a dismal night again.

I rose from bed in the morning, feverish and unrefreshed; and in a few minutes' time hurried to Miss P——'s room. The mustard applications to the soles of the feet, together with the blisters behind the ears, had produced the usual local effects without affecting the complaint. Both her pulse and breathing continued calm. The only change perceptible in the colour of her countenance was a slight pallor about the upper part of the cheeks; and I fancied there was an expression about the mouth approaching to a smile. She had, I found, continued, throughout the night, motionless and silent as a corpse. With a profound sigh I took my seat beside her, and examined the eyes narrowly, but perceived no change in them. What was to be done? How was she to be roused from this fearful, if not fatal lethargy?

While I was gazing intently on her features, I fancied that I perceived a slight muscular twitching about the nostrils. I stepped hastily down stairs, (just as a drowning man, they say, catches at a straw,) and returned with a phial of the strongest solution of ammonia, which I applied freely with a feather to the interior of the nostrils. This attempt, also, was unsuccessful as the former ones. I cannot describe the feelings with which I witnessed these repeated failures to stimulate her torpid sensibilities into action and not knowing what to say or do, I returned to dress with feelings of unutterable despondency. While dressing, it struck me that a blister might be applied with success along the whole course of the spine. The more I thought of this expedient the more feasible it appeared.—it would be such a direct and powerful appeal to the nervous system—in all probability the very seat and source of the disorder!—I ordered one to be sent for instantly, and myself applied it, before I went down to breakfast. As soon as I had despatched the few morning patients that called, I wrote imperatively to Mr. N——, at Oxford, and to Miss P——'s mother, entreating them by all the love they bore Agnes, to come to her instantly. I then set out for Dr. D——'s, whom I found just starting on his daily visits. I communicated the whole case to him. He listened with interest to my statement, and told me he had once a similar case in his own practice, which, alas! terminated fatally in spite of the most anx-

ious and combined efforts of the *élite* of the faculty in London. He approved of the course I had adopted—most especially the blister on the spine; and earnestly recommended me to resort to galvanism—if Miss P—— should not be relieved from the fit before the evening—when he promised to call and assist in carrying into effect what he recommended.

"Is it that beautiful girl I saw in your pew last Sunday, at church?" he inquired suddenly.

"The same—the same!"—I replied with a sigh.

Dr. D—— continued silent for a moment or two. "Poor creature!"—he exclaimed with an air of deep concern, "one so beautiful! Do you know I thought I now and then perceived a very remarkable expression in her eye, especially while that fine voluntary was playing. Is she an enthusiast about music?"

"Passionately—devotedly!"—

"We'll try it!" he replied briskly, with a confident air—"We'll try it!" First, let us disturb the nervous torpor with a slight shock of galvanism, and then try the effect of your organ." I listened to the suggestion with interest, but was not quite so sanguine in my expectations as my friend appeared to be.

In the whole range of disorders that affect the human frame, there is not one so extraordinary, so mysterious, so incapable of management, as that which afflicted the truly unfortunate young lady, whose case I am narrating. It has given rise to almost infinite speculation, and is admitted, I believe, on all hands to be—if I may so speak—a nosological anomaly. Van Swieten vividly and picturesquely enough compares it to that condition of the body, which, according to ancient fiction, was produced in the beholder by the appalling sight of Medusa's head—

"Saxifici Medusæ vultus."

The medical writers of antiquity have left evidence of the existence of this disease in their day—but given the most obscure and unsatisfactory description of it, confounding it, in many instances, with other disorders—apoplexy, epilepsy, and swooning. Celsus, according to Van Swieten, describes such patients as these in question, under the term, "*attoniti*," which is a translation of the title I have prefixed to this paper; while in our own day, the celebrated Dr. Cullen classes it as a species of apoplexy, at the same time stating that he had never seen a genuine instance of catalepsy. He had also found, he says, those cases which were reported such, to be feigned ones. More modern science, however, distinctly recognizes the disease as one peculiar and independent; and is borne out by numerous and unquestionable cases of catalepsy, recorded by some of the most eminent members of the profession. Dr. Jebb, in particular, in the appendix to his "*Select Cases of Paralysis of the Lower Extremities*," relates a remarkable and affecting instance of a cataleptic patient.

On returning home from my daily round—in which my dejected air was remarked by all the patients I had visited—I found no alteration whatever in Miss P——. The nurse had failed in forcing even arrow-root down her mouth, and finding it was not swallowed, was compelled to desist, for fear of choking her. She was, therefore, obliged to resort to other means of convey-

ing support to her exhausted frame. The blister on the spine, and the renewed sinapisms to the feet, had failed to make any impression! Thus was every successive attempt an utter failure! The disorder continued absolutely inaccessible to the approaches of medicine. The baffled attendants could but look at her, and lament. Good God, was Agnes to continue in this dreadful condition till her energies sunk in death? What would become of her lover? of her mother? These considerations totally destroyed my peace of mind. I could neither think, read, eat, nor remain any where but in the chamber, where, alas! my presence was so unavailing!

Dr. D—— made his appearance soon after dinner; and we proceeded at once to the room where our patient lay. Though a little paler than before, her features were placid as those of the chiselled marble. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and the fearful situation in which she lay at that moment, she still looked very beautiful. Her cap was off, and her rich auburn hair lay negligently on each side of her, upon the pillow. Her forehead was white as alabaster. She lay with her head turned a little on one side, and her two small white hands were clasped together over her bosom. This was the nurse's arrangement: for "poor sweet young lady," she said, "I couldn't bear to see her laid straight along, with her arms close beside her, like a corpse, so I tried to make her look as much asleep as possible." The impression of beauty, however, conveyed by her symmetrical and tranquil features, was disturbed as soon as lifting up the eyelids, we saw the fixed stare of the eyes. They were not glassy or corpse-like, but bright as those of life, with a little of the dreadful expression of epilepsy. We raised her in bed, and she, as before, sat upright, but with a blank, absent aspect, that was lamentable and unnatural. Her arms, when lifted and suspended, did not fall, but *sank* down again gradually. We returned her gently to her recumbent posture, and determined at once to try the effect of galvanism upon her. My machine was soon brought into the room; and when we had duly arranged matters, we directed the nurse to quit the chamber for a short time, as the effect of galvanism is generally found too startling to be witnessed by a female spectator. I wish I had not myself seen it in the case of Miss P——! Her colour went and came—her eyelids and mouth started open—and she stared wildly about her with the aspect of one starting out of bed in a fright. I thought at one moment that the horrid spell was broken, for she sat up suddenly, leaned forwards towards me, and her mouth opened as though she were about to speak!

"Agnes! Agnes! dear Agnes! Speak, speak but a word! Say you live!" I exclaimed, rushing forwards, and folding my arms round her. Alas, she heard me—she saw me—not, but fell back in bed in her former state! When the galvanic shock was conveyed to her limbs, it produced the usual effects—dreadful to behold in all cases—but agonizing to me, in the case of Miss P——. The last subject on which I had seen the effects of galvanism, previous to the present instance, was the body of an executed

malefactor;* and the associations revived on the present occasion were almost too painful to bear. I begged my friend to desist, for I saw the attempt was hopeless, and I would not allow her tender frame to be agitated to no purpose. My mind misgave me for ever making the attempt. What, thought I, if we have fatally disturbed the nervous system, and prostrated the small remains of strength she had left? While I was torturing myself with such fears as these, Dr. ——— laid down the rod, with a melancholy air, exclaiming—“Well, what *is* to be done now? I cannot tell you how sanguine I was about the success of this experiment! * * * Do you know whether she ever had a fit of epilepsy?” he inquired.

“No—not that I am aware of. I never heard of it, if she had.”

“Had she generally a horror of thunder and lightning?”

“Oh—quite the contrary! she felt a sort of ecstasy on such occasions, and has written some beautiful verses during their continuance. *Such* seemed rather her hour of inspiration than otherwise!”

“Do you think the lightning has affected her? Do you think her sight is destroyed?”

“I have no means of knowing whether the immobility of the pupils arises from blindness, or is only one of the temporary effects of catalepsy.”

“Then she believed the prophecy, you think, of the world’s destruction on Tuesday?”

“No—I don’t think she exactly *believed* it: but I am sure that day brought with it awful apprehensions—or at least a fearful degree of uncertainty.”

“Well,—between ourselves—there was something very strange in the coincidence, was there not? Nothing in life ever shook my firmness as it was shaken yesterday! I almost fancied the earth was quivering in its sphere!”

“It *was* a dreadful day! One I shall never forget!—That is the image of it,” I exclaimed, pointing to the poor sufferer—“which will be engraven on my mind as long as I live!—But the worst is, perhaps, yet to be told you: Mr. N——, her lover, to whom she was very soon to have

been married, *HE* will soon be here shortly to see her”——

“My God!” exclaimed Dr. D—— claspings his hands, eyeing Miss P——, with intense commiseration—“What a fearful bride for him? ‘Twill drive him mad!”

“I dread his coming—I know not what we shall do!—And, then, there’s her *mother*—poor old lady! her I have written to, and expect almost hourly!”

“Why, what an accumulation of shocks and miseries! it will be upsetting you!” said my friend, seeing me pale and agitated.

“Well!” he continued—“I cannot now stay here longer—your misery is catching; and besides, I am most pressingly engaged; but you may rely on my services, if you should require them in any way.”

My friend took his departure, leaving me more disconsolate than ever. Before retiring to bed, I rubbed in mustard upon the chief surfaces of the body, hoping, though faintly, that it might have some effect in rousing the system. I kneeled down, before stepping into bed, and earnestly prayed, that as all human efforts seemed baffled, the Almighty would set her free from the thralldom in which she lay, and restore her to life, and those who loved her more than life! Morning came—it found me by her bedside as usual, and her, in no wise altered—apparently neither better nor worse! If the unvarying monotony of my descriptions should fatigue the reader—what must the actual monotony and hopelessness have been to me.

While I was sitting beside Miss P——, I heard my youngest boy come down stairs, and ask to be let into the room. He was a little fair-haired youngster, about three years of age; and had always been an especial favourite of Miss P——’s: her “own sweet pet,” as the poor girl herself called him. Determined to throw no chance away, I beckoned him in, and took him on my knee. He called to Miss P——, as if he thought her asleep; patted her face with his little hands, and kissed her. “Wake, wake!—Cousin Aggy—get up!” he cried, “Papa say, ‘tis time to get up!—Do you sleep with eyes open?” Eh?—Cousin Aggy!” He looked at her intently for some moments, and seemed frightened. He turned pale and struggled to get off my knee. I allowed him to go; and he ran to his mother, who was standing at the foot of the bed, and hid his face behind her.

I passed breakfast time in great apprehension—expecting the two arrivals I have mentioned. I knew not how to prepare either the mother or the betrothed husband for the scene that awaited them, and which I had not particularly described to them. It was with no little trepidation that I heard the startling knock of the general postman; and with infinite astonishment and doubt, that I took out of the servant’s hands, a letter from Mr. N——, for poor Agnes! For a while I knew not what to make of it. Had he received the alarming express I had forwarded to him; and did he write to Miss P——! Or was he unexpectedly absent from Oxford when it ar-

* A word about that case, by the way, in passing. The spectacle was truly horrible. When I entered the room where the experiments were to take place, the body of a man named Carter, which had been cut down from the gallows scarce half an hour, was lying on the table; and the cap being removed, his frightful features, distorted with the agonies of suffocation, were visible. The crime he had been hanged for, was murder; and a brawny, desperate ruffian he looked! None of his clothes were removed. He wore a fustian jacket, and drab knee-breeches. The first time that the galvanic shock was conveyed to him will never, I dare say, be forgotten by any one present. We all shrank from the table in consternation, with the momentary belief, that we had positively brought the man back to life; for he suddenly sprang up into a sitting posture: his arms waved wildly: the colour rushed into his cheeks: his lips were drawn apart, so as to show all his teeth, and his eyes glared at us with apparent fury. One young man, a medical student, shrieked violently, and was carried out in a swoon. One gentleman present, who happened to be nearest to the upper part of the body, was almost knocked down with the violent blow he received from the left arm. It was sometime before any of us could recover presence of mind sufficient to proceed with the experiments.

* I had been examining her eyes, and had only half closed the lids.

rived? The latter supposition was corroborated by the postmark, which I observed was Lincoln. I felt it my duty to open the letter. Alas! it was in a gay strain; unusually gay for N——; informing Agnes that he had been suddenly summoned into Lincolnshire, to his cousin's wedding—where he was very happy—both on account of his relative's happiness, and the anticipation of a similar scene being in store for himself! Every line was buoyant with hope and animation; but the postscript most affected me.

"P. S. *The tenth of July*, by the way—my Aggy! Is it all over with us, sweet Pythonissa? Are you and I at this moment on separate fragments of the globe? I shall see my conquest over you with a kiss when I see you. Remember, you parted from me in a pet, you naughty one! and kissed me rather coldly. But that is the way that your sex always end arguments, when you are vanquished!"

I read these lines in silence!—my wife burst into tears. As soon as I had recovered a little from the emotion occasioned by a perusal of the letter, I hastened to send a second summons to Mr. N——, and directed it to Lincoln, whither he had requested Miss P—— to address him. Without explaining the precise nature of Miss P——'s seizure, I gave him warning that he must hurry up to town instantly; and that even then it was to the last degree doubtful whether he would see her alive. After this little occurrence, I could hardly trust myself to go up stairs again and look upon the unfortunate girl. My heart fluttered at the door, and when I entered, I burst into tears. I could utter no more than the words, "poor, poor Agnes!" and withdrew.

I was shocked, and indeed enraged, to find in one of the morning papers, a paragraph stating, though inaccurately, the nature of Miss P——'s illness. Who could have been so unfeeling as to make the poor girl an object of public wonder and pity? I never ascertained, though I made every inquiry, from whom the intelligence was communicated.

One of my patients that day happened to be a niece of the venerable and honoured Dean of ———, at whose house she resided. He was in the room when I called; and to explain what he called "the gloom of my manner," I gave him a full account of the melancholy event which had occurred. He listened to me till the tears ran down his face.

"But you have not tried the effect of music—of which you say she is so fond! Do you not intend to resort to it?" I told him it was our intention; and that our agitation was the only reason why we did not try the effect of it immediately after the galvanism.

"Now, Doctor, excuse an old clergyman, will you?" said the venerable and pious Dean, laying his hand on my arm, "and let me suggest that the experiment may not be the less successful with the blessing of God, if it be introduced in the course of a religious service. Come, Doctor, what say you?" I paused.

"Have you any objection to my calling at your house this evening, and reading the service appointed by our church for the visitation of the sick? It will not be difficult to introduce the most solemn and affecting strains of music, or to

let it precede or follow." Still I hesitated—and yet I scarce knew why. "Come, Doctor, you know I am no enthusiast—I am not generally considered a fanatic. Surely, when man has done his best, and fails, he should not hesitate to turn to God!" The good old man's words sunk into my soul, and diffused in it a cheerful and humble hope that the blessing of Providence would attend the means suggested. I acquiesced in the Dean's proposal with delight, and even eagerness; and it was arranged that he should be at my house between seven and eight o'clock that evening. I think I have already observed, than I had an organ, a very fine and powerful one, in my back drawing-room; and this instrument was the eminent delight of Miss P——. She would sit down at it for hours together, and her performance would not have disgraced a professor. I hoped that on the eventful occasion that was approaching, the tones of her favourite music, with the blessing of heaven, might rouse a slumbering responsive chord in her bosom, and aid in dispelling the cruel "charm that deadened her." She certainly could not last long in the condition in which she now lay. Every thing that medicine could do, had been tried—in vain; and if the evening's experiment, our forlorn hope, failed, we must, though with a bleeding heart, submit to the will of Providence, and resign her to the grave. I looked forward with intense anxiety—with alternate hope and fear—to the engagement of the evening.

On returning home late in the afternoon, I found poor Mrs. P—— had arrived in town, in obedience to my summons: and heart-breaking, I learnt, was her first interview, if such it may be called, with her daughter. Her shrieks alarmed the whole house, and even arrested the attention of the neighbours. I had left instructions that in case of her arrival during my absence, she should be shown at once, without any precautions, into the presence of Miss P——; with the hope, faint though it was, that the abruptness of her appearance, and the violence of her grief, might operate as a salutary shock upon the stagnant energies of her daughter. "My child! my child! my child!" she exclaimed, rushing up to the bed with frantic haste, and clasping the insensible form of her daughter in her arms, where she held her till she fell fainting into those of my wife. What a dread contrast was there between the frantic gestures—the passionate lamentations of the mother, and the stony silence and motionlessness of the daughter! One little but affecting incident occurred in my presence. Mrs. P—— (as yet unacquainted with the peculiar nature of her daughter's seizure,) had snatched Miss P——'s hand to her lips, kissed it repeatedly, and suddenly let it go, to press her own hand upon her head, as if to repress a rising hysterical feeling. Miss P——'s arm, as usual, remained for a moment or two suspended, and only gradually sunk down upon the bed. It looked as if she voluntarily continued it in that position, with a cautioning air. Methinks I see at this moment the affrighted stare with which Mrs. P—— regarded the outstretched arm, her body recoiling from the bed, as though she expected her daughter were about to do or appear something dreadful! I learned from Mrs.

P—— that her mother, the grandmother of Agnes, was reported to have been twice affected in a similar manner, though apparently from a different cause; so that there seemed something like a hereditary tendency towards it, even though Mrs. P—— herself had never experienced any thing of the kind.

As the memorable evening advanced, the agitation of all who were acquainted with, or interested in the approaching ceremony, increased. Mrs. P——, I need hardly say, embraced the proposal with thankful eagerness. About half past seven, my friend Dr. D—— arrived pursuant to his promise; and he was soon afterwards followed by the organist of the neighbouring church—an old acquaintance, and who was a constant visiter at my house, for the purpose of performing and giving instructions on the organ. I requested him to commence playing Martin Luther's hymn—the favourite one of Agnes—as soon as she should be brought into the room. About eight o'clock the Dean's carriage drew up. I met him at the door.

"Peace be to this house, and to all that dwell in it!" he exclaimed, as soon as he entered. I led him up stairs; and, without uttering a word, he took the seat prepared for him, before a table, on which lay a Bible and Prayer-book. After a moment's pause, he directed the sick person to be brought into the room. I stepped up stairs, where I found my wife, with the nurse, had finished dressing Miss P——. I thought her paler than usual, and that her cheeks seemed hollower than when I had last seen her. There was an air of melancholy sweetness and languor about her, that inspired the beholder with the keenest sympathy. With a sigh, I gathered her slight form into my arms, a shawl was thrown over her, and, followed by my wife and the nurse, who supported Mrs. P——, I carried her down stairs, and placed her in an easy recumbent posture, in a large old family chair, which stood between the organ and the Dean's table. How strange and mournful was her appearance! Her luxuriant hair was gathered up beneath a cap, the whiteness of which was equalled by that of her countenance. Her eyes were closed; and this, added to the paleness of her features, her perfect passiveness, and her being enveloped in a long white unruflled morning dress, which appeared not unlike a shroud, at first sight—made her look rather a corpse than a living being! As soon as Dr. D—— and I had taken seats on each side of our poor patient, the solemn strains of the organ commenced. I never appreciated music, and especially the sublime hymn of Luther, so much as on that occasion. My eyes were fixed with agonizing scrutiny on Miss P——. Bar after bar of the music melted on the ear, and thrilled upon the heart; but, alas! produced no more effect upon the placid sufferer than the pealing of an abbey organ on the statues around! My heart began to misgive me: if *this* one last expedient failed! When the music ceased, we all kneeled down, and the Dean, in a solemn and rather tremulous tone of voice, commenced reading appropriate passages from the service, for the visitation of the sick. When he had concluded the 71st psalm, he approached the chair of Miss P——, dropped upon one knee, held

her right hand in his, and in a voice broken with emotion, read the following affecting verses from the 8th chapter of St. Luke:

"While he yet spake, there cometh one from the ruler of the synagogue's house, saying to him, Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master.

"But when Jesus heard it, he answered him, saying, Fear not; believe only, and she shall be made whole.

"And when he came into the house, he suffered no man to go in, save Peter, and James, and John, and the father and mother of the maiden. And all wept and bewailed her: but he said, Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth. And they laughed him to scorn, knowing that she was dead.

"And he put them all out, and took her by the hand, and called, saying, *Maid, arise. And her spirit came again, and she rose straightway.*"

While he was reading the passage which I have marked in italics, my heated fancy almost persuaded me that I saw the eyelids of Miss P—— moving. I trembled from head to foot; but, alas, it was a delusion.

The Dean, much affected, was proceeding with the fifty-fifth verse, when such a tremendous and long continued knocking was heard at the street door, as seemed likely to break it open. Every one started up from their knees, as if electrified—all moved but unhappy Agnes—and stood in silent agitation and astonishment. Still the knocking was continued almost without intermission. My heart suddenly misgave me as to the cause.

"Go—go—See if"—stammered my wife, pale as ashes—endeavouring to prop up the drooping mother of our patient. Before any one had stirred from the spot on which he was standing, the door was burst open, and in rushed Mr. N——, wild in his aspect, frantic in his gesture, and his dress covered with dust from head to foot. We stood gazing at him, as though his appearance had petrified us.

"Agnes—my Agnes!" he exclaimed, as if choked for want of breath.

"Agnes!—Come!" he gasped, while a laugh appeared on his face that had a gleam of madness in it.

Mr. N——, what are you about? For mercy's sake be calm? Let me lead you, for a moment, into another room, and all shall be explained?" said I, approaching and grasping him firmly by the arm.

"Agnes!" he continued, in a tone that made us tremble. He moved towards the chair in which Miss P—— lay. I endeavoured to interpose, but he thrust me aside. The venerable Dean attempted to dissuade him, but met with no better reception than myself.

"Agnes!" he reiterated, in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, "why won't you speak to me? what are they doing to you?" He stepped within a foot of the chair where she lay—calm and immovable as death! We stood by, watching his movements, in terrified apprehension and uncertainty. He dropped his hat, which he had been grasping with convulsive force, and before any one could prevent him, or even suspect what he was about, he snatched Miss P—— out of the chair, and compressed her into his arms with frantic force, while a delicious laugh burst from

his lips. We rushed forward to extricate her from his grasp. His arm gradually relaxed—he muttered, “Music! music! a dance!” and almost at the moment that we removed Miss P—— from him, fell senseless into the arms of the organist. Mrs. P—— had fainted; my wife seemed on the verge of hysterics, and the nurse was crying violently. Such a scene of trouble and terror I have seldom witnessed! I hurried with the poor unconscious girl up stairs, laid her upon the bed, shut and bolted the door after me, and hardly expected to find her alive; her pulse, however, was calm, as it had been throughout the seizure. The calm of the Dead Sea seemed upon her!

I feel, however, that I should not protract these painful scenes; and shall therefore hurry to their close. The first letter which I had despatched to Oxford after Mr. N——, happened to bear on the outside the words, “special *kaste!*” which procured its being forwarded by express after Mr. N——. The consternation with which he received and read it may be imagined. He set off for town that instant, in a post-chaise and four, but finding their speed insufficient, he took to horseback for the last fifty miles, and rode at a rate which nearly destroyed both horse and rider. Hence his sudden appearance at my house, and the frenzy of his behaviour! After Miss P—— had been carried up stairs, it was thought imprudent for Mr. N—— to continue at my house, as he exhibited every symptom of incipient brain fever, and might prove wild and unmanageable. He was therefore removed at once to a house within a few doors off, which was let out in furnished lodgings. Dr. D—— accompanied him, and bled him immediately, very copiously. I have no doubt that Mr. N—— owed his life to that timely measure. He was placed in bed, and put at once under the most vigorous antiphlogistic treatment.

The next evening beheld Dr. D——, the Dean of —, and myself, around the bedside of Agnes. All of us expressed the most gloomy apprehensions. The Dean had been offering up a devout and most affecting prayer.

“Well, my friend,” said he to me, “she is in the hands of God. All that man can do has been done; let us resign ourselves to the will of Providence.”

“Aye, nothing but a miracle can save her, I fear,” replied Dr. D——.

“How much longer do you think it probable, humanly speaking, that the system can continue in this state, so as to give hopes of ultimate recovery?” inquired the Dean.

“I cannot say,” I replied with a sigh. “She must sink, and speedily. She has not received, since she was first seized, as much nourishment as would serve for an infant’s meal!”

“I have an impression that she will die suddenly,” said Dr. D——; “possibly within the next twelve hours; for I cannot understand how her energies can recover from, or bear longer, this fearful paralysis!”

“Alas, I fear so too!” * * *

“I have heard some frightful instances of premature burial in cases like this,” said the Dean. “I hope in heaven that you will not think of committing her remains to the earth, before you

are satisfied, beyond a doubt, that life is extinct.” I made no reply—my emotion nearly choked me—I could not bear to contemplate such an event.

“Do you know,” said Dr. D——, with an apprehensive air, “I have been thinking lately of the awful possibility, that notwithstanding the stagnation of her physical powers, her mind may be sound, and perfectly conscious of all that has transpired about her!”

“Why—why?” stammered the Dean, turning pale—“what if she has—has HEARD all that has been said!”†

“Aye,” replied Dr. D——, unconsciously sinking his voice to a whisper, “I know of a case—in fact, a friend of mine has just published it—in which a woman”——. There was a faint knocking at the door, and I stepped to it, for the purpose of enquiring what was wanted. While I was in the act of closing it again, I overheard Dr. D——’s voice exclaim, in an affrighted tone, “Great God!” and on turning round, I saw the Dean moving from the bed, his face white as ashes, and he fell from his chair, as if in a fit. How shall I describe what I saw, on approaching the bed?

The moment before, I had left Miss P—— lying in her usual position, and her eyes closed. They were now wide open, and staring upwards with an expression I have no language to describe. It reminded me of what I had seen when I first discovered her in the fit. Blood, too, was streaming from her nostrils and mouth—in short, a more frightful spectacle I never witnessed. In a moment both Dr. D—— and I lost all power of motion. Here, then, was the spell broken—The trance over! I implored Dr. D—— to recollect himself, and conduct the Dean from the room, while I would attend to Miss P——. The nurse was instantly at my side, shaking like an aspen-leaf. She quickly procured warm water, sponges, cloths, &c., with which she at once wiped away and encouraged the bleeding. The first sound uttered by Miss P—— was a long, deep-drawn sigh, which seemed to relieve her bosom of an intolerable sense of oppression. Her eyes gradually closed again, and she moved her head away, at the same time raising her trembling right hand to her face. Again she sighed: again opened her eyes, and, to my delight, their expression was more natural than before. She looked languidly about her for a moment, as if examining the bed-curtains—and her eyes closed again. I sent for some weak brandy and water, and gave her a little in a tea-spoon. She swallowed it with great difficulty. I ordered some warm water to be got ready for her feet, to equalize the circulation; and while it was preparing, sat by her, watching every motion of her features with the most eager anxiety. “How are you, Agnes?” I whispered, kissing her. She turned languidly towards me, opened her eyes, and shook her head feebly, but gave me no answer.

“Do you feel pain any where?” I inquired. A faint smile stole about her mouth, but she did not

† In almost every known instance of recovery from Catalepsy, the patients have declared that they heard every word that had been uttered beside them.

utter a syllable. Sensible that her exhausted condition required repose, I determined not to tax her newly recovered energies; so I ordered her a gentle composing draught, and left her in the care of the nurse, promising to return by and by, to see how my sweet patient went on. I found that the Deau had left. After swallowing a little wine and water, he recovered sufficiently from the shock he had received, to be able, with Dr. D——'s assistance, to step into his carriage, leaving his solemn benediction for Miss P——.

As it was growing late, I sent my wife to bed, and ordered coffee in my study, whither I retired, and sat lost in conjecture and reverie till nearly 1 o'clock. I then repaired to my patient's room; but my entrance startled her from a sleep that had lasted almost since I had left. As soon as I sat down by her, she opened her eyes—and my heart leaped with joy to see her increasing calmness—their expression resembling what had oft delighted me, while she was in health. After eyeing me steadily for a few moments, she seemed suddenly to recognize me, "Kiss me!" she whispered in the faintest possible whisper, while a smile stole over her languid features. I *did* kiss her; and in so doing, my tears fell upon her cheek.

"Don't cry," she whispered again, in a tone as feeble as before. She gently moved her hand into mine, and I clasped the trembling, lilled fingers, with an emotion I cannot express. She noticed my agitation; and the tears came into her eyes, while her lip quivered, as though she were going to speak. I implored her, however, not to utter a word, till she was better able to do it without exhaustion, and lest my presence should tempt her beyond her strength, I once more kissed her—bade her good-night—her poor slender fingers once more compressed mine—and I left her to the care of the nurse, with a whispered caution to step to me instantly if any change should take place in Agnes. I could not sleep! I felt a prodigious burden removed from my mind; and woke my wife, that she might share in my joy.

I received no summons during the night; and on entering her room, about nine o'clock in the morning, I found that Miss P—— had taken a little arrow-root in the course of the night, and slept calmly, with but few intervals. She had sighed frequently, and once or twice conversed for a short time with the nurse about *heaven*; as I understood. She was much stronger than I had expected to find her. I kissed her, and she asked me how I was, in a tone that surprised me by its strength and firmness.

"Is the storm over?" she inquired, looking towards the window.

"Oh yes—long, long ago!" I replied, seeing at once that she seemed to have no consciousness of the interval that had elapsed.

"And are you all well?—Mrs. ——" (my wife.) "how is she?"

"You shall see her shortly."

"Then no one was hurt?"

"Not a hair of our heads."

"How frightened I must have been!"

"Pho, pho, Agnes! Nonsense! Forget it!"

"Then—the world is not—there has been no

—is all the same as it was?" she murmured, eyeing me apprehensively.

"The world come to an end,—do you mean?" She nodded, with a disturbed air—"Oh, no, no! It was merely a thunder-storm."

"And it is quite over and gone?"

"Long ago! Do you feel hungry?" I inquired, hoping to direct her thoughts from a topic I saw agitated her.

"Did you ever see such lightning?" she asked without regarding my question.

"Why, certainly it was very alarming."

"Yes, it was! Do you know, Doctor, she continued, with a mysterious air—"I—I saw, yes—there were terrible faces in the lightning."

"Come, child, you rave!"

"They seemed coming towards the world!"

Her voice trembled, the colour of her face changed.

"Well, if you *will* talk such nonsense, Agnes, I must leave you. I will go and fetch my wife. Would you like to see her?"

"*Tell N—— to come to me to-day—I must see him.* I have a message for him!" She said this with a sudden energy that surprised me, while her eye brightened as it settled on me. I kissed her and retired. The last words surprised and disturbed me. Were her intellects affected? How did she know—how did she conjecture that he was within reach! I took an opportunity of asking the nurse whether she had mentioned Mr. N——'s name to her, but not a syllable had been interchanged upon the subject.

Before setting out on my daily visits, I stepped into her room, to take my leave. I had kissed her, and was quitting the room, when happening to look back, I saw her beckoning to me. I returned.

"I must see N—— this evening!" said she, with a solemn emphasis that startled me; and as soon as she had uttered the words, she turned her head from me, as if she wished no more to be said.

My first visit was to Mr. N——, whom I found in a very weak state; but so much recovered from his illness, as to be sitting up, and partially dressed. He was perfectly calm and collected; and, in answer to his earnest inquiries, I gave him a full account of the nature of Miss P——'s illness. He received the intelligence of the favourable change that had occurred, with evident though silent ecstasy. After much inward doubt and hesitation, I thought I might venture to tell him of the parting—the twice repeated request she had made. The intelligence blanched his already pallid cheek to a whiter hue, and he trembled violently.

"Did you tell her I was in town? Did she recollect me?"

"No one has breathed your name to her!" I replied. * * * * *

"Well, Doctor—if, on the whole, you think so—that it would be safe," said N——, after we had talked much on the matter—"I will step over and see her; but, it looks very, very strange!"

"Whatever whim may actuate her, I think it better, on the whole, to gratify her. Your refusal *may* be attended with infinitely worse effects than an interview. However, you shall hear from me again. I will see if she continues in the same

mind; and, if so, I will step over and tell you." I took my leave.

A few moments before stepping down to dinner, I sat beside Miss P——, making my usual inquiries; and was gratified to find that her progress, though slow, seemed sure. I was going to kiss her, before leaving, when with similar emphasis to that she had previously displayed, she again said—

"Remember! N—— must be here to-night!"

I was confounded. What could be the meaning of this mysterious pertinacity? I felt distracted with doubt, and dissatisfied with myself for what I had told to N——. I felt answerable for whatever ill effects might ensue; and yet, what could I do?

It was evening—a mild, though lustrous, July evening. The skies were all blue and white, save where the retiring sun-light produced a mellow mixture of colours towards the west. Not a breath of air disturbed the serene complacency. My wife and I sat on each side of the bed, where lay our lovely invalid, looking, despite of her recent illness, beautiful and in comparative health. Her hair was parted with negligent simplicity over her pale forehead. Her eyes were brilliant, and her cheeks occasionally flushed with colour. She spoke scarce a word to us, as we sat beside her. I gazed at her with doubt and apprehension. I was aware that health could not possibly produce the colour and vivacity of her complexion and eyes; and felt at a loss to what I should refer it.

"Agnes, love! How beautiful is the setting sun!" exclaimed my wife, drawing aside the curtains.

"Raise me! Let me look at it," replied Miss P—— faintly. She gazed earnestly at the magnificent object for some minutes; and then abruptly said to me—

"He will be here soon?"

"In a few moments I expect him. But, Agnes, why do you wish to see him?"

She sighed and shook her head.

It had been arranged that Dr. D—— should accompany Mr. N—— to my house, and conduct him up stairs, after strongly enjoining on him the necessity there was for controlling his feelings, and displaying as little emotion as possible. My heart leaped into my mouth,—as the saying is—when I heard the expected knock at the door.

"N—— is come at last!" said I, in a gentle tone, looking earnestly at her, to see if she was agitated. It was not the case. She sighed, but evinced no trepidation.

"Shall he be shown in at once?" I inquired.

"No: wait a few moments," replied the extraordinary girl, and seemed lost in thought for about a minute. "Now!" she exclaimed; and I sent down the nurse, herself pale and trembling with apprehension, to request the attendance of Dr. D—— and Mr. N——.

As they were heard slowly approaching the room, I looked anxiously at my patient, and kept my fingers at her pulse. There was not a symptom of flutter or agitation. At length the door was opened, and Dr. D—— slowly entered, with N—— upon his arm. As soon as his pale, trembling figure was visible, a calm and heavenly smile beamed upon the countenance of Miss

P——. It was full of ineffable loveliness! She stretched out her right arm: he pressed it to his lips, without uttering a word.

My eyes were rivetted on the features of Miss P——. Either they deceived me, or I saw a strange alteration,—as if a cloud were stealing over her face. I was right! We all observed her colour fading rapidly. I rose from my chair; Dr. D—— also came nearer, thinking she was on the verge of fainting. Her eyes were fixed upon the flushed features of her lover, and gleamed with radiance. She gently elevated both her arms towards him, and he leaned over her.

"PREPARE!" she exclaimed, in a low thrilling tone—her features became paler and paler—her arms fell. She had spoken—she had breathed her last. She was dead!

Within twelve months poor N—— followed her; and to the period of his death, no other word or thought seemed to occupy his mind but the momentous warning which issued from the expiring lips of Agnes P——, PREPARE!

I have no mystery to solve, no denouement to make. I tell the facts as they occurred; and hope they may not be told in vain!

From the London Literary Gazette.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer's boughs among.

When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;

'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale.

And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For he whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fragrance life—

Whose genius, like the sun, illumined the mighty realms of mind—

Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar.
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;

To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was waiting on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,

When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by!

Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms moved there,

Thine those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask 'Can this be true?'

What warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold.

When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by—

The proud "Fitz James," with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye;

That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;

And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet, "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel," whost *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverly," with glance and step of woe;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when, 'midst fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Vich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominié" stalk'd just,
With "Bertram," "Julia," by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'er power'd by that afflicting sight;
And "Nerrillies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" approached, amidst that burial line;
And "Orchilree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
Slow march'd the gallant "M'Intyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone;
For *once*, "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "MacGregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd thrill and wild—"Rob Roy's" bold brow looked wan;
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Ballic" sigh'd, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renowned "Black Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and whitelocks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe might nought avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale "Habbakuk Mucklewrath," who cried "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
I'ass'd she—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie Deane,"
And "Dumbiedikes," that silent laird, with love too *deep* to smile,
And "Effie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lork Keeper's" mien with eye indignant glanced;—
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approach'd the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

'Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song, stopp'd near,
The "Knight of Ardenvoehr," and *he*, the gifted Hieland Seer,
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Menteith," and "Ronald" met my view—
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "M'high-Connel Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Gilbert" "Front de Bœuf" "De Bracy's" plume of woe;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant "Ivanhoe,"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main;
Where'the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen,
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's beauteous mien!

A sound thrill'd through that lengthening host! methought the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotin's bard reposed!
A sound thrill'd through that lenth'ning host! and forth my vision fled!—
But ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal Scott was dead!

C. SWAIN.

It was a beautiful part of the plot of Sheridan Knowles's play of the "Hunchback," that the child of the deformed should have been kept in ignorance that the supposed guardian who had given all his time and tenderness to the development of her feelings and judgement, up to the very period when she became a bride, was in reality her father. The fine noble motives which actuate the Hunchback in the concealment, are admirably delineated throughout the play, and have given rise to the following stanzas, which their author has the pleasure of inscribing to Mr. Knowles, as a token of his high appreciation of the more captivating beauties of his own dramatic poem:—

The Hunchback hath a gentle child,
With radiance on her silver brow,
And all that he hath known of love
Is clinging to her now!
And he can bear to stem the tide
From whence sweet feelings start.
And fling away the Father's garb,
But not the Father's heart.
Oh, tenderly he guards her now,
Beneath a stranger guise,
Like some poor mortal watching o'er
A creature of the skies!

Oh, beautiful, most beautiful,
And very fair indeed—
The flint is not without its spark,
The nut without its seed:—
The tiny shell that lieth hid,
Unpolished in the deep,
Hath that within its pearly bed
That doth not always sleep.
So oft the shapeless body holds
A soul of living light,
That maketh dark deformity
Seem ever glad and bright!

The Hunchback loveth still his child,
And still is at her side,
In weal—upon the verge of crime—
In woe—and as a bride,—
And not till then she learns that he
Who tended her for years—
Had smiled on her a father's smiles,
And wept a father's tears.
If worth be weighed by love like this,
Then his is very dear,
And who that passeth that deformed
Shall dare to scoff or jeer!

SEVEN MARRIAGES

AND NEVER A HUSBAND.

(Translated from the German.)

ADELIN was the daughter of a rich French merchant; a young lady, who, if not quite as prudent, was perhaps as beautiful as Penelope, and could number almost as many admirers soon after she had entered into her teens. In truth, she was a great favourite; and advocates, court retainers, members of parliament, officers, and general officers, seemed to vie with each other for her good opinion; but they had, hitherto, all met with the same reception; namely, that flat little monosyllable, *no!* At length a handsome young officer of the name of Alson, had the happy fortune to obtain her good graces, but her father still shook his head. He was of a good old family, he admitted, only he had hardly a stiver to bless himself withal, except what came out of the military chest; and why this should entitle him to a preference over so many wealthy and noble offers, he was at a loss to account. M. Molinet, however, did not belong to that class of cruel fathers, who boast of the right divine of tyrannizing over their children; and by the combined effect of frowning and fuming, and fretting and petting, mixed with a little solitary confinement and low diet, bring their girls into a fit frame of mind to bear the matrimonial yoke along with some ugly, hateful-looking wretch, whom they would otherwise, perhaps, have by no means admired. So, without making much ado about nothing, this sensible French father, after a few imprecations, which helped him to recover his gaiety, no longer withheld his consent. "The young fools like one another," he said; "and the boy wants nothing but money, which, I dare say, he will allow me the honour to supply. By such means, his valour will entitle him to a captain's commission, at a jump; another and another, till he reaches a colonel's; and it will not sound amiss, after the world, in my hearing, shall designate the commander of a whole heroic regiment with the dear name of son—the wealthy old merchant's son."

In a short time, lieutenant Alson's promotion began, and kept pace with his father-in-law's prophecies of his valour. When he had risen a few degrees, Molinet agreed to celebrate his marriage with his daughter, in a magnificent manner. As the young lady, however, was only yet in her fifteenth year, and her father quite doated upon her, he had so contrived it, in consideration of her youth, and his own old age, to have her company a year or two longer; and on the same morning that the ceremony was solemnized, his son's regiment received orders to march; and he peremptorily insisted upon its commander marching along with it upon a foreign destination.

The parting scene was truly tender and romantic, but the old merchant conceived that he was doing his duty (for he believed that she was too young to encounter the trials of the married state); and it did not move him a whit. Alson's sole consolation was in the hoped-for termination of the American war, which would enable him to return speedily to his own country; while he had, at all events secured his prize,—barring the usual chances of being drowned, shot, captured, or knocked upon the head.

And truly his name seemed to have been entered upon the debit side of the day book of destiny; for though his regiment joined the party of the English colonists, in their contest against the mother country, it so happened that our hero was wounded and taken prisoner by a troop of Indians, allies of the British forces, in the first engagement. Fortunately, they neither sacrificed, nor eat him, contenting themselves with the torture of curing him of his wounds, which, with their assistance, left him a cripple for life. This he found to be a serious impediment in the way of making his escape from the swift-footed forest chiefs; though he was over-persuaded to make the attempt by one of his fellow-prisoners. The latter was quick enough to secure his retreat, but the unlucky Alson was overtaken while limping at an extraordinary pace, in the hope of rejoining his young bride and his wealthy father-in-law, with the addition of enjoying a quiet pension for life. Poor fellow! he was caught when within a stone's throw or two of the American lines, and immediately compelled to jump his way back again, with an Indian spear by way of good pricking him in the rear. On his arrival he was thrown into a large wooden cage, with orders to be fattened, as soon as possible, for one of the

chiefs' tables, whose stomach refused almost every other kind of food.

Meanwhile Victor, the young officer, who accompanied him in his flight, under plea of extreme sickness and his late sufferings, obtained leave of absence, and proceeded back to his own country. During his captivity he had heard a great deal in praise of the beauty and accomplishments of Adeline while conversing with the unfortunate Alson. Aware, at the same time, of her *vis* fortune, a thought now struck him on which he continued to ponder during his whole voyage home. He conceived that he might possibly be fortunate enough to supply Alson's loss; for he had little doubt but that the sly heroes would very quickly dispose of their prisoner, in such a way as to leave him no source of uneasiness on that head.

Taking this, at all events, for granted, and flattered with the idea of his future prospects, he hastened with the rueful looks of an undertaker, to the house of M. Molinet, and without much ceremony, regretted that he was the bearer of ill tidings. A little shocked, the good merchant began to pull almost as long a face as his own. The wily Victor, wishing to make a still deeper impression, so as to introduce himself in the character of a comforter, intreated that he would not alarm himself; and drawing his hand across his eyes, at the same time leaving a few sighs, he observed that his poor friend Alson had unfortunately been scalped and murdered before his eyes, by a party of wild Indians.

M. Molinet uttered an exclamation of horror, that brought his whole household together, old and young. Victor was still singing his doleful dirge as they gathered round; and he next drew forth a packet of forged letters, in order to give a greater air of veracity to his story. This, however, was superfluous; no one offered to question the truth of his statements, while his well-feigned sorrow recommended him strongly to his new friends, as Alson's companion and fellow soldier. Here he flattered himself that he had laid a good foundation for his future plans; and in a few days he repeated his visit, when he had the pleasure of being introduced to the lovely Adeline.

Mutual sorrow and sympathy in regard to the young soldier's fate, drew them into conversation, and Victor was quite charmed with her manners; while her beauty surpassed his expectations. By degrees, his person and language appeared equally interesting to Adeline, and not many months had elapsed before their acquaintance began to ripen into a more tender regard. M. Molinet, being satisfied that his connections were respectable, and not in the least aware of the stratagem which he had adopted in order more effectually to succeed in his views, was shortly afterwards prevailed upon to give his consent.

The mourning having at length ceased, Adeline cast aside her widow's weeds, and gave her hand to the happy Victor, who now fancied he had secured the fair prize for life. But fortune, that had hitherto shown herself so remarkably favourable, now, when he stood on the very brink of Paradise, began, like a vile jilt as she is, to change her tone. He was much in the situation of a spoiled child, when the careless nurse slips its leading string; he fell, not figuratively, but actually and heavily, as he was cutting too high a curvet in the plenitude of his satisfaction in the bridal dance. He fell on the smooth chalked floor, and dislocated one of his thighs: a compound fracture, which would require him to lie in one position for the period of one or two months. What a horrible contrast! the bridal chamber was turned into a sick-room; his bride became head nurse, and all his hopes disappointed in surgical operations.

His recovery was equally tedious and vexatious, and before he grew at all convalescent, another character appeared upon the scene. Victor felt not a little alarmed on learning that Clermont, another young officer, who had been captured by the Indians, had just arrived in Paris. His first question on arriving at the hotel was respecting the residence of M. Molinet, and he did not long leave Victor in suspense, as to the particulars of his escape, and the fate of Alson. In fact, he was the bearer of letters from the latter to his wife, and he was naturally somewhat surprised on hearing from his host that the lady had contracted a second marriage. He was still more astonished to find that Victor was the second husband; but he revealed nothing of what he knew to his host, being first determined to have an interview with the wily usurper of Alson's rights, of whom he knew enough, before delivering his letters. Victor lost all courage, and looked quite crest-

fallen as Clermont was announced, and briskly followed up his name with the familiarity of a former comrade, into the sick man's chamber, "Oh, Victor!" he cried, "what a wretch you are! what a piece of villainy you have committed against Alson! he is alive, poor fellow; and I have brought letters from him for his wife—I must go and deliver them."

"Alive?" exclaimed Victor, "Alson alive? impossible! why he was overtaken and put to death by the Indians in my company, while we were trying to make our escape."

"Stop there, Victor; he was overtaken, but not killed; though he would have been, and eaten too, had it not been for a party of the colonists, who fell on the Indians during the night, and rescued our friend from his perilous situation. But come, I must deliver my letters."

"For God's sake! my good Clermont," cried the wretched Victor, at the same time tumbling head foremost in his hurry to prevent him, "for God's sake, help me up—I fear I have broken my leg again;—I beseech you not to put the climax to my misery. Truly, take half of all I am worth, and do not betray me. Command me in every thing for ever after; but do spare me; and try to raise me upon the sofa before Adeline comes in."

Touched with pity at his helpless situation, Clermont assisted the unlucky patient from the ground, who feigned a vast deal more pain than he really felt.

Meanwhile, Adeline, who had heard from one of the maidens that a stranger had arrived, and was then in her husband's room; and likewise hearing high words, ran full of anxiety to inquire.

Victor was now in momentary dread of beholding the fatal letter drawn from Clermont's pocket; but the latter was too magnanimous, and too much delighted at the sight of Adeline's surpassing charms and loveliness to think of causing her any such alarm and unhappiness. It is true, that he enjoyed the unhappy man's suspense and tortures, and would then burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter to see the rueful faces which he made, and which his lovely bride put to the account of his lame leg, no better for his fall. Clermont lingered long enough to catch the fascinating poison that lurked in Adeline's bright eyes; his soul was fired at the first interview; and it was clear that Victor's last sands of promised happiness and good fortune—most tantalizing good fortune—were nearly run. He no longer felt so indignant as he ought at Victor's base conduct; he rather sighed more effectually to imitate it; and having, like him, been in the habits of pleasing himself whenever he well could, a thought suddenly struck him to avail himself, as far as possible, of the information and influence which he possessed.

Adeline, pleased to observe that there seemed nothing unpleasant between the two gentlemen, as she had feared, soon after left the room. Clermont again turned to his companion with a portentous frown upon his brow:—"I am thinking, my good Sir, that you have brought yourself into a very pretty dilemma indeed. Your situation is desperate; and besides, I never could reconcile it to my conscience to become the means of concealing your treacherous conduct from the parties concerned. I say, Sir, too, that it would be ill discharging the trust reposed in me by our unhappy friend Alson, in any degree to countenance so base a conspiracy against his peace. No, I am decided in the course I shall take; to deliver his letters, along with other proofs, showing that, though infirm, he is still in existence. The sole lenity which in such an affair I can be induced to grant, would be to postpone the communication until you were sufficiently recovered to be removed; and the sooner you can save yourself by flight, the better it will be. I can afford you no greater proof of my regard; for if you continue here much longer, I shall, however reluctantly, be compelled to expose you to the world. Spare yourself the trouble of any farther intreaties;—I cannot listen to them; I cannot consent to become accessory to so cruel an imposition."

Having come to this explanation, Clermont took his leave, leaving the unlucky patient in no very enviable state of mind. He was unable even to make his escape; and he lay ruminating all possible plans, either for counteracting Clermont's influence or for effecting an able retreat. It was in vain, however, that he beat his brains for a satisfactory solution of his difficulties. The only resource that offered itself to his choice seemed to be that of throwing himself voluntarily upon Adeline's mercy, and relying upon the strength of her attachment, for a happy termination of the business. Should he, however, be successful

in his appeals to her tenderness and compassion, still he would have to encounter the storm, raised by her incestuous friends and her father, which in his present helpless situation would be doubly trying. At length, finding nothing that was likely to relieve him from his awkward dilemma, he resigned himself quietly to his destiny, drowsy only of getting his head out of the scrape with as little damage as possible; and, wearied with conjectures, he fell asleep.

Adeline remarked that there was something or other pressing upon his spirits, and with a thousand endearing words she sought to discover the cause. But he only affected greater cheerfulness, and lavished fresh thanks and caresses for all the affection and devotedness which, he said, she had so generously shown him. By such means he removed her suspicions; and she regarded the assiduous visits on the part of Clermont, only in the light of friendly inquiries after his friend's health. Entertaining, however, the designs before mentioned, it was not his object to permit Victor's health to be so fully established, as to take a final and affectionate leave of his young bride; he must be removed suddenly and secretly. For this purpose Clermont now daily made his appearance with Alson's letters in his hand, which he held before Victor's eyes; while he threatened the unfortunate wretch with instant exposure, if he longer refused to quit the field.

This, after many vain appeals for pity, he was compelled to do. Under pretence of taking a first airing, Clermont provided him with a conveyance, and then destroyed those important documents which he had held up, like the angel's flaming sword behind our first parents, to drive the unlucky Victor out of Paradise. Having accompanied him some distance, Clermont received his parting letter for Adeline, and returned in the same carriage to M. Molinet's house.

"Where is Victor? what has happened?" was the first inquiry.

"He bids you an eternal farewell!" replied Clermont; "and you may rejoice that you will never behold his face again. His own letter will inform you, that he basely deceived you; that he forged the account of Captain Alson's death, and married Adeline during his life-time. I threatened to reveal his treachery, and he quickly decamped, well knowing that he was not legally united to your daughter, nor entitled to her person any more than to her fortune."

Poor Alson, indeed, is since dead; but this does not in any degree diminish his guilt, or ratify his marriage. It is now just three months since my friend died in prison, where we were both confined for above a year. 'Should you ever,' said he, 'be fortunate enough to reach our dear country, salute my excellent Adeline, my dearly beloved wife! Shortly afterwards he breathed his last; and peace be to the ashes of my respected friend! He beguiled the hours of our imprisonment with his sweet and noble discourse, and he even watched over me, I may say, after his decease; for as they were carrying his remains out of the prison, I contrived to make my escape."

At this account, both father and daughter stood wrapt in astonishment, and in particular Adeline fixed her eyes in breathless wonder upon the ingenious inventor of so many fictions. He detailed them with so much ease and confidence, answered every question, and gave the whole fable so natural an air, as to carry conviction to their hearts, equal to any thing that was ever felt for the truth of the Gospel.

The lovely bride of two absent husbands then expressed her lively gratitude to the intended third, for his timely interference in rescuing her out of the hands of so base a character, while the good old merchant begged for the favour of his friendship and more frequent visits.

But the artful Clermont checked his wishes for a short period, in order not to betray his own project. He called so very seldom, that, being bent upon evincing their gratitude, they were obliged to send him formal invitations. In fact, so deeply was he smitten with the charms of Adeline, that he was almost afraid of anticipating his views upon her, and tried to accost her with all the starched politeness of some grey-haired matron during his first visits. Yet he was handsome and entertaining; and Adeline, a little piqued at his excessive indifference, sought to thaw the icy region about his heart by her sunny smiles and glances, and a thousand delicate little attentions. He replied, however, very cautiously, though in such a way as showed he was quite sensible of her power, and feared to trust himself within the enchanted circle of her charms.

To smooth the way more effectually to his wishes, he next brought forward the agreeable intelligence of the *rogue* Victor's death. It was apparently under the sign manual and seal of the curate who had confessed him, during his last moments, stating how he had fallen sick at a little village, as the curate was passing through;—how he had received sacrament; and how he had died in peace and blessedness shortly afterwards. This account of his decease he, the curate, had been induced to furnish at poor Victor's request, which duty he had discharged after giving him decent interment.

Adeline was again free; and how happy that she was released from so awkward a kind of engagement! Of this the arch-traitor Clermont was soon assured by the manner of his reception; it was no longer difficult to perceive that his artful diffidence and constrained demeanour, had pleaded his cause more effectually than, in such circumstances, his utmost assiduities could have done. The coldness of his manner gradually died away; he began to assume his real character; every day they grew more and more passionately attached to each other; and Adeline gave him her hand with greater pleasure than she did to either of her other husbands.

A splendid banquet welcomed the happy pair from the altar; the guests made their appearance; and the afternoon was at length far advanced. The sound of a carriage was now heard advancing at a smart pace up the street, and it drew up at M. Molinet's door. "Ha!" cried the good host; "an idle guest, by Our Lady, but he drives briskly up."

All eyes were now turned towards the door; it opened; and, to the surprise of all the company, in rushed the deceased Victor, with his drawn sword in his hand, which he pointed with threatening gesture at Clermont: "Up, up, and defend your life!" he cried; at the same time dragging the astonished bridegroom with a firm grasp out of the hall.

Every guest felt too much terrified at his ghastly appearance to interfere, feeling quite assured that it was wholly supernatural. So that, with the assistance of his servant, Victor had thrust the unlucky bridegroom into his carriage, and driven away with him, before any body had sufficiently recovered his senses to think of a rescue.

When arrived at a short distance from the city, Victor called to the coachman to halt, and bursting into a loud laugh, he said, "Well, friend, there are now two knaves instead of one, and one raven must not pull out the other's eyes. There would be little use in hanging ourselves, if others will save us that trouble, for what we have done. My object in carrying you off, arises from the most disinterested motives; it will save you a great deal of plague;—for, as you were kind enough to bring me tidings of Alson, I have now to inform you that he is actually in Paris, and would speedily have fallen upon you like a thunder-bolt, and sacrificed both his wife and you to his fury. We have both of us the best reason in the world for keeping out of his way; for he is already half-witted from the effect of his Indian adventures, and being fattened, during the course of a whole month for the chief's table."

"I wish he had eaten him, then," exclaimed Clermont, in very ill-humour; "the fellow must have as many lives as a cat."

"So it seems! but we must wait patiently till the affair has blown over; and meanwhile seek some safe retreat, in a corner of the kingdom, and near a sea port, in case the madman should run desperate, and proceed to extremities against us."

Now this was all a fresh tissue of lies, invented by Victor to revenge himself. So far from being in Paris, Alson had been taken prisoner during his voyage home, and was now passing his time in England. Having given out that he had left France under an assumed name, Victor, after parting with his rival, had returned; and kept a watchful eye upon all his proceedings. In order more effectually to screen himself, and to get his rival completely into his power, he permitted him to accept the hand of Adeline; and then seized upon him in the manner that has just been related. Clermont easily fell into the snare; and no longer ventured to think of retracing his steps to Paris, when he believed that Alson, whom he had disposed of in so summary a manner, had again appeared on the scene of action. Half stupefied with the news, he suffered himself to be rolled away, as he had been taken, in his rich bridal apparel, without hat or gloves, and arrayed from head to foot in silk; while the lovely Adeline was thus deserted

by her third husband—and left to reflect upon her wayward lot alone.

Such a series of unexpected occurrences almost turned the old merchant's head. He began to be alarmed lest they should afford a topic of scandal to the whole city; and after a short consultation with his daughter, he came to the resolution of quitting Paris, and retiring into the country for a short time.

So having settled his affairs, he proceeded, accompanied by his daughter, about eighty leagues into the country, where he purchased an agreeable residence, and spent a whole year, more to his own, than to Adeline's satisfaction. So sudden and striking a contrast was too trying and too solitary, after the loss of three husbands, though she had already almost banished them from her mind. For no one any longer doubted the decease of Captain Alson, her first betrothed; while, in regard to both the others, it was currently reported, and in a short while generally credited, that they had fought a duel, and fallen by each other's hands. Since the night of their strange disappearance, they had neither of them been heard of; until one day, in a wood, at some distance from Paris, two bodies were found dreadfully mangled, and there seemed no longer any doubt of their being the two ill-fated lovers; at least such was the account that reached M. Molinet and his daughter. It was also stated that the bodies had been interred, after remaining above ground until their features were no longer discernible, and no persons coming forward to lay claim to them.

However, to set the matter at rest, M. Molinet sent for the chief witness who had given evidence on the inquest; and having received from him an account of the persons of the deceased, he found it agree in many points, with his two sons-in-law; a discovery which so greatly delighted him that, in the height of his satisfaction, he cried out: "Aye, the knaves! you describe them to a hair; and both dead and buried, you say?"

With this consolatory assurance, he hastened to his daughter Adeline, and they now began to visit with their neighbours, and see a little more of the world; while they even talked of returning the ensuing winter to Paris. Before that period arrived, however, the old gentleman had been again solicited for his consent; his consent for the fourth time! and he gave it with much the same temper as on former occasions; only his daughter was this time to be united to a young nobleman, Baron Marly.

The marriage ceremony was performed without the slightest interruption. The feast and the dance passed pleasantly away; and the bride-maids were already busied in disarraying the fair Adeline of her ornaments and jewels: when, as fate would have it, a long and loud resounding knock was heard at the hall door, enough to throw a nervous parent into fits. It was just midnight too; yet one of the footmen had courage enough to open the door; and in stepped a shabby drest man with a wooden leg; and limping as fast as he could along the hall, begged to be allowed an interview with the host.

The servant grinned at him over his shoulder, and said that it would be better to postpone it to the following day. "No, my good friend, it will not," replied the stranger; "my affair will admit of no delay. I must see your master this moment."

But the man only stared and shook his head, as if in contempt of his request. Upon this, the stranger flying into a passion, raised his crutch. "Go, thou base varlet, or I will break every bone in thy skin!" and the footman ran to acquaint his master with this very unseasonable visit.

M. Molinet made his appearance in his night-gown and slippers. With a premonition of something wrong, he looked the stranger sharply in the face, as he limped towards him, with a black patch over his left eye, and a great plaster on the other cheek. The good old host uttered an exclamation of alarm at the very sight of him.

"Who are you, Sir?" he inquired in a subdued and quivering tone; "and what is your pleasure with me?"

"Alas! don't you know me?" sighed the stranger; "don't you know your own son-in-law, Alson?"

Poor M. Molinet stared back several yards at one bound; raised up his hands in perfect wonder; and then called out to a servant at some distance from them: "For God's sake run,—call my daughter and her husband; and make haste,—make haste!"

"Nay, I am already here, father," observed the one-legged man.

"Oh, unhappy wretches as we all are!" cried the poor

distracted father of so many sons, pacing backwards and forwards, and looking ruefully up the staircase, to see whether they would ever come.

Baron Marly first made his appearance, attired in a rich and elegant undress; looking as proud and glorious as Mars himself, just before he was caught with the lovely wife of ugly limping Vulcan: who could scarcely have cut a more sorry figure than the one-legged man now did. The Baron could not help smiling at the stranger, as he said—

"What are your commands with me, father? I was just this moment retiring for the night."

"But I will take care that you never shall," cried the lame man; at the same time striking his crutch in most threatening style upon the ground.

"Is the fellow out of his senses?" returned the Baron, with a glance of contempt.

Poor M. Molinet was now quite beside himself. He trembled sadly, at the necessity he was under of introducing the gentlemen to one another, on this occasion. He did it, but it was with a very ill grace.

"Fine doings, indeed!" exclaimed the crutchman, again stamping his wooden leg, more fiercely than before, upon the ground. "It is lucky, however, that I am arrived in time to prevent this Baron from casting a stain upon my honour, and that of my family. You will please, father, to show him to the very farthest chamber from my wife's and mine, that you can find in the house; I shall keep strict watch on the outside."

At these words, Baron Marly instantly mounted his high horse of noble blood, and replied, with an air of disdain: "Night watches, my good fellow, do not seem very well adapted to your present crippled condition, and I will spare you that trouble. As matters turn out, you are quite welcome to your first bargain, with all the manorial rights and appurtenances thereto belonging. In fact, I shall be happy to make the transfer; by which you will help me to untie a knot, which I was beginning to fear might chance to be tied too tight. For my part, I am a friend to freedom; and there are some of my relations at court, who will not be sorry to learn of what has happened, for truly I have had very little peace since my alliance with this very worthy family, because they imagined that henceforward I was about to unite myself with that less shining, but useful class of honest citizens. They solemnly declared that my marriage had raised an eternal barrier between me and them: between the city and the court; and that they knew how to respect their own station; if I did not. This was a sad blow in the face of my escutcheon: and I should, doubtless, soon have died of mortification, had not this lucky incident restored me to my injured nobility and pride. This somewhat consoles me for the personal loss of a lady, for whom I entertained the greatest tenderness and esteem. But I am no sentimental worshipper of sighs and tears. I entreat you, therefore, my dear M. Molinet, to break this little matter to your daughter—to present her with my parting regards, and wish her all happiness and good fortune. So farewell, gentlemen; if you have any commands to Paris, I shall feel most happy to be the bearer. There I shall take out a formal divorce, and so the matter rests." With an air of lordly nonchalance, he turned upon his heel, and left his father-in-law, lost in astonishment at the strange situation in which he stood.

"Nay, let the nimble puppy run," cried the man with the crutch; and cheer up, old gentleman, you see you have got me quite safe; I wish I could add quite sound; but any how safe home again. True, I am a bit of a cripple—but what of that?—I am none of your noble impostors—I am Alson, your honourable son-in-law. I hope Adeline will not think the worse of me; though, I confess I do not much relish the thought of our first interview: better perhaps to put it off until to-morrow. You will thus have time to reconcile her to the change of partners; but, as you seem rather weary and nervous, you had better yourself retire to rest, and let me, likewise, be shown to a chamber. To-morrow I will amuse Adeline and you with some account of my adventures in America. You will be much astonished, if not entertained; but for to-night, dear father, not a word more—let us get a little rest."

M. Molinet, like one half moon-stricken, tottered out of the room; he replied not a word; and his son was obliged to shake him well by the shoulders and stamp his wooden leg, before he could make him comprehend that he wanted to be shown to his chamber.

Just at this moment one of Adeline's maids came running, to say that her young mistress had fallen into fits. She had heard the uproar; and insisted upon being instantly attired, in order to arrive in time to prevent any fatal consequences—having already lost two husbands, who had fallen a sacrifice to their mutual fury; but such was the tumult of her emotions, that she fainted in the bridemaid's arms.

Greatly concerned at this event, the cripple bridegroom observed, that had he not unluckily been so shabbily dressed, and altogether cut so dismal and forbidding a figure, with the patches on his wounds, and his wooden leg—which might perhaps frighten her into fits again as she was recovering—nothing should keep him from her presence. "Besides my crutch makes such a plaguy loud noise in walking, she might imagine some kobold or house-goblin was coming into her chamber. Such things she must get used to by degrees; so my good girl, I must be content with thy recommending me most affectionately to thy sweet mistress, and here is my father-in-law will go along with you."

Poor M. Molinet, quite puzzled what to think or what to do, suffered himself to be led, like a man walking in his sleep, into his daughter's chamber; while his son-in-law walked another way into his own.

At this moment, the Baron's servants having packed up his wardrobe, and brought the coach, he was heard giving his orders respecting these two most important and favourite subjects of his thoughts; and then he rattled off along the pavement; in all the offended, yet newly recovered, dignity of his ancient house.

Adeline, on her side, again passed a lonely night, on the very day of her fourth nuptials; besides being half frightened to death.

On the morrow of this eventful evening, M. Molinet's household was early in motion. The good host himself began at length to console himself with the idea, that even a wooden-legged son-in-law was preferable to none, and hastened down stairs with a fixed determination to welcome him in a hearty and hospitable style. The latter, however, seemed to think more of a good night's rest, than rising at an early hour to reclaim the hand of his beautiful betrothed. The clock had already struck nine: breakfast was waiting; yet the sluggard showed no signs of appearance. He had not even rung his bell; and the old merchant, beginning to feel impatient for his first meal, waited and grumbled; until, declaring that he must be one of the seven sleepers, he ordered one of the servants to knock, and to knock hard, at his door; for it was now near eleven o'clock, and the old gentleman, in momentary dread of an attack of his spasms, was fast helping himself to whatever came nearest to him. Before he had half done, however, the laquety came to inform him that he had knocked repeatedly at the lame gentleman's door, but had received no answer.

His master shook his head wistfully, and, ordering the servant to walk first, followed him up stairs, and bade him enter the room; not liking the risk of receiving any farther shock, added to that of the former fright.

So he stationed himself at the head of the stairs, and called out to the man, from time to time, "Now, John, is he asleep?" "No, Sir!" "Is he awake?" "No, Sir!" "What, is he dead, then?" "Oh no, Sir, he is only gone—at least I cannot find him." "Gone!" repeated the merchant advancing a little more boldly, "What, crutch, and leg, and all?" "No, Sir; his leg is here; only it is nothing but a cork!" "Nothing but a cork?" repeated the old merchant, "then I dare say he must have a stock of them, and it is that, perhaps, which makes him so light a foot. The scoundrel!—the base deserter! to think of running away from his own wife and father, the very morning after returning to them. Surely I am bewitched, or this is all a dream. It cannot be: I am perhaps too hard upon him to suspect him: he has, perhaps, only got up in the night, and gone into the garden: and then being unable to find his way back into the right room. Do you run into the garden, John, and I will examine the other bed-rooms: he must be somewhere—he cannot be gone: call Adeline, call all the women, and the men, and the children, about the place; bid them look sharp every where—he cannot be gone."

There was soon a general muster; and the house was searched from top to bottom; but he was neither in the garret nor the cellar: the new son-in-law was gone! At length, when it came to the old porter's turn to be exa-

nined, who kept the lodge gates, and just then came bobbing up, he declared that about day-break a lame, ill-favoured kind of man, with black patches on his cheeks, most like a broken-down soldier, had ordered him to unbar the gate, as he was going to see after some of his luggage which was left at the next inn, but he said nothing about coming back.

With this gleam of hope M. Molinet despatched a messenger to the place, but no person answering the porter's description had been there.

The lovely Adeline sat pale and weeping in her chamber: until this trying moment she had borne her strange adventures and vicissitudes with the sweet temper and patience of an angel; but this was too much. There was no affection in her sufferings; her tears and sighs were genuine; for she had really loved Alson—he was her first choice, and she sank overpowered with grief, on learning this his second and more cruel loss.

Her father, little less affected at witnessing her grief, retired with downcast looks, and full of perplexing thoughts, to devise some method of proceeding, to his own chamber. The reader, however, shall not be left in the same dilemma; but shall forthwith be introduced behind the curtain of the mystery; as here follows:—In the first place he need hardly be informed, that these two arch hypocrites and impostors, Victor and Clermont, were still in existence. In truth, they were far too interested and cautious villains to think of sparing the criminal law any trouble by honestly knocking one another's brains out; and in fact were on the best terms, for persons of their stamp. As fortune, too, would have it, M. Molinet, in returning to the country, had settled not far from the place of their retreat, which they kept as secret as possible; no less from fear of Alson's return, than from that of being brought to account for having deserted their military duties. They were, likewise, enabled, from this spot, to observe the proceedings of M. Molinet, their father-in-law, and to learn whether the affair had at all subsided.

The report of the fourth marriage acted like poison upon their jealous and revengeful feelings; and not venturing, from a sense of mutual safety, to wreak them upon each other, they swore to prevent any other person availing himself of any advantage which they had forfeited themselves. With this view, they pitched upon a wily young mendicant, who in some degree resembled Alson, and who could assume any character, and, equipping him in the manner already stated, their base stratagem turned out completely successful.

About the period that Baron Marly forwarded a copy of his divorce to his father-in-law, the latter became aware of the species of imposture that had been practised upon him, owing to the recognition and the subsequent confession of the roguish mendicant himself. Still he did not betray his employers, and M. Molinet, supposing them to be deceased, was now more at a loss than ever what to conjecture on the subject.

Adeline, on her part, seemed inclined to make no farther adventures in the matrimonial lottery; while her father was more intent than ever upon finding a real and bona fide son-in-law. Suitors again began to make their appearance, and he allowed her no peace, until she agreed to make a fresh choice, for the fifth time, in the person of the Marquis Gilles.

The marriage ceremony was fixed to take place at a country seat at some distance, belonging to the new bridegroom. Every thing appeared to be in a good train; the day, the dinner, and the dance were all happily concluded. M. Molinet had himself seen to the security of all the doors and windows, and given orders to admit no more guests after the hour, be they who they would.

The house was just beginning to settle to rest, when, horrible to relate, a cry of fire was heard, and the room next the bridal chamber was found to be in flames. The Marquis ran down stairs half undrest, and disappeared through the front door. The fire was fortunately got under, but the bridegroom was no longer to be seen. What had befallen him no one knew; his destiny remained a secret; and all that could be gathered was, that some countrymen had beheld a carriage driving with great rapidity from the castle.

Two days of grievous anxiety elapsed, when a courier made his appearance with the following letter, and after its delivery instantly galloped away:—

"Madam,—Your brides are surely bewitched, and some dragon guards the entrance of the bridal chamber. I am

no St. George, and feel no inclination to run a tilt with the monster; very willingly making room for the sixth fool, as I am told, who takes a fancy for such an adventure."

GILES.

M. Molinet tore this precious epistle in a great rage; then ordered his carriage to the door, and taking his daughter along with him, ordered them to drive quick towards Paris. He left a letter behind him for his son-in-law, summoning him to appear and answer for his conduct; but this he never did; and consequently the marriage was annulled. But, in the course of this affair, an aged advocate became so deeply smitten with Adeline's charms, as to be quite unable to devote himself longer to his profession, without his fair client's consent and assistance. The lady, however, would certainly have refused it, had not her father, an old friend of the lawyer's, kindly stepped in to second the plea; and she was, at last, overpersuaded to yield her hand.

This time the ceremony was performed in as private a manner as possible. Only a few persons were aware that it was about to take place, and the domestics were in perfect ignorance of it until all was concluded. The supper-table had been removed, and the happy old bridegroom was just thinking of moving after it, when the waiter entered, and announced—the Marquis Gilles!

What a thunder-bolt of surprise for the whole party! M. Molinet alone had presence of mind to cry out: "Let the Marquis go to the Devil! tell him we have nothing to say to each other."

But the noble Marquis was already in the room: "First, my dear father," he said, "do me the justice to hear my defence, and send me there afterwards. On the eventful night of my marriage, I was seized by robbers in my own court, and kidnapped blindfolded into a carriage, which proceeded the whole night. When it stopped, I was conducted into a place up steps, and down steps, until they took the bandage from my eyes,—of very little service to me, in a dark room, with iron door and windows. Here the villains compelled me, by dint of threatening my life, to indite that false and wicked epistle to my beloved Adeline, but which procured me better treatment, and, perhaps, saved my life. Shortly afterwards they promised to release me, which they only did, however, within these last few hours. Yesterday they again blindfolded me; brought me out of the labyrinth; and conveyed me in a carriage to this very neighbourhood. Bidding me alight in some fields, they said to me: "That is your road to Paris; put your best foot foremost, and try to reach it before nightfall; for your young bride is celebrating her nuptials to-day with an old Parliament Advocate. So make haste, or you will have no chance of avoiding the honours that are in store for you." They then directed me to this house; and, before I had time to recover from my astonishment, they dragged me out of the carriage, and drove me with bitter mocks and gibings from their presence."

"A fine romantic history," exclaimed the old Advocate; "but, my Lord Marquis, who will bear witness to all this? Besides, if you could, what would that help you? Your former marriage with my present bride, Sir, has been formally revoked, rescinded, cancelled, and annulled."

"I know nothing of your quirks of law; and I should be a fool to contend with you; I will put it into the hands of some skilful expounder of justice like yourself. My present object in coming here, is loudly to protest, once for all, against your presuming to usurp my place; for I neither can nor will listen to it."

"Good!" replied the Advocate; "and that you likewise shall not venture to sport upon my manor, Marquis, I hereby appeal to the sovereign fount of justice, to his Majesty the King."

"A most servile appeal!" exclaimed the Marquis.

"And, moreover," continued the lawyer, "my wife shall be entrusted, as a sacred deposit, until the decision of the case, into the hands of her father. I will soon get your bill of divorce confirmed."

The noble Marquis expressed himself satisfied with these terms. Both the litigants then took leave of their father-in-law, and left his house in company with his other guests. The poor merchant, in the bitterness of his feelings, pronounced his malediction upon the whole tribe of suitors, sons-in-law, and husbands in the world. He had not the least idea, however, that two of them had set fire to the mansion of the third, and also abducted the unfortunate Marquis from his bridal chamber. Such information would doubtless have driven him stark mad; for

hard as the case was, he had not the least idea that he was now the father of six sons-in-law, while his only daughter remained without a husband. Yet such a strange fatality had fortune, in the variety of her vagaries, produced; though she spared the unlucky old gentleman the additional torment of hearing that so many of his sons were still alive. The two traitors, his second and third sons, instantly fled from the country, after the success of their last exploit, leaving the young Marquis and the old decayed barrister to settle their differences as they pleased.

They forthwith proceeded to try the question of *et thora et mensa*, as respected the rich old merchant's daughter; but the cause, from one reason or other, was protracted so long, that the old advocate died before the conclusion; an event which was hailed with singular pleasure by the young Marquis. Finding that the aged barrister was too impatient to await the result of the trial, the Marquis, on his side, began to sue for a restoration of conjugal rights, but met with unexpected difficulties from the young lady, no less than from her father. They refused to give credit to the story of his abduction, and declared that he had meant to insult the family, in order to afford grounds for future separation; as he had before pleased himself by taking French leave of them, he might this time take himself off again in order to please them.

The sighing shepherd, shocked at this reception, pleaded his perfect innocence of the charge, invoking all the saints to bear witness to the truth of his assertion. But the young lady was inexorable, declaring that she would rather die than think of receiving so ungallant a swain, who had once so basely deserted her.

So the Marquis went to take the opinion of counsel; whose first question was: "whether he could procure any witness or witnesses to his forcible abduction?"—He replied in the negative, and the lawyers shrugged up their shoulders, and advised him to think of proceeding no farther with such a case in a legal form. The same opinion seemed to be entertained by all his lordship's friends. They attempted to impress upon him how unbecoming his dignity it was, to sigh and languish for the daughter of a citizen, who rewarded him only with indifference and contempt. His pride took the alarm; and, shifting his affection for Adeline as he could, he disposed of his possessions in France, and set off in a great huff on a tour into Spain.

How must we account, however, for the surprising coolness and cruelty, evinced towards him by Adeline, unless we believe her to have been quite of a heartless, jilting disposition, and the most variable of her sex? There was something, indeed, in this; but it must, at the same time be observed in her praise, that she had never been seriously attached to any of her six husbands, except the first, having yielded her hand more in compliance with her father's wishes, and a transitory feeling of regard, than from sentiments of esteem and love. Besides, in regard to the Marquis, her recollections were soon effaced by the appearance of a rival, a very handsome young officer of Hussars, which made her more anxious than before to break off her engagements with the former. On this occasion, her father had less difficulty than on any of the preceding, in persuading her to listen to the young man's vows; and she accepted him with the same dutiful sentiments as heretofore.

Previous to the ceremony, the good old merchant took his future son-in-law aside: "You are aware, my friend, that you are only following in the wake of six other lovers, who are most of them now deceased. There has been a strange fate, and I imagine they must all have been bewitched. If you are bent upon running the same risk, and will not be advised to think better of it, there is one little piece of advice which I shall give you, and which may perhaps serve to counteract the charm. All manoeuvres, you know, are lawful in love and war; and after you come from church, I would have you never once lose sight of your bride, until you have secured her for your own."

Adeline was conducted from the altar, between her father and her seventh husband, and was just proceeding up the steps into the house. Suddenly hasty footsteps were heard behind them, and some one inquired for M. Molinet. Upon turning round, the bridal party beheld a pale, haggard young man, in an officer's faded uniform, who stood looking at them, supported upon a crutch.

"Who inquires for me," said M. Molinet, trembling in every limb as he spoke: "who are you? what is your business with me?"

"I am an unfortunate being," murmured the stranger, "betrayed by false friends; don't you recognize me?"

"No, Sir," said M. Molinet; as the wedded pair were hurrying him up the steps; "I know nobody now."

"What," replied the stranger, "have my long sufferings so completely metamorphosed me?—Are you a stranger to me, Adeline? not recognised by my own wife! I first and only love, I am Alson!"

"Just Heavens!" cried the bride, "surely that voice—"

"A way with you!" exclaimed M. Molinet; "do not listen to him, girl! he is only an impostor. Take her away my dear son-in-law, and follow my advice." At the same time, M. Molinet pushed the young Hussar and his daughter before him into the house.

The stranger here clapped his hand upon his sword, confronting his rival: "Not a step farther, on your life, Sir. Would you be guilty of eloping with my wife before my eyes?"

With enraged looks, the Hussar drew his broadsword but Adeline arrested his arm. "No bloodshed," she cried with entreating accents, "for that man is Alson.—My life and best beloved! my eye indeed can scarcely recognize you, but my heart speaks the truth too feelingly—it is yet I have already been so vilely deceived in this man that I am become suspicious of every one; I must, therefore, insist upon receiving still more positive proofs of your existence, than your mere appearance will afford; I deem it want of affection that dictates our separation in the period when these can be adduced. Believe me, I indulge not the least suspicion; but I owe thus much to my own character, and to the world. When once I am happy enough to be pronounced yours, lawfully yours, I will most joyfully give you my hand, and live and die with you alone."

Adeline then retired weeping into her chamber. The young Hussar left the place with a bitter curse; and M. Molinet, with his eyes fixed in mute and perplexed dismay upon the features of Alson, after some cogitation; and talking with himself, at length reached out his hand, saying "The longer I puzzle myself with your face and figure the more I seem to recollect somebody very like you; but I think it must have been in some other world. I that, however, as it may, you are heartily welcome, my boy; my poor son Alson: and forgive me for giving you so rude a reception, and for having you sent, so soon after your marriage, abroad. I had no idea you would stay long."

Alson, for in fact it was no one else, had no very grateful ordeal to undergo, before he succeeded in establishing proofs of his identity. Wherever he appeared, the resemblance between him and his former self became more and more apparent, on slight examination.

The strange history of his capture and his subsequent adventures, and final release, are reserved for the career of Adeline; and would, perhaps, appear tedious to any else. By her he was received with unaffected tenderness and they had the pleasure of being twice married to each other, the old gentleman insisting upon a repetition of the ceremony after so long an absence; and it was the only real marriage out of seven, or rather eight.

They were now truly happy and blest with each other; and had not the poor broken-down soldier died about a month after the ceremony, their happiness might have continued much longer. Adeline lamented him with true widow's tears; yet, after wearing her weeds with being of a somewhat volatile and easy temper, she preferred the handsome young Hussar to come and stay away her tears.

She consented to become his, as usual, at her father's request; and she was too sweet-tempered and gentle, to have resisted the request of any one who bespoke kindly. They lived very happily together, though they had seven husbands in about the space of six years and she spent about half a century with her last consort.

PASSION.

How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it! whilst the tortured frame
Like a ship dashed by fierce encountering tides
And of her pilot spoiled, drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave.—BARROW.

Written for the Casket.

THE DAYS OF YOUTH.

Ah! well do I remember when
Life seemed as bright as evening skies,
While thro' the glittering glade and glen
I grasp'd at pleasure's butterflies.
My path was strewn with sweetest flowers;
I stray'd thro' childhood's blooming bowers,
Admiring, yet not knowing why,
The wonders that had won my eye;
And thinking life would always be
The same it then appeared to me:
Nor dreamt that time could ever find
So great a change in manhood's mind—
A change in all that childhood's eye
Pursued, save pleasure's butterfly.

Even as the morning's blushes bright,
Vanish before the advance of day;
Or even as summer's footsteps bright,
Trip o'er the flowers of fading May—
So in the path of infancy
Comes boyhood with his laughing glee.
In memory's mirror oft I view
The pranks of boyhood, and renew
The scenes long past, when—'twas a rule—
I was the first one flog'd at school:
When paper balls were made to fly
With goodly aim at Master's eye,
Who was upon his dinner sleeping,
With one eye still awake for peeping.
The object was to close it, lest
It should be witness 'gainst the pest.

Each face is now before my view,
As I beheld it there;
Each boy, and desk, and master too,
And little damsel fair.
The fairy one by whom I sat,
Thro' all the afternoon to chat
And laugh the idle hours away.
At all 'twas said, or we could say;
While Tom, and Jack, and Bill were tussling,
And Dick and Dave were busy hustling;
And Josh and Harry tap'd the hat—
First on this side and then on that,
Striving to cross the pins that there lay,
Whether 'twas fair or done unfairly,
While Master Grizzle snored away
The enormous dinner of that day.

But where are all the youths I knew,
The gabbling throng, the social few
With whom I wander'd then:
Alas! some of those jovial boys,
So full of frolic, fun and noise,
Are melancholy men.
Some who were once of wealthy race,
Have now grown poor, nor longer grace
The station which they once might fill—
A lot of all severest still.
And some who once I saw in rags,
Now boast of birth and money bags:
Some have done right and some done wrong,
And some are now the sons of song,
Singing away like Mian's parrot,
In some lone elevated garret.

But few remain of all I knew;
Some sleep in death, and not a few
Have gone to foreign lands, to roam
For fortune, long denied at home;
While still a few remain to be
Mementoes of my infancy—
The landmarks of my progress on
To manhood from the days by-gone.

Where are the little damsels gay,
Whom once I knew at school;
With whom I laugh'd the hours away,
And play'd the loving-fool.
And where is she whom I admired,
Who first my youthful song inspired:
Alas! her blissful, blooming charms
Have blessed another's anxious arms.
Her daughter often dashes by
The window of my garret high,
And throws the same delightful glances
Her mother used to in our dances;
And seems as pleased with recognition,
As was her Ma in her condition.
And many more are mothers now:
Some carry care upon their brow—
Some have a cruel husband wed,
And found their fortune quickly sped;
Themselves and children begging bread
Of those their bounty once had fed.
And some have risen from penury
To opulence and luxury,
Evince how precarious are
The fate and fortunes of the fair.
How many thus in wealth have marry'd,
And found it to the gambler carry'd;
And others too, alas! how many
Have given their last unhappy penny,
To spend in midnight revels long,
Or pay the tribute of a song.
Of all those little girls I knew,
There still indeed remain a few,
Yclep'd old maids, because, forsooth,
They would not marry a fool in youth;
And I am left—pray, sir, what for—
Merely to live a bachelor,
Tho' young in years, and younger still
In the heart's wishes and the will.

MILFORD BARD.

TO M——.

Thou said'st that thou
Would'st love me, and forever, and my heart
Unconscious, dreamt not that we e'er must part;
Where art thou now?
I could have breath'd
My latest sigh, my dying prayer for thee.
Nor murmur'd at my fate—but thus to be
By thee deceiv'd.
'Tis well, 'tis well!
These charms once loved are floating fast away;
This heart—it cannot curse, but only say
Farewell!—farewell!

But yet, should e'er
Thy footsteps stray to where this form is laid,
Think of her whose fond heart thou'st betrayed;
Give me one tear.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
AMERICAN POETICAL PORTRAITS.

TRUMBULL.

Thy emblem of a mask—
 Half serious, half gay—
 Denote the master mind,
 Who fearless led the way.

DWIGHT.

A wide extended sea,
 Of aspect drear and lone,
 Within whose boundless depths,
 Rich gems and pearls are strown.

RAY.

A frail and shattered reed,
 By storms and tempests broken,
 Thy touching minstrelsy
 And ruined hopes betoken.

DRAKE.

A lyre of varied note,
 A smile and then a tear,
 And genius' magic spell,
 Drake! in thy song appear.

BRAINERD.

Thy genius well might seem
 A lake by moonlight viewed,
 Reflecting every shade
 In silent solitude.

COFFIN—THE "BOSTON BARD."

A light and fragile bark,
 Tossed on a stormy sea,
 Its sails and rudder lost—
 Thy emblem well might be.

PIERPOINT.

The "monarch minstrel's" harp,
 Tuned to his *Maker's* praise,
 Touched by thy master hand,
 Might well befit thy lays.

HALLECK.

Like summer's gentlest show'rs,
 With golden beams between,
 Or paradise of flow'rs,
 Thy poetry is seen.

BRYANT.

A mighty river thou,
 Of tranquil majesty,
 Whose current bears along
 Resistless to the sea.

FECIVAL.

Like shepherds' gentle notes,
 Heard at the twilight hour,
 Thy strains might well befit
 The fair one's summer bow't.

WILLIS.

The voice of nature's self,
 The ball room's pagantry,
 The philosophic verse,
 Betray thy minstrelsy.

WETMORE.

A tall Corinthian shaft,
 Of matchless symmetry,
 And stainless snowy hue,
 An emblem is of thee.

W. G. CLARKE.

A burst of melody,
 A "wood note" long and wild,
 Sweet as the cygnet's song,
 And simple as a child.

MRS. MUKZY.

The flow of passion wild,
 From woman's breaking heart,
 The smile of wretchedness
 Thy verse can well impart.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A wreath of modest flow'rs,
 Plucked by a gentle hand,
 The crown might be of her,
 The Hemans of our land.

Pen Yan, N. Y., Dec., 1832.

HAMEY.

ORIGINAL.

TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I hae' been thinking, Shepherd,
 O' that land of yours awa',
 Where ye wander 'mang the heather,
 In the bonny birken shaw.

I hae thought me o' yere musings,
 "In the Glen wi'out a name,"
 And wish'd that I were wi' ye,
 "When the Kye comes hame."

Yes, for me to tend the flocks
 As they browse upon the hill,
 While ye tune yere bonny pipe,
 To the murmurs o' the Rill.

And then at Simmers Gloomin,
 It canna be a shame,
 To wish that I were wi' ye,
 "When the Kye comes hame."

But the warld is unco strange,
 And they'd think that I were wrang,
 To hint sai bold a wish,
 Tho' it were but done in sang.

Yet, I canna help their thinking,
 For I ken they'd do the same,
 And wish that they were wi' ye,
 "When the Kye comes hame."

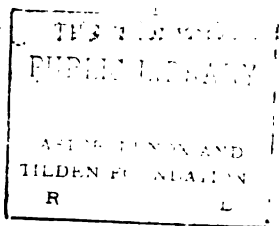
Oh I wad that ye were here,
 Tho' no birken shaws hae' we,
 And the heather blooms not in this land,
 Like that beyond the sea;

Yet our own deep woods are bright,
 In their autumn gilded frame,
 There, how sweet wi' ye to wander,
 "Till the Kye comes hame."

But ye'll never, never come,
 Frae that land beyond the sea,
 For the very hills wad miss ye,
 Gin ye should come to me;

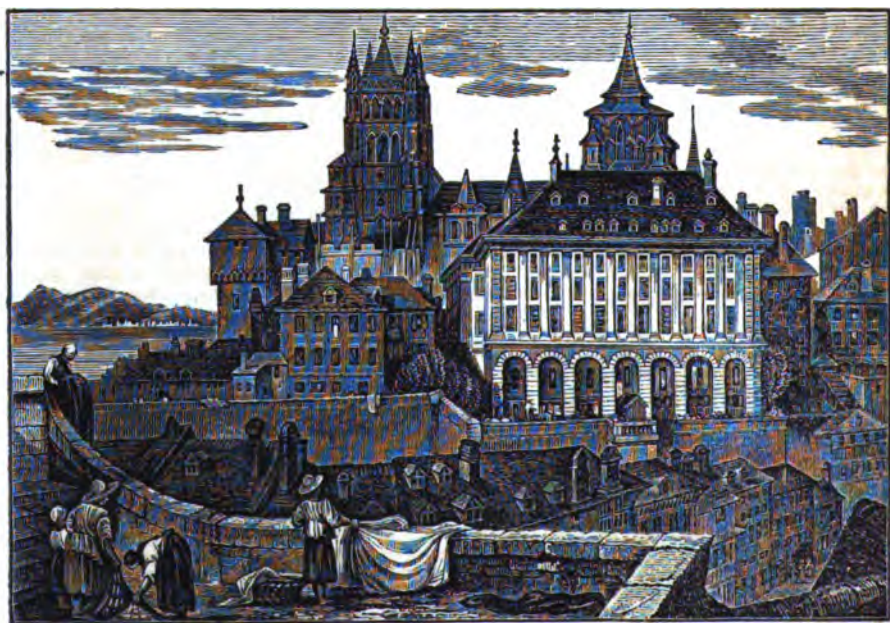
Yet I'd gie' up every hope,
 Every glittering thought o' fane,
 But to be wi' ye my shepherd,
 "When the Kye comes hame."

C. H. W.





Dartmouth College, N. H.



Lausanne, Switzerland.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

In New Hampshire, is in the town of Hanover, about half a mile from the banks of the Connecticut. Its situation is very beautiful. It stands upon an elevated plain, and its buildings form one side of a square, which is surrounded, upon the other three sides, with handsome dwelling houses, and ornamented with beautiful maples and elms.

The College buildings are three in number, and are named Dartmouth, Wentworth and Thornton Halls, after distinguished benefactors of the Institution.

Dartmouth Hall, the middle building, is of wood, 150 feet long, 50 wide and three stories high, was erected 1786, and is so named in honor of the Rt. Hon. William Legge, Earl of Dartmouth, who also gave name to the College. This Hall contains a large and well arranged Chapel; three library rooms; a philosophical lecture room; a cabinet of minerals; a society hall; four recitation rooms; and a few apartments for students.

The other two buildings are of brick, 70 feet by 50, and three stories high. They contain each 24 rooms for students, each room having a bedroom attached to it. They were erected in 1828 and 1829. The one on the north of Dartmouth Hall is called Wentworth Hall, after his Excellency Benning Wentworth, formerly Governor of N. Hampshire. The one on the south bears the name of John Thornton, Esq. formerly of London, and well known as a christian philanthropist.

Besides these buildings, there is a Hall for the use of the Medical Faculty, a little to the north of the College buildings. This Hall contains lecture rooms; a chemical laboratory; a medical library; and unquestionably one of the most extensive and valuable anatomical museums in the United States.

The officers of the College at present, are a President, seven Professors and two Tutors. The number of under graduates about 180; and the number of students in the autumnal medical class about 100.

The College Library contains about 4000 volumes, and is adorned with a fine full length portrait of the Earl of Dartmouth, whose name the College bears: presented by his grand-son, the present Earl.

The libraries of the "United Fraternity," and the "Social Friends," two literary societies of long standing in College, contain together about 8500 volumes, well selected, and in good condition.

The College was founded in 1769 by the exertions of Dr. Eleazar Werlock. It has ever maintained a high rank among the Colleges of our country. In the fertile valley of the Connecticut, and in a small and quiet but beautiful village, its situation is favorable for study, and it furnishes few temptations to the dissolute. Its endowments are not splendid, but it is well supplied with the necessary means for furnishing good instruction.

It can point to many of its alumni, who have honorably distinguished themselves, and faithfully and usefully served their country and the cause of virtue and piety.

LAUSANNE.

Lausanne is a neat picturesque town, about eight hours' drive from Geneva, and is deservedly celebrated for the singular beauty of its situation. The climate is salubrious and delightful, and the romantic scenery of the Pays de Vaud has not its equal in the world. Nothing can surpass the glowing magnificence of a summer's evening in this fairy region. When the sun descends beyond mount Jura, the alpine summits reflect for a long time the bright ruddy splendor, and the quiet lake, unruffled by a breeze, assumes the appearance of liquid gold. In the distance rises the vast chain of Alps, with their seas of ice and boundless regions of snow, contrasted with the near and more pleasing objects of glowing vineyards and golden corn fields, and interspersed with the wooded brow, the verdant and tranquil valley, with villas, hamlets, and sparkling streams.

Lausanne is the capital of the Pays de Vaud. The church is a magnificent gothic building, and was the cathedral when the country was subject to the dukes of Savoy. It was taken from the house of Savoy by the canton of Bern, under whose dominion it remained for nearly two centuries and a half, until the French revolution altered the whole face of affairs in Europe. Switzerland caught the cry of liberty and equality, and the government of Bern, which had hitherto been vested in an aristocracy, was transferred to a representative council, chosen by the people.

The inhabitants of Lausanne are Calvinists, although none of that mortifying spirit is discernible which characterises their brother Presbyterians of Scotland. The only point on which they appear to feel the necessity of a strict observance is the time of divine service on the Sabbath day. Every thing then is as quiet and still as though all classes were convinced of the necessity of, at least, an appearance of religious duty, and few persons are seen in the streets, unless on their way to church. But so soon as the services are ended, the day is devoted to gaiety and recreation. As in France, the neighboring places of amusement are crowded with visitors, and every thing exhibits a more than usual appearance of gaiety. Their festivities however are conducted on a more moderate scale; for great attention is paid by the government to repress the growth of luxury which, despite of the endeavors of the Swiss republicans, is making a rapid progress. Many of the foreign residents find it extremely difficult to accommodate their habits to the regulations imposed on the inhabitants, and sometimes incur the penalties awarded in cases of infringement of their sumptuary laws.

Lausanne, in addition to the natural beauties with which it so richly abounds, derives new interest from the associations to which it gives rise.

The house of Gibbon, one of the most attractive objects at Lausanne, is visited by every stranger. To this retreat he retired to complete those great historical labors which have immortalised his name. The little impression which he had made in public life—the loss of his seat at the Board of Trade—and the neglect of the

coalition ministry, who "counted his vote in the day of battle, but overlooked him in the division of the spoil;" all seemed to render his voluntary banishment desirable; while his attachment to the society and scenery of Lausanne, and his intimate acquaintance with the people and the language, gave that banishment almost the air of a restoration to his native country. Familiar as he had been with the society of the learned, the noble, and the great, he valued it too correctly to mourn over its loss. "Such lofty connexions," he observes, "may attract the curious and gratify the vain; but I am too modest, or too proud, to rate my own value by that of my associates; and whatever may be the fame of learning or genius, experience has shown me that the cheaper qualifications of politeness and good sense are of more useful currency in the commerce of life." The historian's choice was well made, nor did it subject him to repentance. "Since my establishment at Lausanne," he says, "seven years have elapsed, and if every day has not been equally soft and serene, not a day, not a moment has occurred in which I have repented of my choice."

The summer-house in which the great historian completed his lengthened labours may still be seen. "It was on the day," says he, "or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

Lausanne and Ferney, as the abodes of Voltaire and of Gibbon, have been finely apostrophised by Lord Byron:

LAUSANNE! and Ferney! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name;
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads,
A path to perpetuity of fame:—
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the flame
Of Heaven, again assail'd, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign no more than
smile.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or wild,—
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents: but his own
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,—
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,
In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from fear,
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be made
Known unto all,—or hope and dread alloy'd
By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decay'd;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Lausanne and its neighbourhood are also rendered illustrious by their having afforded a residence to Necker and his most celebrated daughter. In a country house, near Lausanne, before he removed to Coppet, Necker composed his "Treatise on the Administration of the Finances," and it was here that Gibbon became acquainted with the ex-minister. At that period Mademoiselle Necker was only a gay and giddy girl. "Mademoiselle Necker," says the historian in a letter to Lord Sheffield, "one of the greatest heiresses in Europe, is now about eighteen, wild, vain, but good-natured, with a much greater provision of wit than of beauty." It does not appear that Gibbon at this time appreciated the talents and the genius which afterwards shone forth so brilliantly in the writings and conversation of Madame de Stael. Not unfrequently the Neckers visited the historian in his humble mansion, where the great financier conversed freely with him on the subject of his administration and his fall. Occasionally, also, Gibbon spent a few days with his friends at Coppet, and the correspondence, which has been published, between himself and Madame Necker, proves the very amicable terms on which they stood to one another, and from which, perhaps, the recollection of their youthful attachment did not detract. In visiting the scenes formerly illustrated by the lofty genius and graceful society of Madame de Stael, the traveller will regret that there is no adequate memoir of a person so truly distinguished. "Some one," it is well observed by Lord Byron, "some one of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit and of easy hospitality attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are in fact more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets than seen in the outward management of family intercourse; and which indeed it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society ever

varied and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother, tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved; the friend, unboundedly generous, but still esteemed; the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be mourned the most where she was known the best; and to the sorrow of very many friends, and of more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublime scenes of the Leman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna."

Many amusing and interesting anecdotes of Madame de Stael are, however, given in the "Notice" prefixed to her "*Œuvres inédites*," by Madame Necker Saussure. From her we learn that the "wild, vain, but good-natured" Mademoiselle Necker actually proposed to her parents that she should marry Mr. Gibbon in order that they might secure the uninterrupted enjoyment of his society! Her devotion to her father is said almost to have amounted to idolatry, as the following anecdotes will sufficiently prove. Madame Necker Saussure had come to Coppet from Geneva in M. Necker's carriage, and had been overturned on the way, but without receiving any injury. On mentioning the accident to Madame de Stael on her arrival, she asked, with great vehemence, who had driven; and on being told that it was Richel, her father's ordinary coachman, she exclaimed, in an agony, "My God! he may one day overturn my father!" and rung instantly with violence for his appearance. While he was coming, she paced about the room in the greatest possible agitation, crying out, at every turn, "My father! my poor father! he might have been overturned!" and turning to her friend, "At your age, and with your slight person, the danger is nothing; but with his age and bulk, I cannot bear to think of it." The coachman now came in; and this lady, usually so mild, and indulgent, and reasonable with all her attendants, turned to him in a sort of frenzy, and in a voice of solemnity, but choked with emotion, said, "Richel! do you know that I am a woman of genius?" The poor man stood in astonishment, and she went on louder: "Have you not heard, I say, that I am a woman of genius?" Coachee was still mute. "Well, then! I tell you that I am a woman of genius—of great genius—of prodigious genius! and I tell you more, that all the genius I have shall be exerted to secure your rotting out your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father!" Even after the fit was over, she could not be made to laugh at her extravagance, and said, "And what had I to conjure with but my poor genius?"

It is singular, that though her youth was passed amidst the most enchanting scenery of Switzerland, Madame de Stael had little relish for its charms. "Give me the Rue de Bac," said she to a person who was expatiating on the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; "I would prefer living in Paris in a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year."

At Vevay may still be seen the house in which

Ludlow the Republican, one of the most honest and manly adherents of the Parliament, in their great struggle with Charles I., lived and died.—The mansion stands near the gate leading to the Vallais, and over the door are inscribed the words,

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA

QUIA PATRIS.

Of his residence at Vevay, and of the infamous attempts there made to assassinate him, Ludlow has left an account in his *Memoirs*. The parties employed to perpetrate this crime had already succeeded in destroying Mr. Lisle, another of the regicides, who, in the language of one of the royalist writers, was "overtaken by divine vengeance at Lausanne, where the miserable wretch was shot dead by the gallantry of three Irish gentlemen, who attempted the surprisal of him and four more impious parricides." One of these attempted surprisals is thus related by Ludlow: "According to our information, some of the villains who were employed to destroy us had, on the 14th of November, 1663, passed the Lake from Savoy in order to put their bloody design in execution the next day, as we should be going to the church. They arrived at Vevay about an hour after sunset; and having divided themselves, one part took up their quarters in one inn and the other in another. The next day, being Sunday, M. Dubois, our landlord, going early to the church discovered a boat at the side of the lake with four watermen in her, their oars in order and ready to put off. Not far from the boat stood two persons, with cloaks thrown over their shoulders; two sitting under a tree; and two more in the same posture a little way from them. M. Dubois, concluding that they had arms under their cloaks, and that these persons had waylaid us with a design to murder us as we should be going to the sermon, pretending to have forgotten something, returned home and advised us of what he had observed. In his way to us he had met one Mr. Binet, who acquainted him that two men, whom he suspected of some bad intention, had posted themselves near his house, and that four more had been seen in the market-place; but that, finding themselves observed, they had all retired towards the lake. By this means, the way leading to the church through the town being cleared, we went to the sermon without any molestation, and said nothing to any man of what we had heard; because we had not yet certainly found that they had a design against us. Returning from church, I was informed that the suspected persons were all dining at one of the inns, which excited my curiosity to take a view of the boat. Accordingly I went with a small company and found the four watermen by the boat, the oars laid in their places, a great quantity of straw in the bottom of the boat, and all things ready to put off. About an hour after dinner, I met our landlord, and having inquired of him concerning the persons before-mentioned, he assured me they could be no other than a company of rogues; that they had arms under the straw in the boat; and that they had cut the withes that held the oars of the town-boats, to prevent any pursuit if they should be forced to fly. But these ruffians, who had observed the actions of M. Dubois, and suspected

he would cause them to be seized, came down soon after I had viewed the boat, and in great haste caused the watermen to put off, and returned to Savoy. This discovery being made, the chatelain, the banderet, together with all the magistrates and people of the town, were much troubled that we had not given them timely notice that so they might have been seized. We afterwards understood that one Du Pose of Lyons, Monsieur Du Pre, a Savoyard (of whom I shall have occasion to speak more largely), one Cerise of Lyons, with Riardo before-mentioned, were part of this crew."

Du Pre was subsequently seized, and having been convicted of attempting to assassinate the English and of another crime, was sentenced to lose his head. The account of his execution is dreadful. "The day appointed for his execution being come, he was brought down; but the terrors of death, with the dismal reflections on his past life, seized upon him to such a degree that he fell into a rage, throwing himself on the ground, biting and kicking those that stood near, and asking if there were no hopes of pardon. He was told that he ought to remember that, if he had been taken in his own country, where he had murdered his brother-in-law, and had been broken in effigy on the wheel, he should not have been used so gently. He refused to go to the place of execution any otherwise than by force; so that about two hours were spent before he arrived at the place where he was to die, though it was within musket-shot of the prison. Here the executioner put a cap on his head, and placed a chair that he might sit; but he took off the cap and threw it away, and kicked down the chair among the people. When the executioner saw this, he tied his hands between his knees; and having assured him that if he persisted in his resistance he would cut him into forty pieces, after about an hour's contest, he at last performed his office."

On the revolution Ludlow returned to England, with the view of serving against James II. in Ireland; but a motion having been made in the House of Commons by Sir Edward Seymour, for an address to the king, praying that he would cause Ludlow to be apprehended, he returned to Switzerland, where he died in the year 1693. A monument was erected to his memory in the principal church of Vevay, by his wife, which Addison has copied in his Travels.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

BLACK-HAWK'S ADDRESS TO HIS WARRIORS.

Where forest boughs a shelter made,
Gathered a warlike band,
The moon beams played on the shining blade
Each carried in his hand;
Though moon beams played, on the shining blade,
No banner they unfold,
The painted streak on each swarthy cheek,
Was fearful to behold.

Their Chieftain mutely standing by
Seemed born to be obeyed,
And his heart beat high, as his flashing eye
The wild fierce band survey'd.

His heart beat high, fierce flashed his eye
When thus he them address'd—
The deep tones stir'd, as soon as heard,
Revenge in every breast.

"Our gallant fathers, where are they?
Can echo answer make?
Like ocean's spray, they've passed away—
Awake, then, warriors wake!
My sires like spray, have pass'd away,
Their bones are tombless now,
Exposed are they, to the light of day,
By the white man's plough.

The whites our tribe a falsehood told,
Each belted warrior knows:
For we never sold, for paltry gold,
Earth where our dead repose;
For paltry gold, we've never sold
The lov'd land of our birth;
Our grain they waste, where the hut was plac'd
Remains the roofless hearth.

Arm warriors for the fearful strife,
For hoarded vengeance due;
And let the knife, with the tide of life
Be dyed of a crimson hue.
Then let the knife, with the tide of life
No longer glitter bright,
But dye each blade, with a purple shade.
To attest your might.

Chiefs! we are summon'd to the fight,
By voices from the dead:
When the robe of night, has scatter'd light,
They rise from the dreamless bed:
When the robe of night, had scattered light,
I was afraid, appell'd,
For spirits pass'd on the viewless blast,
And for vengeance call'd.

With blazing domes, the night illumine,
Sweet is revenge you know;
And my sable plume, will throw a gloom
Upon the boldest foe:
My raven plume, will throw a gloom
When in the breeze it shakes,
And foes will die, our battle cry
The infant's slumber breaks.

Our fathers trod the earth we tread,
Lords of these fertile plains—
No trace is seen, that they have been
But tombless, white remains.
List! a spirit's voice I hear,
The dead upon us call,
To stain the knife, with the tide of life,
To conquer, or to fall.

The chieftain spoke. His tameless eye
Around with triumph gazed,
As the painted band, with axe in hand,
The yell of battle raised:
The painted band, with axe in hand
Prepared for deadly strife,
And each warrior felt, in his bearded belt,
For his keen edge'd knife.

PRIZE TALE.

Mrs. Washington Potts.

BY MISS LESLIE.

BROMLEY CHESTON, an officer in the United States navy, had just returned from a three years' cruise in the Mediterranean. His ship came into New York; and after he had spent a week with a sister that was married in Boston, he could not resist his inclination to pay a visit to his maternal aunt, who had resided since her widowhood at one of the small towns on the banks of the Delaware.

The husband of Mrs. Marsden had not lived long enough to make his fortune, and it was his last injunction that she should retire with her daughter to the country, or at least to a country town. He feared that if she remained in Philadelphia she would have too many temptations to exercise her taste for unnecessary expense; and that in consequence, the very moderate income, which was all he was able to leave her, would soon be found insufficient to supply her with comforts.

We will not venture to say that duty to his aunt Marsden was the young lieutenant's only incentive to this visit: as she had a beautiful daughter about eighteen, for whom, since her earliest childhood, Bromley Cheston had felt something a little more vivid than the usual degree of regard that boys think sufficient for their cousins. His family had formerly lived in Philadelphia, and till he went into the navy Bromley and Albina were in habits of daily intercourse. Afterwards, on returning from sea, he always as soon as he set his foot on American ground, began to devise means of seeing his pretty cousin, however short the time and however great the distance. And it was in meditation on Albina's beauty and sprightliness that he had often "while sailing on the midnight deep," beguiled the long hours of the watch, and thus rendered more tolerable that dreariest part of a seaman's duty.

On arriving at the village, lieutenant Cheston immediately established his quarters at the hotel, fearing that to become an inmate of his aunt's house might cause her some inconvenience. Though he had performed the whole journey in a steamboat, he could not refrain from changing his waistcoat, brushing his coat sleeves, brushing his hat, brushing his hair, and altering the tie of his cravat. Though he had "never told his love," it cannot be said that concealment had "preyed on his damask cheek," the only change in that damask having been effected by the sun and wind of the ocean.

Mrs. Marsden lived in a small modest-looking white house, with a green door and green venetian shutters. In early summer the porch was canopied and perfumed with honeysuckle, and the windows with roses. In front was a flower garden, redolent of sweetness and beauty; behind was a well-stored potager, and a flourishing little orchard. The windows were amply shaded by the light and graceful foliage of some beautiful locust-trees.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Cheston—and innocence—modesty—candour—contentment—peace—simple pleasures—intellectual enjoyments, and various other delightful ideas chased each other rapidly through his mind.

When he knocked at the door, it was opened by a black girl named Drusa, who had been brought up in the family, and whose delight on seeing him was so great that she could scarcely find it in her heart to tell him that "the ladies were both out, or least partly out." Cheston, however, more than suspected that they were wholly at home, for he saw his aunt peeping over the bannisters, and had a glimpse of his cousin sitting into the back parlour; and besides, the whole domicile was evidently in some great commotion, strongly reminding that horror of all men, a house-cleaning. The carpets had been removed, and the hall was filled with the parlour-chairs: half of them being turned bottom upwards on the others, with looking-glasses and pictures leaning against them; and he knew that, on such occasions, the ladies of a family in middle life are never among the missing.

"Go and give lieutenant Cheston's compliments to your ladies," said he, "and let them know that he is waiting to see them."

Mrs. Marsden now ran down stairs in a wrapper and morning cap, and gave her nephew a very cordial reception. "Our house is just now in such confusion," said she, "that I have no place to invite you to sit down in except

the back porch." And there they accordingly took their seats.

"Do not suppose," continued Mrs. Marsden, "that we are cleaning house: but we are going to have a party to-night, and therefore you are most fortunate in your arrival, for I think I can promise you a very pleasant evening. We have sent invitations to all the most genteel families within seven miles, and I can assure you there was a great deal of trouble in getting the notes conveyed. We have also asked a number of strangers from the city, who happen to be boarding in the village; we called on them for that purpose. If all that are invited were to come, we should have a complete squeeze; but unluckily we have received an unusual number of regrets, and some have as yet returned no answers at all. However, we are sure of Mrs. Washington Potts."

"I see," said Cheston, "you are having your parlours papered." "Yes," replied Mrs. Marsden, "we could not possibly have a party with that old-fashioned paper on the walls, and we sent to the city a week ago for a man to come and bring with him some of the newest patterns, but he never made his appearance till last night, after we had entirely given him up, and after we had had the rooms put in complete order in other respects. But he says, as the parlours are very small, he can easily put on the new paper before evening, so we thought it better to take up the carpets, and take down the curtains, and undo all that we did yesterday, rather than the walls should look old-fashioned. I did intend having them painted, which would of course be much better, only that there was no time to get that done before the party, so we must defer the painting now for three or four years till this new paper has grown old."

"But where is Albina?" asked Cheston.

"The truth is," answered Mrs. Marsden, "she is very busy making cakes; as in this place we can buy none that are fit for a party. Luckily Albina is very clever at all such things, having been a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow. But there is certainly a great deal of trouble in getting up a party in the country."

Just then the black girl, Drusa, made her appearance, and said to Mrs. Marsden, "I've been for that there bean you call vanilla, and Mr. Brown says he never heard of such a thing."

"A man that keeps so large a store has no right to be so ignorant," remarked Mrs. Marsden. "Then, Drusa, we must flavour the ice-cream with lemon."

"There ain't no more lemons to be had," said the girl, "and we've just barely enough for the lemonade."

"Then some of the lemons must be taken for the ice-cream," replied Mrs. Marsden, "and we must make out the lemonade with cream of tartar."

"I forgot to tell you," said Drusa, "that Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no more cream, upon no account."

"How vexatious!" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden, "I wish we had two cows of our own—one is not sufficient when we are about giving a party. Drusa we must make out the ice-cream by thickening some milk with eggs."

"Eggs are scarce," replied the girl, "Miss Albina uses up so many for the cakes."

"She must spare some eggs from the cakes," said Mrs. Marsden, "and make out the cakes by adding a little pearl ash. Go directly and tell her so."

Cheston, though by no means *au fait* to the mysteries of confectionary, could not help smiling at all this making out.

"Really," said his aunt, "these things are very annoying. And as this party is given to Mrs. Washington Potts, it is extremely desirable that nothing should fail. There is no such thing now as having company, unless we can receive and entertain them in a certain style."

"I perfectly remember," said Cheston, "the last party at which I was present in your house. I was then a midshipman, and it was just before I sailed on my cruise in the Pacific. I spent a delightful evening."

"Yes, I recollect that night," replied Mrs. Marsden. "In those days it was not necessary for us to support a certain style, and parties were then very simple things, except among people of the first rank. It was thought sufficient to have two or three baskets of substantial cakes at tea, some almonds, raisins, apples, and oranges handed round afterwards, with wine and cordial, and then a large-sized pound-cake at the last. The company assembled at seven o'clock, and generally walked; for the ladies dresses were only plain white muslin. We invited but as many as could be accommodated with seats. The young people played

at forfeits, and sung English and Scotch songs, and at the close of the evening danced to the piano. How Mrs. Washington Potts would be shocked if she was to find herself at one of those obsolete parties!"

"The calf-jelly won't be clear," said the black girl, again making her appearance. "Aunt Katy has strained it five times over through the flannel bag."

"Go then and tell her to strain it five-and-twenty times," said Mrs. Marsden, angrily. "It must and shall be clear. Nothing is more vulgar than cloudy jelly; Mrs. Washington Potts will not touch it unless it is transparent as amber."

"What, Nong tong paw again," said Cheston. "Now, do tell me who is Mrs. Washington Potts?"

"Is it possible you have not heard of her?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Indeed, I have not," replied Cheston. "You forget, that for several years I have been cruising on classic ground, and I can assure you that the name of Washington Potts has not yet reached the shores of the Mediterranean."

"She is wife to a gentleman that has made a fortune in New Orleans," pursued Mrs. Marsden. "They came last winter to live in Philadelphia, having first visited London and Paris. During the warm weather they took lodgings in this village, and we have become quite intimate. So we have concluded to give them a party, previous to their return to Philadelphia, which is to take place immediately. She is a charming woman, though she certainly makes strange mistakes in talking. You have no idea how sociable she is, at least since she returned our call, which, to be sure, was not till the end of a week; and Albina and I had sat up in full dress to receive her for no less than five days; that is, from twelve o'clock till three. At last she came, and it would have surprised you to see how affably she behaved to us."

"Not at all," said Cheston. "I should not have expected that she would have treated you rudely."

"She really," continued Mrs. Marsden, "grew quite intimate before her visit was over, and took our hands at parting. And as she went out through the garden, she stopped to admire Albina's rose-roses: so we could do no less than give her all that were blown. From that day she has always sent to us when she wants flowers."

"No doubt of it," said Cheston.

"You cannot imagine," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "on what a familiar footing we are. She has a high opinion of Albina's taste, and often gets her to make up caps, and do other little things for her. When any of her children are sick, she never sends any where else for currant jelly or preserves. Albina makes gingerbread for them every Saturday. During the holidays she frequently sent her three boys to spend the day with us. There is the very place in the railing where Randolph broke out a stick to whip Jefferson with, because Jefferson had thrown in his face a hot baked apple which the mischievous little rogue had stolen out of old Katy's oven."

In the mean time, Albina had taken off the brown holland bib apron, which she had worn all day in the kitchen, and telling the cook to watch carefully the plumb-cake that was baking, she hastened to her room by a back staircase, and proceeded to take the pins out of her hair; for where is the young lady that on any emergency whatever, would appear before a young gentleman with her hair pinned up. Though, just now, the opening out of her curls was a considerable inconvenience to Albina, as she had bestowed much time and pains on putting them up for the evening.

Finally, she came down "in prime array," and Cheston, who had left her a school-girl, found her now grown to womanhood and more beautiful than ever. Still he could not forbear reproving her for treating him so much as a stranger, and not coming to him at once in her morning-dress.

"Mrs. Washington Potts," said Albina, "is of opinion that a young lady should never be seen in dishabille by a gentleman."

Cheston now found it very difficult to hear the name of Mrs. Potts with patience. "Albina," thought he, "is bewitched as well as her mother."

"He spoke of his cruise in the Mediterranean, and Albina told him that she had seen a beautiful view of the Bay of Naples, in a souvenir belonging to Mrs. Washington Potts."

"I have brought with me some sketches of Mediterr-

anean scenery," pursued Cheston. "You know I draw a little. I promise myself great pleasure in showing and explaining them to you."

"Oh! do send them this afternoon," exclaimed Albina. "They will be the very things for the centre table. I dare say the Montagues will recognize some of the places they have seen in Italy, for they have travelled all over the south of Europe."

"And who are the Montagues?" inquired Cheston. "They are a very elegant English family," answered Mrs. Marsden, "cousins in some way to several noblemen."

"Perhaps so," said Cheston.

"Albina met with them at the lodgings of Mrs. Washington Potts," pursued Mrs. Marsden, "where they have been staying a week for the benefit of country air; and so she inclosed her card, and sent them invitations to her party. They have as yet returned no answer; but that is no proof they will not come, for perhaps it may be the newest fashion in England not to answer notes."

"You know the English are a very peculiar people," remarked Albina.

"And what other lions have you provided?" said Cheston.

"Oh! no others except a poet," replied Albina. "Have you never heard of Bewley Garvin Gandy?"

"Never," answered Cheston. "Is that all one man?"

"Nonsense," replied Albina; "you know that poets generally have three names. B. G. G. was formerly Mr. Gandy's signature; when he wrote only for the newspapers, but now since he has come out in the magazines, and annuals, and published his great poem of the World of Sorrow, he gives his name at full length. He has tried law, physic, and divinity, and has resigned all for the Muses. He is a great favourite with Mrs. Washington Potts."

"And now, Albina," said Cheston, "as I know you can have but little leisure to-day, I will only detain you while you indulge me with 'Auld lang syne'—I see the piano has been moved out into the porch."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsden, "on account of the parlour papering."

"Oh! Bromley Cheston," exclaimed Albina, "do not ask me to play any of those antiluvian Scotch songs. Mrs. Washington Potts cannot tolerate anything but Italian."

Cheston, who had no taste for Italian, immediately took his hat, and apologizing for the length of his stay, was going away with the thought that Albina had much deteriorated in growing up.

"We shall see you this evening without the ceremony of a further invitation," said Albina.

"Of course," replied Cheston.

"I quite long to introduce you to Mrs. Washington Potts," said Mrs. Marsden.

"What simpletons these women are," thought Cheston, as he hastily turned to depart.

"The big plumb-cake's burnt to a coal," said Druss, putting her head out of the kitchen door.

Both the ladies were off in an instant to the scene of disaster. And Cheston returned to his hotel, thinking of Mrs. Potts (whom he had made up his mind to dislike,) of the old adage, that "evil communication corrupts good manners," and of the almost irresistible contagion of folly and vanity. "I am disappointed in Albina," said he, "in future, I will regard her only as my mother's niece, and more than a cousin she shall never be to me."

Albina having assisted Mrs. Marsden in lamenting over the burnt cake, took off her silk frock, again pinned up her hair, and joined assiduously in preparing another plumb-cake, to replace the first one. A fatality seemed to attend nearly all the confectings, as is often the case, when particular importance is attached to their success. The jelly obstinately refused to clarify, and the blanc-mange was equally unwilling to congeal. The macaroons having run in baking, had neither shape nor texture, the kisses declined rising, and the sponge-cake contradicted its name. Some of the things succeeded, but most were complete failures: probably because (as old Katy insisted) "there was a spell upon them." In a city these disasters could easily have been remedied, (even at the eleventh hour) by sending to a confectioner's shop, but in the country there is no alternative. Some of these mischances might perhaps have been attributed to the volunteered assistance of a mantua-maker, that had been sent for from the city to make new dresses for the occasion, and who, on this busy

day, being "one of the best creatures in the world," had declared her willingness to turn her hand to any thing.

It was late in the afternoon before the papering was over, and then great indeed was the bustle in clearing away the litter, clearing the floors, putting down the carpets, and replacing the furniture. In the midst of the confusion, and whilst the ladies were earnestly engaged in fixing the ornaments, Drusa came in to say that Dixon the waiter that had been hired for the evening, had just arrived, and falling to work immediately, he had poured all the blanc-mange down the sink, mistaking it for bonny-clabber.* This intelligence was almost too much to bear, and Mrs. Marsden could scarcely speak for vexation.

"Drusa," said Albina, "you are a raven that has done nothing all day but croak of disaster. Away and show your face no more, let what will happen."

Drusa departed, but in a few minutes she again put in her head at the parlour door, and said, "Ma'am, may I just speak one time more?"

"What now," exclaimed Mrs. Marsden.

"Oh! there's nothing else apiled or flung down the sink, just now," said Drusa, "but something's at hand a heap worse than all. Missus's old aunt Quimby has just landed from the boat, and is coming up the road with baggage enough to last all summer."

"Aunt Quimby!" exclaimed Albina, "this indeed caps the climax."

"Was there ever any thing more provoking," said Mrs. Marsden. When I lived in town she annoyed me sufficiently, by coming every week to spend a day with me, and now she does not spend days but weeks. I would go to Alabama to get rid of her."

"And then," said Albina, "she would come and spend months with us. However, to do her justice, she is a very respectable woman."

"All bories are respectable people," replied Mrs. Marsden, "if they were otherwise, it would not be in their power to bore us, for we could cut them and cast them off at once. How very unlucky. What will Mrs. Washington Potts think of her—and the Montagues too, if they should come? Still we must not affront her, as you know she is rich."

"What can her riches signify to us," said Albina, "she has a married daughter."

"True," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but you know riches should always command a certain degree of respect, and there are such things as legacies."

"After all, according to the common saying, 'tis an ill wind that blows no good,' the parlours having been freshly papered, we can easily persuade aunt Quimby that they are too damp for her to sit in, and so we can make her stay up stairs all the evening."

At this moment the old lady's voice was heard at the door, discharging the porter who had brought her baggage on his wheelbarrow; and the next minute she was in the front parlour. Mrs. Marsden and Albina were properly astonished, and properly delighted at seeing her, but each after a pause of recollection, suddenly seized the old lady by the arms and conveyed her into the entry, exclaiming, "Oh! aunt Quimby, aunt Quimby! this is no place for you."

"What's the meaning of all this," cried Mrs. Quimby, "why won't you let me stay in the parlour?"

"You'll get your death," answered Mrs. Marsden,—"you'll get the rheumatism. Both parlours have been newly papered to-day, and the walls are quite wet."

"That's a bad thing," said Mrs. Quimby—"a very bad thing—I wish you had put off your papering till next spring. Who'd have thought of your doing it this day of all days."

"Oh! aunt Quimby," said Albina, "why did you not let us know that you were coming?"

"Why, I wanted to give you an agreeable surprise," replied the old lady. "But tell me why the rooms are so decked out, with flowers hanging about the looking-glasses and lamps, and why the candles are dressed with cut paper, or something that looks like it."

"We are going to have a party to-night," said Albina. "A party—I'm glad of it. Then I'm just come in the nick of time."

"I thought you had long since given up parties," said Mrs. Marsden, turning pale.

"No, indeed—why should I—I always go when I am asked—to be sure, I can't make much figure at parties

now, being in my seventy-fifth year. But Mrs. Howks and Mrs. Himes, and several others of my old friends, always invite me to their daughters' parties, along with Mary; and I like to sit there and look about me and see people's new ways. Mary had a party herself last winter, and it went off very well, only that both the children came out that night with the measles; and one of the lamps leaked, and the oil ran all over the side-board, and streamed down on the carpet; and, it being the first time we ever had ice-cream in the house, Peter, the stupid black boy, not only brought saucers to eat it in, but cups and saucers both."

The old lady was now hurried up stairs, and she showed much dissatisfaction on being told that as the damp parlours would certainly give her death, there was no alternative but for her to remain all the evening in the chamber allotted to her. This chamber, (the best furnished in the house) was also to be 'the ladies' room,' and Albina somewhat consoled Mrs. Quimby by telling her that as the ladies would come up there to take off their hoods and arrange their hair, she would have an opportunity of seeing them all before they went down stairs. And Mrs. Marsden promised to give orders that a portion of all the refreshments, should be carried up to her, and that Miss Watson, the mantua-maker, should sit with her a great part of the evening.

It was now time for Albina and her mother to commence dressing, but Mrs. Marsden went down stairs again with 'more last words,' to the servants, and Albina to make some change in the arrangement of the centre-table.

She was in a loose gown, her curls were pinned up, and to keep them close and safe, she had tied over her head an old gauze handkerchief. While bending over the centre-table and marking with rose-leaves some of the most beautiful of Mrs. Hemans' poems, and opening two or three souvenirs at their finest plates, a knock was suddenly heard at the door, which proved to be the baker with the second plumb-cake, it having been consigned to his oven. Albina desired him to bring it to her, and putting it on the silver waiter, she determined to divide it herself into slices, being afraid to trust that business to any one else, lest it should be awkwardly cut or broken to pieces; it being quite warm.

The baker went out, leaving the front-door open, and Albina intent on her task of cutting the cake, did not look up till she heard the sound of footsteps in the parlour, and then what was her dismay on perceiving Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their daughter.

Albina's first impulse was to run away, but she saw that it was now too late; and pale with confusion and vexation, she tried to summon sufficient self-command to enable her to pass off this contre-temps with something like address.

It was not yet dusk, the sun being scarcely down, and of all the persons invited to the party, it was natural to suppose that the English family would have come the latest.

Mr. Montague was a long-bodied, short-legged man, with round gray eyes, that looked as if they had been put on the outside of his face, the sockets having no apparent concavity; a sort of eye that is rarely seen in an American. He had a long nose, and a large heavy mouth, with projecting under teeth, and altogether an unusual quantity of face; which face was bordered round with whiskers, that began at his eyes and met under his chin, and resembled in texture the coarse wiry fur of a black bear. He kept his hat under his arm, and his whole dress seemed as if modelled from one of the caricature prints of a London dandy.

Mrs. Montague, (evidently some years older than her husband,) was a gigantic woman, with features that looked as if seen through a magnifying glass. She had heavy piles of yellowish curls, and a crimson velvet toque. Her daughter was a tall hard-face girl of seventeen, meant for a child by her parents, but not meaning herself as such. She was dressed in a white muslin frock and trowsers, and had a mass of black hair curling on her neck and shoulders.

They all fixed their large eyes directly upon her, and it was no wonder that Albina quailed beneath their glance, or rather their stare, particularly when Mrs. Montague surveyed her through her eye-glass. Mrs. Montague spoke first. "Your note did not specify the hour—Miss Martin," said she, "and as you Americans are early people, we thought we were only complying with the simplicity of republican manners by coming before dark. We suppose that in general you adhere to the primitive maxim of 'early to bed and early to rise.' I forget the remainder of the rhyme, but you know it undoubtedly."

Albina at that moment wished for the presence of Brom-

ley Cheston. She saw from the significant looks that passed between the Montagues, that the unseasonable earliness of this visit did not arise from their ignorance of the customs of American society, but from premeditated impertinence. And she regretted still more having invited them, when Mr. Montague, with impudent familiarity, walked up to the cake (which she had nicely cut into slices without altering its form) and took one of them out.—"Miss Martin," said he, "your cake looks so inviting that I cannot refrain from helping myself to a piece. Mrs. Montague give me leave to present one to you. Miss Montague will you try a slice?"

They sat down on the sofa, each with a piece of cake, and Albina saw that they could scarcely refrain from laughing openly, not only at her dishabille, but at her disconcerted countenance.

Just at this moment Drusa appeared at the door, and called out, "Miss Albina, the preserved squinches are all working. Missus found 'em so when she opened the jar." Albina could bear no more, but hastily darting out of the room, she ran up stairs, almost crying with vexation.

Old Mrs. Quimby was loud in her invectives against Mr. Montague for spoiling the symmetry of the cake, and helping himself and his family so unceremoniously. "You may rely upon it," said she, "a man that will do such a thing in a strange house is no gentleman."

"On the contrary," observed Mrs. Marsden, "I have no doubt that in England these free and easy proceedings are high-toned. Albina, have not you read some such things in Vivian Gray?"

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Quimby, "that if this Englishman was in his own country, he would dare to go and take other people's cake, without leave or license. But he thinks any sort of behaviour good enough for the Yankees, as they call us."

"I care not for the cake," said Albina, "although the pieces must now be put into baskets. I only think of the Montagues walking in without knocking, and catching me in complete dishabille: after I had kept poor Bromley Cheston waiting half an hour this morning rather than he should see me in my pink gingham gown, and with my hair in pins."

"As sure as sixpence," remarked Mrs. Quimby, "this last shame has come upon you as a punishment for your pride to your own cousin."

Mrs. Marsden having gone into the adjoining room to dress, Albina remained in this, and placed herself before the glass for the same purpose. "Heigho!" said she, "how pale and jaded I look. What a fatiguing day I have had! I have been on my feet since five o'clock this morning, and I feel now more fit to go to bed, than to add to my weariness, by the task of dressing, and then playing the agreeable for four or five hours. I begin to think that parties (at least such parties as are now in vogue) should only be given by persons who have large houses, large purses, conveniences of every description, and servants enough to do all that is necessary."

"Albina is talking quite sensibly," said aunt Quimby to Mrs. Marsden, who came in to see if her daughter required her assistance in dressing.

"Pho," said Mrs. Marsden, "think of the eclat of giving a party to Mrs. Washington Potts, and of having the Montagues among the guests. We shall find the advantages of it when we visit the city again."

"Albina," said aunt Quimby, "now we are about dressing, just quit for a few moments, and help me on with my long stays, and my new black silk gown, and let me have the glass awhile; I am going to wear my lace cap with the white satin riband. This dark calico gown and plain muslin cap won't do at all to sit here in, before all the ladies that are coming up."

"Oh! no matter," replied Albina, who was unwilling to relinquish the glass, or to occupy any of her time by assisting her aunt in dressing, (which was always a troublesome and tedious business with the old lady) and her mother had now gone down to be ready for the reception of the company, and to pay her compliments to the Montagues. "Oh! no matter," said Albina, "your present dress looks perfectly well, and the ladies will be too much engaged with themselves and their own dresses to remark any thing else. No one will observe whether your gown is calico or silk, and whether your cap is muslin or lace. Elderly ladies are always privileged to wear what is most convenient to them."

Albina put on the new dress that the mantua-maker had

made for her. When she had tried it on the preceding evening, Miss Matson declared that "it fitted like wax." She now found that it was scarcely possible to get it on at all, and that one side of the forebody was larger than the other. Miss Matson was called up, and by dint of the pulling, stretching, and smoothing, well known to mantua-makers, and still more by means of her pertinacious assurances that the dress had no fault whatever, Albina was obliged to acknowledge that she could wear it, and the redundancy of the large side was pinned down and pinned over. In sticking in her comb she broke it in half, and it was long before she could arrange her hair to her satisfaction without it.—Before she had completed her toilette, several of the ladies arrived and came into the room, and Albina was obliged to snatch up her paraphernalia and make her escape into the next apartment.

At last she was dressed—she went down stairs. The company arrived fast, and the party began.

Bromley Cheston had come early to assist in doing the honours, and as he led Albina to a seat, he saw that in spite of her smiles she looked weary and out of spirits, and he pitied her. "After all," thought he, "there is much that is interesting about Albina Marsden."

The party was very select, consisting of the elite of the village and its neighbourhood; but still, as is often the case, those whose presence was most desirable had sent excuses, and those who were not wanted had taken care to come. And Miss Boreham, (a young lady who having nothing else to recommend her, had been invited solely on account of the usual elegance of her attire, and whose dress was expected to add prodigiously to the effect of the room,) came most unaccountably in an old faded frock of last year's fashion, with her hair quite plain, and tucked behind her ears with two side-combs. Could she have had a suspicion of the reason for which she was generally invited, and have therefore perversely determined on a reaction?

The Montagues sat together in a corner, putting up their eye-glasses at every one that entered the room, and criticizing the company in loud whispers to each other; poor Mrs. Marsden endeavouring to catch opportunities of paying her court to them.

About nine o'clock, appeared an immense cap of blond lace, gauze riband, and flowers; and under the cap was Mrs. Washington Potts, a little, thin, trifling looking woman, with a whitish freckled face, small sharp features, and flaxen hair. She leaned on the arm of Mr. Washington Potts, who was nothing in company or any where else; and she led by the hand a little boy in a suit of scarlet, braided and frogged with blue: a pale rat-looking child, whose name she pronounced La Fayette; yet, meaning La Fayette; and who being the youngest scion of the house of Potts, always went to parties with his mother, because he would not stay at home.

Bromley Cheston, on being introduced to Mrs. Washington Potts, was surprised at the insignificance of her figure and face. He had imagined her tall in stature, large in feature, loud in voice, and, in short, the very counterpart to Mrs. Montague. He found her, however, as he had supposed, replete with vanity, pride, ignorance and folly; to which she added a sickening affectation of sweetness and amiability, and a flimsy pretension to extraordinary powers of conversation, founded on a confused assemblage of incorrect and superficial ideas, which she mistook for a general knowledge of every thing in the world.

Mrs. Potts was delighted with the handsome face and figure, and the very genteel appearance of the young lieutenant, and she bestowed upon him a large portion of her talk.

"I hear, sir," said she, "you have been in the Mediterranean Sea. A sweet pretty place is it not?"

"Its shores," replied Cheston, "are certainly very beautiful."

"Yes, I should admire its chalky cliffs vastly," resumed Mrs. Potts, "they are quite poetical you know. Pray, sir, which do you prefer, Byron or Bonaparte. I doat upon Byron; and considering what sweet verses he wrote, 'tis a pity he was a corsair, and a vampire pirate, and all such horrid things. As for Bonaparte, I never could endure him after I found that he had cut off poor old King George's head. Now, when we talk of great men, my husband is altogether for Washington. I laugh, and tell Mr. Potts it is because he and Washington are namesakes. How do you like La Fayette,"—(pronouncing the name a la canaille.)

"The man or the name?" inquired Cheston.

"Oh! both to be sure. You see we have called our

youngest blossom after him. Come here, La Fayette, stand forward my dear, hold up your head, and make a bow to the gentleman."

"I won't," screamed La Fayette. "I'll never make a bow when you tell me."

"Something of the spirit of his ancestors," said Mrs. Potts, affectingly smiling to Cheston and patting the urchin on the head.

"His ancestors?" thought Cheston. "Who could they possibly have been?"

"Perhaps the dear fellow may be a little, a very little spoiled," pursued Mrs. Potts. "But to make a comparison in the marine line, (quite in your way, you know) it is as natural for a mother's heart to turn to her youngest darling as it is for the needle to point out the longitude. Now we talk of longitude, have you read Cooper's last novel by the author of the Spy. It's a sweet book—Cooper is one of my pets. I saw him in dear delightful Paris. Are you musical, Mr. Cheston?—But of course you are. Our whole aristocracy is musical now. How do you like Paganini? You must have heard him in Europe. It's a very expensive thing to hear Paganini. Poor man! he is quite ghastly with his own playing. Well, as you have been in the Mediterranean, which do you prefer, the Greeks or the Poles?"

"The Poles, decidedly," answered Cheston, "from what I have heard of them, and seen of the Greeks."

"Well, for my part," resumed Mrs. Potts. "I confess I like the Greeks, as I have always been rather classical. They are so Grecian. Think of their beautiful statues and paintings by Rubens and Reynolds. Are you fond of painting? At my house, in this city, I can show you some very fine ones."

"By what artist?" asked Cheston.

"Oh! by my daughter Harriet. She did them at drawing-school with theorems. They are beautiful flower-pieces, all framed and hung up; they are almost worthy of Sir Benjamin West."

In this manner Mrs. Potts ran on till the entrance of tea, and Cheston took that opportunity of escaping from her, while she imagined him deeply imbued with admiration of her fluency, vivacity and variety of information. But in reality, he was thinking of the strange depravity of taste that is sometimes found even in intelligent minds; for in no other way could he account for Albina's predilection for Mrs. Washington Potts. "And yet," thought he, "is a young and inexperienced girl more blameable for her blindness in friendship, (or what she imagines to be friendship) than an acute, sensible, talented man for his blindness in love. The master-spirits of the earth have almost proverbially married women of weak intellect, and almost as proverbially the children of such marriages resemble the mother rather than the father. A just punishment for choosing so absurdly. Albina, I must know you better."

The party went on, much as parties generally do, where there are four or five guests that are supposed to rank all the others. The patricians evidently despised the plebeians, and the plebeians were offended at being despised; for in no American assemblage is any real inferiority of rank ever felt or acknowledged. There was a general dullness, and a general restraint. Little was done, and little was said. La Fayette wandered about in every body's way; having been kept wide awake all the evening by two cups of strong coffee, which his mother allowed him to take because he would have them.

There was always a group round the centre-table, listlessly turning over the souvenirs, albums, &c. and picking at the flowers; and La Fayette ate plumb-cake over Cheston's beautiful drawings.

Albina played an Italian song extremely well, but the Montagues exchanged glances at her music; and Mrs. Potts, to follow suit, hid her face behind her fan and simpered, though in truth she did not in reality know Italian from French, or a semibreve from a semiquaver. All this was a great annoyance to Cheston. At Albina's request, he led Miss Montague to the piano. She ran her fingers over the instrument as if to try it, gave a shudder, and declared it most shockingly out of tune, and then rose in hor-

ror from the music stool. This much surprised Mrs. Marsden, as a musician had been brought from the city only the day before for the express purpose of tuning this very instrument.

"No," whispered Miss Montague, as she resumed her seat beside her mother, "I will not condescend to play before people who are incapable of understanding my style."

At this juncture (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter) who should make her appearance but aunt Quimby in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on. The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled and nodded all round to the company, and said—"How do you do, good people; I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I must come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking."

Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led aunt Quimby to a chair, between two matrons who were among "the unavoidably invited" and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought "she could see more of the party," if she frequently changed her place, and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low.

"Dear mother," said Albina in an under voice, "what can be the reason that every one in tasting the ice-cream, immediately sets it aside, as if it was not fit to eat. I am sure every thing is in it that ought to be."

"And something more than ought to be," replied Mrs. Marsden, after trying a spoonful—"the salt that was laid round the freezer has got into the cream, (I suppose by Dixon's carelessness,) and it is not fit to eat."

"And now," said Albina starting, "I will show you a far worse mortification than the failure of the ice-cream. Only look—there sits aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts."

"How in the world did she get there?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. "I dare say she walked up, and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away."

As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House. "Just at that moment," said he, "I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm, unquestionably the finest woman in England, and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington."

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Quimby, "as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsey Dempsey's husband?"

"I have not the honour of being acquainted with that person," replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

"Well, that's strange," pursued aunt Quimby, "considering that he has been living in London at least eighteen years—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May be seventeen and a half. Well, it's best to be on the safe side, so I'll say seventeen. Betsey Dempsey's mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse Tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsey. But he never sent for her at all, for a very good reason; which was that he had another wife in England, as most of them have—no misapprehension to you, sir."

Mrs. Marsden now came up, and informed Mrs. Potts in a whisper, that the good old lady beside her, was a distant relation or rather connexion of Mr. Marsden's, and that, though a little primitive in appearance and manner, she had considerable property in bank-stock. To Mrs. Marsden's proposal that she should exchange her seat for a very pleasant one in the other room, next to her old friend Mrs.

* The author takes this occasion to remark that the illustrious artist to whom so many of his countrymen erroneously give the title of Sir Benjamin West, never, in reality, had the compliment of knighthood conferred on him. He lived and died Mr. West, as is well known to all who have any acquaintance with pictures and paintings.

Willis, aunt Quimby replied nothing but "Thank you, I'm doing very well here."

Mrs. and Miss Montague, apparently heeding no one else, had talked nearly the whole evening to each other, but loudly enough to be heard by all around them. The young lady, though dressed as a child, talked like a woman, and she and her mother were now engaged in an argument whether the flirtation of the Duke of Risingham with Lady Georgiana Melbury would end seriously or not. "To my certain knowledge," said Miss Montague, "his Grace has never yet declared himself to Lady Georgiana, or to any one else." "I'll lay you two to one," said Mrs. Montague, "that he is married to her before we return to England." "No," replied the daughter, "like all others of his sex, he delights in keeping the ladies in suspense."

"What you say, Miss, is very true," said aunt Quimby, leaning in her turn across Mr. Montague, "and considering how young you are you talk very sensibly. Men certainly have a way of keeping women in suspense, and an unwillingness to answer questions even when we ask them. There's my son-in-law, Billy Fairfowl, that I live with. He married my daughter Mary eleven years ago, the 23d of last April. He's as good a man as ever breathed, and an excellent provider too. He always goes to market himself, and sometimes I can't help blaming him a little for his extravagance. But his greatest fault is his being so unsatisfactory. As far back as last March, as I was sitting at my knitting in the little front parlour, with the door open, (for it was quite warm weather for the time of year) Billy Fairfowl came home, carrying in his hand a good-sized shad; and I called out to him to ask what he gave for it, for it was the very beginning of the shad season; but he made not a word of answer; he just passed on, and left the shad in the kitchen, and then went to his store. At dinner we had the fish, and a very nice one it was; and I asked him again how much he gave for it, but he still avoided answering, and began to talk of something else; so I thought I'd let it rest awhile. A week or two after, I again asked him; so then he actually said he had forgotten all about it. And to this day I don't know the price of that shad."

The Montagues looked at each other—almost laughed aloud, and drew back their chairs as far from aunt Quimby as possible. So also did Mrs. Potts. Mrs. Marsden came up in an agony of vexation, and reminded her aunt in a low voice of the risk of renewing her rheumatism by staying so long between the damp newly-papered walls. The old lady answered aloud—"Oh! you need not fear, I am well wrapped up on purpose. And indeed considering that the parlours were only papered to-day, I think the walls have dried wonderfully, (putting her hand on the paper)—I am sure nobody could find out the damp if they were not told."

"What!" exclaimed the Montagues; "only papered to-day—starting up and testifying all that prudent fear of taking cold, so characteristic of the English. How barbarous to inveigle us into such a place!"

"I thought I felt strangely chilly all the evening," said Mrs. Potts, whose fan had scarcely been at rest five minutes.

The Montagues proposed going away immediately, and Mrs. Potts declared she was most apprehensive for poor little La Fayette. Mrs. Marsden who could not endure the idea of their departing till all the refreshments had been handed round, (the best being yet to come), took great pains to persuade them that there was no real cause of alarm, as she had had large fires all the afternoon. They held a whispered consultation, in which they agreed to stay for the oysters and chicken salad, and Mrs. Marsden went out to send them their shawls, with one for La Fayette.

By this time the secret of the newly-papered walls had spread round both rooms; the conversation now turned entirely on colds and rheumatisms; there was much shivering and considerable coughing, and the demand for shawls increased. However, nobody actually went home in consequence.

"Papa," said Miss Montague, "let us all take French leave as soon as the oysters and chicken salad have gone round."

Albina now came up to aunt Quimby, (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired), and proposed that she should return to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her—"I do not feel quite ready to go yet," replied Mrs. Quimby. "I am very well here. But you need not mind me. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those three poor girls in the

yellow frocks that nobody has spoken to yet, except Bromley Cheston. When I am ready to go I shall take French leave, as these English people call it."

But aunt Quimby's idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptance of the term; for having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all around the room, curtsying to every body and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave. To put an end to this ridiculous scene, Bromley Cheston, who had been on assiduous duty all the evening, now came forward and taking the old lady's arm in his, offered to escort her up stairs. Aunt Quimby was much flattered by this unexpected civility from the finest looking young man in the room, and she smilingly departed with him, complimenting him on his politeness, and assuring him that he was a real gentleman; trying also to make out the degree of relationship that existed between them.

"So much for Buckingham," said Cheston, as he ran down stairs, after depositing the old lady at the door of her room. "Fools of all ranks and of all ages are to me equally intolerable. I never can marry into such a family."

The party went on.

"In the name of heaven, Mrs. Potts," said Mrs. Montague, "what induces you to patronize these people?"

"Why, they are the only tolerable persons in the neighbourhood," answered Mrs. Potts, "and very kind and obliging in their way. I really think Albina a very sweet girl, very sweet indeed; and Mrs. Marsden is rather amiable too, quite amiable. And they are so grateful for any little notice I take of them, that it is really quite affecting. Poor things! how much trouble they have given themselves in getting up this party. They look as if they had had a hard day's work; and I have no doubt they will be obliged, in consequence, to pinch themselves for months to come; for I can assure you their means are very small, very small indeed. As to this intolerable old aunt, I never saw her before, and as there is something rather genteel about Mrs. Marsden and her daughter; rather so at least about Albina, I did not suppose they had any such relations belonging to them. I think, in future, I must confine myself entirely to the aristocracy."

"We deliberated to the last moment," said Mrs. Montague, "whether we would come. But as Mr. Montague is going to write his tour when we return to England, he thinks it expedient to make some sacrifices, for the sake of seeing the varieties of American society."

"Oh! these people are not in society," exclaimed Mrs. Potts eagerly. "I can assure you these Marsdens have not the slightest pretensions to society. Oh! no—I beg of you not to suppose that Mrs. Marsden and her daughter are at all in society."

This conversation was overheard by Bromley Cheston, and it gave him more pain than he was willing to acknowledge, even to himself.

At length all the refreshments had gone their rounds, and the Montagues had taken real French leave; but Mrs. Washington Potts preferred a conspicuous departure, and therefore made her adieu with a view of producing great effect. This was the signal for the company to break up, and Mrs. Marsden gladly smiled them out, while Albina could have said with Gray's Prophetess—

"Now my weary lips I close,
Leave me, leave me to repose."

But, according to Mrs. Marsden, the worst of all was the poet, the professedly eccentric Bewley Garvin Gandy, author of the *World of Sorrow, Elegy on a Broken Heart, Lines on a Suppressed Sigh, Sonnet to a Hidden Tear, Stanzas to Faded Hopes, &c., &c.*, and who was just now engaged in a tale called "The Bewildered," and an Ode to the Waning Moon, which set him to wandering about the country, and "kept him out o' nights." The poet, not being a man of this world, did not make his appearance at the party till the moment of the bustle occasioned by the exit of Mrs. Washington Potts. He then darted suddenly into the room, and looked wild.

We will not insinuate that he bore any resemblance to Sandy Clark. He certainly wore no chapeau, and his coat was not in the least à la militaire, for it was a dusky brown frock. His collar was open, in the fashion attributed to Byron, and much affected by scribblers who are incapable of imitating the noble bard in any thing but his follies. His

hair looked as if he had just been tearing it, and his eyes seemed "in a fine frenzy rolling." He was on his return from one of his moonlight rambles on the banks of the river, and his pantaloons and coat-skirt showed evident marks of having been deep among the cat-tails and splatter-docks that grew in the mud of its margin.

Being a man that took no note of time, he wandered into Mrs. Marsden's house between eleven and twelve o'clock, and remained an hour after the company had gone, reclining at full length on a sofa, and discussing Barry Cornwall and Thomas Haynes Bayley, L. E. L. and Mrs. Cornwall Haron Wilson. After which he gradually became classical, and poured into the sleepy ears of Mrs. Marsden and Albina a parallel between Tibullus and Propertius, a dissertation on Alcæus another on Menæander.

Bromley Cheston, who had been escorting home two sets of young ladies that lived, "far as the poles asunder," passed Mrs. Marsden's house on returning to his hotel, and seeing the lights still gleaming, he went in to see what was the matter, and kindly relieved his aunt and cousin, by reminding the poet of the lateness of the hour, and "fairly carrying him off."

Aunt Quimby had long since been asleep. But before Mrs. Marsden and Albina could forget themselves in "tir'd nature's sweet restorer," they lay awake for an hour, discussing the fatigues and vexations of the day, and the mortifications of the evening. "After all," said Albina, "this party has cost us five times as much as it is worth, both in trouble and expense, and I really cannot tell what pleasure we have derived from it."

"No one expects pleasure at their own party," replied Mrs. Marsden. "But you may depend on it, this little compliment to Mrs. Washington Potts will prove highly advantageous to us hereafter. And then it is *something* to be the only family in the neighborhood that could presume to do such a thing."

Next morning, Bromley Cheston received a letter which required his immediate presence in New York on business of importance. When he went to take leave of his aunt and cousin, he found them busily engaged in the troublesome task of clearing away and putting in order; a task which is nearly equal to that of making the preparations for a party. They looked pale and spiritless, and Mrs. Washington Potts had just sent her three boys to spend the day with them.

When Cheston took Albina's hand at parting, he felt it tremble, and her eyes looked as if they were filling with tears. "After all," thought he, "she is a charming girl, and has both sense and sensibility."

"I am very nervous to-day," said Albina, "the party has been too much for me; and I have in prospect for to-morrow the pain of taking leave of Mrs. Washington Potts, who returns with all her family to Philadelphia."

"Strange infatuation," thought Cheston, as he dropped Albina's hand, and made his parting bow. "I must see more of this girl, before I can resolve to trust my happiness to her keeping; I cannot share her heart with Mrs. Washington Potts. When I return from New York I will talk to her seriously about that ridiculous woman, and I will also remonstrate with her mother on the folly of straining every nerve in the pursuit of which she calls a certain style."

In the afternoon, Mrs. Potts did Albina the honor to send for her to assist in the preparations for to-morrow's removal to town; and in the evening the three boys were all taken home sick, in consequence of having laid violent hands on the fragments of the feast; which fragments they had continued during the day to devour almost without intermission. Also Randolph had thrown Jefferson down stairs, and raised two green bumps on his forehead, and Jefferson had pinched La Fayette's fingers in the door till the blood came; not to mention various minor squabbles and hurts.

At parting, Mrs. Potts went so far as to kiss Albina, and made her promise to let her know immediately whenever she or her mother came to the city.

In about two weeks, Aunt Quimby finished her visitation; and the day after her departure Mrs. Marsden and Albina went to town to make their purchases for the season, and also with a view towards a party which they knew Mrs. Potts had in contemplation. This time they did not as usual stay with their relations, but they took lodgings at a fashionable boarding-house where they could receive their "great woman," *œuvre à fait*.

On the morning after their arrival Mrs. Marsden and her daughter, in their most costly dresses, went to visit Mrs.

Potts, that she might be apprised of their arrival; and they found her in a spacious house, expensively and ostentatiously furnished. After they had waited till even *their* patience was nearly exhausted, Mrs. Potts came down stairs to them, but there was evidently a great abatement in her affability. She seemed uneasy, looked frequently towards the door, got up several times and went to the window, and appeared fidgety when the bell rung. At last there came in two very haunting ladies, whom Mrs. Potts received as if she considered them people of consequence. They were not introduced to the Marsdens, who after the entrance of these new visitors sat awhile in the pitiable situation of cyphers, and then took their leave. "Strange," said Mrs. Marsden, "that she did not say a word of her party."

Three days after their visit, Mrs. Washington Potts left cards for Mrs. and Miss Marsden, without inquiring if they were at home. And they heard from report that her party was fixed for the week after next, and that it was expected to be very splendid, as it was to introduce her daughter, who had just quitted boarding school. The Marsdens had seen this young lady, who had spent the August holidays with her parents. She was as silly as her mother, and as dull as her father in the eyes of all who were not blindly determined to think her otherwise, or who did not consider it particularly expedient to uphold all of the name of Potts.

At length they heard that the invitations were going out for Mrs. Potts's party, and that though very large it was not to be general; which meant that only one or two of the members were to be selected from each family with whom Mrs. Potts thought proper to acknowledge an acquaintance. From this moment Mrs. Marsden, who at the best of times had never really been treated with much respect by Mrs. Potts, gave up all hope of an invitation for herself; but she counted certainly on one for Albina, and every ring at the door was expected to bring it. There were many rings, but no invitation, and poor Albina and her mother took turns in watching at the window.

At last Bogle was seen to come up the steps with a handful of notes; and Albina, regardless of all rule, ran to the front-door herself. They were cards for a party, but not Mrs. Potts's, and were intended for two other ladies that lodged in the house.

Every time that Albina went out and came home, she inquired anxiously of all the servants if no note had been left for her. Still there was none. And her mother still insisted that the note *must* have come, but had been mislaid afterwards, or that Bogle had lost it in the street.

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday passed over, and still no invitation. Mrs. Marsden talked much of the carelessness of servants, and had no doubt of the habitual negligence of Messrs. Bogle, Shepherd, and other "fashionable party-men." Albina was almost sick with "hope deferred." At last, when she came home on Monday morning from Second street, her mother met her at the door with a delighted face, and showed her the long-desired note, which had just been brought by Mrs. Potts's own man. The party was to take place in two days; and so great was now Albina's happiness, that she scarcely felt the fatigue of searching the shops for articles of attire that were very elegant and yet not too expensive; and shopping with a limited purse is certainly no trifling exercise both of mind and body; so also is the task of going round among fashionable mantua-makers, in the hope of coaxing one of them to undertake a dress at a short notice.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts sent for Albina immediately after breakfast, and told her that as she knew her to be very clever at all sorts of things, she wanted her to stay that day and assist in the preparation for the next. Mrs. Potts, like many other people who live in showy houses and dress extravagantly, was very economical in servants. She gave such low wages that none would come to her who could get places any where else, and she kept them on such limited allowance that none would stay with her who were worth having.

Fools are seldom consistent in their expenditure. They generally (to use a homely expression) strain at gnats and swallow camels.

About noon Albina having occasion to consult Mrs. Potts concerning something that was to be done, found her in the front parlour with Mrs. and Miss Montague. After Albina had left the room, Mrs. Montague said to Mrs. Potts—"Is not that the girl that lives with her mother at the place on the river, I forget what you call it?—I mean the niece of the aunt."

"That is Albina Marsden," replied Mrs. Potts.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Montague, "the people that made so great an exertion to give you a sort of party, and honored Mr. and Miss Montague and myself with invitations."

"She's not to be here to-morrow night, I hope?" exclaimed Miss Montague.

"Really," replied Mrs. Potts, "I could do no less than ask her. The poor thing did her very best to be civil to us all last summer."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Montague, "in the country one is willing sometimes to take up with such company as we should be very sorry to acknowledge in town. You assured me that your party to-morrow night would be extremely *recherché*. And as it is so early in the season, you know that it is necessary to be more particular now than at the close of the campaign, when every one is tired of parties, and unwilling to get new evening dresses lest they should be out of fashion before they are wanted again. Excuse me, I speak only from what I have heard of American customs."

"I am always particular about my parties," said Mrs. Potts.

"A word in your ear," continued Mrs. Montague. "Is it not impolitic, or rather are you not afraid to bring forward so beautiful a girl as this Miss Martin on the very night of your own daughter's debut?"

Mrs. Potts looked alarmed for a moment, and then recovering herself, said—"I have no fear of Miss Harriet Angelina Potts being thrown in the shade by a little country girl like this. Albina Marsden is pretty enough, to be sure—at least, rather pretty—but then there is a certain style—a certain air which she of course—in short, a certain style—"

"As to what you call a certain style," said Mrs. Montague, "I do not know exactly what you mean. If it signifies the air and manner of a lady, this Miss Martin has as much of it as any other American girl. To me they are all nearly alike. I cannot distinguish those minute shades of difference that you all make such a point. In my unpractised eyes the daughters of your mechanics and shopkeepers look as well and behave as well as the daughters of your lawyers and doctors, for I find your nobility is chiefly made up of the two professions, with the addition of a few merchants: and you call every one a merchant that does not sell his commodities by the single yard or the single quart."

"Mamma," whispered Miss Montague, "if that girl is to be here, I don't wish to come. I can't endure her."

"Take my advice," continued Mrs. Montague to Mrs. Potts, "and put off this Miss Martin. If she was not so strikingly handsome, she might pass unnoticed in the crowd. But her beauty will attract general observation, and you will be obliged to tell exactly who she is, where you picked her up, and to give or hear an account of her family and all her connexion; and from the specimen we have had in the old aunt, I doubt if they will bear a very minute scrutiny. So if she is invited, endeavor to uninvite her."

"I am sure I would willingly do that," replied Mrs. Potts, "but I can really think of no excuse."

"Oh! send her a note to-morrow," answered Mrs. Montague, carelessly, and rising to depart, "any thing or nothing, so that you only signify to her that she is not to come."

All day Mrs. Potts was revolving in her mind the most feasible means of preventing Albina from appearing at her party; and her conscience smote her when she saw the unsuspecting girl so indefatigable in assisting with the preparations. Before Albina went home, Mrs. Potts had come to the conclusion to follow Mrs. Montague's advice, but she shrunk from the task of telling her so in person. She determined to send her next morning, a concise note, politely requesting her not to come; and she intended afterwards to call on her and apologize, on the plea of her party being by no means general, but still so large that every inch of room was an object of importance; also that the selection consisted entirely of persons well known to each other and accustomed to meet in company, and that there was every reason to fear that her gentle and modest friend Albina would have been unable to enjoy herself among so many strangers, &c., &c. These excuses, she knew were very flimsy, but she trusted to Albina's good nature, and she thought she could smooth off all by inviting both her and her mother to a soiree tea.

Next morning, Mrs. Potts who was on no occasion very ready with her pen, considering that she professed to be

as *fait* in every thing, employed near an hour in manufacturing the following note to Albina.

"Mrs. Washington Potts' compliments to Miss Marsden, and she regrets being under the necessity of dispensing with Miss M.'s company to join the social circle at her mansion-house this evening. Mrs. W. P. will explain hereafter, hoping Mrs. and Miss M. are both well. Mr. W. P. requests his respects to both ladies, as well as Miss Potts, and their favorite little Lafayette desires his best love."

The billet arrived while Albina had gone to her mantuamaker to have her new dress fitted on for the last time. Her mother opened the note and read it; a liberty which no parent should take with the correspondence of a grown-up daughter. Mrs. Marsden was shocked at its contents, and at a loss to guess the motive of so strange an interdiction. At first her only emotion was resentment against Mrs. Potts. Then she thought of the disappointment and mortification of poor Albina, whom she pictured to herself passing a forlorn evening at home, perhaps crying in her own room. Next, she recollected the elegant new dress in which Albina would have looked so beautifully, and which would now be useless.

"Oh!" soliloquized Mrs. Marsden, "what a pity this unaccountable note was not dropped and lost in the street. But then, of course some one would have found and read it, and that would have been worse than all. How could Mrs. Potts be guilty of such abominable rudeness, as to desire poor Albina not to come, after she had been invited. But great people think they may do anything. I wish the note had fallen into the fire before it came to my hands; then Albina would have known nothing of it; she would have gone to the party, looking more charmingly than ever she did in her life; and she would be seen there, and admired, and make new acquaintances, and Mrs. Potts could do no otherwise than behave to her politely in her own house. Nobody would know of this vile billet, which perhaps after all is only a joke, and Mrs. Potts would suppose that of course Albina had not received it; besides I have no doubt that Mrs. Potts will send for her to-morrow, and make a satisfactory explanation. But then, to-night, if Albina could only get there to-night. What harm can possibly arrive from my not showing her the note till to-morrow. Why should the dear girl be deprived of all the pleasure she anticipated this evening. And even if she expected no enjoyment whatever, still how great will be the advantage of having her seen at Mrs. Washington Potts' select party; it will at once get her on in the world. Of course Mrs. Potts will conclude that the note miscarried, and will treat her as if it had never been sent. I am really most strongly tempted to suppress it, and let Albina go."

The more Mrs. Marsden thought of this project the less objectionable it appeared to her. When she saw Albina come home delighted with her new dress, which fitted her exactly, and when she heard her impatiently wishing that evening was come, this weak and ill-judging mother could not resolve (as she afterwards said) to dash all her pleasant anticipations to the ground, and demolish her castles in the air. "My daughter shall be happy to-night," thought she, "whatever may be the event of to-morrow." She hastily concealed the note, and kept her resolution of not mentioning it to Albina.

Evening came, and Albina's beautiful hair was arranged and decorated by a fashionable French barber. She was dressed, and looked charmingly.

Albina knew that Mrs. Potts had sent an invitation to the United States Hotel for Lieutenant Cheston, who was daily expected but had not yet returned from New York, and she regretted much that she could not go to the party under his escort. She knew no one else of the company, and she had no alternative but to send for a carriage and proceeded thither by herself, after her mother had despatched repeated messages to the hotel to know if Mr. Cheston had yet arrived, for he was certainly expected back that evening.

As Albina drove to the house, she felt all the terrors of diffidence coming upon her, and already repented that she had ventured on this enterprise alone. On arriving, she did not go into the ladies' room, but gave her hood and cloak at once to a servant, and tremulously requested another attendant to inform Mr. Potts that a lady wished to see him. Mr. Potts accordingly came out into the hall, and looked surprised at finding Albina there, for he had heard his wife and daughter talking of the note of interdiction. But concluding, as he often did, that it was in vain for him

to try to comprehend the proceedings of women, he thought it best to say nothing.

On Albina requesting him to accompany her on her entrance, he gave her his arm in silence, and with a very perplexed face escorted her into the principal room. As he led her up to his wife, his countenance gradually changed from perplexity to something like fright. Albina paid her compliments to Mrs. Potts, who received her with evident amazement, and without replying. Mrs. Montague, who sat next to the lady of the mansion, opened still wider her immense eyes, and then "to make assurance doubly sure," applied her opera-glass. Miss Montague first stared, and then laughed.

Albina much disconcerted, turned to look for a seat; Mr. Potts having withdrawn his arm. As she retired to the only vacant chair, she heard a half-whisper running along the line of ladies, and though she could not distinguish the words so as to make any connected sense of them, she felt that they alluded to her.

"Can I believe my eyes?" said Mrs. Potts.

"The assurance of American girls is astonishing," said Mrs. Montague.

"She was forbidden to come," said Miss Montague to a young lady beside her. "Mrs. Potts herself forbade her to come."

"She was actually prohibited," resumed Mrs. Montague, leaning over to Mrs. Jones.

"I sent her myself a note of prohibition," said Mrs. Potts, leaning over to Mrs. Smith. "I had serious objections to having her here."

"I never saw such downright impudence," pursued Mrs. Montague. "This I suppose is one of the consequences of the liberty, and freedom, and independence that you Americans are always talking about. I must tell Mr. Montague, for really this is too good to lose."

And beckoning her husband to come to her, "My dear," said she, "put down in your memorandum-book, that when American married ladies invite young ladies to parties, they on second thoughts forbid them to come, and that the said American young ladies boldly persist in coming, in spite of the forbiddance."

And she then related to them the whole affair, at full length, and with numerous embellishments, looking all the time at poor Albina.

The story was soon circulated round the room in whispers and murmurs, and no one had candor or kindness to suggest the possibility of Miss Marsden's having never received the note.

Albina soon perceived herself to be an object of remark and animadversion, and was sadly at a loss to divine the cause. The two ladies that were nearest to her, rose up and left their seats, while two others edged their chairs farther off. She knew no one, she was introduced to no one, but she saw that every one was looking at her as she sat by herself, alone, conspicuous, abashed. Tea was waiting for a lady that came always last, and the whole company seemed to have leisure to gaze on poor Albina, and to whisper about her.

Her situation now became intolerable. She felt that there was nothing left for her but to go home. Unluckily she had ordered the carriage at eleven o'clock. At last she resolved on making a great effort, and on a plea of a violent headache (a plea which by this time was literally true) to ask Mrs. Potts if she would allow a servant to bring a coach for her.

After several attempts, she rose, for this purpose: but she saw at the same moment that all eyes were turned upon her. She tremblingly and with downcast looks advanced till she got into the middle of the room, and then all her courage deserted her at once, when she heard some one say, "I wonder what she is going to do next."

She stopped suddenly, and stood motionless, and she saw Miss Potts giggle, and heard her say to a school-girl near her—"I suppose she is going to speak a speech." She turned very pale, and felt as if she could gladly sink into the floor, when suddenly some one took her hand, and the voice of Bromley Cheston said to her—"Albina—Miss Marsden—I will conduct you wherever you wish to go"—and then lowering his tone, he asked her—"Why this agitation—what has happened to distress you?"

Cheston had just arrived from New York, having been detained on the way by an accident that happened to one of the boats, and finding that Mrs. Marsden was in town, and had that day sent several messages for him, he repaired

immediately to her lodgings. He had intended declining the invitation of Mrs. Potts, but when he found that Albina had gone thither, he hastily changed his dress and went to the party. When he entered, what was his amazement to see her standing alone, in the centre of the room, and the company whispering and gazing at her.

Albina on hearing the voice of a friend, the voice of Bromley Cheston, was completely overcome; and she covered her face and burst into tears. "Albina," said Cheston, "I will not now ask an explanation; I see that, whatever may have happened, you had best go home." "Oh! most gladly, most thankfully," she exclaimed in a voice almost inarticulate with sobs. Cheston drew her arm within his, and bowing to Mrs. Potts, he led Albina out of the apartment, and conducted her to the staircase, whence she went to the ladies' room to compose herself a little, and prepare for her departure.

Cheston then sent one servant for a carriage, and another to tell Mr. Potts that he desired to speak with him in the hall. Potts came out with a pale frightened face, and said—"Indeed, sir—indeed, I had nothing to do with it; ask the women. It was all them entirely. It was the women that laughed at Miss Albina and whispered about her."

"For what?" demanded the lieutenant. "I insist on knowing for what cause."

Why, sir," replied Potts, "she came here to my wife's party, after Mrs. Potts had sent her a note desiring her to stay away; which was certainly an odd thing for a young lady to do."

"There is some mistake," exclaimed Cheston, "I'll stake my life that she never saw the note. And now, for what reason did Mrs. Potts write such a note! How did she dare?"

"Oh," replied Potts, stammering and hesitating, "women will have their notions; men are not half so particular about their company. Somehow, after Mrs. Potts had invited Miss Albina, she thought on further consideration that poor Miss Albina was not quite genteel enough for her party. You know all the women now make a great point of being genteel. But indeed, sir, (observing the storm that was gathering on Cheston's brow) indeed, sir—I was not in the least to blame. It was altogether the fault of my wife."

The indignation of the lieutenant was so highly excited, that nothing could have checked it but the recollection that Potts was in his own house. At this moment Albina came down stairs, and Cheston took her hand and said to her—"Albina, did you receive a note from Mrs. Potts, interdicting your presence at the party?"—"Oh! no, indeed!" exclaimed Albina, amazed at the question. "Surely, she did not send me such a note?"—"Yes, she did, though," said Potts quickly—"Is it then necessary for me to say," said Albina indignantly, "that under those circumstances, nothing could have induced me to enter this house, now or ever. I saw or heard nothing of this note. And is this the reason that I have been treated so rudely—so cruelly!"

Upon this Mr. Potts made his escape, and Cheston having put Albina into the carriage, desired the coachman to wait a few moments. He then returned to the drawing-room, and approached Mrs. Potts who was standing with half the company collected round her, and explaining with great volubility the whole history of Albina Marsden. On the appearance of Cheston she stopped short, and all her auditors looked foolish.

The young officer advanced into the centre of the circle, and first addressing Mrs. Potts, he said to her—"In justice to Miss Marsden, I have returned, madam, to inform you that your note of interdiction, with which you have so kindly made all the company acquainted, was till this moment unknown to that young lady. But even had she come wilfully, and in the full knowledge of your prohibition, no circumstances whatever could justify the rudeness with which I find she has been treated. I have now only to state, that if any gentleman presumes either here or hereafter to cast a reflection on the conduct of Miss Albina Marsden in this or in any other instance, he must answer to me for the consequences. And if I find that any lady has invidiously misrepresented this occurrence, I shall insist on an atonement from her husband, her brother or her admirer."

He then bowed and departed, and the company looked still more foolish.

"This lesson," thought Cheston, "will have the salutary effect of curing Albina of her predominant follies. She is

a lovely girl after all, and when withdrawn from the influence of her mother, will make a charming woman and an excellent wife."

Before the carriage stopped at the residence of Mrs. Marsden, Cheston had made Albina offer of his heart and hand, and the offer was not refused.

Mrs. Marsden was scarcely surprised at the earliness of Albina's return from the party, for she had a secret misgiving that all was not right, that the suppression of the note would not eventuate well, and she bitterly regretted having done it. When her daughter related to her the story of the evening, Mrs. Marsden was overwhelmed with compassion, and though Cheston was present, she could not refrain from acknowledging at once her culpability, for it certainly deserved no softer name. Cheston and Albina were shocked at this disclosure, but in compassion to Mrs. Marsden, they forbore to add to her distress by a single comment. Cheston shortly after took his leave, saying to Albina as he departed—"I hope you are done for ever with Mrs. Washington Potts."

Next morning, Cheston seriously but kindly expostulated with Albina and her mother on the folly and absurdity of sacrificing their comfort, their time, their money, and indeed their self-respect to the paltry distinction of being capriciously noticed by a few vain silly heartless people, inferior to themselves in every thing but in wealth, and in a slight tincture of the *soi-disant* fashion; and who, after all, only took them on or threw them off as it suited their own convenience.

"What you say is very true, Bromley," replied Mrs. Marsden. "I begin to view these things in their proper light, and as Albina remarks, we ought to profit by this last lesson." To tell the exact truth, I have heard since I came to town that Mrs. Washington Potts is, after all, by no means in the first circle, and it is whispered that she and her husband are both of very low origin."

"No matter for her circle or her origin," said Cheston, "in our country the only acknowledged distinction should be that which is denoted by superiority of mind and manners."

Next day lieutenant Cheston escorted Mrs. Marsden and Albina back to their own home—and a week afterwards he was sent unexpectedly on a cruise in the *West Indias*.

He returned in the spring, and found Mrs. Marsden more rational than he had ever known her, and Albina highly improved by a judicious course of reading which he had marked out for her, and still more by her intimacy with a truly genteel, highly talented, and very amiable family from the eastward, who had recently bought a house in the village, and in whose society she often wandered at the invitation which had led her to fancy such a woman as Mrs. Washington Potts, with whom, of course, she never had any further communication.

A recent and very large bequest to Bromley Cheston from a distant relation, made it no longer necessary that the young lieutenant should wait for promotion before he married Albina; and accordingly their union took place immediately on his return.

Before the Montagues left Philadelphia to prosecute their journey to the south, there arrived an acquaintance of theirs from England, who injudiciously "told the secrets of his prison house," and made known in whispers "not loud but deep," that Mr. Dudley Montague, of Norman-court Park, Alanta, alias, Mr. John Wilkins, of Lamb's Conduit street, Clerkenwell, had long been well known in London as a reporter for a newspaper; that he had recently married a widow, the ci-devant governess of a Somerset Town Boarding-school, who had drawn her ideas of fashionable life from the columns of the *Morning Post*, and who furnished her pupils so much to her own profit that she had been able to retire on a sort of fortune. With the assistance of this fund, she and her daughter (the young lady was in reality the offspring of her mother's first marriage) had accompanied Mr. Wilkins across the Atlantic: all three assuming the lordly name of Montague, as one well calculated to strike the republicans with proper awe.

The truth was, that for a suitable consideration, proffered by a toy publisher, the *soi-disant* Mr. Montague had undertaken to add another octave to the numerous volumes of gross misrepresentation and real ignorance, that profess to contain an impartial account of the United States of America.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

Addressed to my esteemed friend, Mrs. D. Paine, Athens, Pa.

Again she pressed her trembling lips upon
The cheek of her pale babe, and strove to hush
Its feeble wailings with her mournful voice;
Murmuring, in low, soft tones, the holy psalms,
Which she had loved so well in happier days—
Days that had left but their sweet memory.
To soothe her now. The noonday sun came down
With its accustomed brightness, through the leaves
Of the tall palm, and lingered on the brow
Of that fair dying child, as if to call
His pure young spirit from its darkened home;
And soft rich odours from the vales below,
Came up, with their delicious breath to cool
His parched and fevered lips.

What brought her there?

That young and lovely Hebrew, so aside
From the glad flowery paths of those whose forms
Were all too delicate to move in bowers,
Less lovely than Engeddi's. Sure it was not
That the world's treasure, (that which buyeth friends,
And meeteth out the giddy cup of bliss,
To those who revel 'mid the dross of earth.)
The burnished plate of Ophir had departed,
Leaving the wanderer cursed with poverty?
Ah, no; for her dark hair gleamed brightly forth
With precious stones and radiant pearls and gems,
Bright sparkling gems, of heaven's all varying hues,
And her white arms were girt about with bands,
Dazzling in their deep inwrought workmanship,
And silvery tassels decked her rich dark robe
After the gorgeous manner of her tribe.

What brought her there?

Alone, amid the hills of dark Judea,
With her young precious charge, and none to cheer
Her fainting spirits with affection's tone;
No hand to raise the famished sufferer from
Her wearied arms, or cool his raging thirst,
With the pure drops which she could never reach.
Where were the gay, the festive groups, in which
That fair-haired beauty moved, of late a star
Of the first magnitude, and he to whom
Her first pure love, her heart's deep truth was given,
The wretched of her soul, where, where was he?
Had he too left her in that trying hour,
To watch with curdling cheek the failing breath
Of her fair first born son; to see him droop
And fade away, like a young spring flower,
Lacking nourishment, alone to close
His lifeless eyes, when death indeed should come.
And then in her deep hopelessness to bow
Her soul to its dark destiny and die?

A sound is heard,

A sad, low, mournful sound, and the dull wind
Is burdened with the rush of dying tones;
The long, shrill clash of sword with glittering sword.
Of sabre meeting sabre, the wild charge
Of raging chieftains and the lengthened about
Of fierce encounter; though so far away,
Break in discordant murmurs on the ear
Of Israel's pale daughter, and she turns
Her tearful eyes towards the red gleaming west.

Where still is seen, though wrapt in flame and smoke,
 The far famed temple of the living God,
 Standing unmoved amid the general crash
 Of falling towers, as if the spirit, which
 Once deigned to dwell between the golden wings
 Of the fair cherubims, yet lingered there.
 To frown defiance on the unhallowed crew,
 Whose hands had dared profane its holy shrine.
 A smile is on the grazer's quivering lip,
 And her dark eye flashes unwonted fire,
 As it's quick vision hails the holy scite
 Of that stern edifice, her nation's boast;
 Forgotten now are the protracted ills
 Which she hath suffered since her exile lone,
 Hunger and thirst and cold, and deep fatigue,
 And those dread scenes of blood and cruelty,
 Wherewith man proves the love his bosom bears
 To those whom God hath formed of dust the same.
 Forgotten now the dark terrific hour,
 When the shrill trumpet from the walls first gave
 The signal of invasion, and there came,
 Like an o'erwhelming deluge, hosts of men
 In warlike guise, to raze the sacred gates
 Of great Jerusalem. Forgotten is
 Her beauteous home, in smouldering ruins laid,
 Her murdered friends, decaying 'neath the piles
 Of burning rubbish. Her young husband too,
 His last fond look, his last impressive words—
 All, all have faded from her memory,
 Forgotten, absorbed in one all-kindling thought,
 The thought of that high temple of the skies,
 Backward she flings her rich unbraided locks,
 And raising aloft her weak and trembling hands,
 The spirit of the chosen band of God
 Breaks forth from her deep soul, in words like these :

"Away ye men of Rome,
 Think ye to trample down
 The Temple, which our father's reared,
 The mighty of renown?"

Away, for lightnings dwell
 Within its sacred veil.
 Aye, and a voice, whose tones would make
 Hearts of the stoutest quail.

Deist, fierce men of war,
 Nor dare, one moment dare
 Profane with heathen touch that shrine,
 For holy things are there.

Ah, ye may bathe your hands
 In choicest Hebrew blood,
 And desolate with fire the spot
 Where our fair dwellings stood.

And ye may fling your chin
 Around our brave and free,
 And lead our weeping daughters forth
 To dread captivity.

But never may ye bring
 To earth, our heavenward tower,
 Jehovah is its sentinel,
 Rash men, ye lack the power.

Hush, hush my dying one,
 For I would gaze once more
 Upon that glorious dome, ere yet
 My pilgrimage is o'er.

How beautiful it stands,
 Like a proud spirit throwing
 A lofty radiance o'er the field,
 With shields and targets glowing.

Most beautiful! oh, would
 My child, that thy dim eyes
 Might see how deeply grand looks down,
 That pillar of the skies.

Firm as the moveless hills
 My nation's hope art thou,
 Home of our holy statutes, none
 Have power to harm thee now."

Exhausted drooped the wanderer's weary head,
 Though her wan vision clung tenacious still
 To its great idol, thinking some miracle
 Would work as formerly, deliverance sure.
 Aye, and it did, but darkened sounds alone
 Revealed what that deliverance was. She saw,
 The Hebrew saw her last hope fade. She saw
 The temple tower, fall, and heard the shriek
 Of dying thousands, crushed beneath the weight
 Of its red glowing timbers. Then she thought
 On Him who prophesied that, not one stone
 Should lie unturned in that polluted tower.
 She thought on Him the hated Nazarine.
 And the truth flashed on her beighted mind,
 That He indeed had been the promised Shiloh,
 Her nation's King, and they had murdered him.
 Oh, it was agony; and in despair
 She sank beside her lifeless child and gave
 Her spirit to its Maker."

JULIET.

NATURE.

The contemplation of the works of nature affords some of the noblest, purest pleasures of the human mind. Gazed upon as the workmanship of a great, and wise, and good Being, who can consider them without feelings of mingled admiration and awe. Even in the inferior parts of creation, among the little things of our own earth, how much do we find to call forth wonder and inspire delight. Animate and inanimate nature is full of beauty and astonishing displays of superior wisdom. How surprising the order and regularity of the crystal. So exact, that amidst a million of the same species, no difference in angle and form can be detected. How beautiful the little vernal flower! Its leaves seem touched by the pencil of an angel.

But let us rise still higher and take a wider survey. Let us gain some commanding eminence and look off upon hill and dale, and field, and forest, and stream. What a boundless variety, and yet all beautiful! Whose eyes are so dull—whose soul so insensible that he cannot gaze and admire with almost insatiable delight? Whose heart is not enlarged, whose feelings are not refined, whose pleasures are not multiplied, by mingling with, and contemplating the beauties of creation. It is here we seem to commune with ourselves and with our Creator in his works. It is here that is placed the first impress of our Maker's character. The mysteries of nature we should study, the loveliness of nature we should admire, as the work of the Almighty. And how easy thus would become our pathway

from nature up to nature's God. Let me say with Dr. Beattie,

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store,
Of charms, which nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all the echoes of the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
'And all the grand magnificence of heaven:
Oh how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?

Who does not retire from the contemplation of nature with feelings of a tender relation to his Father in heaven? He can say "in wisdom hast thou made them all." But when he turns to the region of animal life, he finds still more to gratify and delight, than in more inanimate matter. Here is superior wisdom and greater goodness. Look at the diminutive insect that crosses your path. Learn his mode of existence, his habits of life; the nice adaptation of his size and form, to all the circumstances of his being, to all the necessities and means of individual happiness.—Examine the little fly that buzzes about in all the sportiveness of youth, and all the bliss of conscious being and overflowing joy. Admire his gossamer wing, his fixed but bright and animated eye. The sun sheds upon him as cheering a ray, and the summer air breathes as mildly around him, as the boasted Lord of creation. How true is the declaration of the Psalmist, "The Lord is ~~unto~~ unto all and his tender mercies are over all his works."

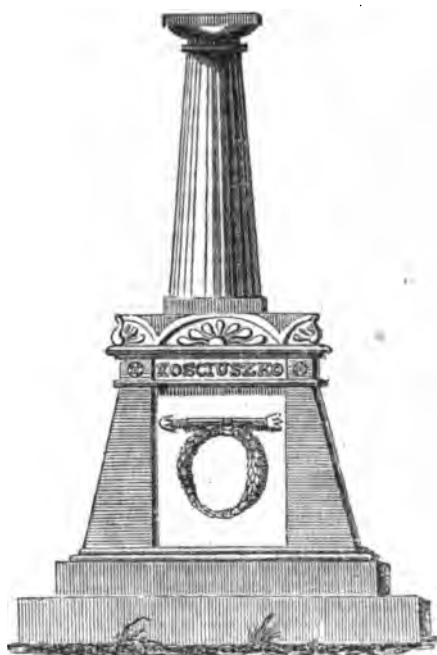
But when we have travelled over our little earth, and witnessed all it possesses of the beautiful and the sublime, when we have listened to the roar of the ocean, and the song of birds, when we have looked upon the forest's gorgeousness and the flowret's beauty, when we have seen the limpid and purling rill, and the majestic river, when we have turned our eye upon the vine-clad hills and towering mountains; when we have seen and heard all this, we have but entered the vestibule of the great temple of nature.

There are other worlds around us to which probably our earth, with all its grandeur, is but as dust in the balance. The eye wanders off enraptured with its discoveries amidst the bright orbs of heaven. Infinity of space is before it. Unnumbered spheres are above and below, and around us. And when the eye is tired of gazing, and when its spirit flying vision has reached its utmost goal, it calls to its aid the benefits of scientific discovery, and stretches out into still more distant space, and there enjoys the new pleasure of seeing other worlds and beholding other wonders.

A virtuous mind in a fair body, is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.—*Addison*.

Small causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.—*Swift*.

KOSCIUSKO MONUMENT, AT WEST POINT.



This monument, designed by Mr. John H. B. Latrobe, of Baltimore, is situated in Kosciusko's garden, a beautiful retreat, immediately on the bank of the Hudson river, and surrounded on all sides by a wild and romantic scenery. The approach to this garden is by a small ravine which winds its way through an opening in the rock that seems to have been formed at a moment when nature was shaken by the agitation of some terrible convulsion. The enormous ledge of rock is cleft asunder, and the parts appear to have retired from each other, as if by the action of some repulsive force, until ceasing to act, it left them in their present position, and so situated, as to constitute a perpendicular wall of solid granite on each side of the ravine. Through this opening, the ravine is descended by a flight of large massive steps of mounted granite, which were made by Kosciusko himself, and by the side of which, a crystal streamlet rolls gently down the declivity, passes through one side of the garden, and falling in a small but beautiful cascade over the edge of the precipice, it mingles its waters with those of the Hudson, which wash in their passage, the base of the rock.—From the foot of the steps, the garden reaches out in a fine plateau, about two hundred feet above the surface of the water, commanding a full and delightful view of the river and opposite shore. It was to this place, that the brave and gallant soldier, whose name it bears, used frequently to retire from the busy tumult of the camp, that he might peruse without interruption, the profound and difficult studies of his pro-

fession; and here too, perhaps, in yielding at times to the influence of that brave, generous, and exalted spirit which animated him through life, he would sigh over the miseries of his own unhappy country, and deplore the destiny that had enslaved her.

Here are still to be seen some remains of the shrubbery which he planted and cultivated with his own hands; and the natural seat which he was wont to occupy, is still pointed out to the passing stranger; and it is there that the corps of cadets have testified their admiration for his valour, and their respects for his virtues.

Written for the Casket.

ODE TO THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

All hail to thy waters, lone Lake of the Woods,
In the gloom and the grandeur of deep solitudes;
How long undisturbed have thy waters been there,
Thou lake of a thousand bright isles blooming fair?

Thou source of a hundred bright streamlets and lakes,
That leap to the ocean, and solitude breaks;
How long have been blooming thy green sunny isles,
And who have been witnesses of all thy smiles?

Has time been thy talisman, marking thy years,
By the annual shedding of rivers of tears,
That flow'd from the cold rocky mountains afar,
From her snow-crested summits, and emptying there?

Hath the wild flower bloom'd on thy margin of green,
And shed its sweet honors, and blush'd there unseen,
And wasted its sweetness on the cold desert air,
For thousands of years, all blooming thus fair?

Hath the wild swan, and eagle, career'd o'er thy steep,
And fear'd not the fowler, and fearless of deeps,
Scream'd wild to the night air, lonely and shrill,
As echo has answered from valley to hill?

Hath the red warrior guided his light canoe,
O'er thy lone, silent waters, of varied hue;
And marked all thy eddies, and each curling bay,
Unbroken by ripples, that mirror-like lay?

Yes, all these through long ages of gloom, thou hast seen;
Wit'st the changing of nature, unchanged thou hast been;
And time only hath marked with her annual floods,
Thy long lapse of years, dark Lake of the Woods!

Thou deep, inexhaustable, wonderous Lake;
Thou source of a hundred that ocean-ward make,
Whose dark swelling waters eternally roar,
As down the steep bed of Niagara they pour!

Thou wonder of millions—a watery chain,
That comes from thy bosom, and flows to the main;
No barrier can stop thee,—still foaming thy floods,
Still fed by the dark deep Lake of the Woods!

Thou divider of nations, that else had been one,
Thou those dark deeds of daring had never been done;
And no blood had been shed by a brother or friend,
Which, naught but thy waters had made them contend!

Thou mother of lakes, in the cold north west,
Peace to thy waters, and calm be thy breast;
May the gloom that surrounds thee, and deep solitudes!
Be forever unbroken, lone Lake of the Woods!

Whitcomb, Sept. 10, 1832.

IRIS.

Biographical Sketches.

M. CASSIMIR PERIER.

M. Cassimir Perier was born on the 12th October, 1777, at Grenoble. The son of a rich merchant; he at an early age embraced the career of arms, and served in the Italian campaigns of 1799 and 1800,—in the staff of the military engineers. On the death of his father, however, he quitted the army, and devoted himself wholly to commercial pursuits. In 1802, he founded a banking establishment at Paris; and subsequently established a number of manufacturing of cotton spinning, and sugar refining, and also steam flour mills, all of which were eminently successful, and contributed to the formation of the immense fortune which he leaves behind him. He first became known to the public in 1816, by a pamphlet against the foreign loan system, which was equally remarkable, for a lucid clearness of argument, and a profound knowledge of finance. In 1817 he was elected one of the Deputies for the Department of the Seine, and from that time until the Revolution of 1830, continued the firm opponent of every ministerial encroachment on the rights and privileges of the people. He particularly distinguished himself by his hostility to the Villele Administration, having himself supported almost singly the whole burden of the opposition to the famous budget of M. de Villele, which he disputed item by item with a talent and perseverance worthy of entering the lists with the illustrious financier to whom he was opposed. When M. de Polignac became President of the Council, the opposition of M. Perier assumed a more violent character; he was pre-eminent among the 221 Deputies who voted the famous address which led to the fatal Ordonnances of July. When the Revolution broke out, he at once avowed himself the advocate of the popular cause, and opened his house as the place of Meeting of the Deputies who assembled to protest against the illegality of the proceedings of the Crown. Firmly, however, attached to the principles of constitutional opposition, and shrinking, therefore, from the probable effects of a revolution; he was one of the last to abandon the hope that his infatuated Sovereign would open his eyes to the gulf on the brink of which he was standing, and, by a timely revocation of the ordonnances, prevent the necessity of the extreme measure of an appeal to arms, and a consequent change of dynasty. When, however, these became inevitable, M. Perier attached himself firmly to the work of consolidating the new throne of Louis Philip, and re-assembling those elements of order and stability which the convulsions of July had scattered, but not annihilated. On the dissolution of the Ministry of M. Lafitte, M. Cassimir Perier was called to the head of the Government, and immediately entered into the system of conservative policy, which he continued until the close of his career. The last time he took any important part in the debates in the Chamber of Deputies was on the 20th March; when he pronounced an eloquent defence of the conduct of Government with respect to the events of Grenoble. The last time he was pre-

sent in the Chamber was on the 29th of March, when he merely brought in several private Bills. On the 3d April, he was attacked by the scourge which has desolated Paris, and, although the indefatigable care bestowed on him by his medical attendants had more than once apparently eradicated the disease, his frame, enfeebled by a long-standing internal complaint, aggravated by his intense and incessant application, was unable to resist the violence of the disease, and, after several relapses, he at length sunk under his sufferings, on the morning of the 16th of May.

The dissection, which was performed by the first surgeons of the capital, proved that the sole seat of disorder was in the intestinal organs, and that the brain was in a perfectly healthy state; the developement of that organ, so eminently remarkable in M. Cuvier, was observed, though in a less degree, in M. Perier, and is fully justified by the penetrating and comprehensive nature of his talents. As an orator, M. Perier was energetic and impassioned; the natural warmth of his temper, added to the irritability produced by illness, frequently imparted a *brusque* acerbity to his style, which injured both the oratorical and moral effect of his eloquence but his reasoning was forcible, and his style commanding and effective. It is not our province to examine the merits or demerits of his political system; recorders of, not actors in, the great political struggle in which France is engaged, we have too often had occasion to quote the enthusiastic eulogiums and unmeasured invectives heaped upon him by the different parties, to render it necessary to repeat here, that he possessed the strongest proof that the reproach of mediocrity could never be applied to him; it is the attribute of genius alone to make warm friends and bitter enemies. Be this system good or bad, it will at least be allowed by his strongest opponents, that the course he adopted from conviction, he supported with unbroken energy, surrounded with obstacles of every description, opposed by ultra-royalism abroad, and ultra-liberalism at home, he opposed the single bulwark of his undaunted resolution against the waves of the factions, which—flowing from opposite corners of the horizon—united only in the attempt to overthrow and destroy him; and though he at length sunk under the mighty conflict, he lived to see his system adopted by Europe, and died before its evil consequences, if it have any, could arrive to cloud his triumph!

MARSHAL SOULT.

The Baltimore American has a biographical notice of Marshal Soult, the new French Premier, from which it appears that he is now 64 years of age, having been born in March, 1769. He is a native of St. Amand, in the department of Tarn. He entered into the army as a private at sixteen years of age, and had risen at the age of twenty-two to the employment of Military Instructor in the army of the Upper Rhine, under Marshal Luckner, with the rank of sub-lieutenant of grenadiers. Within two months he was made adjutant-major and captain; this was in the year 1791. His next appointment was on the staff of Hoche, then commander-in-chief. In the same year he commanded a regiment under

Gen. Lefebvre, and distinguished himself so much in that situation, and his services under Jourdan in the next year, that he was brevetted of Brigade in 1794, then being but twenty-five years of age. At the battle of Alten-Kirchen, soon afterwards, he made that memorable defence and retreat which acquired him so much reputation. He had been despatched to the left of the army with three battalions, and one hundred and fifty cavalry. In the mean time a change of position had taken place, and he found himself surrounded by four thousand Austrian cavalry. Though repeatedly summoned to surrender, he rallied his forces and repulsed several general charges of the enemy, and finally carried his troops safely to rejoin the army. He also distinguished himself at the battle of Fleurus.

Soult commanded the centre at the battle of Austerlitz. When Napoleon was giving his instructions he said to Soult, "as for you, act as you always do." It was on that occasion that he delayed obeying the commands of the Emperor to attack the heights of Pratzen, until they had been repeated several times, and Bonaparte expressed indignation at his disobedience. "Tell the Emperor," replied Soult, "that I will obey, but not just now." He was watching the movements of the Russians, and when he did attack, the triumph was complete. Bonaparte, who had seen the manœuvre, rode up to him, and in the presence of the whole staff, said, "Marshal, I esteem you the ablest tactician in my empire." After the battle of Eylau, he was created Duke of Dalmatia.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCE.—The following is an extract of a letter from the late Hon. Judge Peters to Col. John Trumbull, respecting the late General Thos. Robinson, of Naaman's Creek, Delaware.

A day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, he (Col. T. Robinson) was selected by General Washington to command a picked corps of two hundred and fifty men, well officered, with orders to reconnoitre and procure intelligence of the march and position of the enemy, which could not be obtained by other means in a disaffected part of the country. He advanced with all the precaution possible, but approached too near its main body, or a strong advance, sending off light horsemen frequently, with information to the General, through both night and day. At length he was pressed on, and was obliged to sustain a powerful attack. He drew up his command behind the walls of a burial ground, and coolly waiting the onset, reserved his fire till the enemy was within thirty yards. He then gave a well directed discharge, and mowed down great numbers of the foe.

But he met with a severe retaliation; for a strong corps was detached to intercept him, and through superior numbers he had to cut his way. His color was taken, or nearly so, but rescued by unexampled prowess in himself and some of his detachment. In this struggle he received a wound, of which, though not slight, he was unconscious, till he began to bear off the trophy. *Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, he brought off the remnant of his brave but unfortunate corps. He returned to our army with

only *thirty* of his companions. The General's associates were highly wrought up, and he waited on the bank of the Brandywine, viewing with poignant solicitude the passage of the small remains of his chosen detachment, wading more than knee deep through the stream. For Robinson he always had a personal esteem; but the fate of his gallant associates the most deeply affected his sensibilities. You know how magnanimously the General could, in most instances, control his feelings, inasmuch that adversity seemed to have no power over his conduct or countenance: but on this occasion his usual habit of checking his sensations forsook him. He spurred his horse into the stream, drew up in contact with Robinson, threw his arms round him in a paroxysm of fervid affection, and marked approbation mixed with penetrating regrets. The Colonel has often told me, that he was more overcome by this unexpected reception, than by all the toils and dangers he had passed. Bleeding with wounds, almost prostrate with fatigue, and nearly incapable before this to sit on his horse, he with difficulty maintained his seat. What a moment of rapture for an honorably, yet inevitably, defeated soldier!

LITERARY MEN, by some extraordinary fatality, seem to be doomed to pecuniary embarrassment. Other people make fortunes out of their labors, while they live and die bankrupts. Byron, with the enormous sums he received for his brilliant productions, and with the fortune he inherited, saw his furniture and library pass under the bailiff's hammer. Roscoe, too, the once wealthy—the talented and lamented Roscoe, was stripped of his splendid library and his splendid fortune. Moore had to quit his country on account of pecuniary embarrassment—not a fault of his own; but the treachery and fraud of a subordinate whom he employed, involved him in a debt of 20,000*l.*, we believe. And last, not least, Sir Walter Scott, after his immense labors, and immense income by the failure of others, left not a single pound for his family, but left debts to the amount of 60,000*l.* or 80,000, which will sweep away every thing he left, and leave his creditors unsatisfied.—Happy for the man of genius, that if he leave no goods nor chattels, lands nor tenements to his family, he can yet bequeath to the world, what is beyond the reach of creditors and catchpoles—the monument of his genius and the immortality of his name. These at least, in common with the world, may be inherited by his children—and proud may they be of such an inheritance.

The name of Carroll is the only one on the Declaration to which the *residence* of the Signer is appended. The reason why it was done in this case, we have understood to be as follows:—The Patriots who signed that document, did it, almost literally, with ropes about their necks, it being generally supposed that they would, if unsuccessful, be hung as rebels. When Carroll had signed his name, some one at his elbow remarked, "You'll get clear—there are several of that name—they will not know which to take." "Not so," replied he, and immediately added "of Carrollton."—*Porta Journal.*

Written for the Casket.

THE LAST TIE OF LOVE.

'Tis past—the last fond tie is broken
That bound me to romance, and spoken
The last word breathed to love;
And I am left on life's dark shore,
Never to bow to woman more,
Inconstancy to prove.

Oh Beauty! in thy magic power
Hath passed away my manhood's hour,
A constant earthly heaven;
But destiny hath long decreed
The poet's heart for love should bleed,
Though hope and bliss are given.

That I have sinned, alas, is known,
But from ill-fated love alone
Those sins have sprung;
No error's mine, since boyhood's hour,
That was not caused by beauty's power,
Or by love's witch'ry wrung.

With love those sins have past for ever,
And I no more shall err—no never
Again in beauty's power;
The last tie is dissolved, and broken
The silken chain and love's fond token,
All, all in this lone hour.

Oh, I have knelt at beauty's shrine,
And worship'd all those charms divine,
Devoted poets sing;
But never more this knee shall kneel,
And never more this heart shall feel
Love's arrows keener sting.

Henceforth on life's eventful tide,
My days and years shall darkly glide,
Devoid of joys or fears;
Life's fleeting hours shall henceforth bear
Division between humble prayer
And retrospection's tears.

Oh when in boyhood's happy day,
I first had loved—to beauty's sway
First bowed the adoring knee;
I little thought that I should wake
To feel, alas, and to partake
So much of misery.

Oh, then I dreamt that life would prove
One constant scene of blissful love,
Of hopes no tongue may tell;
But ah, 'tis past—the vow is broken,
The tie is sever'd, and is spoken
The last, dread farewell.

My harp—Oh, yes, my harp, that young
So sweetly and so gaily sung
To woman's listening ear—
Shall never more be waked to song,
Save to departed joys, that long
Have been to memory dear.

To blasted hope, to former love,
Its strings again shall wake, to prove
How hard it is no more
To be a man—no more to gaze
On woman's charms, no more to praise,
To love, and to adore.

I'll hide me from the world—and why?
I cannot look on woman's eye,
So witching, and not move:
I cannot mark her angel grace,
And gaze upon her heavenly face,
And say I will not love.

Thrice have I bowed at woman's feet,
And thrice ill-fated love, so sweet,
Hath fate awarded mine;
Just at the hour when hope was bright,
Dark disappointment cast its blight
O'er all my dreams divine.

Oh happy days of young romance,
How blest ye seem, when I but glance
Back on years gone by;
The days of youthful love, ye seem
Like some bright, blissful noonday dream,
Beneath a brilliant sky.

But they are gone, and hence, to me,
Virtue my guardian saint shall be,
My heart no more shall sin;
Free from all errors, life shall glide
Adown death's dark and narrow tide,
To peace, the grave within.

No, Ira, life shall be to me
One scene of heartfelt piety,
Not shown in outward forms;
My breast shall be as calm as lakes,
Where not a single billow breaks,
Unruffled by life's storms.

MILFORD BARD.

PALESTINE.

BETHPAGE.—This village was near the summit of the Mount of Olives, on the descent, upon the eastern side, about one mile and a half, from the temple. A large number of Priests resided in this place. It was very remarkable for the growth of immense quantities of figs and other fruits, hence the name Bethpage, from *phagoi*, green figs.

BETHANY.—This is situated, on the east side, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, about two miles north-east of the temple. The tract of ground that bore this name, reached almost to the top of the Mount, then commenced *Bethpage*. Martha, Mary, and Lazarus lived here, and at this place, Mary poured the precious ointment on Jesus' head. Here Lazarus was raised from the dead, whose mansion-house is still shown to travellers. His Sepulchre is near the house, which the Turks hold in great veneration, and use it for a place of prayer. You descend 25 steps and come to a small square room, and then creep into *another*, in which the body was laid. About 8 rods distant, is the house in which Mary Magdalene lived, and at the foot of the hill is the fountain of the Apostles, so called, from the circumstance of their usually calling there, to refresh, between Jerico, and Jerusalem. The spot is now shown, on which Jesus stood, at the time he blessed the apostles, and ascended, on which was once a church, but now an octagonal cupola, 24 feet in diameter.

THIS MOUNTAIN.—This was the Mount of Olives, lying to the north-east of the temple,

about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the summit. It extends north and south, nearly 2 miles, from which was a very commanding prospect of the Temple and City. Here our Saviour stood and wept, over Jerusalem, and delivered the prediction relative to its destruction. Groves of Olive trees still remain on this Mount. It was separated from the city by the brook Kidron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat. On this Mount, Solomon built temples to the god of the Amonites, hence it is called the Mount of corruption. It had three summits. Solomon built his temples on the *south* one; our Saviour ascended from the middle one; the northern one is called Gallilee. As you ascend this mount, you pass many Sepulchres cut with intricate windings into the rocks, called Sepulchres of the Prophets, and vaults built in memory of the Apostles. On this ascent, the Lord's prayer was dictated. All these things are still shown. The grove of Olives in this garden is called the valley of fullness, or silvan dormitory.

GETSEMANE.—This was a village on the west side of the Mount of Olives. Toward the bottom was a garden or grove, on a level plot of ground about 15 rods square, lying between the foot of Mount Olivet and the brook Kidron to which our Saviour often repaired in the evening. This is now covered with Olive trees, some of which are supposed to be the same then standing. In the corner of this garden, is a flat rock, said to be the spot where Peter, James and John fell asleep during the agony of our Lord. At a small distance is the place where our Saviour underwent that bitter part of his passion. Only eight paces distant is said to be the path in which Judas approached his Lord and said, "Hail, Master." This narrow path is separated by a wall, from the rest of the Garden, as an *accursed* piece of ground.

POTTER'S FIELD.—This place lies south of the city called *Aeldama*, the field of blood; being purchased with the 30 pieces of silver which were given to Judas Iscariot as the price of the blood of Jesus Christ.—Judas having brought the money into the Temple and thrown it down in the porch of the Sanctuary, or holy place, the priests thought it unlawful to put it into the Treasury for holy purposes, and therefore bought a potter's field, as a burying ground for strangers. It is shown at this day. It is a small place not more than 100 feet long and half as wide, covered with an arched roof. For it is an extensive vault into which the corpses are let down. It was called the potter's field because *here* clay was dug to make earthen ware; and the *fuller's* field, because it was once occupied as a place where a Fuller hung his cloth, and bleaching was done.

The common fluency of speech in many men and women is owing (says Swift) to a scarcity of words; for whoever is master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready; so people come faster out of church when it is nearly empty than when a crowd is at the door.

“CYNTHIA.”

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE CASKET BY ERASTUS E. MARCY.

Amoroso.



Wake! la - dy, from thy balm - y sleep, And lis - ten to my

Espressando.



lay; Fair Cynthia smiles up - on the deep, with many a sil - v'ry ray: The stars within their



a - zure hall, In si - lent beau - ty beam, And strains of fai - ry mu - sic fall Up -

Amoroso.



on the list'ning stream. The whisp'ring breeze steals playfully A - round thy syl - van bow'r, And

Vivace.



claims a sigh from ev'ry leaf, A kiss from ev' - ry flow'r. Then wa - ken from thy balm - y



sleep, And hie with me a - way, Where Cynthia smiles upon the deep, With love-in - spi - ring ray.

“AND HAST THOU LEFT ME, LOVE?”

Words by J. N. MARFITT, on the death of his daughter.—Music composed for the Casket, by M. HANER.



And hast thou left me, love, My fair sweet rose? Thou'st join'd the blest a -



bove, Be - yond earth's throes, And shall thy smiles no more Such soothing sweetness



bring, Like Eden's sun - shine, o'er My sor - row - ing.

SECOND VERSE.

I have no place of rest,
For thou art fled;
The ice is on my breast—
My love is dead!

The cords around my heart
Are shaken, thrill'd & sore;
'Tis bitterness to part
With one so dear.

THIRD VERSE.

Farewell! as thou art borne
Beyond my sight,
Regret for thee I mourn,
My heart's delight!

But we shall meet above
To part again no more,
Where blooms my angel love,
On that blest shore.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

EPIGRAM.

Dodging the door of counsel "Catch,"
A thief observed 'twas on the latch,
Popped in, and quick again popped out,
With wig, and gown, and riding coat;
Then wrote to let the lawyer know,
That he "had served him so and so!"
Adding Postscript—"I might have taken
Cook upon Littleton, and Bacon,
But *Law* to me's a useless study,
For I am rogue enough already."

Military Pride.—A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him some time upon the advantage which his family would derive from his exaltation, inquired, in a doubting tone—'Husband, will be it be proper to let our children play with the neighbor's now?'

WILLIAM PITT.—The *fashionable* hours of the present times were neatly censured by him. "Mr. Pitt," said the Dutchess of Gordon, "I wish you to *dine* with me at *ten* this evening." "I must decline the honor," said the premier, "for I am engaged to *sup* with the Bishop of Lincoln at *nine*."

In the year 1777, two soldiers took a fancy to go and hear a sermon; the orator was Mr. Murray, well known for his doctrine of universal salvation. In the afternoon of the same day, another preacher exhibited; but his doctrine was diametrically the reverse of what they had heard in the morning. "Tom," said one of them, "do you hear how differently these folks preach? Which of them do you intend to believe?" "I'll be shot," says Tom, "if I'll believe either of 'em yet a while, till I see it come out in general orders."

EFFRONTERY.—The crew of a man-of-war which had just returned from a long voyage, was one day busily employed in bringing up the hammocks on deck to air; and as each man appeared with his load, he reported the number to a young lieutenant stationed on the poop. An Irishman named Murphy was near the last. As soon as he gained the deck the officer demanded "what number?" "12, your honor," was the immediate reply "12! that can't be, look again." "It is, your honor." "I tell you it cannot be; the man who owned No. 12 died of a fever in the West Indies, and it has not been used since." "It is your honour," was the pertinacious reply. Down jumps the officer off the poop, struts up to the hammock, and turning suddenly round, with all the warmth of offended authority, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, what do you mean by telling me it's 12, when it's clearly 444?" "Lard love your honor," says Pat, scratching his head, and casting a comical leer at the officer. "I *big* your honor *tin* thousand pardons; and I *always* thought till now that 3 times 4 made 12."

A gentleman of considerable sense and knowledge of the world, being asked whether a man possessing genius without perseverance and stability, or one of a dull but assiduous character, was the most likely to prove successful in life, replied, that it was a difficult question to decide, since it was impossible to throw a *straw* to a great distance, and almost equally the case with a ton.

"I expect," said a young physician, on his way to New York, on the breaking out of the cholera, "to witness a great many deathbed scenes this summer." "Doubtless," said a friend, "if you get much practice."

EPIGRAM.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
Clad in my virtue, I the storm despise."
"Indeed!" cries Peter, "how your lot I bless—
To be so sheltered in so thin a dress!"

The following item is from a lawyer's bill supplied by a firm in Red Lion Square, London,—"For calling on Mr.—, but *unfortunately* did not find him at home, 6s. 8d." The same *unfortunate* circumstance occurs five times in as many days.

DR. PITCAIRNE.—Dr. Alexander Pitcairne, who died in 1713, but who is yet remembered most distinctly in Scotland for his strong Jacobinism, his keen wit, and his eminence as a physician, studied his profession in Holland, where he was for some time the preceptor of Boerhaave. His political principles causing him to be no friend to the Republican Dutch, he amused himself with satirising them in verse. Dull, however, as the Dutch are generally esteemed, they had once paid him very smartly in his own coin. Pitcairne, it seems, took great offence at the facility with which the University of Leyden, like some of those in this country at a more recent period, conferred degrees upon those applying for them. To ridicule them, he sent for a diploma for his footman, which was granted. He next sent for another for his horse. This, however, was too gross an affront for even a Dutchman to swallow. In a spirit of resentment, an answer was returned, to the effect that "search having been made in the books of the University, they could not find one instance of the degree of doctor having been ever conferred upon a horse, although, in the instance of one Dr. Pitcairne, it appeared that the degree had once been conferred on an ass."

ETYMOLOGY.—We picked up the following singular etymology the other day, from an old paper. The word "*News*" is not derived as man supposes, from the adjective *new*, but from a practice that obtained in newspapers of an early date, of prefixing to the title the expressive of the four cardinal points, thus:—

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meaning that their intelligence was derived from "*all quarters of the Globe*." This must be allowed to be, at least, an ingenious etymology.

BISHOP RUNDLE.—Queen Caroline pressed him to tell her of her faults. "If it so please your majesty," said he, "I will tell you of one. Persons come from all parts of the kingdom, to see your majesty, when you attend Whitehall Chapel. It is therefore to be lamented that you talk so much to the king during divine service." "Thank you, my lord Bishop," said the Queen, "now tell me another of my faults." "That I will do, with great pleasure," said he, "when you have corrected that I have just mentioned."

QUEEN BESS.—A courtier came running to her, and with a face full of dismay, "Madam," said he, "I have bad news for you; the party of tailors mounted on mares, that attacked the Spaniards, are all cut off." "Courage, friend," said the Queen, "this news is indeed bad; but when we consider the nature of the quadrupeds and the description of the soldiers, it is some comfort to think we have lost neither *man* nor *horse*."

RETROGRADE MOVEMENT.—An experienced school teacher of our acquaintance, lately told us the following story. The boy who is the subject of it, deserves credit for his wit, if not for his punctuality. He had one winter morning, when the ground was frozen in ice, reached the school-room at rather a late hour, whereupon Dominie inquired of him "why so tardy?" "Because, sir," said he, "I lost two steps backward, where I gained one forward." "Indeed! and if you slipped in that manner, how did you get here at all?" "Why, sir, I turned and went the other way!"

GARRICK.—In a pamphlet written by doctor, afterwards Sir John Hill, of botanical memory, and published in 1759, the doctor asserts, that in the words *virtue*, *stirring*, &c., Garrick pronounced the letter *i* like the letter *u*. This drew from David the following epigrammatic reply, addressed to Dr. Hill.

If it be true, as you say, that I've injured a letter,
I'll change my notes soon, and, I hope, for the better,

May the just rights of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen;
Most devoutly I wish they may both have their due,

And that I may be never mistaken for *U*.

LITERARY GUZZLEMENT.—Hume, Smith, and other literati of the last century, used to frequent a tavern in a low street in Edinburgh, called the Potterrow; where, if their accommodations were not of the first order, they had at least no cause to complain of the scantiness of their victuals.—One day, as the landlady was bringing in a third supply of some particularly good dish, she thus addressed them: "They ca' ye the *literati*, I believe; od, if they were to ca' ye the *clerati*, they would be nearer the mark."

An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, "that scattering shot would hit the most birds."

DR. JOHNSON.—The Doctor met a gentleman in Litchfield who had lately buried his father. After the usual salutation he addressed him in these words: "I have not seen you, sir, since the death of your worthy father. He was a man for whom I had a great respect, as a parent and as a clergyman; and I doubt not your having paid every filial duty and respect to his latter days—alleviating, as far as human consolation is able, the struggles of the mind under the ruins of the body.—It is pleasing to reflect on the due discharge of our duty to our parents—you feel the happy effects of it. I, from that source, derive no comfort. You well know, sir, that my father (and he was a good father,) was a bookseller of most inferior order. He kept market, sir, and he ordered me to get ready to attend him at Uttoxeter. I refused, for I did not like the office. He entreated—I was obstinate—and so it passed. Sometime after my father's death I reflected on this act of disobedience. I thought some contrition was necessary for such a breach of duty. I went to Uttoxeter; it was market day; I went to the place where my poor father's stall stood; it was a rainy day, sir; I pulled off my hat and my wig, and stood there for two hours, drenched in rain; and I hope the penance was expiatory."

MARK MID A TEE.—A German gentleman having made a purchase of a thousand bags of coffee, directed the Irish porter of the mercantile house to which he was consigned, to mark the coffee with the initial of his paternal name (D.) The pronunciation, however, was unfortunate for the supercargo; "mark him," said he, "mid a Tee." "Yis, your honor," replied Pat, and immediately stamped every bag of the precious product of the South with the letter T. The irritated German lost all his wonted good humor at seeing the blunder, and as the lookers on were convulsed with laughter, the following dialogue took place:

D.—"Mr. Padrick!—Mr. Padrick! did I not do't you for mark him mid a Tee?"

Paddy.—"Plaze your honor, and is'n't that a Tae?"

D.—"No! Mr. Padrick, I do't you to mark him mid a Tee!"

Paddy.—"By my soul, sir, and there's not never a mother's son upon this spot here, barrin it be Mister O'Flanagan, and he's gone home till Ireland, that can make a better Tae, with a hair brush, than you ones, and bad luck to yourself and all your kin-folks, take that."

So saying, the indignant son of Erin walked off, swearing that he could mark coffee-bags as well as any thundering Dutchman.

Mirabeau, in one of his lately published letters, gives the following humorous but true account of the well-known tragedy *Covering on the English stage*.—"Scenes of battle and carnage," says he, "are generally preceded by spreading a large thick carpet upon the stage, to represent the field of battle; and it is afterwards carried off with the dead bodies, to leave the trap-doors at liberty for the ghosts, who appear again upon the stage, in the acts immediately subsequent to the engagement."

MICHAEL WIGGINS IN DEBT.

Dobt is a mouse-trap—when you once begin,
You'll find it no great matter to get in,
But rather puzzling to get out again.
This fact one Michael Wiggins found so true,
That he determined to get out of view,
So took up lodgings in a secret lane.

Here, at his window placed, the cunning dog,
Hugging himself on being thus incog.
Reflecting on the horrors of the Fleet,
True, he exclaimed, these lodgings are but mean,
And in the day I cannot well be seen—
Still liberty, dear liberty, is ever sweet!

But quickly broken were his reveries,
For lo! athwart the dusty street he sees,
A wretched, sinful and despairing elf,
Fast'ning a rope the iron lamp post round,
Mounting the steps, and with a fatal bound,
Just going to take a swing and hang himself.

Up Michael starts—compassion lends him wings,
Rushes down stairs—the door wide open flings,
And with his cries the neighborhood alarms,
Arriving just in time the rope to grasp,
Untie the death-dispensing noose, and clasp
The sinking victim in his open arms.

Ah! cries the prostrate wretch, in deep distress,
How can I e'er my gratitude express,
Saved to myself, my children, and my wife;
Oh! that myself, my wife, and children seven,
May daily pour your name in prayers to Heaven!
Tell me, oh tell to whom I owe my life!

Says Michael, with a blush of modest sense,
I'm but the instrument of Providence,
Which mighty ends by humble means procures;
To Heaven alone your gratitude should tend,
In me, however, view your future friend;
My name is *Michael Wiggins*—what is yours?

Quick starting up, and seizing Michael fast,
So! cries the man, I've found you then at last;
There's no mistake—I've nab'd you now, my lad!
Sly as you are, at length you're fairly bit,
I am a *Baskiff*—this here is a writ—
So, master *Wiggys*, come along to quod!

SALE OF BACHELORS.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my alumbors,
And as fast as I dreamed, it was coined into numbers:
My thoughts ran along in such beautiful metre,
I am sure I never saw any poetry sweeter.

It seem'd that a law had been recently made,
That a tax on old Bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry.

The Bachelors grumbled, and said 'twere no use—
'Twas horrid injustice, and horrid abuse;
And declared that to save their own heart's blood from
spilling,
Of such a tax they would never pay a shilling.

But the rulers determined their scheme to pursue,
So they set the old Bachelors up at vendue:
A crier was sent through the town, to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow.

And call out to all he might meet in the way,
Ho, forty odd Bachelors sold here to-day;
And presently all the old maids of the town,
Each one in her very best bonnet and gown;

From thirty to sixty, fair, red, and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale:
The auctioneer then in his labour began,
And call'd out aloud as he held up a man.

How much for a bachelor—who wants to buy?
In a twinkling each maiden responded, I, I—
In short, at a very extravagant price,
The old Bachelors were all sold in a trice.

USE OF PHRENOLOGY.

Away with all doubt and misgiving,
Now Lovers must woo by the book—
There's an end to all trick and deceiving.
No man can be caught by a look.
Bright eyes or a love-breeding dimple
No longer their witchery fling;
That lover indeed must be simple
Who yields to so silly a thing.

No more need we fly the bright glances
Where Cupid shot arrows of yore:
To skulls let us limit our fancies,
And Love by the bumps we explore!
Oh now we can tell in a minute
What fate will be ours when we wed:
The heart has no passion within it
That is not engraved on the head.

The first time I studied the science
With Jane, and I cannot tell how,
'Twas not till the eve of alliance
I caught the first glimpse of her brow.
Casually finely expanding,
The largest I happened to see;
Such argument's far too commanding,
Thought I, to be practiced on me.

Then Nancy came next, and each feature
As mild as an angel's appears;
I ventured, the sweet little creature,
To take a peep over her ears;
Destructiveness, terrible omen,
Most vilely developed did lie!
(Though perhaps it is common in women,
And hearts may be all they destroy.)

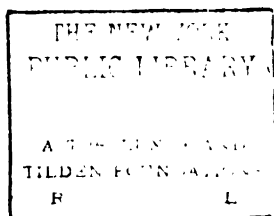
The *organ of speech* was in Fanny;
I shuddered—'twas terribly strong!
Then fled, for I'd rather that any
Than that to my wife should belong.
I next turned my fancy to Mary—
She swore she loved nothing but me;
How the look and the index could vary,
For naught but *self-love* did I see.

Locality, silly betraying
In Helen a passion to roam,
Spoke such predilection for straying—
Thought I—she'll be never at home.
Oh! some were so low in the forehead,
I never could settle my mind;
While others had all that was horrid
In terrible swellings behind.
At length 'twas my lot to discover
The finest of skulls I believe,
To please or to puzzle a lover,
That Spurzheim or Gall could conceive.
'Twould take a whole age to decipher
The bumps upon Emily's head;
So I said, I will settle for life here,
And study them after we're wed.

SYNONYMY.

A Frenchman, who English would learn,
Got hold of an old dictionary,
But had not the sense to discern,
How the meaning of words often vary;
He found that to "squeeze" and to "press"
Were both pretty much the same thing;
So he thus a friend did address:
"Pray squeeze that young lady to sing."
Like most of the French, he was not
At trifles accustomed to stickle;
Soon in a fresh hobble he got,
For he thought to 'preserve' was to 'pickle';
So thus he took leave at the door—
"To see you, dear lady, I glad am,
And till we meet happy once more,
Kind Providence pickle you, madam."

PUN MISCAL.—A gentleman being rather hotly pressed
in company to sing a song, pettishly observed that they
wished to make a *buff* of him. "By no means, my good
fellow," rejoined one of his tormentors, "we only want to
get a *stare* out of you."





END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Engraved for the Casket February 1833 Published by Samuel C. Atkinson.

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OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip, and cut, and slash, and slash,
Like to a censor in a barber's shop:—
Why what, a devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?—*Petruchio*.

No. 2.] PHILADELPHIA.—FEBRUARY. [1833.

Latest Fashions.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Cashmere Pelisse, with rich shawl borders; plain body, with two square tippets with borders; blonde ruff—lilac terry velvet capote, trimmed with an ostrich feather of the same colour, and a fall of Chantilly blonde.

MORNING DRESS.—Dress of emerald green terry velvet *rayee satinee*, the body crossed with folds. Blonde handkerchief. *Marmotte* of Chantilly blonde, with pink gauze ribbons.

THE GUIDE TO DRESS.

From a series of letters from a lady in Paris to her friend in London.

MY DEAR LOUISA,

I have been several times to the Italian Opera, and have yet observed nothing really remarkable in the style of dress. There is little change. There are many ladies who still go *en negligé*. I however observed many of our most fashionable women at the representation of "*La Reprise de Moïse*" at the French Opera, who had evidently bestowed great care on their dress. The countess of C— displayed the best taste. She wore a dress of *velours mousseline*, *dalia* colour; the corsage flat with a rich blonde mantilla which fastened before. The long chantilly sleeves were remarkably beautiful. Her hair was most tastefully dressed with white feathers of moderate length, and pearls. I observed more ladies with Marabout's plumes and golden wheat, than last year. Flowers in the hair seem to be less worn.

The make of dresses change so little, that there is scarcely any thing new to describe. One of our first dress-makers, however, has assured me, that trimmings will again become the fashion this winter for ball dresses. This I know will please you; for plain dresses, such as were worn last season, could be made by almost any lady's maid, while now we may be distinguished by the choice of an elegant trimming, which will render it easy to discover a dress made at a good

house. I think I recollect hearing you say that you liked flowers mixed with ribbons; that is not altogether to my taste, I confess; but I suspect I shall be obliged to yield my judgment to higher authority.

I have already spoken of the colours which I thought likely to prevail. This is now determined, and the prevailing colours will be *mais** and *dalia*. The first being the lighter colour, will be the most *distingue*. *Dalia* is seen in most houses; I much regret that it should be so universal, as it is so very becoming. Fortunately, however, it is only much worn in bonnets. If you entrust me with any commission for the present season, I shall send you a dress of *velours epingle armure* of *dalia*, as this is still a choice colour for dress. Bonnets continue to be worn frightfully small. I confess to you that I find them quite extravagant. It is difficult to understand how the good houses could ever have encouraged any thing so absurd. Herbault has made me one which is universally admired; this somewhat reconciles me to it; it is of *mais* satin, lined with *velours epingle* of the same colour, with a *frimatee* feather, and a single bow at the side. I think I have already told you that morning bonnets are no longer worn without a little blonde cap under.

Next week there is to be a grand assembly on the domains of the Duchess D'O—. I have had some extremely pretty things made for the occasion;—a satin pelisse of *rose Jericho*, a little trimmed in front and a *draperies croisées*, with which I intend to wear my *mais* bonnet. For dress a *robe de moire rose rayee satinee*, with long net sleeves, and the corsage trimmed with blonde. I intend also to wear a small white crape hat with two feathers.

I have had a present of a magnificent blue cashemire cloak, with large palm borders, and palms for the tippets. The effect is splendid. You may judge how delighted I was at receiving

* Indian corn;—this is a Russian term.

it; nothing can be more elegant; and I expect it will be much admired by the company at the chateau. I have also a very pretty cap, smart and youthful, a thing by no means common in that description of head-dress. It is of blonde, with flowers at the side, and a wreath behind, disposed in such a manner as to show the arrangement of the hair.

Aprons have a very delightful effect when worn under the dressing-gowns, which I admired above all things. The latter are made of India muslin or in *batiste linon*, worked all over, or a *colonnes gothiques*; and they have large *pele-rines* trimmed with Valenciennes. The collars are also trimmed with the same lace. These dressing-gowns are so worked as to hide the seams. They are all lined with *marceline* of different colours.

For some time the *corbeilles* in which the shawls were presented, have been superseded by a *coffret*. I have seen the one intended for Mademoiselle B—. It is made of Palysandre wood—of an exceedingly elegant shape, lined with white velvet, and the arms inlaid on the cover, which is quite a novelty. The little gold key is in the best taste. I have only seen two of the cashmere shawls of which this *coffret* will be the future repository. The one is square, of *vert anglais* with a large border, corner and *rosaces*. The other is a long one, *harlequin*, with a black ground. They are both extremely beautiful. I saw Mademoiselle de D— yesterday. She was better dressed than ever. You know her passion for *chalis*. We always see her with the newest patterns, but I never saw any thing so pretty as she wore yesterday. It was striped, blue, orange, and white, in *bouquets de cashemire*. As she is rather stout, the stripes suit her admirably.

Believe me yours affectionately,

A. DE M.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

"I CANNOT GRIEVE."

The fondest dream of happiness

My spirit ever knew,

The brightest picture of success

My fancy ever drew—

The base of hopes, as purely bright

As flattered soul could weave—

Has vanished like a dream of night,

And yet I cannot grieve!

'Yes! 'twas the source whence I obtained

A balm for every wo—

The only fountain that remained,

Whence earthly joys could flow;

Too fondly, had I hoped 'twould last,

Its influence never leave;

But no, the soothing spell is past,

And yet, I cannot grieve!

My spirit will not deign to bow

At melancholy's shrine,

When injury inflicts the blow

It never will repine.

No power now can break the spell,

My shattered hopes retrieve;

Yet grief shall ne'er my bosom swell,

It will not, cannot grieve!

RUSTICUS.

PRIZE TALE.

[The subjoined TALE, from the pen of A. H. SMITH, Esq. has been accepted by the committee as entitled to the premium of one hundred dollars, offered by the publisher of the Casket, for the best Tale, founded on incidents connected with American History. A large number of articles was sent in, many of which, however, had no reference to the subject desired, but showing the versatility of talent, as the real ability of American writers in general. From among all these, the following has been selected as the best. The literary execution is highly creditable; the incidents are stirring and remarkable; the point in our national history chosen by the writer may be said to be its very crisis; and we doubt not of our readers being well pleased with this new gem struck out by the touch of literary emulation.]

The Outlaw of the Pines.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

In the autumn and winter of 1776, the people of New Jersey, experienced their share of the miseries of civil war. During no period of the Revolutionary contest, did the *regulars* of the royal service, so shamefully transgress the laws of humanity, or the rules of civilized warfare; as when in their march through the Jerseys, boasting of the conquest over the "rebels," as already achieved, they drove before them the dispirited and tentless army of the Colonies. But horrible as were the outrages committed by the chivalry of Britain, upon helpless women, and superannuated men, they were followed by an effect, eminently serviceable to the good cause. Another and more patriotic spirit was roused in the bosoms of the hitherto peaceful and indifferent inhabitants. While the victorious army occupied the country, almost without the shadow of open opposition, and its commander was making his arrangements for the future government of the Colony, that spirit was busily at work, gathering fresh vigor from every new instance of brutality. Silently, but resolutely the militia was organized, and prepared for insurrection at the proper moment. The victories of Trenton and Princeton, were received as the signals for action. The enemy, forced to retire upon New Brunswick, found himself at every step of his retreat watched, opposed, and pursued by the maddened yeomanry of New Jersey. From this time forth, the militia of that Colony redeemed its character, and under their favorite leader, Gen. Maxwell, did good service. They never forgot or forgave the oppression or the oppressor, and needed no other incentive to bring them into the field—thus teaching the invaders a lesson, which they might, at less cost, have learned from history, that to retain the obedience of a people, their affections must be secured, by kind and equitable treatment.

At the period of my story, the royal army was in almost peaceful possession of the Jerseys, from Burlington to New York. Washington, with the remnant of his disbanding army, had retired over the Delaware. Earl Cornwallis, in rather premature contempt of his enemy, talked of "keeping the King's peace in New Jersey, with a Cor-

poral's guard," and had disposed of his troops, with more regard to their comfort than security, for the winter, in Burlington, Bordentown, Trenton, &c., till spring should enable him to prosecute and complete his conquests. It was late in December; the cold for the season, was unusually severe, and the troops rarely stirred from their quarters to visit the interior. This respite would have been refreshing to the harassed inhabitants, had not the withdrawal of the regular soldiery left too free scope for the more desperate followers of King George, or for others who usurped his authority, as a pretence for the most disgusting violence, and oftentimes murder. Of the latter class, the most terrible, and still remembered in the traditions of the country, was one FAGAN, the leader of about twenty ruffians—whose perfect insensibility to the ordinary fears and feelings of humanity, made him the fit chief of such a brotherhood. If nature ever produced a *perfect wretch*, without a single redeeming trait in his character, Fagan was he. There was no interesting romance about his motives or his deeds. For the pleasure of my readers and the success of my tale, I wish there had been. But alas! he was actuated by a poetic hatred to the race, goaded by no undeserved contumely. He simply robbed for gain, and murdered to conceal the robbery. Tradition, which loves to dwell upon the honesty of thieves and the generosity of outlaws, has handed down no deed of *his* to relieve the blackness of his name; and history assures, that he possessed no quality in common with the Corsairs and Massaroni's of modern romance, but their courage and their guilt. The hiding-place of the band was in the pine barrens of New Jersey, and they thence received the title of the Pine Robbers, from the people of this country. Multiplied instances of violence upon women, and even mere children, who fell into their power, had rendered them the terror of all classes, sexes and ages. Still, in consequence of the unhappy state of the country, overrun without being protected by the English army, they uniformly escaped the punishment due to their crimes. The whigs charged their doings to the credit of the Tories and refugees; but the calumny was undeserved. The robbers were *against* both, and favored neither. They plundered a Tory in the name of Congress and the Continent, and were true "liegemen to the Crown," when an unfortunate whig chanced within their power. The period of my tale was admirably calculated for their operations and industriously improved.

I must now introduce my reader to the interior of a farm-house, not many miles from Trenton, upon the high road leading to Bordentown, and within view of the Delaware. The appearance of things denoted comfort and ease, if not wealth. Before an enormous hearth, upon which burned the remnant of a mighty fire, sat four individuals. The clock—I do not wish to create unnecessary uneasiness—but the clock *had* just told one. The dress of the party, indicated their connexion with that peculiar society, "by the world called Quakers." Contrary to their usual habit of industry, they were unemployed, and evidently waiting at that late hour, some unusual event. Beside a table, on which lay the relinquished books, and

needle-work of the company, sat a handsome old man of about sixty, whose ruddy complexion, clear eye and erect form, bore evidence to an active spirit, and unbroken constitution. Though his *dress* strictly accorded, a physiognomist would have doubted his adherence in *all* things, to the rules of his sect; and a patriot would have regretted to see the strength that frame exhibited, devoted to the tillage rather than the defence of the soil. In truth, Nathaniel, or as he was generally called, Nathan Collins, had been disowned by the meeting for divers irregularities since the commencement of the contest, savoring too much of the "world's ways;" and especially for encouraging his two sons to join the army. Though "dealt with" after their fashion, and proud rather than convinced of his misdeeds, Nathan retained the dress, manners and opinions in which he had been educated, and upon all occasions, exhibited a most jealous regard for the principles and character of the society, when assailed by those whom it rather complacently terms "world's people," as distinguished by that "singularly gifted handful, who obey the discipline of Friends." It was in expectation of the return of these young men from the army, whence they were expected to be discharged for the winter, that the family waited at the unusual and ominous hour, above recorded. In order to avoid the notice of the Hessians at Trenton, they had chosen the night to cross the river, and had been expected at least an hour before. The other "Friends" were females. Hannah Collins, Nathan's companion, was a fine looking portly old—*lady*, we should say, were it not strictly against the discipline—for lady she was. Though we must, lest offence should come, designate Friend Hannah as an *old woman*. Rachel—no matter for her *other* name—was in her fortieth year, and stood in about that degree of relationship to the family. She was prim, complacent, kind-hearted and single, and now on a visit to "Cousin Hannah." Amy, Nathan's daughter, completed the party now assembled, and was an animated specimen of that very interesting, mischievous and simple-hearted class of young women, who dress plainly—when they cannot help it—and marry out of meeting, when they please, whether "friends consent" or not. She was clad in strict conformity to the *letter* of the law; there was no forbidden color, or unlawful garment, but so as to infringe its *spirit* as far as she dare, by a certain nameless arrangement of the materials, showing to great advantage a perfect figure and most winning face, for quaker girls are but mortal women after all.

Amy and her father sat in silence, watching with great apparent anxiety, the progress of the fire. The two elder ladies were in conversation which, however, was principally carried on by Cousin Rachel, and did not seem particularly to interest the mother, whose attention was frequently attracted by the tread of passengers on the road, or by the wind, which sounded like human voices in the distance, as it gently moaned through two or three pines, which stood near the house. The former was discoursing of some meeting, at which she had been present.

"I hope nothing has happened to the boys," interrupted the father, rising from his seat and

walking to a window, which looked towards the river.

"Perhaps, father, they have failed to cross the river," said Amy, "it was choked with ice at sundown."

"The boys would not mind that—surely those lazy Hessians have not ventured out this cold night."

"Something may have made their stay necessary, if it be true that the army has almost all deserted, they cannot be spared, and would not *wish* to be."

"I hope not; but I don't believe it; it is an English falsehood intended to discourage us."

"Indeed, Nathan, I fear it is true, more particularly by what is reported of their suffering state," said Hannah.

"Does thee? then I have it on my mind to follow the boys, what dost think, Hannah? and show them how an *old* quaker can fight, they say the young ones do pretty well."

"Oh Nathan, how thee talks."

"I am in earnest, Hannah! If I were sure Fagan would not pay you a visit in my absence."

Footsteps were heard advancing up the avenue from the road.

"There they are at last," eagerly exclaimed Amy.

"Let me see," said Nathan, as with the placid manner, characteristic of a Friend, he moved to a window which commanded a view of the kitchen door, at which a knocking had commenced. He could distinguish six men, armed and equipped like militia men, and another, whose pioned arms proclaimed him a prisoner. His sons were not of the party: and as the persons of the strangers were unknown, and the guise of militia man often assumed by Fagan, our friend was not "easy in his mind how to act." His first idea was to feign deafness, but a second knock, loud enough to wake all but the dead, changed his intention—he raised the window and hailed the men:

"Friends, what's your will?"

"A little refreshment of fire and food, if you please; we have been far on duty, and are half frozen and quite starved."

"We don't entertain them who go to war."

"Yes, but you will not refuse a little refreshment to poor fellows like us, this cold night; this would be as much against the principle of your society as war."

"Thee's from Trenton?"

"No, I thank you; Nathan Collins is too well known as a friend to the country, and an honest man, to aid a refugee—we know that."

"Soap the old fox well," whispered one of the band.

"Come, friend, make haste and let us in, we are almost famished, and have far to go before sunrise, or we may change places with our prisoner here, before sunset."

"But what does the party here, this side the river, right under the Hessians' nose, if—"

"Oh, we are minute men, sent from within, by Capt. Smallcress, to seize this deserter—don't you mean to let us in?"

Nathan closed the window and said—"I don't know what to make of these men—Amy call the boys: tell them make haste and bring their guns,

but keep them out of sight, where they will be handy."

As the command was obeyed, and the three young men, laborers on the farm, appeared, and placed their guns behind the inner, their master unbolted the outer door and admitted five of the armed men—the prisoner and one of his captors remaining without. Nathan thought this unnecessary of so cold a night, and a little suspicious—"Will not thy companions enter also?"

"No—thank you; he guards the prisoner."

"But why may not the prisoner too?"

"Pshaw! he's nothing but a deserter. The cold will be good for him."

"I must say," quoth Nathan, 'exercised,' as he afterwards owned, past endurance, "thy conduct neither becomes thy nature as a man, or thy calling, which should teach thee more feeling—I'll take the poor fellow something to eat myself."

The old man had reached the door on his merciful errand, meaning it is true, to satisfy his curiosity at the same time, when he who had acted as leader of the party, sprang from his chair, and placing his hand on his host's breast, pushed him rudely back—"Stand back—back, I say"—and then in a cooler air—"and mind your own business, if you are a quaker."

There was a momentary struggle in Nathan's mind, whether to knock the fellow down, as from appearances he easily might, or to yield, in obedience to his *principles*. "It was strongly on his mind," he confessed, to pursue the former course; but prudence conquered, and he quietly withdrew to the upper end of the apartment, where his men lounged on a bench, apparently half asleep, and indistinctly visible in the light of the fire and one small candle, which burned near the strangers. In the interim, the old cook had been summoned, and had arranged some cold provisions on the table. "Old Annie," as she was universally called, must be introduced in form. She was the child of Indian and mulatto parents, but possessed none of the features of her darker relation, except a capacious mouth, and lip to match. She refused to associate with either negroes or Indians, considering herself as belonging to neither, and indulging a sovereign contempt for both. Her favorite term of reproach was "*Injin*" and "*Nigger*," and when they failed *separately* to express her feelings, she put the two together, a compliment always paid the Hessians, when she had occasion to mention them. A party of these marauders had, on a visit to her master's house, stolen her fall's store of sausages; thenceforth she vowed eternal enmity to the race, a vow she never forgot to the day of her death.

The strangers ate their repast, showing any thing but confidence in their entertainer, and ate, each man with his gun resting on his shoulder. During the whole meal, he who called himself their captain, was uneasy and restless. For some time he appeared to be engaged in a very close scrutiny of the household, who occupied the other end of the kitchen—a scrutiny which, owing to the darkness, could not yield him much satisfaction. He then whispered anxiously and angrily with his men, who answered in a dogged obstinate fashion, that evidently displeased him;

til finally rising from his seat, he bade them follow, and scarcely taking time to thank Nathan for his food and fire, passed out of the door and made hastily from the house.

"Well now, that beats me!" said Elnathan, as he and his comrades looked at each other in astonishment, at the abrupt departure and singular conduct of their guests.

"That are a queer lark, any how!" responded John, "it beats all natur!"

"The Injins," said Ann, "if that is not Fagan or some of his gang, never trust me!—why did you not give 'em a shot, the tarnal thieves?"

But our household troop were too glad to get rid of their visitors, to interrupt their retreat. The house was secured again and the men had thrown themselves down before the fire, and some of them were already asleep, when another knock at the same door, brought them as one man to their feet. On opening the door, a laborer attached to a neighboring farm, presented himself, breathless from haste and almost dead with fear. When he so far recovered his speech as to be able to tell his story, he proved to be the man whom the pretended militiamen had brought with them as a prisoner, and his captors, nothing less than Fagan and a portion of his band. They had that night robbed five different houses before they attempted our friend's. Aware that his sons were from home, they expected to find the old man unsupported, but having gained admission into the house, they were surprised at the appearance of the three additional men. Fagan, however, was bent upon completing their enterprise, in spite of all opposition; but his followers obstinately refused. At the foot of the avenue, a bitter quarrel ensued, and mutual recrimination, Fagan taxing his men with cowardice. But the fear of pursuit silenced them at length. The next question was, how to dispose of their prisoners, whom they had seized in one of their "affairs," and for want of some means of securing him, brought with them. Fagan, as the shortest way, proposed, as he had before, to cut his throat; but the proposal was overruled as unnecessary. He was unbound, and upon his solemn promise to return, without giving the alarm, to his own home, one of the band returned him his silver buckles and a little money they had abstracted from his chest. In consideration whereof he made to the nearest house and gave the alarm, impelled by instinct more than any thing else—being fairly frightened out of the higher faculties of a reasonable being.

The above relation was interrupted by an explosion of fire arms, which broke suddenly upon the clear, frosty night, and startled even Nathan. Another and another followed before a word was uttered.

"What can that be? It must be at Trenton."

"By jingo," exclaimed Elnathan, forgetting in his excitement, that his master was present, "if I don't believe our men ain't giving the Hessians a salute this morning, with ball catrages—there it goes again!—I say, John, it's a piert scrimmage."

In his own anxiety, Nathan forgot to correct his servant's profanity. "It must be—but how they got over through the ice without wings—"

"No matter zackly how, marster, its them, I'll warrant; them's hard plums for a Christmas pudden, ha! ha! they get it this morning, them tarnation Hessian niggers!"

"Ann, thee'll never forgive the Hessians, thy sausages and pork."

"Forgive—not I. All my nice sassaages, and buckwheat cakes, ready buttered—and all for them 'are yaller varments."

The firing having continued some minutes, though less in volleys than at first, gradually ceased, and all was quiet, as if nothing had happened to disturb the deathlike stillness of the night. Yet, in that brief half hour, the fate of a continent was decided—the almost desperate cause of the colonies was retrieved—the tide of misfortune was turned back upon the foe—a long, and fearful struggle remained; but from that night the friends of liberty ceased to despond of success. They were successful—undoubtedly, and in a good cause, with the smile of heaven on their exertions, they could not fail. Fellow countrymen, children of a race of patriots, it is your no less arduous and equally noble task to preserve the liberties your fathers, at so fearful a cost, achieved for you and your sons.

The attention of Nathan was diverted, by this first incident, from the other events of the night; but was soon recalled to the pursuit of the robbers, and the relief of their victim; who, from their late prisoner's account, had been left in an unpleasant condition. His men being despatched to collect aid, Nathan now remained with old Anne, the sole efficient defender of the house. He was not doomed to wait their return undisturbed—the indistinct sound, as of many feet, was heard rapidly advancing along the road to Bordentown.

"It's them Hessians," said Anne. But Nathan thought not—it was not the tread of regular troops, but the confused rush of a multitude. He hastened to an upper window to reconnoitre. The day had begun to break, and he easily distinguished a large body of men in Hessian uniform, hurrying along the road in broken ranks. As they came nearer, he perceived many individuals, half clad, and imperfectly equipped. The whole consisted of about six hundred men. Before their rear was lost behind a turn in the road, another body appeared in rapid pursuit. They marched in closer order, and more regular array. In the stillness of the morning the voice of an officer could be distinctly heard, urging on the men. They bore the well known standard of the colonies. It all flashed on Nathan's mind—Washington had crossed the river, and was in pursuit of the routed foe. The excited old man forgot his years, as he almost sprang down stairs to the open air, proclaiming the tidings as he went. Even the correct Hannah, who had preserved her faith unbroken, in spite of her husband's and son's contumacy, and the, if possible, still more particular Rachel, were startled from their usual composure, and gave vent to their joy.

"Well, now, does thee say so?" said the latter, eagerly following the others to the door. "I hope it is not unfriendly to rejoice for such a cause."

"I hope not, cousin Rachael," said Amy, "not

to be proud that *our* boys have had a share in the glorious deed."

Amy was left to herself, and broke loose, upon this occasion, from the bonds of Quaker propriety; but no one observed the transgression—except old Anne.

"That's right, Amy Collins; I like to hear you say so. How them Hessians can run—the tarnal niggers—they steal sassaages better than they stand bullet. I told 'em it would be so, when they was here beguzzlen my bucket cakes, in plain English; only the outlandish Injins couldn't understand their mother tongue.—They're got enough swallowed without chawen, this morning. I wish 'em nothen but Jinerel Maxwell, at their tails, tickling 'em with continental bagnets."

"That friend speaks my mind," said Elnathan, with a half sanctimonious, half waggish look, and slight nasal twang.

"Mine, too," as devoutly responded a companion, whom he had just brought to assist in the pursuit of the robbers.

The whole family had assembled at the door to watch the motions of the troops. The front ranks had already passed down the road, when a horseman, at full speed, galloped along the line of march to the extreme right, and commanded a halt. After a few minutes' delay, two or three officers, followed by a party carrying a wounded man, emerged from the ranks, and approached the house. This was too much for the composure of our late overjoyed family; all hastened to meet their wounded or dead relation, but were disappointed agreeably—the brothers were indeed of the party, but unhurt.

"Charles—boys—what means?"

"Nothing, father, except that we paid the Hessians a friendly visit, this morning. You saw them?"

"A part—where are the rest?"

"Oh, we could not consent to turn them out of their comfortable quarters this cold night, so we insisted on their remaining, having first gone through the trifling ceremony of grounding their arms."

"But why not pursue them?"

"We have orders to stop. If they should have heard the firing at Bordentown, they might be coming up this way, and a meeting would not be convenient just now."

The growing between the young soldiers, and their more peaceful relatives, could not have been more cordial, if their hands had been unstained with blood. Nathaniel proffered refreshment to the whole detachment; old Anne trembled for her diminished stock of sausages, and remarked to Elnathan, that it would take "a tarnal griddle" to bake cakes for "all that posse cotatus." But the offer was declined by the officer in command, who only desired our friends to take charge of the wounded Hessian, whom his own men had deserted in the road.

In the mean while about forty men had assembled at Nathan's summons to pursue the robbers, some of them having first visited those who had suffered from the previous night's depredations. In one instance they found a farmer tied in his own stable, with his horse gear; and his wife with the bed cord, to some of the furniture in

her own apartment. In another place, the whole household was quietly disposed, down a shallow well, up to their knees in water, and half frozen. In a third, a solitary man, who was the only inmate at the time, having fled in his fright to the house top, was left there by the unfeeling thieves who secured the trap door within. But the last party who arrived had a bloody tale to tell.—They had been to the house of Joseph Farr, the sexton to a neighboring Baptist Church; a reputation for the possession of concealed gold, proved fatal to him. On entering his house, the door of which stood open, the party sent to his relief, stumbled over his body. After having most cruelly beaten him, in the hope of extorting the gold he was said to possess, the murderers, upon his obstinate denial, pierced him in twenty places with bayonets. His old bedridden wife was still alive in her bed, though the blood had soaked through the miserable pallet, and ran in a stream into the fire place. Their daughter, a woman of fifty years, fled the house as the murderers entered, and was pursued by one of them, nearly overtaken, and even wounded in the arm by his bayonet; but his foot slipped in making the thrust, and she escaped slightly hurt.

This bloody business aroused the whole country; a persevering and active pursuit was commenced. The murderers had many miles to traverse before they could reach a safe retreat, and were obliged to lighten themselves of their heavier plunder in the chase. Four were shot down in the pursuit; the knapsack of a fifth was found partly concealed in a thicket, and pierced with a ball, which had also penetrated a large mass of continental money in sheets, and by the blood on the inner covering, had done good service on the wearer. It was believed that he contrived to conceal himself in a thicket, and died there; as he was never heard of after. Fagan alone escaped unhurt to the Pines, and for days defied all the exertions of the indefatigable peasantry. By this time the pursuing party had increased to nearly two hundred men. The part of the wood in which he was known to be concealed, was surrounded and fired, till the wretch was literally burned from his den, and in an attempt to escape from one flaming thicket to another, taken alive although not unwounded.—One of the gang, who had not partaken in the deeds we have detailed, was secured at the same time.

There appeared to be no difference of opinion about the mode of disposing of the prisoners—indeed an opinion was scarcely asked or given. It seemed taken for granted—a thing of course—the culprits were led in silence to the selected place of execution. There was neither judge nor jury—no delay—no prayer for mercy; a large oak then stood at the forks of two roads, one of which leads to Freehold; from the body of the tree a horizontal branch extended over the latter road, to which two ropes were attached. One of them having been fixed to the minor villain's neck, his sufferings were soon over; but a horrible and lingering death was reserved for Fagan. The iron hoops were taken off a meat cask, and by a blacksmith in the company, fitted round his anoles, knees and arms, pinioning the latter to his body, so that excepting his

his head, which was "left free to enjoy the prospect," he could not move a muscle. In this condition he hung for days beside his stiffened companion dying by inches of famine and cold, which had moderated, so as without ending, to aggravate his misery. Before he died he had gnawed his shoulder from very hunger. On the fifth night, as it approached twelve o'clock, having been motionless for hours, his guards believed him to be dead, and tired of their horrid duty, proposed to return home. In order, however, to be sure, they sent one of the party up the ladder to feel if his heart still beat; he had ascended into the tree, when a shriek unlike any thing human, broke upon the stillness of the night, and echoed from the neighboring wood with redoubled power. The poor fellow dropt from the tree like a dead man, and his companions fled in terror from the spot. When day encouraged them to return, their victim was swinging stiffly in the north wind; now lifeless as the companion of his crime and its punishment. It is believed to this day, that no mortal power operating upon the lungs of the dead murderer, produced that awful, unearthly, and startling scream—but that it was the voice of the Evil one, warning the intrusive guard, not to disturb the fiend in the possession of his lawful victim; a belief materially strengthened by a fact that could not be disputed—the limbs upon which the robbers hung, after suffering double pollution from them and their master's touch, never budded again; it died from that hour; the poison gradually communicated to the remaining branches, till from a flourishing tree, it became a sapless, leafless and blasted trunk, and so stood for years, at once an emblem and a monument of the murderer's fate.

Fagan was never buried, his body hung upon its gibbet till the winds picked the flesh from off his bones, and they fell asunder by their own weight. A friend of mine has seen his horrid countenance, as it hung festering, and blackening in the sun, and remembers by way of amusement, between schools, pelting the body with stones. The old trunk has disappeared, but the spot is still haunted in the belief of the people of the neighbourhood, and he is a bold man, who dare risk a nocturnal encounter with the Bloody Fagan, instead of avoiding the direct road at the expense of half mile's additional walk. Shrieks are still heard of the calm moon-light nights, when nothing human or elemental is in motion, and even the musical rushing of the wind through the pines is still, no persuasion, or force, will induce a horse *educated in the neighbourhood*, to pass the fated spot at night, although, he will express no uneasiness by day light. The inference is that the animals, as we know animals *do*, and Balaam's certainly *did*, see more than their masters. A sceptical old gentleman, near, thinks this only the force of habit, and that the innocent creatures, have been so taught by the cowards who drive them, and would saddle their horses with their own folly.

I am at the close of my story—and not a lover, or a tender scene in the whole tedious relation—alas! what a defect, but it is too late to mend it now. It only remains to take leave of our friends. Nathan and Hannah, have mingled

with dust, and their spirits with that society, whose only business is love, and where sighing, and contention can never intrude. Nathan was permitted on expressing his sorrow, that he had "disobliged friends" to rejoin his society and died an elder. Rachael departed at a great age, as she had lived, a spotless maiden. The blooming, the warm hearted, mischievous Amy, lives a still comely old lady, the mother of ten sons, and the grand parent of three times as many more. She adheres strictly to all the rules of her society, and bears her testimony in the capacity of a public friend. Still she is evidently not a little proud of her father's, and brother's share in the perils, and honours of the revolutionary contest though she affects to condemn, their contumacious, and unfriendly conformity to the world's ways, and their violation of "friends testimony concerning war." Old Anne died four years since, at an almost incredible age, though she was not able to name the exact number of the days of her pilgrimage. From the deep furrows on her cheeks, and the strong lines of her naturally striking countenance, which as she advanced in years, assumed more and more the character of her Indian parentage, and the leather like appearance of her skin, she might have passed for an antediluvian, while other less important matters lost their impression on her memory, the Hessian inroads upon her sausages and buckwheat cakes, remained unimpaired upon its tablet. It was neither forgotten, nor *entirely* forgiven to the last. She sent for the author when on her deathbed, to make some arrangement of her little affairs. He found her strength of body exhausted, but her powers of mind unimpaired. After disposing her stock of personalities among some of her friends, she turned to him. "That's all Mr. Charles, except the old sash, you used to play with, which I spilled from the Hessian officer, the in-jan—Keep that to mind old Anne by."

"Thank you Anne. I'll keep it carefully. But you must not bear malice *now*. Anne, you must forgive even the Hessians.

"What them Hessians, the bloody thieves?" and the old woman's eyes lighted up, and she almost raised in her bed, with astonishment, as she asked the question.

"Yes even *them*, you are about to need forgiveness as much as they—they *were* your enemies, and persecutors, whom you are specially enjoined to pardon, as you would expect to be pardoned."

"So it is, Mr. Charles, you say the truth, poor ignorant sinful mortal that I am! well then I do. I *hope* I do forgive e'm—I'll try—the bloody creters."

An elegant writer observes: "the coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed in what we ought to be."

Nothing lowers a great man so much, as not seizing the decisive moment of raising his reputation. This is seldom neglected, but with a view to fortune, by which mistake it is not unusual to miss both.

THE PRIZE POEM.

[The subjoined poem entitled "SUNSET AT ROME," from the pen of the Rev. Mr. MULLER, has been chosen by the committee as entitled to the premium offered for the best article of poetry for the Casket. It is needless for us to enlarge upon the merits of this true poetic brilliant. The classical reader will at once discover and be charmed with a production so worthy of American literature.]

SUNSET AT ROME.

Inscribed to Washington Irving, Esq.

A day hath pass'd in Rome, and round her spires
The farewell sun hath lit a thousand fires;
Vanquish'd his strength, the blazing God of Day
Sinks from his throne, and hides each quiv'ring ray;
He smiles no more on earth, yet round his shrine
Gleam the last beauties of his bright decline;
While o'er his flaming wheels in triumph play
The transient flashes of expiring day.
That blazing glory, which at noon unfur'd
Its gorgeous standard to the gazing world,
Is quenched not; and its crimson light
Falls on the far-off Tuscan's rocky height,
And sends its last blush o'er the yellow wave,
Where Tyber winds beneath Metella's grave!*
See from yon Alban Mount, the deep red glow
Throws its broad radiance on the vales below;
While shadows from the Tarpeian summit fall
O'er the dark ruins of the Cæsars' hall.

Twilight is round me! and each vestige gone
That mark'd the God in beauty as he shone;
Save where reflected from his buried car
One ray yet lingers in the Vesper star;
Lone sentinel within the silent sphere,
He hails each planet of the viewless air,
And comes like Hope, to shed his soften'd light,
O'er the dark bosom of affliction's night.

Far-famed Italia—Saturn's star-crown'd coast,
Thus hath thy Sun gone down—its brightness lost!
That orb that with thy morn of beauty came,
And rose resplendent o'er thy early name,
No longer lives, nor glows with light refined,
O'er the lost empire of thy perish'd mind.
That source and centre of Promethean fire,
Whose touch ethereal tuned Apollo's Lyre;
No longer warms the cherish'd soul of song,
Nor wakes the thunder of the patriot's tongue.

"God of the silver bow!"† no more thy sound
Woes each lov'd Muse to haunts of classic ground;
No longer Genius leaves his lonely cell,
In thy bright myrtle groves with fame to dwell;
Nor soft Parnassian maids around thy shrine
Bring laurel'd wreaths to grace the lovely Nine.
As thus beneath the ruin'd porch of Fame,‡
The thoughtful Muse recalls some honor'd name;
What faded images of glory rise
From out the tombs where buried greatness lies:

Horatius Flaccus sleeps! oh who shall tell
The triumphs of that name?—the magic spell
Of well remember'd odes, enchanted lays;
The pride of scholars, and the pedant's praise.
The attic wit whose spirit fann'd the flame,
And lent its fires to gild the Augustan name.
"Integer vito,"§—who shall wake again
The Harp that kindled first that master-strain?
Or who shall boast of satire's pointed song,
While Horace sings to charm the list'ning throng.
Virgilius Publius, too—I write thy name!
The treasure'd talisman of Roman fame:
"Arms and the Man,"|| with epic skill refin'd,
Welcome such music to the classic mind.
Mysterious train of thought—what power can bind
Thy fairy movements o'er the immortal mind?
'Tis flight of ages—space—all earth and sea,
Prescribe no bounds to thy immensity!
'Tis thus the soul returns to boyhood's day
To rescue back one thoughtless hour from play;
To feel once more the magic of that power,
That charm'd the vigils of the midnight hour;
To hear again the clash of Trojan arms,
See fair Creusa mid her wild alarms;
And breathe with Æneas to his aged sire,
The filial vow which Nature's laws inspire.

'Tis thus at Rome the pilgrim comes to mourn
O'er faded relics Time hath rudely worn;
That thus—from its own pure and bright domain—
The Mind of ages comes to earth again.
While Fancy with her wildest theme, renews
Some lov'd memorial of each sleeping Muse.
Illustrious Maro—Rome still reigns for thee!
Thy fame decrees her immortality.
Gone are her glories, sunk her mighty throne,
Her Kings have perish'd, and her Victors flown;
Arts have decay'd, and letter'd wisdom sleeps
Within the tomb where lie its treasure'd heaps.
Yet thy pure spirit lives throughout her clime,
To swell the measure of its deathless rhyme;
And thy proud language still adorns her page,
The charm of youth—the pride of every age.
Long may she boast the triumphs of that skill,
That wak'd o'er Mantuan chords the lyric thrill;
Long may its echoes fall on every plain,
The purest model of the Tuscan strain:
Till that proud day when o'er Apollo's shrine,
Freedom once more shall shed its fires divine;
And Genius from beneath its kindling flame,
Relume its torch to light the Etrurian name.
Then Rome again shall rule and bless mankind,
Her empire, KNOWLEDGE—and her sceptre, MIND!

Governments are generally about twenty years behind the intellect of their time. In legislation, they are like parents quarrelling what kind of frock the boy shall wear, who, in the meantime, grows up to manhood, and won't wear any frock at all.

Brevities.—A man of genius, by too much dividing his attention, becomes diamond-dust instead of remaining a diamond.

§ The beginning of the 23d Ode of Horace, 1st Book.

|| "Arma virumque cuncto,"—the well known invocation of Virgil to his Muse.

† The Vatican Library.

* The Tomb of Cecilia Metella.

† A title given by Homer to Apollo.

‡ Temple of Fame.

THE PRIZE ESSAY.

[The following article by Dr. JOHN BELL, has been chosen by the examining committee, as entitled to the premium offered by the publisher of the Casket, for the best Essay.]

WHAT OF THE TIMES?

What of the times, my kind Mentor? What but agitation, commotion, and revolution, was the reply. And, he added, after a pause, was it ever otherwise in the history of the world? If we reflect ever so little we cannot but discover, that the mind of nations like that of individuals must have unceasingly wherewithal to exercise and even to waste its powers. When superstition and war fail to furnish aliment, commercial enterprise, or the exercise of the fine and useful arts and all their pomp and circumstance are next had recourse to. These obtained, new sources of agitation are opened: people begin to cast anxious and inquiring glances at their situation; and their relative position to each other and to their possessions is next scrutinized. They are restive under attempts made by their rulers and superiors, to alter the value of property, and to abridge their sphere of personal movement. They now discuss the questions of right and privilege; and amid their perplexity, growing out of the sophisms of courtiers and hirelings, and the evident differences among men in physical, moral and intellectual endowment, as well as in the unequal possession of the goods of fortune by those who originally had similar and equal opportunities for acquiring them, they find it difficult to know, themselves what to ask for, and still more difficult to know how they can obtain their claim, and how insure permanency to its objects. In this dilemma are the nations of the earth at the present time; and hence the universal anxiety and perturbation. But was the world ever quiet, were mankind ever free from the influence of some strong impulse? Let the past, however briefly told, be the reply.

When Europe had recovered from the shock produced by the irruption of the barbarians, and the subversion of the Roman Empire, the people began to be agitated by the claims of rival monasteries for influence and endowment, and the marauding excursions of neighbouring barons and castellains. Superstition and war often assumed more imposing forms by involving the whole nation: but they did not appear on that grand scale which gave them the semblance of religion and justice until the period in which Europe poured not only her armed legions but millions of her people over the plains of Asia. Piety and genuine devotion had little to do with the Crusades, although they were ostensibly engaged in for the recovery of the Holy Land from the infidels. The main spring of action, the incitement with the many, was a spirit of adventure, a love of change and a desire to escape from present restrictions, whether tyrannical or legal, by which the breast of man is ever agitated—Atheists, robbers and pirates made common cause with bishops, knights and barons. So motley was the group and of such disreputable materials was it, at least in part, composed of, that one writer rather quaintly exclaims, "a lamentable case, that the devil's blackguards

should be God's soldiers."—On one occasion the crusaders could allow themselves to attack and capture Constantinople—at another the island of Cyprus. It mattered little, provided they found employment for their arms and gratification of the love of wild adventure which impelled most of them to leave their homes. Knight-errantry was but another mode in which this restless spirit of mankind displayed itself. They who had not patience of disposition to act the part of monks, to chaunt hymns, copy manuscripts and get up miracles for the benefit of their monastery; nor yet who possessed castles and retainers in sufficient force to tyrannize over their serfs and plunder their neighbours, took to the high road as knight's errant; arbitrators, according to their own law, of disputes, and righters after their own whims of wrongs whether real or imaginary. As men always must have some banner and motto under which to battle, theirs was chastity and valour, with impassioned regard for some fair dame, or one whom at least they persuaded themselves was fair, and to prove which, they would at any time dare a doubter to the combat, although it may have happened that they had never seen the object of their enthusiastic regard. These knights-errant were about as sincere in their vocation as the younger sons of nobility and gentry, who enter the army to win honours and glory and the gratitude of their sovereign and the country. Place and profit are of course mere incidents in this brilliant and disinterested career.

It has been made a matter of reproach to the Italian republics, that they did not engage as zealously in the crusades as the people of France, Germany and England. The reason is obvious; they had not less of an orthodox spirit than their northern neighbours; but they found active employment in fighting with each other at home and trading abroad. They were not very solicitous to visit Syria and Egypt as soldiers, when they could more easily and profitably do it as merchants and mariners. They did not stand in need of any new impulse to agitate them—revolution was ever busy and kept them fully occupied—An all powerful duke this month was a wanderer and an outcast the next; a triumphant faction in the city one day, were driven out as ignominious exiles the next. Even in the more regular, because absolute, governments of Rome and Naples, the vicissitudes of fortune among the rulers and the general agitation among the ruled, were scarcely inferior to the commotions experienced as a matter of course among the republics in middle and northern Italy. The episodes in the histories of those countries of the short revolutions accomplished by Cola di Rienzi in Rome, and at a later period by Massaniello in Naples were evidences and effects of the restless and agitating spirit among the people, still more than the result of any preconcerted plan for the ameliorating of their condition.

The fever of the crusades having subsided by the immense loss of lives on both sides, and the palled sense of novelty of the surviving crusaders, the people of Europe found excitement and occupation in the struggles between sovereigns and their feudal barons for power and

rule, in which the Popes played a part by an occasional interdict and excommunication. The successful resistance of the English barons gave them the *Magna Charta*, which served as a precedent and a stimulus to the body of the people to put after a time a check both on them and the King. In France the power of the crown became paramount, and swallowed up both the privileges of the nobles and the rights of the commons. Some diversion to the public mind was of course given from time to time by a foreign war—as for example between France and England, and France and Germany. But cordially as the French and English hated each other, and bitter as was the rivalry between Francis the First and his imperial brother Charles the Fifth, these hates and jealousies had not in them enough of the leaven of change and revolution to rouse the people to a suitable pitch of general phrenzy. This seasonable ferment was however soon to be brought on by the reformation of Luther and Calvin, the workings of which were shown in the long wars, mis-called of religion, in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium and finally in England, Scotland and Ireland; for the bloody struggle between Charles the First and his parliament, which cost that prince his crown and his head, was as much a war of religion as one waged to determine the respective rights of the parties in the conduct of the government.

Europe might have been compared to an immense ship in shallows, without a rudder. She had leaned, during the storm of the crusades to the east, and righted by part of her company throwing themselves on shore, to battle their way among the infidels. The discovery of the new world by Columbus drove the tumultuous crew to the other side; she now careened to the west, and poured out detachment after detachment of restless beings, many of whom would submit to no discipline, whether it was attempted to be enforced by the captain or the chaplain—King or hierarchy. Others would, it is true, say, prayers and repeat *aves*, but they were not on this account the less turbulent and piratical.

The Spanish grandees, overshadowed by the growth of Royal power, so as no longer to be able to tell their king, at his coronation, that they were each of them as good, and altogether more powerful, than he, must have looked to the Western Hemisphere with peculiar pleasure, as a region in which they could, without more than nominal check, exercise sway over vast countries and eventually return home with immense wealth and augmented influence. The mind of Spain, whether displayed in conquest, personal adventure or commerce, found in the new world ample scope for the exercise of its activity. It languished at home, it is true, and sank into a state of apathy from which it has not yet recovered: but the cause is obviously the one which we have just stated; since we find that, coincident with, if not directly produced by the severance of the colonies from the mother country, and the consequent interruption to the active and profitable employment of the leading personages of the latter, were the popular agitation and commotion indicative of a desire for a new and more liberal form of government.

England, the next to participate in the benefits

of discovery and commercial adventure in the new world, became engaged in a different manner, which was productive also of different results from those which followed Spanish occupancy and possession. At first she amused herself with plundering the Spaniards, in war by her regular navy, and in peace by her buccaneers—among the former of whom Drake, among the latter Morgan appears most conspicuous. Both bad, it may be inferred, nearly equal claims to posthumous fame. Raleigh, more conscientious and less successful, was brought to the block for incursions on Spanish America, that were not so illegal as those for which Drake had been received with acclamations by the people and knighted by his Sovereign. In the latter case, however, it was the energetic Elizabeth, in the former the pusillanimous James who made the award. Finding that it could not divide empire with Spain in South America the government of England allowed rather than actually planned and fostered emigration to North America. The temptations to settlement were infinitely less alluring for the English nobility and influential personages of the country than those which had induced the Spanish grandees and hidalgos to plan and execute their schemes of colonization. And fortunately for the people of America that it was so: otherwise there might have been a class of nobility and an extensive church establishment, which, leagued with royalty at home would have been powerful enough to smother democracy in its infancy, or at least to have retarded for a length of time, far beyond our own day, its growth and maturity.

Settlement and colonization in North America were essentially the result of agitation and discontent in England among those who felt themselves oppressed by religious and political intolerance.—It was under these feelings that the puritans landed in New England, Penn and the Friends in Pennsylvania, and Lord Baltimore and the Catholics in Maryland. Unlike the Spaniards in South America, who obtained immense wealth from gold and silver mines, and who were soothed to luxurious repose by a mild and enervating climate, the English settlers were of necessity compelled to cultivate a soil which did not always yield a full harvest to their labour. They were, also, kept almost continually on the alert, to repel the incursions of the Indians, and after a while of the French, reinforced by their savage allies. With such causes of agitation and excitement, there was little risk of the leaven of republicanism and religious zeal, not to say fanaticism, being allowed to lose its fermenting power. The first settlers in New England, the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, were in fact republicans—not by abstract doctrinal belief, but forced thereto by long, angry and agitating discussions in their fatherland. The new colony soon came to be regarded as the asylum of the oppressed, and a cradle of liberty. Of this no stronger evidence can be furnished than the fact that Cromwell, Hampden, Pym, Haselrigg and other men, who afterwards took such a conspicuous and decisive part in the civil war between Charles and the Parliament, were on the point of embarking with their families for New England. The gov-

ernment in an evil hour prevented the emigration. Of the result of this prohibition the after-service and exploits of the three first named characters abundantly testify.

When the peace of 1763, which gave England possession of Canada, found the colonies of North America freed from all danger from French invasion and depredation, nothing more seemed to be requisite than for them to enjoy all the advantages promised by such a state of things. But the spirit of the colonists though soothed by success was still essentially the same. A few blunders on the part of the English government was sufficient to set in motion the elements of agitation; which soon assumed such a shape as to constitute revolution, secession and independence. Is the spirit of change, the love of strong perturbing excitement stilled among us? We fear not.—But we are narrators not prophets.

France, which had aided by arms and money, young America in obtaining her independence, was fated to realize the force of the mythological fiction, that supposed those who caressed Cupid, as an object of pity, should receive in return from the ungrateful boy, into their bosoms, the flame of passion to torture and consume them. France joined America in winning for the latter Liberty: but she was not allowed to retire after the victory, without herself receiving some of the spirit of this goddess. The materials for agitation and commotion were abundant—little was requisite, to set them in motion, and to give them a fearful and overpowering influence. France had had her wars of religion and her whole population had been thoroughly stirred up on the occasion—Cruelties and enormities of the blackest dye were committed by both Catholics and Hugonots. It ought not however to be forgotten that refinements of barbarity exercised by Royal command were in more instances than one exemplars and prototypes of scenes, which in after years were thought to have had their origin in jacobinical ingenuity. Unfortunately for France, the Hugonots were not allowed to become an influential party in the state. Whatever privileges had been conceded to them, the result of long and arduous struggles on their part, were abrogated by the perfidy of Louis XIV: and they and their industry and capital were lost to the country and transferred to foreigners. The long wars under Louis the XIV. and Louis XV. and an extensive foreign commerce furnished food for excitement to the French people: but oppressive taxes—an impoverished treasury—defeats on land and ocean—mortified their vanity and forced them to reflection first, and to new means of agitation afterwards. The corruptions of the government, the oppressions and poverty of the people, the inquiries and agitating spirit of the philosophers, were all conspiring to produce a change, when an additional impulse was given by the return of the troops which had served in America. Their enthusiasm in favour of liberty, their ardent aspirations after the enjoyment of this blessing by Frenchmen, and the means by which to attain it, were concentrated, embodied, as it were, in the person of the young Lafayette. Half a century has now elapsed since that time, and this wonderful man still lives, the depositary and expounder of the same

noble and elevated doctrines which he then held, and which he imbibed from the lips of Washington, Franklin and the other sages and heroes of '76. Among the foremost in the early period of the revolution, so long as change was salutary reform, Lafayette was, however, compelled after a time to retire before the demon of destruction, with impiety, cruelty, and all the horrors and revolting scenes in its train, which the worst features in the Crusades, the fierce intolerance of the wars of the reformation, and the cupidity of piratical avarice, had ever engendered and called into action. With the worst vices, human nature when strongly excited, seldom fails however to exhibit in a contrast, which as on this occasion produced a lurid brightness, of the greatest virtues. When a whole nation is in a state of feverish agitation and the majority have been long ignorant and debased, a reaction is the fury of insanity; the many, the mass, for a time must prevail; and their power will be to level and destroy; and so it was with the French revolution. Excess brought weariness—agitation had not ceased; but a new direction was given to it by a successful soldier; and France in arms flattered herself for a while in the illusion, that, while conquering other nations, she was overthrowing old systems, and sanctioning at least the practice of revolution, though she herself failed to give permanency to its principles. But even this time the French people, to the minutest ramification of the commonality, had not only felt the shock of the revolution; but they enjoyed tangibly its fruits. Crown and church domains and the property of the nobles had changed owners. From the privileged few it had been transferred to the many. Hundreds of thousands of peasants, whom the beginning of the revolution found ignorant and enslaved, were left at its termination with a knowledge of at least their personal rights, and in possession of landed estate. They felt that this was no metaphysical abstraction, no governmental illusion; and it was because they felt this, and were well aware how they became landed proprietors, that they underwent the more willingly such enormous sacrifices of comfort and repose, and often of life, to gratify the ambition of their great leader. Whether Consul or Emperor, they saw in him, like themselves, an inheritor of the revolution. When wearied by his interminable wars, they at length abandoned him, they never forgot, however, their real position with the Bourbons; nor the light in which they were regarded by the returned emigrants. It was their continued suspicions and fears from this source, which kept them in a state of seldom ceasing agitation, and which gave the leaders of the liberal party and the Bonapartists, who rallied under their banner, such a strong hold on their confidence and affections. The charter which Louis XVIII. was compelled to grant the French people, before they would agree to receive him, even supported as he was by the bayonets of the Allies, guaranteed some of the principles of the revolution and the possession of property to its actual occupants. To attempt, therefore, to annul the provisions of the charter, was not only to curtail freedom of speech and of writing, but to dispose, at least to

affirm the after right of dispossessing, of their property the holders of the national domain and confiscated church and seignoral lands. Entire and satisfactory security on this point will insure the support of a majority of the people of France to their government. Wanting this security no ruler, whether King, Emperor, or President can promise himself any permanency of office.

Every nation has within itself an impelling principle by which it tends to progressive change in its social and political condition. Its history, like the life of an individual, exhibits it in youth, maturity and decrepitude. At times it passes through these several stages in a comparatively brief period. In other cases centuries must elapse before a similar course is gone through. The history of one nation is a fallacious guide in forming an opinion of the probable career of another. There are primitive inherent differences among the races of mankind as well as among the people of the same race. The African, the Mongolic or Tartar, and the Caucasian or white race, could not be expected to adopt the same forms of social and political organization even under similar circumstances of free and unrestrained action. Nor can even two adjoining nations be expected to be equally pliant to similar impulses and theories of government. The true constitutional system has only so far been thoroughly adapted by the Anglo-Saxon stock. It is under course of trial in France; it has failed with the Spaniards—and has never yet been fully carried out in Germany, that very country from which our Saxon ancestors came—it remains for time to show how far the primary principles of the rights of man can be carried into full and general operation. It would be uncharitable, perhaps unphilosophical (the terms ought to have more frequently the same meaning) to say that any people are incurably unfitted for the possession and enjoyment of their rights. But one may say that an education is necessary for enabling them to understand the principles which are involved, and to make a suitable and practical application of them. And, after all, differences in primitive or inherent aptitude, the predominance of one order of faculties over the others, acuter sensibilities will give rise to great modifications of first principles and cause no little varieties of ingrafted practices on the original stock. Constitutional law and representative government will receive very different applications according as it shall be adopted by Spaniards, or by Germans or Italians. There is not then any patent process by which the social and political ills of every people are to be cured. Agitation is necessary, but the precise kind of crisis cannot be foreseen. Since the invention of printing and the immense circulation given to the opinions and practices of nations and individuals, a new element of agitation is introduced from without to add to the materials for the same end within. The problem becomes consequently of more difficult solution, to tell how far a people are agitated by causes inherent in their institutions or by the influence of the sentiments of another and neighbouring people; and next, if a reform be determined on, to

know what ought to be elicited from their own experience and what borrowed from their neighbors. The Portuguese have copied the system of a limited monarchy and constitutional government; but as a mere copy, and not springing up from among themselves, it turned out to be a dead letter. The South Americans have copied our institutions, but having had no republican education themselves, they are strangers to the spirit of republicanism; and their resolves are mere holiday declamations, without the force of law or conviction of right. Are we to infer that these people are unfitted for freedom and liberal institutions? By no means. Only they must agitate yet longer, and work out their belief by the evidence of their own observation and experience. It is now upwards of six centuries since England obtained her *Magna Charta*. Within the last two of these, she has brought one of her kings to the block, and banished another, for tyrannical encroachments on the liberties of the people; and yet after all, she is far from the enjoyment of equal laws, and has not yet realized a fair representative system,—despite free discussion, and the most elaborate and continued investigation of the principles of her constitution and the relative powers of her three estates—king, lords, and commons. Of her injustice to Ireland, and the necessity for the people of this latter country to agitate as they are now doing, under the guidance of that arch-agitator, O'Connell, one must be convinced, on a very superficial glance at the state of things in the British empire. Ireland has sufficient inherent energy and knowledge of her rights, to take a place among nations, as a republic—and some of these days she will do so.

We have now shown, we believe, that the spirit of agitation, tending to change and revolution, has been always active among mankind; and if we measure the future by the past, ever will be. It was signally displayed in the crusades, in knight errantry and the practices of chivalry, in the wars between different nations, and the rivalry between cities and provinces of the same nation or people, as among the cities of the Hanseatic League, those of the Netherlands and Italy in the middle ages; afterwards in the wars of the Reformation, in the conquest and settlement of America, and the partial possession of India by Europeans. This spirit, showing itself with peculiar fierceness in England about the time of the first Charles crossed the Atlantic, impelled into existence, the Democracies of these United States, gave rise to the memorable incidents of the first French revolution and though checked it never was laid, and finally has consummated another, and is now, diffusing itself through every other civilized land. Spain begins again to feel it—this time, however, the wife of a dying king takes on herself the task of leading and directing it. Italy is agitated.—Italy which has already been the theatre for two great empires—the first of arms—the second of religion, arts and learning. Greece is again, after the slumber of more than two thousand years, agitated and called into existence as an independent nation; Germany, the nurse of philosophy, of all kinds of systems, the country of domestic virtues and simple energy of character, is distracted with the claims and in-

trigues of her numerous sectional kings and princes. But her regeneration must take place—as will eventually that of Poland—not to independence alone but to freedom—rational and well understood freedom—It is just as impossible for the general as for the individual mind to be stationary and to exist without excitement and agitation whether for good or for evil. If religion and moral and intellectual culture be not sedulously given to a people its energies will take a wrong direction and display themselves in a fearful power destructive finally of itself and involving neighbouring nations in war and revolution.

ORIGINAL.

TO IMOGENE.

Why, gentle Oscar, dost thou mourn,

Why doth thy young heart grieve?

Or why doth sorrow round thy soul

Her web of sadness weave?—*Imogene.*

Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness.—*Proverbs xiv. 13.*

I may not tell thee, lady, why

My heart is full of woe,

Or why is sorrow round my soul

Wove, yet 'tis even so.

I am unhappy, though at times

I may seem full of joy,

'Tis but like sunlight bursting through

The dark clouds of the sky.

And though at times my voice rings out

In light and merry tone,

Sad silence soon succeeds again,

More dreary, deep, and lone.

I join the gay and joyous group,

Where wit and beauty shine;

And I may seem as blithe as they,

Yet woe the while is mine.

This life's a transient chequered scene

Of pleasure and of pain,

And though we smile in some bright hour,

'Tis but to weep again.

The silent worm of wasting grief

Is feeding on me now,

My heart is cold, and death hath set

His signet on my brow.

I see the green and early grave,

Where I ere long must rest;

And feel the wild flowers growing o'er,

Even now my joyless breast.

There shall these tear-dimmed eyes be closed,

In death's eternal sleep,

And on thy fair familiar form

Forget to gaze or weep.

The red leaves, from the forest boughs,

By autumn night winds torn,

Are emblems of my coming fate—

My fate thus early born.

And thou art long, kind Imogene,

In some quiet room, alone,

May mark the light of mine of him—

The victim of that passion.

OSCAR.

OPPOSITE NEIGHBOURS,

OR THE PEEPING LODGER.

The story is a relation of his own occupations and discoveries. He commences the tale by informing us that he had wholly exhausted all his sources of entertainment on a rainy day, and then for variety resorted to the worthy relaxation of spying out his neighbours. He had just discovered that the best of the dwellings near him on the other side of the street had had the bill taken down, as a new tenant was coming in. His curiosity was therefore likely to be gratified with new objects. The story has a good moral—but the reader must not be detained from it.

"The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went of themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at 2 o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to inquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain, that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef: always the thick part of the sirloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless.

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favourite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day: on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over promiscuously to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house was taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy) and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the park, and just as I tapped at my own door, I determined I would make no further inquiries concerning the expected family: no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity; it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the windows lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my inquiries, unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days past slowly on. Muslin curtains

were put up, not *blinds*, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own) boxes of mignonette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's, in the King's road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unladed its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses, in pink and green, and one or two young squires, in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing very near—nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I never could make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall-door, superintending the unpacking of a grand piano-forte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket; and one from Fortnum and Mason's in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney coaches with servants and coloured paper-boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock the fish arrived; a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I inquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park-lane. It was them actually. A green travelling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud: no arms, only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and a dark fur travelling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode; that was the *sister*. She was thin, and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cashmere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large, coarse, straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons; two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles, I observed that she was evidently about to increase her family; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The doors then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and

the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house-lamb and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony, admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was impossible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen: indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful, with long, light, auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall-door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, and who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; but Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters,—the most striking, the more animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers, until Sir Charles appeared to summon them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified-looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymours had many visitors; a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them, went regularly to the Opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued her good taste. She went out to evening parties; I concluded therefore that she had only just come out, and was still pursuing her education. A green britchka and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise; a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers, and dined at 8 o'clock. The beautiful

baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing-room; and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymours occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent any thing; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate, though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the threshold. I have endeavoured to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for myself; but, truth must out, it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymours, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her, when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil—for she drew—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently weak state of health. She could not herself nurse him long together, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her, and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud; she had a beautiful child; she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention: I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discerned her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bed-room was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding-doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the tooth-ache,—not being given as I before said to romance: then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Blagden appeared; his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week; at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping: I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things: I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that,—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to ~~brush~~ the idea; but circumstances lightly pass-

ed over before, returned now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes, she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquiries are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband, an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world, but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honour compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! H.w hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the House. The weather grew warm, and the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. Their lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing-place, evidently on the look out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing-room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes' *tele-a-tele* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing-room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrace, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For some time I set down the *empressment* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it; but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that,—not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair, near the drawing-room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door open-

ed, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Blagden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tête-à-tête* walk in the Park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing-room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cab, was a frequent visitor in Upper-Brook street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her: otherwise why did she so often leave the drawing-room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room up stairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife; I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bed-room shutters, hurry and bustle, cart-loads of straw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accomplishment of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing-room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment; I almost fancied I her exclaim, 'My lady is safe, and a fine boy.' So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in apparent delight of her heart, she shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bed-side of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing-room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sung together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time, poor Lady Seymour recovered and resumed her station in the drawing-room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centred in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm, upon oath, that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket-telescope by which I

can detect these nice points accurately. Well, Miss Ellen came into the room;—she was alone—she walked up to the picture, and gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed?—pressed it several times to her lips and then to her heart!—Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her. Things have thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal. My duty was clear; an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot. I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Martin and Son, Dover-street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of the question. I had it—I would write to *The Times* and *The True Sun*, under the signature of 'A Friend to Morality.' That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to despatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but at the door of the Seymours, the travelling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing, no trunks or wagons. What could it mean? I stood perfectly agast; my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage. Oh: I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out. I need not write to *The Times*. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to 'dull aunts and croaking rooks,' in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet—good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenance, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby: then Ellen smiling as usual; at last of all Sir Charles got upon the box followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park-lane. I was at my wits' end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles's own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married? why had I not seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau*? and why did the new baby go with them? *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going? I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing-gown, to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when, who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crosby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. 'I intended to call on my friends the St. Legers, over the way,

this morning,' said he, 'but I find they are gone to Portsmouth.'

'To Portsmouth, are they? that's very curious,' said I, interrupting him. 'Do you know the family,' asked I, with something like agitation.

'I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser.'

'He did?'

'Why are you surprised?' asked he gravely.

'Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honour compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain.' The General was now surprised in his turn.

'Good heavens!' he ejaculated, 'nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope.'

'I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray,' I replied with great seriousness. 'It is of the Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak.' And I then told him of every circumstance of guilt, with their corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise; to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend to the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, 'Sir, the lady whom you have thus honoured by so great a share of your attention, is not the intriguingue you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his wife, and my god-daughter. I wish you, sir, a good morning.'

'Wife! God-daughter!' I repeated in a faint voice. 'But, General, for Heaven's sake, one instant, the elder lady?' 'Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting! His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him.' He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—'One word more, the Viscount?' 'Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning.'

What would I not have given at that moment of shame, to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Any where rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wit's end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfited—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word, and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfited dog do; but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself, at intervals, during the whole of the next three days—

'Bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband?'

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There is some excuse for me, after all. Bless my soul!

P. S.—The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, 'Othello's occupation's gone,' can't stand it—off to the continent.'

Written for the Casket.

THE PIRATE'S SONG.

We lead not the life of the slave,
Whom the law in subjection doth keep,
But free as the foam crested wave,
We rove on the breast of the deep.

From the land wrap't by winter in gloom,
With the main's heaving bosom our home,
To the clime where the breeze wafts perfume,
Regardless of danger we roam.

We will bend to no monarch the knee,
We acknowledge no ruler or lord,
For our hearts like the ocean are free,
For our safety we trust to the sword.

Our foemen though brave will despair,
When our vessel's black hull we desecr,
For our ensign which streams to the air,
In the life blood of thousands is dyed.

We exult when the signal is made,
To prepare for the tempest, or strife;
We exult, when the gleam of each blade,
Is dim with the red tide of life.

We had rather have ocean our grave,
Than earth in thy bosom repose,
For a shroud, the white foam of the wave
And sleep where the red coral grows.

AVON BARD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE.

That she is ever near
To thee, dark lonely one, is known
By her soft hand and gentle tone,
That greets thy wakeful ear.

Thine was a happy part,
When shone for thee the glad'ning light,
And thine own eye was glancing bright,
Ye won that faithful heart.

Would now that ye could see
The gaze of that dark speaking eye,
Love mingling in its sympathy,
That ever rests on thee.

So full of tenderness!
Oh! fuller far than in thy dreams,
When to thy swelling heart it seems
Too much for thee to bear.

And still it seeks thine own,
But meets no answering glance;
Thou only know'st her thoughts perchance,
By the deep music of her tone.

O woman's love unbought,
It bides unchanged the darkest hour,
And aye, it gains its holiest power,
By sad misfortune sought.

AUSTERUE.

More Passages from the Diary of a Physician.

THE BOXER.

[The following is the episode of the Boxer, which occurs in the story of the Thunder-struck.]

The patient who thus abruptly, and under circumstances inopportune, required my services, proved to be one Bill —, a notorious boxer, who, in returning that evening from a great prize-fight, had been thrown out of his gig, the horse being frightened by the lightning, and the rider besides much the worse for liquor, and had his ankle dreadfully dislocated. He had been taken up by some passengers, and conveyed with great difficulty to his own residence, a public house, not three minutes' walk from where I lived. The moment I entered the tap-room, which I had to pass on my way to the stair-case, I heard his groans, or rather howls, over head. The excitement of intoxication, added to the agonies occasioned by his accident, had driven him, I was told, nearly mad. He was uttering the most revolting execrations, as I entered his room. He damned himself—his ill-luck (for it seemed he had lost considerable sums on the fight)—the combatants—the horse that threw him—the thunder and lightning—every thing, in short, and every body about him. The sound of the thunder was sublime music to me, and the more welcome, because it drowned the blasphemous bellowing of the monster I was visiting. Yes, there lay the burly boxer, stretched upon the bed, with none of his dress removed, except the boot from the limb that was injured—his new blue coat, with glaring yellow buttons, and drab knee-breeches, soiled with the street mud into which he had been precipitated—his huge limbs, writhing in restless agony over the bed—his fists clenched, and his flat, iron-featured face swollen and distorted with pain and rage.

"But, my good woman," said I, pausing at the door, addressing myself to the boxer's wife, who, wringing her hands, had conducted me up stairs, "I assure you, I am not the person you should have sent to. It's a surgeon's, not a physician's case; I fear I can't do much for him—quite out of my way."

"Oh, for God's sake—for the love of God, don't say so?" gasped the poor creature, with affrighted emphasis—Oh, do something for him, or he'll drive us all out of our senses—he'll be killing us!"

"Do something," roared out my patient, who had overheard the last words of his wife, turning his bloated face towards me—"do something indeed! ay, and be — to you! Here, here—look ye, Doctor: look ye, *here*!" he continued, pointing to the wounded foot, which, all crushed and displaced, and the stocking soaked with blood, presented a shocking appearance—"look here, indeed!—ah! that — horse! that — horse!" his teeth gnashed, and his right hand was lifted up, clenched with fury—"If I don't break every bone in his — body, as soon as ever I can stir this cursed leg again!"

I felt, for a moment, as though I had entered the very pit and presence of Satan, for the lightning was gleaming over his ruffianly figure incessantly, and the thunder rolling close overhead while he was speaking.

"Hush! hush! you'll drive the Doctor away!

For pity's sake, hold your tongue, or Dr. — won't come into the room to you!" gasped his wife, dropping on her knees beside him.

"Ha, ha, let him go! Only let him stir a step, and lame as I am, — me! if I don't jump out of bed, and teach him civility! *Here*, you doctor, as you call yourself! What's to be done?" Really, I was too much shocked at the moment, to know. I was half inclined to leave the room immediately—and had a fair plea for doing so, in the *surgical* nature of the case—but the agony of the fellow's wife induced me to do violence to my feelings, and stay. After directing a person to be sent off, in my name, for the nearest surgeon, I addressed myself to my task, and proceeded to remove the stocking. His whole body quivered with the anguish it occasioned, and I saw such fury gathering in his features, that I began to dread lest he might rise up in a sudden phrenzy, and strike me.

"Oh! oh! oh!—Curse your clumsy hands! You don't know no more nor a child!" he groaned, "what you're about! Leave it—leave it alone! Give over with ye! Doctor —, I say, be off!"

"Mercy, mercy, Doctor!" sobbed his wife in a whisper, fearing from my momentary pause, that I was going to take her husband at his word—"Don't go away! Oh, go on—go on! It *must* be done, you know? Never mind what he says. He's only a little worse for liquor now—and—and then the *pain*! Go on, doctor! He'll thank you the more for it to-morrow."

"Wife! Here," shouted her husband. The woman instantly stepped up to him. He stretched out his Herculean arm, and grasped her by the shoulder.

"So, you — I'm drunk, am I? I'm *drunk* eh—you lying —!" he exclaimed, and jerked her violently away right across the room, to the door, where the poor creature fell down, but presently rose, crying bitterly.

"Get away! Get off—get down stairs—if you don't want me to serve you the same again. Say I'm drunk—you beast?" With frantic gestures she obeyed—rushed down stairs—and I was left alone with her husband. I was disposed to follow her abruptly, but the positive dread of my life (for he might leap out of bed and kill me with a blow) kept me to my task. My flesh crept with disgust at touching his! I examined the wound, which undoubtedly must have given him torture enough to drive him mad, and bathed it in warm water; resolved to pay no attention to his abuse, and quit the instant that the surgeon, who had been sent for, made his appearance. At length he came. I breathed more freely, resigned the case into his hands, and was going to take up my hat, when he begged me to continue in the room, with such on earnest apprehensive look, that I reluctantly remained. I saw he dreaded as much being left alone with his patient, as I! It need hardly be said, that every step that was taken in dressing the wound, was attended with the vilest execrations of the patient. Such a foul mouthed ruffian I never encountered any where. It seemed as though he was possessed of a devil. What a contrast to the sweet speechless sufferer who I had left at home! and to whom my heart yearned to return.

The storm still continued raging. The rain had comparatively ceased, but the thunder and lightning made their appearance with fearful frequency and fierceness. I drew down the blind of the window; observing to the surgeon that the lightning seemed to startle our patient.

"Put it up again! Put up that blind again, I say!" he cried impatiently. "D'ye think I'm afraid of the lightning, like my — horse to-day? Put it up again—or I'll get out and do it myself!" I did as he wished. Reproof or expostulation was useless. "Ha!" he exclaimed in a low tone of fury, rubbing his hands together—in a manner bathing them in the fiery stream, as a flash of lightning gleamed ruddily over him. "There it is!—Curse it—just the sort of flash that frightened my horse—d— it!"—and the impious wretch shook his fist, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile!"

"Be silent, sir! be silent! or we will both leave you instantly. Your behaviour is impious! It is frightful to witness! Forbear, lest the vengeance of God descend upon you!"

"Come, come: none of your — methodism here! Go on with your business! Stick to your shop," interrupted the Boxer.

"Does not that rebuke your blasphemies?" I inquired, suddenly shading my eyes from the vivid stream of lightning that burst into the room, while the thunder rattled overhead—apparently in fearful proximity. When I removed my hands from my eyes, and opened them, the first object that they fell upon was the figure of the Boxer, sitting upright in bed, with both hands stretched out, just as those of Elymas, the sorcerer, in the picture of Raphael—his face the colour of a corpse—and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, directed with a horrid stare towards the window. His lips moved not—nor did he utter a sound. It was clear what had occurred. The wrathful fire of Heaven, that had glanced harmlessly around us, had blinded the blasphemer. Yes, the sight of his eyes had perished. While we were gazing at him in silent awe, he fell back in bed speechless, and clasped his hands over his breast, seemingly in an attitude of despair. But for that motion we should have thought him dead. Shocked beyond expression, Mr. — paused in his operations. I examined the eyes of the patient. The pupils were both dilated to their utmost extent, and immoveable. I asked many questions, but he answered not a word. Occasionally, however, a groan of horror—agony, (or all combined) would burst from his pent bosom; and this was the only evidence he gave of consciousness. He moved over on his right side—his "pale face turned to the wall"—and unclasping his hands, pressed the fore-finger of each with convulsive force upon the eyes. Mr. — proceeded with his task. What a contrast between the present and past behaviour of our patient. Do what we would—put him to never such great pain—he neither uttered a syllable nor expressed any symptoms of passion, as before. There was, however, no necessity for my continuing any longer; so I left the case in the hands of Mr. —, who undertook to acquaint Mrs. — with the frightful accident that had happened to her husband. What two scenes had I witnessed that evening?

VALLEY OF JEROSHAPHAT.

A late Blackwood, in an article entitled *Chateaubriand*, contains among other extracts from his works, the following beautiful description of the Valley of Jehoshaphat.

The valley of Jehoshaphat has in all ages served as the burying-place to Jerusalem; you meet there, side by side, monuments of the most distant times and of the present century. The Jews still come there to die; from the corners of the earth. A stranger sells to them, for almost its weight in gold, the land which contains the bones of their fathers. Solomon planted that valley; the shadow of the Temple by which it was overhung—the torrent, called after grief, which traversed it—the Psalms which David there composed—the Lamentations of Jeremiah, which its rocks re-echoed under it the fitting abode of the tomb. Christ commenced his Passion in the same place: that innocent David there shed, for the expiation of our sins, tears which the guilty David let fall for his own transgressions. Few names awaken in our mind recollections so solemn as the Valley of Jehoshaphat. It is so full of mysteries, that according to the Prophet Joel, all mankind will be assembled there before the Eternal Judge.

"The aspect of this celebrated valley is desolate; the western side is bounded by a ridge of lofty rocks which support the walls of Jerusalem, above which the towers of the city appear. The eastern side is formed by the Mount of Olives, and another eminence called the Mount Scandal, from the idolatry of Solomon.—These two mountains, which adjoin each other, are almost bare, and of a red and sombre hue; on their desert side you see here and there some black and withered vineyards, some wild olives, some ploughed land, covered with hyssop, and a few ruined chapels. At the bottom of the valley, you perceive a torrent, traversed by a single arch, which appears of great antiquity. The stones of the Jewish cemetery appear like a mass of ruins with which they are surrounded. Three ancient monuments are particularly conspicuous, those of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat and Absalom. The sadness of Jerusalem, from which no smoke ascends, and in which no sound is heard; the solitude of the surrounding mountains, where not a living creature is to be seen; the disorder of these tombs, ruined, ransacked, and half exposed to view, would almost induce one to believe that the last trump had been heard, and that the dead were about to rise in the valley of Jehoshaphat.

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—Neither English beauty nor French beauty, neither Spanish beauty nor Italian beauty, is so shifting, or so modest, or so intellectual as American beauty. More attractive they all are on some accounts, more wonderful and more showy, but they are unlike it—even the beauty of England is so—in the sweetness and composure, in the spiritualized air, that one sees in the youthful women of our country, particularly at the south, and in the free, cordial, generous manner, that so eminently distinguish the well cultivated female of the north, where we may find more nature and less affectation, perhaps, than among any other women of the age.

WOMAN.—A crabbed acquaintance of ours has just repeated to us, "frailty, thy name is woman." We were trying to get him to call with us on a very beautiful lady of our acquaintance. He is a scholar, a wit and a gentleman, and yet dares to repeat that villainous line in our hearing. Alas for him! we fear he is past redemption.—We cannot conceive why the fair sex have been so often vilified. We declare it unjust, and we enlist ourselves in their defence; notwithstanding that Virgil hath said "woman always various and changeable"—and Shakespeare, "frailty, thy name is woman."

Woman is not more variable than man. Her constancy has stood the test of fire and blood, and torment in thousands of instances, and shall she be called fickle? We verily believe that woman's friendship is infinitely more disinterested, infinitely more pure than man's. She will follow her lover through weal and woe—through evil report and good report—through poverty, through sorrow and misery and death. She will love him in his sin, and in his glory, and in his shame, and in his degradation; and she will bind him the closer to her heart, as he falls the lower. Will man do so? No—let but the breath of evil report dim the brightness of the pure name of that being whom he loves, let her sin but once and he will forsake her forever. Will he love her in abuse and ill treatment? But suppose she coquet, and trifle with the affections of the worthy? has she not been taught by example? How many hearts have broken and bled to death when forsaken by man? How many women have given their whole affections away, and poured out their whole hearts upon a lover, and then been forsaken? How often have attentions been off red to gratify vanity, and to please pride. How often! alas! who shall answer the question?

ORIGINAL.

THE LOVERS.—Founded on facts.

Soon as the Lark his cheerful accent swells,
And from the night the misty gloom dispels,
Or peeps the star that leads the ling'ring day
O'er those huge forms that climb the skies half way;
A tomb-like silence shrouds the lengthening vale,
Yet one still weeps and ceases not to wail.
The flitting ray, the signal of the morn,
As long the vale slow rang the shepherd's horn;
The rose just from its wintry coat unfurled,
The mingled note of half the feathered world,
The Toilmán, humming o'er some favorite song,
The breeze that wafted all these scenes along,
All fail to soothe in grief the rending sigh,
Or wipe the tear from sorrow's weeping eye.
Near yonder spear that rears its gilded head
To brave the tempest and to guard the dead,
There *Julia* slowly treads the mounds of green
And weeps unpitied there and grieves unseen.
Why fair one here long e'en the rays of morn,
Why wander here so pensive and forlorn?
What mystic gloom o'er thy fair form is spread,
Why dost thou here thy lonely footsteps tread?

Kind stranger lend, pray lend a listening ear
And thou shalt one short tale of sorrow hear.
Just where those willows circling half way round
That ancient fabric and that pleasant ground,
There loved by friends and 'neath a parent's view
My youth passed on, and I no sorrows knew.
At night no phantom troubled my repose,
No gloom hung o'er me when I early rose:
Alas! unknown, our fates in silence move.
Young *Edwin* bowed, mine was the lot to love.
As time brought round new objects to the view
Our young attachment for each other grew;
Love knows no bounds it does all rules defy,
I loved him, yes, and yet I knew not why.

My father, wealthiest, proudest in the land,
Untold had destined me another hand.
Poverty, young *Edwin*! Poverty was thine,
'Twas this that fixed thy youthful fate with mine;
For this my father drove him from the door,
And fiercely bid him there be seen no more:
Ne'er shall I lose till life's last lingering day
The last long look as *Edwin* went away.
Let the lone rocks of fierce Niagara tell
The griefs that wrung me and the tears that fell;
Or ask the midnight hour if e'er I slept
When o'er the earth its silent wand has swept.
One lengthening year its loitering sand had run
Before my term of banishment was done—
Some little pleasure filled my pensive mind
When I again beneath my native roof reclined.
Alas! how soon it flew, my bliss was o'er,
My injured *Edwin* was, he was no more!
Of sorrows here he had a double share,
But now he rests where peaceful spirits are—
For me he grieved, for me he sunk and died,
I soon shall lay untroubled at his side.

One morn e'er Sol had spanned the spacious wave
Fair *Julia* slumbered lifeless on young *Edwin's* grave!
One stone still marks their peaceful depot well,
With naught but these two simple lines to tell—

Here, stranger, pause and drop a grateful tear,
Know that two faithful lovers slumber here.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

ADDRESSED TO MAGGIE.

Oh! wha' wad' mak' a cottage
More gay than princely ha',
Or wha' wad' gie' the gloaming,
More brightness in its fa'?
'Tis that, which in this world,
The dearest is to me,
The smile o' bonny Maggie,
Wi' the loe' laugh in her e'e.
Oh! il' befa' the laddie,
That wad' tempt sic perill's brink,
Gin the bonny, bonny lassie,
Should gie' an unkind blink—
Far better he should brave
The wild and roaring sea,
Than encounter bonny Maggie,
Wi' the loe' laugh in her e'e.
Wha' is it maks' the heather bloom,
"Sae' lovely to the ken,"
And fills the air wi' rich perfume
When Maggie's in the glen?
Wha' is it maks' the birdie,
Droop sorrowing frae the tree?
He hears the voice o' Maggie,
Wi' the loe' laugh in her e'e.
Tho' beauty may be prized,
As a goal we fain wad' near,
"Yet the little wee' bit heart,"
Is ever held maiest dear;
'Tis this which maks' us happy,
Then what greater bliss could be,
Than to own the heart o' Maggie,
Wi' the loe' laugh in her e'e.

C. H. W.

PUNCTUALITY.

"List, while I read thee a lesson."

Uncle Bill, as they used to call him, who lived in Woodend, was a plain matter-of-fact old codger, who always endeavored to do about right in all dealings with his neighbors. But one very estimable virtue he possessed in a rare degree, viz: punctuality in the fulfilment of engagements. If he promised you a "jag" of wood, at such an hour, the clock would be striking while he was unloading; if he agreed to do a thing thus and thus, it was done thus and thus, and that it was done thus and thus, was sufficient proof to all the neighbors round that he had agreed to do it thus and thus,—such a weight of character had he attained. No "*fearful forebodings*" ever influenced him to break or *postpone an engagement*. Always punctual himself, he admired punctuality in those with whom he had to do; and when he dealt with one not like unto himself in this particular, (and it is a thousand pities there are so many of that stamp among us,) they were pretty sure to get the joke upon themselves, if there were a joke in the matter; but let us cite an instance to the point.

Uncle Bill once employed one of the downtown tailors to manufacture a suit of grey. "Now," said he, while he was being measured, "I want them on Thursday evening—will you promise to have them done?" "Yes, Sir," unhesitatingly replied the knight of the shears—whether with any mental reservation or not we cannot say, but the truth was not in him if every thing was expressed, for Uncle Bill called that evening, and there was so much finishing to do that he could not have them till the succeeding afternoon. This was a sore disappointment—nevertheless, after giving the tailor a concise lecture on punctuality in the fulfilment of promises, forcibly depicting in his plain style, the advantages a tradesman whose word can always be depended upon possesses over those *promising* ones with whom the fulfilment is a matter of secondary consideration, he departed.

On Friday afternoon, as Uncle Bill's son Bob came round from the mill, he called at the tailor's for his daddy's new clothes, but there was yet considerable finishing to be done to them, and he was requested to ask his father to have patience till the next morning. When this was reported to the old man his wrath kindled, and he vociferated, with considerable warmth—"Plague take the tailor!" He immediately slipped on his great coat, proceeded straightway to the apple-barrel, and filled its capacious pockets with the contents thereof. Going out, he found the boys just dismissed from school. He called one to him, and giving him an apple or two, set him off in great haste for the tailor's shop, which by the nearest route was at least a mile and a half distant, to request the tailor to come up to his house at six o'clock—charging the boy to say nothing about his errand to any one, and promising him more apples if he would return within such a time. He then called another boy and set him off on the same errand under the same restrictions and with the same promises; then another and another still, till he had at least twenty expresses, each a few rods apart. Now as the tai-

lor sat on his bench, with his legs akimbo humming the good old song of

"Hurrah for the cabbage, hurrah!"

in came the first boy with his "Uncle Bill N—wants to know if you'll come up to his house at six o'clock,"—barely waiting to get the words out, ere he set off on his return, as the least delay might nullify his title to any more apples. But he had scarce left the door-step, when in came another boy with the same request; then another and another. In vain the man of fashions endeavored to make them tarry a space to give some explanation; no, Uncle Bill had told them to deliver their message and be off. By the time the sixth had made his appearance the tailor dropped his work in the utmost consternation; and when he had counted ten, he sprang from his bench in a paroxysm of terror, believing himself beset by a legion of—we did not say what—but it was a gloomy afternoon, and he was somewhat superstitious withal. As the door opened the fifteenth time, his hair rose on end and his bare arms were complete goose-flesh. "Gracious father!" he exclaimed almost beside himself,—and set off upon the run, bare headed and bare-backed, with his shirt sleeves rolled up, for Uncle Bill's. Before he had got half way, it began to rain heavily, but he did not heed this though he soon had not a dry thread about him. He rushed into the house with all the fury of a maniac, and fell flat upon the floor; he jumped up again frothing at the mouth, exclaiming with extraordinary emphasis—"Heavens and earth, Uncle Bill, what do you want of me?" "O," said Uncle Bill, calmly, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, "I only wanted to inquire when you thought it would be likely that you could make it convenient to finish my clothes?"

Lynn Messenger.

BYRON'S OPINION OF BEAUTY.—I do not talk of mere beauty (continued Byron) of feature or complexion, but of expression, that looking out of the soul through the eyes, which, in my opinion, constitutes true beauty. Women have been pointed out to me as beautiful, who never could have interested my feelings from their want of countenance; and others, who were little remarked, have struck me as being captivating, from the force of countenance. A woman's face ought to be like an April day—susceptible of change and variety; but sunshine should often gleam over it, to replace the clouds and showers that may obscure its lustre, which, poetical description apart, (said Byron,) in sober prose means, that good-humoured smiles ought to be ready to chase away the expression of pensiveness or care that sentiment or earthly ill calls forth. Women were meant to be the excitors of all that is finest in our natures, and the soothers of all that is turbulent and harsh. Of what use, then, can a handsome automaton be, after one has got acquainted with a face that knows no change, though it causes many? This is a style of looks I could not bare the sight of for a week, and yet such are the looks that pass in society, for pretty, handsome, and beautiful.—*Monthly Magazine.*

BLANNERHASSET'S ISLAND, And Burr's Conspiracy.

BY JUDGE HALL.

But I know that you are by this time, ready to ask me, whether I am seriously endeavoring to convince you that Burr was a true and loyal subject to the sovereign people of these United States? I have no such design; though I must confess, that if I had the power to execute so difficult a project, I would with pleasure employ it. I should be happy to obliterate a stain from the annals of my country, and a blot from the fame of a fellow citizen. I should be glad also to be always victorious in argument, if I could admit that success was the test of truth. But this I do not believe. I will tell what I do believe. I believe that nine-tenths of Burr's adherents knew no more of his projects than you, and I, and all the world; and that those who do know any thing, will be wise enough to keep their own council. But if I cannot tell you what Col. Burr intended to do, I can relate what he did; for here I am in sight of the deserted fields and dilapidated mansion of the unfortunate Blannerhasset! That this fairy spot, created by nature in one of her choicest moods, and embellished by the hand of art, was once the seat of a philosophic mind, has already been told in language which I need not attempt to emulate. But alas! I cannot recognize the taste of Blannerhasset, or realize the paradise of Wirt.—All is ruin, solitude and silence!—They are gone who made the wilderness to smile.

Blannerhasset was an Irish gentleman of easy fortune—a man devoted to science, who retired from the world, in the hope of finding happiness in the union of literary and rural occupation.—He selected this island as his retreat, and spared no expense in beautifying and improving it. He is described as having been retired in his habits, amiable in his propensities, greatly addicted to chemical studies, and a passionate lover of music. In this romantic spot, and in these innocent pursuits he lived; and, to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to have been lovely, even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that could render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. But Blannerhasset, in an evil hour, became acquainted with Burr—he imbibed the poison of his ambition, became involved in his intrigues and shared his ruin—a ruin as complete, desolate and hopeless, as his former state had been serene and bright.

Whatever were Burr's intentions, it is certain that they embraced schemes so alluring, or so magnificent, as to win the credulous Blannerhasset from the abstractions of study and the blandishments of love. This island became the centre of operations—here arms were deposited and men collected; and here, assembled round their watch-fires, young gentlemen, “who had seen better days,” and “sat at good men's feasts,” endured all the rigors of the climate and the privations of a campaign, rewarding themselves in anticipations with the honors of war and the wealth of Mexico. Burr and Blannerhasset were the master spirits who planned their labors; Mrs. Blannerhasset was the light and life of all their

social joys. If treason matured its dark designs in her mansion, here also the song, the dance, and the revel, displayed their fascinations. The order of arrest was the signal of dispersion to this ill-fated band; and it is said that the lovely mistress of this fairy scene, the Calypso of this enchanted isle, was seen at midnight “shivering on the winter banks of the Ohio,” mingling her tears with its waters, eluding by stratagem the ministers of justice, and destitute of the comforts of life, and the solace of that hospitality which she had once dispensed with such graceful liberality.

I believe it is not doubted that Burr intended to have attempted the conquest of Mexico. A large portion of the people of that country were supposed to be waiting only for a favorable opportunity to throw off the Spanish yoke. The Americans as their neighbors, and as republicans, would, it was thought, be received without suspicion; nor would Burr have unfolded his ultimate design, until it should be too late to prevent its accomplishment. He would have established a monarchy, at the head of which would have been King Aaron the First. I am told that the young gentlemen who were proceeding to join him, often amused themselves on this subject—talking, half in jest, and half in earnest, at the offices and honors which awaited them.

Titles and places were already lavishly distributed in anticipation; and Mrs. —, who was an accomplished and sprightly woman, had arranged the dresses and ceremonies of the Court. When the alarm was given, and orders were given for the arrest of Burr and his adherents, they were obliged to resort to a variety of expedients to escape detection. At Fort Massac, and other places, all boats descending the river were compelled to stop and undergo strict examination, to the great vexation of boatmen and peaceable voyagers, who were often obliged to land at unseasonable hours. Very diligent inquiry was made for the lady I have just mentioned, who several times narrowly escaped detection, through her own ingenuity and that of her companions. Adieu.

BUTTONS AND WAISTCOATS.—In 1786, there reigned in Paris the mania of buttons; they not only wore them of an enormous size, as large as crown pieces, but they painted on them miniatures and other pictures; so that a set of buttons was often valued at an incredible price. Some of these petit maitres wore the modest medals of the twelve Cæsars; others antique statues; and others the metamorphoses of Ovid. At the Palais Royal, a cynic was seen, who impudently wore on his buttons above thirty figures from one of the most infamously obscene books, so that every modest woman (if there was a modest woman in Paris) must have been obliged to turn away from this eccentric libertine. The young men imitated the romantic fancy of the ancient knights of chivalry, and wore on their buttons the cypher of their mistresses; the Parisian wits exercised their puny talents, by forming, with the letters of the alphabet, insipid rebuses. In a word, the manufacture of buttons was a work of imagination, which wonderfully displayed the genius of the artist, and the purchaser, and

which offered an inexhaustible source for conversation.

To this fashionable extravagance succeeded, in the same year, that of the waistcoats. These became a capital object of luxury in dress. They had them by dozens, and by hundreds, as they had shirts. They exhibited the fancy of the wearer, by their fine paintings, and they were enriched by the most costly ornaments. Among the variety of subjects which they offered to the eye, a number of amorous and comic scenes were drawn; vine-gatherers, hunters &c. ornamented the chests of the *elegans*; and over the body of an effeminate trifter was seen a regiment of cavalry. One of these amateurs, delighted with finer fancies, had a dozen of these waistcoats painted, to represent the finest scenes in *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and the reigning operas of the day, that his wardrobe might become a learned repository of the drama, and perpetuate its happiest scenes.

GAMBLING.—An extract of one of Dr. Nott's addresses to the students of the Union College.

* * * But you do not mean to gamble nor advocate it. I know it. But I also know if you play at all, you will ultimately do both. It is but a line that separates between innocence and sin. Whoever fearlessly approaches this line, will soon have crossed it. To keep at a distance, therefore, is the part of wisdom. No man ever made up his mind to consign to perdition his soul at once. No man ever entered the known avenue which conducted to such an end with a firm and undaunted step. The brink of ruin is approached with caution, and by imperceptible degrees, and the wretch who now stands fearlessly scolding there, but yesterday had shrunk back from the tottering cliff with trembling.

Do you wish for illustration? The profligate's unwritten history will furnish it. How inoffensive its commencement—how sudden and how awful its catastrophe! Let us review his life. He commences with play; but it is only for amusement. Next he hazards a trifle to give interest, and is surprised when he finds he is a gainer by the hazard. He then ventures, not without misgivings on a deeper stake. This stake he loses. The loss and the guilt oppress him. He drinks to revive his spirits. His spirits revived, he stakes to retrieve his fortune. Again he is unsuccessful and again his spirits flag, and again the inebriating cup revives them. Ere he is aware of it, he has become a drunkard; he has become a bankrupt. Resources fail him. The demon despair takes possession of his bosom; reason deserts him. He becomes a maniac, the pistol or the poignard closes the scene, and with a shriek he plunges unwept and forgotten into hell.

* * * As we have said, the finished gambler has no heart. The club with which he berds would meet though all its members were in mourning. They would meet though the place of rendezvous was the chamber of the dying; they would meet though it were an apartment in the charnel house. Not even the death of kindred can effect the gambler. He would play upon his brothers' coffin; he would play upon his father's sepulchre.

LEGAL MANAGEMENT.

ANECDOTE OF EMMET.—Some years ago a journeyman saddler in New York, who by his industry and economy, had accumulated a few hundred dollars in money, resolved to establish himself in business, in an adjacent village.—After securing a situation for a shop, he returned to the city, with about \$200 to purchase his stock. He put up at one of the public houses, kept by N—W—, and confiding in the integrity of the landlord, put the money into his hands for safe keeping, till he should call for it. He then traversed the city, in search of a favorable chance to purchase his stock, and after finding one that suited him, he returned to his quarters, and called for his money. "Your money," said the landlord, "you put no money into my hands." He had no evidence of the fact, and finding all his efforts to induce his host to give up the money were fruitless, the desponding and indigent saddler repaired to Mr. Emmet for counsel.—After hearing a statement of the facts, and taking such measures as satisfied him that the saddler was a man of the strictest integrity, he rebuked him for putting his money into such hands, without evidence; "but," said he, "if you will do as I tell you, I will obtain your money for you." The saddler very readily promised a strict obedience to his directions.—"Well," said Emmet, "go back to the landlord and tell him, when no one is present, that you owe him an apology—that you have found your money, and was mistaken in supposing that you put it into his hands; you will then return to me." The saddler did so, and the landlord expressed great satisfaction, at the discovery of the mistake.

"Mr. Emmet then gave the saddler \$200 and told him to go and deposit it in the hands of the landlord, but before you enter the house procure some gentleman of respectability, to go in and call for a glass of beer, and request him then to take his seat and carelessly pass away the time in reading the news, &c. till you arrive. You will then enter the room, and in his presence, tell the landlord you now wish him to take the \$200 for safe-keeping till you call for it."—This done, the saddler again returned to Mr. Emmet who directed him to continue his lodging at the house for two days, and be regular at his meals; and then, when no other person is present, tell the landlord you will take your money. This the saddler did, and the unsuspecting landlord without hesitation, immediately refunded the money, which the saddler restored to Mr. Emmet, who directed him to take a good witness with him, and go and demand the \$200—which you delivered in his hands for safe keeping, in the presence of the gentleman who called for the beer.

The saddler accordingly proceeded to the house, in company with another gentleman and demanded his money. "Your money," said the astonished landlord, "I have just handed it to you." "No sir," replied the saddler, "I have not received my money, and if you refuse to deliver it to me, I shall take measures to obtain it." The landlord dared him to "do his best," and Mr. Emmet immediately instigated a suit against him in the favor of the saddler. The landlord, finding himself outwitted, paid over the money, with about \$30 cost.

BEHAVIOUR BEFORE FOLK.

By Alex. Rodger.

Five or six years ago, a lively piece, commencing "Behave yourself before folk," was published by a Scottish poet, and received a good deal of praise. Some of our readers may have met with it, though not in the *Atlas* which was not then in existence, and they at least, and we presume others, will be pleased with the following rejoinder.

Can I behave, can I behave,
Can I behave before folk,
When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
Gars me gang gyt before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' you say,
Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
That my poor wits ye lead astray,
An' ding me doilt before folk!

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
While ye ensnare, can I forbear
To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpled cheek,
Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might beek,
Yet, howlet-like, my e'elids steek,
An' shun sic light, before folk?

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka smile becomes a wile,
Enticing me—before folk?

'That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
Sweet, plump, an' ripe, sae tempting me to't,
That I maun preet, tho' I should rue't,
Ay, twenty times—before folk!

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When temptingly it offers me
So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair see sunny bright;
That shapely neck o' maww white;
That tongue, even when it tries to lyte,
Provokes me til't before folk!

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka charm, young, fresh, an' warm,
Cries, "kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
So roughly it blinks on me,
I canna, for my soul, let be,
Frae kissing you before folk!

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
When ilka glint conveys a hint
To tak a smack—before folk?

Ye own, that were we baith alane,
Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
Weel, gin there be no harm in't then,
What harm is in't before folk?

Can I behave, &c.
Can I behave, &c.
Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
Could scarce deist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
Since ye are willing to be wed,
We'll ha'e a "blytheome bridal" made
When ye'll be mine before folk!
Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
Then I'll behave before folk,
For whereas then, ye'll aft get "ten"
It wina be before folk! *Whistle-binkie.*

THE WICKED SON.

A father was saying,
To his son disobeying,
No father e'er had so wicked a son;
"Yes, ye, says the lad,
I remember good dad.
My grandfather—he had just such a one."

SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of Alliteration extant.—Whoever has at any time attempted to indite an acrostic merely is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Here the whole alphabet is fathom'd, and each word, in each line, claims its proper initial. It is worthy the indefatigable perseverance of another Dean Swift.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade.
Cosack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavor, engineers essay,
For fame, for fortune—fighting furious fray;
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honors Heaven, heroic hardihood!
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill,
Kinemen kill kinsmen—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labor low levels loftiest longest lines— [rhimes.
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid mud'roas.
Now noisy, noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought;
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter, quarter 'quest;
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,
Treach to the Turk—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviers?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
And all attracting—against arms appeal.

PARODY.—A correspondent has sent us the following parody on an effusion of N. P. Willis, bearing the same title, and published extensively about three years since.—The anecdote on which the writer has founded his sketch, as well as the one worked up by Mr. W. went the rounds of the newspapers many years ago, and may have been seen by most of our readers. We at the time considered them about on a parallel, and that the infantile impressions of one were about as natural as those of the other. —*N. Bedford Gazette.*

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

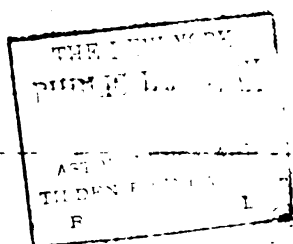
A PARODY.

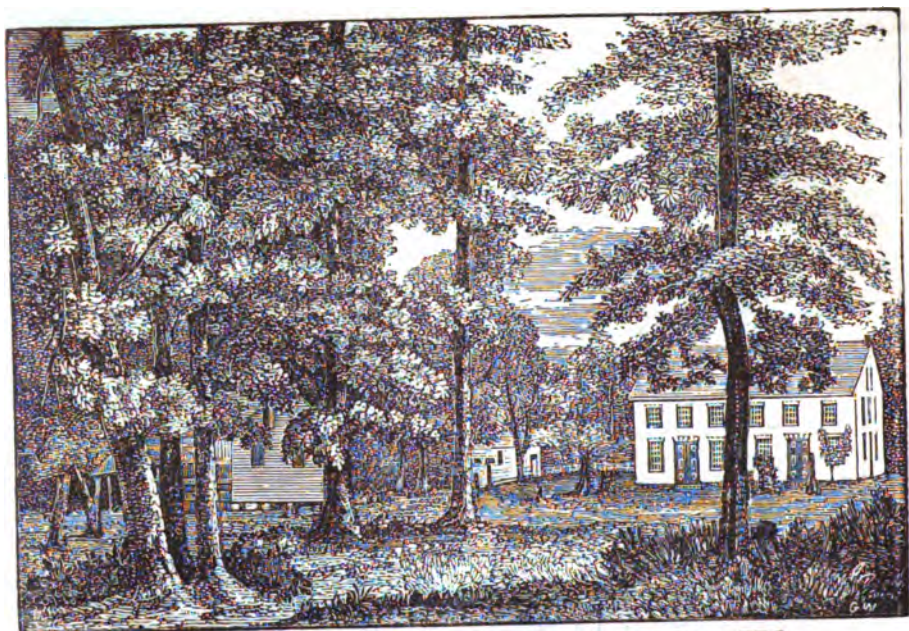
It was a gusty night in March. The bleak, cold winds
Roared heavily amid the forest trees—and tavern signs
Swung to and fro, with shrill and crackling noise,
Like an ungreased cart-wheel. Dark, murky clouds
Hung gloomily beneath the evening sky—abiding
its star-lit depths, e'en as the sombre pall
Conceals from view the "fond familiar" face
We long have loved to look upon. No voice was heard
Save now and then, mid the loud whistling of the wind,
The husky tones of *darky*—homeward bound—
Fell harshly on the ear, like the last gruff notes
Of dying porker.

From village store

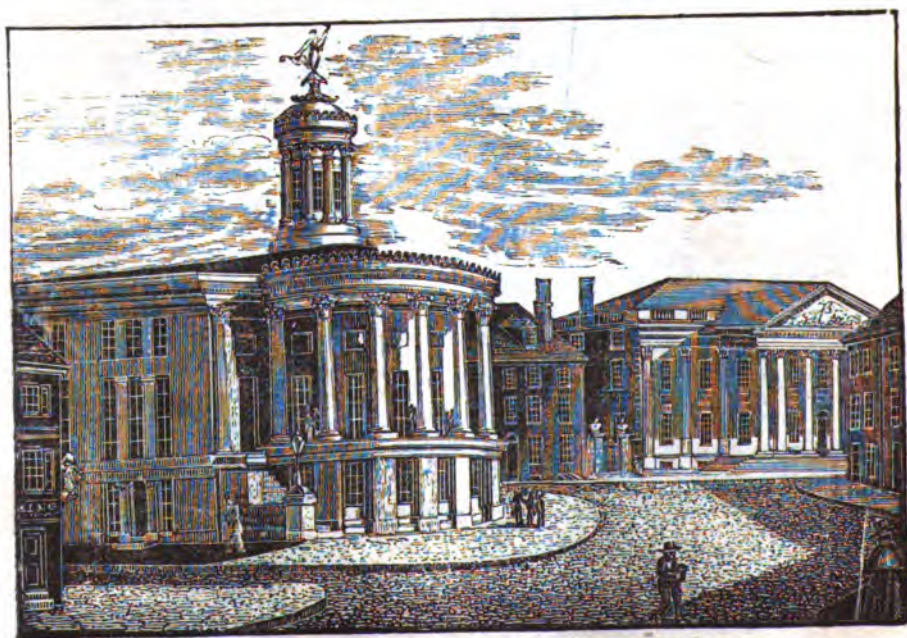
Whither he had been to fill his famished jug,
Cuff Sambo hurried home. His right hand grasped
The jug aforesaid—and the other led
His son—his only son—Cuff, Jr. The clouds
Still gathered darkly—Sambo and his son
Went with an earnest step upon their course,
With upturned eyes, and fearfulness of heart.
Just then, above their heads, a rent was made
In the dense blackness, and behind appeared
The solemn sky—and in its depths there gleamed
A star—one lone and solitary star—
Mid the surrounding darkness.
It caught young Sambo's eye—and leaping up
In youthful glee, he raised his tiny arm,
With "little fore-finger up," and pointed out
The bright and glittering gem, that shone so placidly
On his dark brow—and in the innocence
Of infant thought, and dusky intellect, exclaimed,
"Dad, dear dad, is that a ginkie hole
To let the glory through?"

Quidnasset Neck, June 21st.





Friends' Meeting-House, Sandy Spring, Md.



The New Exchange, Philadelphia.

Friends' Meeting House,

Sandy Spring, Montgomery County, Md.

This beautiful and yet secluded spot, is one of those retired situations where a temple seems to correspond with the feelings with which such an edifice ought to be approached and entered. The society which assembles there, is one also, which few will visit and not wish to return and revisit again and again. In all my wanderings over this world of care, and those wanderings were neither brief in time nor space, I have seen no other place where, if my choice was under my own control, I would so willingly spend the evening, the sunny evening of my days. There, like the wind-beaten mariner, look in fancy on the wide and stormy ocean he has passed. Recall to remembrance the friends he has seen engulfed; retrace their virtues, their kindness, and feel the unspeakable luxury of converse with those he once and ever loved.

"It is an age of business" floats on my ear. It is indeed an age of bustle as well as of business, and an age of political storm and strife; but there are still spots of clear blue heaven, on which the poetic eye rests, and the corroded heart is balmied with assurance that clouds and darkness do not cover the whole earth. Sandy Spring is one of those nooks from which we can

"See the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.
Hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a safe murmur on the uninjured ear."

The roar she sends, comes in the folds of printed sheets, once a week, and if madness and folly could excite mirth and jollity, the laugh would resound through the primeval forest, on the margin of which stands the plain modest temple represented on the opposite page; but we here leave them to laugh, who wins the game played about twenty miles nearer the Equator, and leave those engaged by stating the almost incredible fact, that there is not a single inhabitant of Sandy Spring who holds a ticket in the mighty lottery.

This place stands twenty-eight miles S. W. by W. of Baltimore, and twenty very nearly due N. of Washington city, and on the table land between the valleys of Potomac and Patuxent, at an elevation above tide water of about four hundred and fifty feet. Nature has so far befriended the inhabitants as to have made the soil sterile, and compelled them to gain physical strength and health by labor, and extended her beneficence so far, as to throw round them an atmosphere from which every source of impurity is removed. Though there is nothing grand or sublime in the scenery, there is richness and variety, and to those privileged to feel their sweets, the fields and woods have much of beauty. Nor have those beauties been lost on desert air; they have been visited, admired, and strongly remembered. Mentally I see that group now who changed the region of cholera for one where body and mind were alike safe from morbid contagion. Under that oak, whose foliage two hundred and more springs have renewed, sits that female form, wrapt in the soul absorbing re-

lections, revived by the view of the earth and of human society on two continents. She is not alone, nations and empires are rising and falling before her mental eye. The deep green forest mantles her form from view, but the spirits of Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, are her guides, and the young, the spiritual, and accomplished are her companions. Every tree, every herb, every rock, and every living being, are volumes in the immense library open to this society.

This, let me tell the reader, is not imaginary, it is a too faint sketch of reality. The hand that traces these rude lines, has been embrowned in the wilds of the west, and under the burning sun of Arkansas, Florida, and Louisiana, it has been benumbed in the snows of Canada. Hearts, and warm, sincere, and elevated hearts, have I found under every sky I have visited; but such were, in most instances, single flowers that bloomed alone. Time was when Hope would not have dared to whisper, "Mark Bancroft, thou shalt become blanched in a society where years shall follow years, where the old shall become older and the children become men and woman, without the occurrence of one of those vicissitudes which show depravity of heart."—Yet, if this promise had been made, it would have been realized to the utmost word. Let those who cannot conceive the possibility, doubt the truth of this picture. To those who can believe such reality, it will unfold a most delightful canvass drawn from life; for such is the society of Sandy Spring. It is a society where useful employment is honor, and where mental improvement goes hand in hand with toil. It is a society where no door is shut upon the traveller.—It is vain to say more.

The Friends' Meeting here takes date with the original settlement of the place, or upwards of a century past. It has remained almost unknown beyond the neighborhood, from the secluded position. Within a few hundred yards from the Baltimore and Rockville road, it is sequestered by a strip of forest, from the eye of the traveller; nor does any road pass its door, but one connecting the adjacent farms. In the discipline of the Yearly Meeting of Friends, held in Baltimore, for the Western Shore of Maryland and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, 1821, and printed in Baltimore the same year, at page 90 is the following historical notice:—

"From ancient records it appears, that the first Yearly Meeting, in Maryland, was held on West River, (lower part of Anne Arundell Co.) in the year 1672. That for many years the Meeting was held alternately at West River, on the Western Shore, and Fredhaven, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. That agreeable to an arrangement which took place in 1790, the Yearly Meeting was removed, to be held in Baltimore only, and to be composed of representatives from the Quarterly Meetings on the Western Shore of Maryland, and the adjacent parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, to which was afterwards added the State of Ohio. But in the year 1812, Friends west of the Alleghany mountains were separated from it, and authorized to establish a new Yearly Meeting in the State of Ohio; and it is now composed of Friends on the

Western Shore of Maryland, and the adjoining parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia."

The Yearly Meeting in Maryland was established by George Fox himself. "In the beginning of the year 1672, he took shipping for Maryland, where being come, he with those with him travelled through woods and wildernesses, over bogs and great rivers, to New England. By the way he had sometimes opportunity to speak to the Indians and their kings, and at other times he met with singular cases, all of which, for brevity's sake, I pass by in silence. He went also to the town called New Amsterdam, which name now is changed into that of New York. Here he lodged at the governor's house, and had also a meeting there. From thence he returned again to Maryland, and came also into Virginia and Carolina, and thus spent above a year travelling to and fro in America."—*Sevel's History of the People called Quakers*. pp: 582-3.

Thus we find that the Society of Friends have had an organised Yearly Meeting in Maryland during one hundred and sixty years. Sandy Spring Meeting is a branch of the Baltimore Yearly Meeting. The building seen on the left side of the engraving, is an old frame edifice once the Meeting House, which was in 1817 replaced by the plain but very neat brick building in which the Meeting is now held. The adjacent school house is seen on the back ground in perspective, between the two houses in front.

Many readers may think the present notice warm—and too warm it would be for the far greater part of the habited earth; but let the reader, if in the city, fly the crowd, the smoke, and turmoil—the danger of epidemic disease—and spend one summer at Sandy Spring, and if, as winter approaches, the summer and autumn does not appear too brief and fleeting, such a visitor will escape a regret felt by most that have made the experiment. If cheerfulness, cultivated intelligence, and hospitality, can sweeten human life; if pure air, and pure and most limpid water, can ensure health, all these are combined at Sandy Spring; and if the visitor brings not the thorn in the heart, he will stand in no danger of gloomy days or sleepless nights.

MARK BANCROFT.

PHILADELPHIA EXCHANGE.

This beautiful building, which was only commenced about eleven months since, stands on the angle formed by the intersection of Dock with Walnut street and at the corner of Walnut and Third streets. The engraving represents it as it will be when finished; at the present moment the basement and principal stories are carried up nearly to their destined height, and are covered in for the convenience of carrying on that part of the work which can be executed in the winter months.

The Exchange is built entirely of marble, and the semi-circular portico on Dock street is composed of beautiful Corinthian pillars; it communicates with the great "Exchange room," by means of nine separate doorways. This portico is of the height of two stories, and opens into a circular lantern, rising forty feet above the roof.

The Exchange is a rectangular parallelogram 95 feet front on Third street, by 150 feet on Walnut street, including the semi-circular basement on Dock street of 72 feet in diameter. The basement story is 15 feet in height, and has 12 door ways on the Third street front and flanks. This story is arched throughout, and on the north or Dock street side is an apartment for the Post Office, 74 by 36 feet. Adjoining this, there is a hall or passage to shelter the public when receiving and delivering letters; this useful passage communicates with the main passage which runs through the entire building from Dock to Third streets. At the corner of Third and Walnut there is a room 35 feet front intended for the Exchange Bank, and another of similar dimensions for the Chamber of Commerce, &c. adjoins it. The other apartments in the basement are of a suitable size for Insurance and other companies.

The Exchange room over this basement occupies an area of 3300 superficial feet; it is of course on the east front, extending across the whole building. In this story are also the great reading room, brokers' rooms, &c. The approaches to the Exchange room are by four flights of steps; two from the semicircular basement, and the others from the main avenue underneath. The newspaper or reading room is over the Post Office—that over the Bank will be kept for the meetings of stockholders, &c. The brokers' room, &c. have fire proof closets. These arrangements appear complete and will no doubt be found very convenient.

The attic story is of the same height as the basement, 15 feet, containing six large rooms, which will be rented to artists, &c. who will be sure of plenty of light and quiet. The roof is of copper, and the ornaments designed for the semicircular portion over the front colonnade it is said will be superb. The entire building will be finished it is presumed in another twelve months, and the Post Office will be removed to it by June or July, proving a vast accommodation compared with our present, where one has to stand under showers of rain to receive even a newspaper.

The Girard Banking-house, the Pennsylvania Bank and the Exchange may now all be taken in at one view, and we perceive in the print shops that our artists have already taken advantage of this circumstance to engrave beautiful pictures. This view is one of the handsomest for architectural display our city can boast of, having large and imposing avenues by which the eye can gaze unobstructed on the whole, while at a sufficient distance to obtain the full effect. We have but one regret to add, and that is the eye-sore of Mr. Gowan's wine store, which if we had our own way should certainly come down.

The prototype of this building is the Choric Monument at Athens, called by the modern Athenians the Lanterne of Demosthenes. It stands near the eastern end of the Acropolis, and is now partly enclosed in the *Hospitium of the Capuchins*; this monument was erected 330 years before the Christian era, and is said to have been exquisitely wrought. In this relic of antiquity, we have presented the richest example of Grecian Corinthian architecture to be found in Attica. All the capitals from the hands of the best Italian artists are expected shortly.

Written for the Cooks.

THE MOTHER TO HER FIRST BORN.

By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

Sad heritor art thou,
My beauteous boy,
Yet never may'st thou bow,
To earth's alloy.

Thine was no princely birth,
No glitt'ring royalty,
Or dignities of earth,
Waited on thee.

No tissue overspreads,
Thy cradle bed;
Or tinsel drapery shades,
Thy infant head.

Ungartered and unstarred,
Thy father's line;
Yet a proud name, unmarred,
My boy, is thine.

Preserve it pure and free,
On glory's page;
'Tis all we have for thee—
Thy heritage.

A lowly lot, my son,
Thine own may be;
A dark and dreary one,
Thy destiny.

It pains my heart to give
Thee to the world,
So fair, to see thee live
By fashion whirled:

Its cold repulsive breath,
Thy heart may rive;
Or folly's flowering wreath,
Thy spirit gyve.

Fain would I hold thee back,
My infant, still,
Lest manhood's widened track,
Be choked with ill.

But go, the God of heaven
Will be thy guide,
To Him thy hopes be given,
And firm abide.

From the New York American.

SONNET TO HIS LYRE.—By Camoens.

And are thy notes so tuned to woe
Thou could'st not wake a happier strain,
But that so wildly it should flow
As only to give others pain?
But hushed henceforth thy chords for aye,
Or if aught e'er their tones would borrow,
Let them no wakening hand obey
But that which sweeps them o'er in sorrow.
And thou, bright lady, could'st thou know
In doubt and fear how darkly by
Each hour since then did torturing go,
And how thy cold offended eye
I feared to meet—thou could'st not so,
Loose, my pardon here deny.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PAST AND PRESENT.

I cannot now recall those lays,
I'll never sing them more,
They bid me think of other days,
They make my heart too sore.

In days long past my heart was light,
And Fancy pleasure brought;
But, ah! my days are now like night!
My dreams have come to naught.

Ah! in those happy, mirthful hours,
It never crossed my mind,
That they would be like summer flowers,
Before the winter's wind.

Yes, yes! a cloud hangs o'er each hour—
I feel it, know it well:
There let it hang—had I the power
I would not it dispell.

C.

STANZAS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

Come to the fields and woods!
The spring is breathing o'er the land—
The flowers within the solitudes,
Rise up a beauteous band.

The hearth—the hot hearth scorn;
Come to the fields by day, by night—
By day fair flowers the earth adorn;
And stars the heavens by night.
Come, for all is soft and fair,
The power of God is present there.

Come on the glittering sea,
The waves are lulled in quiet sleep.
Only a ripple mild and free
Is on the murmuring deep;
Our bark shall glide along
As if upborne on summer's breeze,
As softly as the night bird's song
Floats thro' the forest trees.
Come and adore the gracious peace
That biddeth angry tempests cease.

Come to the towering hill!
Look all around thee, and below
Mark the calm wanderings of the rill,
And the distant ocean's flow—
Look at the sunset clouds
That hold as yet the infant thunder,
In those dark silver edged abodes
The lightning soon will rend asunder.
Come, and in that crimson fire,
The Lord of clouds and storms admire.

Come to the bed of death!
Step lightly—check that rising sigh;
Behold the parting of the breath,
Without an agony—
Behold how softly fades
The light and glory in that eye,
As gently as the twilight shades
The azure of the sky—
Come and bow in thankfulness
To Him who life's last hour can bless.

Written for the Casket.

The Triumph of Liberty and Republicanism.

When we cast our eyes over the nations of the earth, and contrast them with our own happy land, every true American heart beats with exultation and joy. Three centuries have scarcely elapsed since this mighty continent which stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and almost from pole to pole, was entirely unknown to the civilized world. Where joyous cities, with their busy population, now greet the eye, rivalling in extent, in arts, manufactures, and commerce, the most renowned cities of Europe, two centuries ago there was naught but a howling wilderness; where the wild beast had his den, and the murderous savage, more terrible than the wild beast, roamed the forest with his tomahawk and scalping-knife. How sudden the change! within this short period this western continent has been the theatre of the most splendid achievements, in the cause of philanthropy, that the world has ever witnessed.

Our fathers fled from the ruthless hand of persecution, and found here a peaceful asylum; which by patient labour they soon converted into a happy home. They did not, however, long enjoy the repose of this quiet retreat. British oppression followed them thither; and would have riveted upon their necks for ever her iron yoke, had there not been a spirit within them which resisted her unjust aggressions; and called them to that contest which finally issued in the American revolution—the most glorious era in the political history of the world—when the united voice of our fathers was heard, from Maine to Georgia, like “the sound of many waters,” declaring themselves “free and independent;” and pledging, in support of that declaration, “their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor.” Long and bloody was the strife. But the British lion was forced to cower beneath the American eagle; and, however reluctantly, was compelled to retreat to his own den with a sullen roar. After that memorable era, our conquering eagle, soaring aloft in triumph, and expanding far and wide his protecting wings over these United States, we have become great and powerful, commanding the admiration and respect, not only of England, our vanquished enemy, but of every nation on the globe. The most enlightened nations of Europe, beholding our prosperity and happiness under a free government, are beginning to long for the same blessings of liberty and republicanism. They are beginning to see that republicanism is the only rational form of government; the only government which is consistent with liberty, the equal rights and the happiness of the people. That although monarchy, considered in the abstract, may, in unity, simplicity, energy and despatch, be superior to a republic; yet that that man never lived who was qualified to wield a sceptre over his fellow men; such is the inherent lust of power in the heart of man. How seldom is that monarch or military hero recorded on the historian's page, who did not abuse the power he possessed. Our own illustrious Washington stands out in bold relief as almost the only ex-

ception to this universal fact. He, too, peradventure, might have worn a diadem; and no brow was ever more fit to be adorned with the insignia of royalty. But his magnanimous soul would have despised the petty bauble; and spurned the very thought of wearing it, as treason to his country. Illustrious Washington!—What period in the world's history ever beheld even the likeness of thy matchless character? Thy name will descend to time's latest posterity; and as centuries revolve, orators and poets will celebrate the day that gave thee birth.

“What name is found in history's page so bright,
Whose story gives the world such pure delight,
As his, who in Columbian wilds afar,
Where sylvan nature courts the western star,
With steady energy to battle led
Those patriot bands who bravely fought and bled;
And like their chief had sworn by all on high,
To conquer in their country's cause—or die!
What glory crowns fair freedom's darling son,
The boast of men, immortal Washington.”

But, to return from this digression, there is an utter and a palpable absurdity in a hereditary monarchy. The king's eldest son must succeed to the throne, though he be fool. Does not history show that this has often been the fact? And where the heir of the crown has not been characterized by a pitiable and disgraceful imbecility, how often has his reign been spent in idle projects of self aggrandizement, and the blood of half the nation spilt to glut his insatiable ambition! Therefore, since we cannot have a theocracy, a government administered immediately by God, from whom alone all power and all authority emanate; since the Almighty has not interposed, as in the case of his chosen people, but left us to choose for ourselves our own peculiar form of government, reason and common sense, and experience dictate, that republicanism is by far the most rational. These sentiments are beginning to be entertained, and to be freely and boldly expressed in England and France. Knowledge, universally diffused, is all that is necessary to spread these sentiments throughout all the nations of Europe. Let the people become thoroughly acquainted with their rights; let them be convinced that the right and the power to govern belong to themselves; and the thrones of tyrants will soon totter, and the crown fall from their heads. Already the sovereigns of Europe begin to betray their alarm, and to hold the sceptre with a trembling grasp. Alas, the reign of kings, we fear, is short! He, indeed, would not be thought a false prophet, by those observant of the signs of the times, who should venture to predict, that, at no very distant period, all the monarchies and all the aristocracies of Europe—I had almost said all the monarchies and aristocracies of earth—will have crumbled to atoms; and on their ruins will rise republics, splendid and glorious, after the model of the United States of America.

While we thus exult in the glorious picture which our happy country presents, and gaze with rapture on the light and glory with which it is covered, we fail not, in the midst of our enthusiasm and joy, to recognize the deep shade

with which error and infirmity are ever wont to mar the best productions of man. Although every true American's heart beats with exultation and joy, when he contrasts his own happy land with the nations of the earth, crushed beneath the iron sceptre of some haughty monarch, or bowing to the insolence of some proud aristocracy; yet it cannot be concealed, that one foul blot has always stained the fair page of American glory. How does it comport with consistency, for a nation who struggled eight long years in a bloody contest for liberty and independence, and who has proclaimed in the audience of all the nations of the earth, that she "holds these truths to be self-evident:—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it." How does it comport with consistency for such a nation to hold in slavery, the most abject and degrading, more than two millions of their fellow men? If the heroes of the revolution had so keen a sense of justice, that they would not suffer the least infringement of their rights; if they would not permit even a few light taxes to be unjustly imposed upon them, nor be forced into the degraded condition of colonies taxed and yet unrepresented, but demanded all the rights and privileges of free born British citizens; what would have been their feelings had any people or any nation attempted to impose upon them the yoke of African servitude? Their indignation would have been roused into fury; and with the strength of Samson, they would have burst the bands with which they were bound, and laid prostrate the pillars of so corrupt a government, though they themselves had fallen beneath the ruins. We have publicly and solemnly declared, that we believe "all men are created equal." And does not "all men" include the sable sons of Africa, as well as the pale sons of Europe? Or is the negro destitute of the noble faculties of the human soul? and therefore not to be ranked among men, but to be treated like the brutes. We grant the mighty inferiority. But why is the intellect of the African so debased and grovelling? It is because the sun of liberty has never been permitted to shine upon his benighted soul. As well might we expect that the fruits of the earth should ripen beneath the shade, as that the intellect of man should come to perfection under the chilling influence of slavery. The African must be transplanted to a soil and climate congenial to his constitution, where the sun of liberty may irradiate his mind; and then, and not till then, will his intellect grow and expand, and put on the attributes of dignified man. We, therefore, hail the American Colonization Society as the grand instrument, in the hand of Providence, of raising this degraded population to their just rank in the scale of humanity. When every African shall be transported to his own native shores, and these United States freed from a population, at once a disgrace and a curse, then

may we expect the blessings of the Almighty to rest upon us as a nation.

"Say, ye supernal Powers who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man.
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name;—
That friend of Nature, whose unvarying hands
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free."

May the time soon come, when we shall
"loose the bonds of wickedness, undo the heavy
burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppress-
ed go free."

"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the past never encrimson thy name,
Be Freedom, and Science, and Virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire:
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire:
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend."

AMERICUS.

The following beautiful ode, written for the occasion by the Rev. Mr. Pierpoint, was sung by the Handel and Hayden Society, at the obsequies of Dr. Spurzheim, at Boston.

ODE.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee,
Many an eye with sorrow wet:
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye—thy noble frame?
But, that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.
Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither,
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the stores of science brought us,
For the charm thy goodness gave
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?
Nature's priest, how pure and fervent,
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine,—
Taught and charmed as by no other,
We have been, and hoped to be;
But, while waiting round thee, Brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.
Dark with thee!—No; thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love,—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God thy godlike spirit,
Back we give, in final trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it,
To its chamber—but we must.

Written for the Casket.

THE GRAVE.

The grave, the grave! within its scope
Lies human heart and human hope;
How many a tear has there been shed,
Over the solemn, silent dead!
How many a heart has there been broken
O'er love's fond, fickle, faithless token!

There is nothing in life so well calculated to humble the haughty, and bow down the stiff knee of pride, as to follow the remains of some young and gifted person—to stand by the solemn, the mournful grave, and to see the earth close over him for ever. How many melancholy emotions crowd upon the heart, while we stand for a few moments around the last dwelling place of man. A wise God has given to the grave, for a good purpose, the power of exciting the most tender, the most touching sensibilities in the human heart. Lives there a man, lives there a woman who has not followed a father, a mother, a brother, sister, or some dear relative or friend, to the grave? And have they not felt while standing among the tombs, and when they have returned to the desolate mansion, the fallacy of human pride, and the vanity of human ambition? Do they not feel, and are they not impressed with a sense that all human glory is transitory, and all human happiness perishable? Have they not resolved, as the sublime Dr. Young observes, to keep those impressions fresh in the memory, then re-resolved and died the same.

To meditate among the tombs, to me is a melancholy pleasure. There every guilty thought is suppressed—there every unholy passion subsides—there ambition, vanity, and pride, are swallowed up in reflection, and the mind abstracted from the world becomes calm as the summer lake, while the sublime current of contemplation leads it in pleasing though sad thought from life to the grave, and from the grave to immortality.

I have stood at the death-bed and at the grave of the gay, the young, the beautiful, and the gifted. And while I have stood there these thoughts have rushed upon my mind. Is man immortal? And if so, where and when does the spirit go? That the soul of man is immortal is proven by his longing after immortality, and as Cato observes, his fear of falling into annihilation. If the soul of man is not immortal, why should it have been given the power of progressing in knowledge and virtue. The acquirement of the mind is infinite, and it would seem strange to suppose that its duration were finite. I know not whether other men have the same consciousness, but for myself, I know that I have a soul, I can feel the distinction perceptibly between it and the body; yes, I can *feel* it as distinctly as I can *see* the yolk contained in the eggshell. That my soul is immortal is proven by analogy in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The lofty oak is felled to the earth, and in the course of time another tall towering oak springs from its root. The rose tree "bears its blushing honors thick upon it," and they die; yet in the next year others of the same form bloom forth in their places. But the animal kingdom proves more precisely the immortality of the soul. I will give

one example, which is sufficient. All the caterpillar tribe undergo a change which points plainly to the resurrection of man. Take the silkworm, for example. It has its infancy, and begins its labors so soon it arrives at maturity. It spins its thread of existence, and at the end is silent in its tomb. More wise than man, its whole life is spent in preparing for its grave. In the course of ten or fifteen days the change takes place, and the resurrection is at hand. It then breaks the barriers of the grave, and comes forth in the form of a fly, and far more beautiful and happy. It eats not now, but makes pleasure its sole object, constantly jumping and flying about. Unlike its former self, it no longer eats, or works, or is sick. It would seem as if the Diety had made these things as proofs to man of his own immortality. It is a complete picture of the resurrection.

But does the soul leave the body at the moment of dissolution, and does it fly to some far off star, to some place of happiness—or does it linger among us? Is it true, as Milton observes, that—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Both when we wake and when we sleep."

Dr. Priestly, and the sect called Materialists, taught the doctrine that the mind of man is not spiritual, but the mere result of the movement of the fibres of the brain. They believed that when man dies the mind ceases with the cessation of the brain's movement. They also as a consequence believed, that the mind is extinct or quiescent in the grave until the resurrection, when it would again come into existence at the same moment that the brain would more. In sleep, though alive, we have a very imperfect consciousness of the lapse of time, and say they, in the grave, where there can be no consciousness of the flight of time, the soul might slumber on for millions of years, and wake with the supposition that only a moment had elapsed. But this is all conjecture, for all is hid in impenetrable darkness. It is enough for us to know that man is immortal.

Oh the grave—the grave—it covers all human hopes and all human affections! But a short time since I followed to the grave the lifeless form of an infant child of my sister. While I stood with each foot on a grave, looking down in the dark home of the infant, I asked myself the question, what is life and what its securities? Before me lies an infant whose life has extended to but a few short weeks, and the graves on which I stand are but short. What is life, that death should be so terrific—and how strange is it, that, though we dread his approach, we think so little of that change, and make so little preparation for that hour which must irrevocably come. It is true that life, to the youthful mind, is bright, and fraught with future hopes and happiness; and it is so because his heart is pure, and he knows not the hollow-heartedness of the world and the imperfections of human nature. The vista opens before him, and he sees not the end—flowers and sunshine charm his eye, and he thinks not of the darkness that will ere long enshroud them. Fancy is a foe to solemn reflection, and hence it is that the youthful mind thinks

not of death. The heart has not the independence and fearlessness of the mind, or we should never reflect on a subject so humiliating and terrible. There are but two sources of real pleasure in life, knowledge and virtue; by virtue, I mean religion in the widest acceptance of the word. Knowledge and virtue are progressive, and not perishable like that which the world calls pleasure. Some of the Grecian philosophers taught the doctrine that virtue and vice were only nominal, and there was no distinction only in the names. But there is as great a distinction as there is between light and darkness. He who commits a good action is richly repaid by the pleasing consciousness which follows it, and he who commits a bad one is as surely punished by the pain which follows it.

What oceans of tears have been shed at the grave, and how many a heart has pined and sickened at the thought of separation. It is a melancholy truth that no less than ninety thousand of the human race are laid in the grave in one day. And how does the heart shrink when we look around us, and think that of all the active beings we see in the full pursuit of happiness, not one perhaps will be living one hundred years hence—that the child now in its mother's lap will then have been laid in the grave a gray-headed man, the father of several generations. How short is the period of sixty years to pass from generous-hearted youth to avaricious old age, and how humiliating is the fact, that the older we grow the more hardened the heart becomes, and the less fit for heaven. The youth who will welcome to his door the aged mendicant will, in future life while grasping after wealth, deny him the pittance of a farthing. Money, money runs through every thing. It supplies the place of talent, wisdom, greatness, and almost of virtue. But alas, to how many has it proved worse than the fire to Prometheus, or the water to Tantalus!

If we could have a chronicle of the scenes and agonies the grave occasions, how full of instruction might it not be, and how many a moral lesson might it not inculcate. I have witnessed many sorrowful scenes at the grave, one of which I shall relate. James W— was the son of respectable parents, a youth of fine acquirements and no ordinary intellect. He grew up in every indulgence, and his friends carefully removed every supposed obstacle to his march in the path of knowledge. He grew up a young man much respected for his virtues and talents, and chose the profession most agreeable to his inclination. At the age of twenty-three he became acquainted with an amiable and beautiful girl. Emily C— was the daughter of a man who had by his bounty placed the father of young W— in the road to wealth. Her parents become insolvent, were both dead, and through gratitude she was made an inmate in James's family. He saw her beauty, and admired her; he tested her worth, and loved her. Being an only son, the hope and stay of their declining years, his parents saw the growing attachment, but would not thwart his inclinations. Emily was alone in the world, and of course was inclined to love the man who should sympathize in her sorrows. But she did not so easily yield to his solicitations of her hand

in marriage, on account of the inequality of their fortunes. She loved him with a devotion seldom equalled, and it was not until she saw the union sanctioned by her lover's parents, that she yielded to his entreaties. They were married, and time passed smoothly and rapidly away. For a year he knew no happiness out of the presence of his Emily, and she richly repaid his attention by her smiles and caresses. Every night when his daily business was done, he flew to his home and fireside, where the bright-eyed Emily awaited his approach with a smile. Through the evening, he read or conversed while she plied the needle, and this he called true happiness. And I would ask, if a man cannot be happy at home with the wife he loves, where and with whom could he be happy? If a married man flies to the society of other persons, he plainly tells his wife that it is more agreeable than her own company. How agonizing must it be to a woman of sensibility who sees others enjoy the presence of the man that she most loves. It is cruel in the extreme, and nothing can excuse it. James was always with his wife when not engaged in business; but alas, the time came when he sometimes was absent from the evening fireside. Emily noticed it, but from a delicacy, said nothing. The evenings of his absence became more frequent, and she became alarmed and sorrowful. On his return one evening, she asked him, in a pleasant tone, if his evenings were not as agreeable as formerly.

"They are," said W—, "and you, my Emily, are as dear as ever."

"Then why," said Emily, with a smile, "do you not, as formerly, enliven our hearth at evening with your conversation? Oh James, you know not how much pleasure it gave me—I was indeed happy?"

"And are you not happy now?" inquired W—. "The only reason of my occasional absence has been business, and sometimes the toil of the day occasions *ennui* at night."

"You once said," returned Emily, "that I could charm away your every care, and—"

"No more, my dear Emily, for God's sake," said James. "Do you forgive me?"

"With all my heart," answered the fond young wife, "there is nothing in you I would not forgive."

One long fond embrace ended the matter, and the fond, faithful and gentle Emily was clad in smiles, as though her husband had never neglected her. They were called the happy couple. For a while James was happy by the evening fireside. One evening in November, she missed him, for the charm of her home was gone. The amiable Emily was sitting by the cradle of her child plying her needle, when the clock tolled ten, and the beloved of her heart had not yet returned. He had never staid out so late. She sat with an aching heart, listening breathlessly for the sound of his footsteps; but nothing was heard save the hollow sound of the blast as it moaned mournfully round the turrets of the building. Her fancy had worked up her mind to a state bordering on agony, when the clock struck eleven, and yet James came not. There, still sleepless sat the devoted Emily, her heart sickening with protracted suspense. She leaned

over the cradle, where slept her innocent babe, and when she thought of the change in its father, she wept long and bitterly. Her passion of grief had not entirely subsided when a stumbling was heard at the door, and in the next moment a thundering knock. With a palpitating heart she flew to open it, and the very horrors her fancy had depicted stared her in the face. He was deeply intoxicated, and in his countenance were written the lines of despair and agony.

"For God's sake, what is the matter, my dear James?" she inquired with a tremulous voice.

"I am a wretch," he replied, in a stentorian voice, "villains have tempted me to drink, and then to follow to the gaming table. I played, and this night have lost all, even to the gold watch in my pocket. Oh, Emily, I have reduced you and my child to common beggars."

Woman, in trying occasions seems to gather strength from despair. Though his language blanched her cheek and made her heart sick, she attempted to soothe his agony and even hoped that his misfortune would recal him back to virtue. The truth was, that from the moment James had given up the pure society of his wife, he gradually formed a liking for the company of dissipated young men. Indulgence made liquor agreeable, and habit riveted the chain of necessity. He was led to the hateful gaming table, and had indulged in it for a long time, from small sums rising to greater. On the night spoken of some sharper, who played into each other's hands, stripped him of every thing he possessed, and then discarded him as a beggar. In this situation the unhappy husband stood before his fond and gentle wife. When he looked upon his wife and child it was like a dagger to his heart, but despair instead of arresting his career hurried him on to desperation. All that night he raved like a madman, while the gentle Emily reproved him only with her tears.

"My dear James," said Emily, the next day, looking in his wan and haggard face, "if you will only leave off now, I will not mind the loss of fortune, and will be content with bread and water."

"But you will upbraid me—oh yes, you will curse me," he cried, burying his face in her bosom.

Emily wept bitterly, and could not reply. Misfortune and sin seemed to devote her gentle spirit to him more than ever, and her conjugal affection had always been proverbial. For a time James appeared serious, and half determined, for the sake of his wife and child, whom he loved dearly, to begin the world again; for he had by his own exertions amassed considerable, independently of that given by his parents. A few weeks elapsed, when his creditors came and swept all that had not been swallowed by the gaming table. Emily's heart melted when she saw the very presents sold which her husband had given her in happier days. Yes, even the cradle of her infant was taken to satisfy the passion for gaming. When he saw this he for the first time burst into tears, for he remembered what he had told Emily when he gave it to her.

From this period he gave up to despair, for he was a man of refined mind, and of course of

acute feelings. It is lamentable that the most talented, most generous and amiable men should be most liable to contract habits of intemperance. Their minds are excited and imaginative pictures, under the influence of stimulus, a heaven of pleasure, and hence the liability. James became more dissipated, and plunged into the very depth of evil to drown the whisperings of conscience. But alas, when he awoke his misery was a thousand times more acute. Two or three years of this life presented to him his poor child clad in rags and crying for bread, and his amiable, gentle, uncomplaining Emily, gradually pining away under the weight of accumulating misery. This agonized his soul, and made him still more desperate. Emily soon sunk under her misery, and in her dying moments spoke to him of forgiveness, and exhorted him to take care of her child. No sooner had he seen the breath out of her than he took a pistol, retired to his chamber, and put a period to his existence. Both were interred together, and the scene at the grave was touching in the extreme. The gray headed and heart broken parents were there, and a numerous throng of relatives and friends, lamenting the fate of a man who had set out in the journey of life with brilliant hopes and glorious anticipations. How many have made shipwreck on the same rock! How many have brought an amiable wife to misery, degradation, and the grave!—Alas! too many. Parents, reflect. Gentle reader, reflect and be wise.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

I GO TO THE DARK AND SILENT TOMB.

I go to the dark and silent tomb,

To a rest in the deep blue sky—

Long, long have I pined for that happy home,

Where sorrow and grief can never come,

And my hour at length draws nigh.

Ere you sun that is glittering still in the west,

Shall have shed its departing ray,

My spirit shall soar to the realms of the blest,

And its pulcra be still as the infant's rest,

When it gently reclines on its mother's breast,

And in innocent sleep dies away.

As the slumbering waves of the beautiful sea,

When the storm in its wrath has passed by;

As the light'ning's dread flash to the summer's fair tree,

In the pitiless scorn, hast thou been unto me;

Thou hast withered the hopes that were fixed upon thee,

Yet calmly I bless thee and die.

I blessed thee in hope, ere the shadows of woe

O'er my path shed its dark'ning power;

When my visions were bright as the rivulet's flow,

In its unruddied course to the vales below;

And my slumbering spirit still blesses thee now,

In my lowly dying hour.

JULIA.

There is no such thing as perfect secrecy to encourage a rational mind to the perpetration of any base action; for a man must first extinguish and put out the great light within—his conscience; he must get away from himself, and shake off the thousand witnesses which he carries about him, before he can be alone.—South.

From the New York Citizen.

FARMER APPLEGATE AND HIS TWO SONS.

Farmer Applegate, the owner of a considerable tract of land, had two sons, Jonathan and William—or, as they were usually called, Jock and Bill. They were from their childhood of very different disposition. Jock was staid and sober—inclined to industry, and fond of laying up his coppers. Bill was a harum scarum sort of a lad, idle in his habits, peppery in his disposition, and more fond of throwing away his coppers than hoarding them up. While Jock was industriously at work on the farm, Bill would be away paddling in some puddle for frogs, or shooting butterflies through an air-gun.

These different habits and dispositions, followed them to the age of manhood, when their father thought proper to settle them in life. He portioned Jock with a parcel of bleak, barren, stoney, and uneven land, but pretty well supplied with running water. This soil, said he to himself, requires a world of hard labor, and produces little when you have done. But that makes no difference, for Jock will get a living and lay up money, any where. As for Bill, said he, there's no use in giving him any land that requires labor, for he'll never work on it, though it were to keep him from starving. Accordingly Farmer Applegate set off to his son Bill a piece of low flat land, a little to the south of Jock's, which produced *cat-tails* in abundance, and that without the labor of cultivation,

Cat-tails, in those days, were used as a substitute for feathers, in the preparation of beds. They brought fourpence a pound; and as they found a ready market and cash pay, Farmer Applegate thought, that his son Bill, idle as he was, could hardly fail of making a tolerable livelihood from the production of an article, which required no labor, but the gathering and carrying to market.

But here the old gentleman was mistaken.—Bill thought it quite too great a hardship to pick and sell the cat-tails, even though they grew spontaneously. He purchased therefore a parcel of monkeys to do the principal drudgery for him—particularly the gathering and putting into sacks. These monkeys, said he, will save me a world of labor. They can pick cat-tails just as well as I—and, for the matter of that, a great deal better, for they are more nimble and active; besides this low swampy land will not injure their health as it does mine.

The monkeys were accordingly set to work. They were sufficiently nimble and handy; but the difficulty was, to keep them at work, and to make them do their work well. Like all the rest of their race, they were a capricious, versatile, and mischievous set. They would not work, unless some one was constantly watching them; and when they did work, they made such waste as was enough to ruin any body—throwing about the cat-tails, and playing the mischief with their master's property.

In order to keep these troublesome servants at work without being obliged constantly to overlook them in person, Bill procured a stout ourang outang, armed him with a whip, and made him monkey-driver and overseer of the

work.—But the ourang outang turned out to be little better, or more trust worthy, than the skip-jacks under his charge. Every thing went at sixes and sevens. While Bill was away fishing and shooting, the monkey-driver, and monkeys were playing the devil with his property.

The consequence of his idle habits and his bad management was, that he got deeply in debt, was harassed with executions, and threatened with bankruptcy. In this difficulty, what does he do? Instead of getting rid of his monkeys, and attending to work himself, he petitions his father to grant him a premium, of three farthings per pound, on his cat-tails—alleging that he cannot possibly get a living without this *protection* to his industry.

"Industry!" exclaimed Farmer Applegate—"talk of *your* industry! Truly, if you do not get a living, it will not be for want of impudence."

Though the Farmer expressed himself in this wise, nevertheless, being a good-natured man, and having the welfare of his children at heart, he granted the proposed premium of three farthings per pound, on all the cat-tails, grown by his son Bill. With this help Bill got along tolerably well for a time; but neither then did he improve his habits, or pay his debts; but on the contrary, he became, if possible, more idle and careless than ever. This *protection*, said he, is a fine thing—it will keep me in spending money if nothing else.

In the mean time Jock was industrious and saving. Though his land produced little, he contrived, by turning his hand to a variety of things, and manufacturing sundry "notions," as he called them, to obtain a tolerable livelihood, and to keep clear of debt, though he did not get rich. Among other "notions," which he contrived to manufacture, were wooden Jewsharps, which he sold for three halfpence a piece. He went on very contentedly, nor asked any aid from the old gentleman, until Bill had obtained the above-mentioned premium on his cat-tails; when Jock, justly concluding that he had an equal claim to *protection*, asked and obtained a premium of one farthing on each of the Jewsharps manufactured at his mill.

He now increased his business, enlarged his mill, and with the aid of the farthing premium, began to get forward in the world. Bill, seeing the prosperity of his brother Jock, flew into a terrible passion, declared the premium on Jewsharps a monstrous imposition, and not to be endured. What! said he, shall I pay one penny three farthings for a wooden Jewsharp, when I can get an iron one for sixpence? To be sure, the wooden article answers every purpose for my monkeys, whose leisure hours must be amused with Jewsharps of some kind or other, to prevent them from being worse employed. But that is neither here nor there—it is the *principle* that I contend against.

Bill now posted forthwith to his father's to request him to take off the premium on Jock's Jewsharps—alleging that it was too bad that Jock should be growing rich by his vile wooden manufacture, while he was growing poor on the more honorable business of raising cat-tails. Farmer Applegate endeavored to reason with him on the injustice of his demand, inasmuch as

the same principle had been followed in relation both to him and his brother, and inasmuch as he himself had been the first to ask that *protection*, which he was now so ready to condemn.

But the more the Farmer attempted to reason, the more Bill got in a passion; until at last, in order to appease him, the old gentleman reduced the premium on Jock's Jews-harps to one farthing each. This concession, however, so far from satisfying Bill, seemed only to enrage him the more. The principle! said he; it is the principle I contend against; and sooner than submit to it, I'll blow up Jock's mill sky-high, set fire to the old man's house, and play the devil with the whole concern. These threats he expressed openly, but neither Jock nor the old gentleman were to be moved. They had a wary eye upon his movements, but kept perfectly cool.

This composure only the more enraged Bill; and arming his monkeys one day with squirts and pop-guns, he marched at the head of this uncouth army to attack Jock in his mill. But Jock was ready for him. He had closed the door of his mill, and prepared a few buckets of hot water, so arranged that by pulling a string he could upset the whole of them upon his assailants. The door being barricaded, the monkeys were sent, as he expected, to scale the walls and enter the window. Jock waited composedly until the noisy troop had nearly reached the lower casement, when suddenly pulling the string, he discharged the hot contents of the buckets upon their heads. The consequence was that they abandoned the attack in great confusion, threw away their arms, and ran screeching and screaming about with their scalded polls, like so many mad creatures; and when General Bill endeavored once more to urge them to the attack, instead of obeying his orders, they with one accord fell upon himself, tore off every rag of clothes he had, scratched and wounded him till the blood began to run in streams down his naked body, and would soon have made an end of him, had not Jock, sallying from the mill, put them to flight, and generously rescued his fraternal enemy.

From that time Bill grew more rational. He sent his monkeys back to Africa, picked his own cat-tails, and said no more about Jock's premium, or the odious principles of *protection*.

GIRLISH LOVE.—Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season—its warm and uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment: after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end destroys its immortality; and thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances of life's common place employments and pleasures; and alas from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are grown too wise, too wordly, for our former faith—and we laugh at what we wept at before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter than tears.

—*Romance and Reality.*

THE TOWER OF LONDON.



The tower of London is the chief fortress of the City, and is supposed to have been originally built by William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely and Chancellor of England, in the reign of Richard I. This haughty prelate, having a quarrel with John, third brother to Richard, under pretence of guarding against his designs, surrounded the whole with embattled walls, and made on the outside a vast ditch, into which, in after times, the water of the Thames was introduced. Different princes added other works. The present contents within the walls are twelve acres, and five rods, a rather larger extent than is enclosed by the walls of our Eastern Penitentiary. The *Lion's Tower* was built by Edward IV. It was originally called the *Bulwark*, but received the former name from its use. A Menagerie had very long been a piece of regal state, but since the establishment of the Zoological Gardens near London, which has proved the most successful affair of the kind, the late King presented the Society with the Lions and other animals, to the great gratification of the public, who have thus easy access to a sight of those noble forest kings. In the tower, the curiosities of which we can only allude to, are a Church, the offices of ordnance and of the mint, those of the keepers of the Records, of the jewel office, of the Spanish Armoury, the horse Armoury, and of the new small Armoury; the barracks of the soldiers of the garrison, and handsome houses for several officers who reside there. The officers are a Constable, a Lieutenant, and a deputy Lieutenant. The stacks of arms, wax figures of kings, queens, generals, &c. &c. with the regalia of state, sceptres of a long line of kings, and other baubles, with the ordnance, &c. taken from the Spanish Armada, curious records &c. are the curiosities shown to visitors. Among these, the eagle of gold, finely engraved, may be mentioned. It holds the holy oil the Kings and Queens of England are anointed with. This Eagle is about nine inches high, and the wings expand about seven inches; the whole weighs about ten ounces. The head of the Eagle screws off about the middle of the neck, which is made hollow, for holding the holy oil, and when the King is anointed by the bishop, the oil is

poured into a golden spoon out of the bird's bill. For a more unite description of this wonderful tower, see almost any of the works of late tourists in England, such as Silliman, Griscom, &c. who have viewed the place with the eyes of Americans.

WILL LOVE MY LOVE.

I will love my love in the morning,
When the drowsy world is still,—
When the sun is in splendour rising,
And the mist is on the hill;
And I'll tell her, her brow of beauty,
Like the day god's, is bright and fair,
And her fairy form is as sylphid
As the mist that is floating there.
I'll point to the lovely landscapes,
Appeal to the warblers glad,
And ask, if a sigh escapes her,
Oh! why should she be sad?
As she brushes the dew from the cowslip,
And bruises not flower or stem,
I'll tell her the songsters love nature,
And she should be glad like them.
I'll love my love in the noontide,
When, with summer heat oppress,
We sit in her bower of woodbine,
And she sinks on my arm to rest;
And as she smiles in her slumbers,
Or wakes with a gentle start,
I'll say I was there to guard her,
And fold her again to my heart.
And I'll show her the red rose blooming,
In the wilds of its native wood,
And tell her, her lips, when smiling,
Are like to its bursting bud;
That nature is placid and lovely,
And still as the valley and plain;
And I'll bid her to lie on my bosom,
And sleep and smile again.
I'll love my love in the evening,
When the heavens in blue array,
O'erhang the flowery and verdant earth
On the eve of a summer's day;
And I'll tell her the scene of softness,
Which earth receives from sky,
Is nought to the love which my soul returns
To the beam of her bright blue eye.
I'll press her to roam till the moon-beams
Their gentle radiance shed,
And the golden circles are dancing bright
On the streamlet's glassy bed;
And I'll tell her those flowing ringlets,
That in wild luxuriance play
O'er her dimpled cheek and snowy neck,
Are circling and bright as they.
I'll part with my love when the dew-drops
Fall light on the gladsome earth,
And the gentle sigh of the evening breeze
In the aspens has found its birth;
And I'll tell her that Heaven, in its kindness,
Sheds balm on the hearts that love,
And a soft sigh breathed from an innocent breast
Bears a blessing as from above.

From the New York Mirror.

Written after a ride by the Schuylkill, in October.

By Miss Fanny Kemble.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear,
Red falls the westerling light of day
On rock and stream and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wings of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods, the ground
Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun with arrows bright
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh Autumn! thou art here a king—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring,
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.
Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells
In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,
My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,
Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown,
He wanders through the wan October light:
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down
The garlands green that were the spring's delight
At morn and eve thin silver vapours rise
Around his path: but sometimes at mid-day
He looks around the hills with gentle eyes,
That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.
Yet something of sad sov'reignty he hath—
A sceptre crowned with berries ruby red,
And the cold sobbing wind bestrewn his path
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread.
And round him still, in melancholy state,
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,
In slow and hushed attendance, ever wait,
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

MORRIS.—The following remark of Bayle will remind the reader of Rochefoucault:—"If the motives of most men's services for one another were known, it would appear that the intention to do good has a less share in them than a design to mortify others."

There is one special reason why we should endeavour to make children as happy as possible, which is, that their early youth forms a pleasant or unpleasant back-ground to all their after-life, and is consequently of more importance to them than any other equal portion of time,

Bibliographical Notices.

TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE.

the subject of the New Market races, the German ce, Puckler Muskau, is very severe on all parties con- ed; as the New York Traveller remarks, "probably as not 'up to the sharp, and down on the flats,' as Logic so beautifully expresses it." We give the arti- and shall occasionally give further short extracts.

At a certain distance from the goal, about a hundred s to the side, stands another white post called the bet- post. Here the betters assemble after they have seen horses saddled in the stable at the beginning of the se, thoroughly examined into all the circumstances of mpendng race, or perhaps given a wink to some ded jockey.

he scene which ensues would to many appear the t strange that ever was exhibited. In noise, uproar clator, it resembles a Jew's synagogue, with a greater lay of passion. The persons of th drama are the first a of England, livery servants, the lowest "sharpers" "blacklegs"—in short, all who have money to bet claim equal rights, nor is there any marked difference in their external appearance. Most of them have pocket s in their hands, each calls aloud his bet, and when it ken, each party immediately notes it in his book.— es, lords, grooms and rogues, shout, scream and halloo ther, with a volubility, and in a technical language out hich a foreigner is puzzled to make any thing; till sud- y the cry is heard "The horses have started!"

a minute the crowd disperses; but the betters soon t again at the ropes which enclose the course. You a multitude of telescopes, opera glasses and eye gla- levelled from the carriages, and by the horsemen, in direction whence the jockeys are coming. With the d of the wind they are seen approaching; and for a moments a deep and anxious silence pervades the ey crowd; while a manager on horseback keeps the e clear, and applies his whip without ceremony to shoulders of any intruder. The calm endures but a nent; then once more arises the wildest uproar; shouts lament tions, curses and cheers, re-echo on every r, from lords to ladies far a d wide. "Ten to four n the Admiral!" "A hundred to one upon Madame tris!" "Small beer against the field!" &c. are heard t the almost frantic betters; and scarcely do you hear one "uttered here and there, when the noble animals before you—past you—in the twinkling of an eye—the moment at the goal—and luck, or skill, or knavery decided the victory. The great losers look blank for oment—the winners triumph aloud—many make une nline a mauvais jeu," and dart to the spot where horses are unsaddled and the jockeys weighed, to see me irregularity may not yet give them a chance. In arter of an hour the same scene begins anew with r horses, and is repeated six or seven times. "Voila courses de Newmarket."

he first day I was gifted with such a prophetic vision, twice by the mere exercise of my proper observation jud. men, I betted upon the winner at the saddling, and ed a considerable sum. But I had the usual fate of —what I won that day I lost the next, and as much e to boot. Whoever is a permanent winner here is e of his game *beforehand*; and it is well known that the ciples of many of the English nobility are very wide xpensive on this head."

ISTORY OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

among the entertaining books with which we occa- sionally beguile a leisure hour, we must enumerate up's History of the American Theatre, which we e just perused. It is a large octavo volume, writ- in a very popular style, and full of anecdote and bi- ography, of a character to amuse and instruct the eral reader, let his profession be what it may. The hazard kind of life the players generally lead, in- duces them to such a variety of incident, often of

the most curious kind, that books on the subject have always been sought after with avidity; the one under consideration is decidedly of a superior cast, as little, if anything is introduced which might not be read aloud to a select party of ladies. As Mr. Dunlap has told the story of the lives of such men as Warren, Jefferson, Blissett, Francis, and a score of others, under whom we acquired our theatrical propensities when young, they possess an interest which we could scarcely anticipate could be imparted to their biographies.

The author commences the history of our stage from the first theatre in Virginia, when the music consisted of a single harp, and has brought it down to our own times, when we all have witnessed the perfection to which stage arrangements and music have been brought, and even the introduction of the Italian Opera, in all its glory, and the exquisite *finish* imparted to the acting of a French company. The steady advance of theatrical amusements, not only in our principal cities, but all over the interior prove, that the public will have theatres, and it becomes the philanthropist to make the best of it, and endeavor to introduce good plays as the surest way of attaining their ends.

We cannot hope to convey, in a newspaper, a tithe of the interest Mr. Dunlap has imparted to his subject, but to give an idea of the contents, we select almost at random a few paragraphs. Of Jefferson, he says: "Of a small and light figure, well formed, with a singular physiognomy, a nose perfectly Grecian, and blue eyes full of laughter, he had the faculty of exciting mirth to as great a degree by power of feature, although handsome, as any ugly featured low comedian ever seen. The Squire Richard of Jefferson, made a strong impression on the writer; his Sadi, in the Mountaineers, a much stronger; and strange to say, his Verges, in Much Ado about Nothing, a yet stronger."

Of our great favorite, Mr. Wood, the author gives a biographical sketch, containing the following discriminating paragraph:—"Mr. Wood's forte is decidedly genteel comedy, but he succeeds admirably well in tragedy too. His striking excellence is a never-failing perfect knowledge of his author, both as to sentiment and language. If we were to designate the party in which he particularly excels, we should say that his Belcour, Reuben Glenroy, Vapid, Tangent, Sir Charles Racket, Michael Perez, Mercutio, and Benedict, in comedy; and in tragedy, his Brutus, Jaffier, Iago, Alonzo, in the Revenge, Charles de Moor, and Penruddock, were all excellent performances"—and we will add, still are. We never see Mr. Wood on the stage without discovering some new excellence, and we are sometimes half tempted to think he is too good to be appreciated by the numerous class who have been trained in certain schools to admire rant rather than nature, distortion instead of perfection.

Who that remembers old Chesnut street Drury, under the old management of Warren and Wood, ever expects to see anything, as a whole, half so good in these days. Wood and Warren, always sure of pleas- ing, for they were never middling even to a thin house.—Jefferson—always received with uproarious ap- plause. Blissett—a perfect player in French doctors. Mr. and Mrs. Francis, the admirable representatives of a class of old people, of whom we nowadays see nothing worth seeing—in short, the *toute ensemble*, we ne'er shall look upon the like again.

Mr. Dunlap has no patience with children playing the parts of grown people, and with one solitary ex- ception, that of Master Burke, we must say we agree with him. He says:—"A child playing in the same scene with men and women, is in itself an absurdity, and the popularity of such exhibitions is a proof of vicious taste, or rather an absence of taste. It is the same feeling which carries the crowd to see monsters of every description. A little boy or a little girl play- ing Richard or Shylock, where the other characters

are supported by men and women, is to a person of taste an object of pity or ridicule."

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC, by Sir David Brewster addressed to Sir Walter Scott. This is the title of the 50th volume of Harper's Family Library, just issued in New York, and certainly a more entertaining philosophical work has never been printed. In former days, we might say till within the present century, philosophy was so beset with technical terms and phrases, that none but the learned dared attempt to fathom its mysteries. How different the case now! All the treasures of knowledge, accumulated for ages, the grand results, are thrown open to the view and comprehension of mankind; children view with admiration, the motions of a watch—they gaze with wonder at the movements of the hands, and listen in surprise at the noise of the ticking. Men were but lately children of a larger growth—they looked on and wondered at the results produced by mechanism and science, but understood nothing of the means employed to produce it. A philosopher was considered a magician, and men were content to believe it, because the opportunity was not presented to learn the why and wherefore. Now, by means of books, the watch is opened, and we no longer stare in wild amazement, because the why and wherefore is explained. The most cultivated minds seem willing and gratified to combine their powers, and explain; to simplify and render both intelligible and attractive to ordinary readers, the results of the profoundest sciences. Among the number, Sir David Brewster must take a high rank, for he has made out of what was formerly a dry subject a fund of entertainment and instruction, mingled with so many facts and elucidations, that even a novel reader will be tempted to read and think. No one, after perusing his neat little book, and Sir Walter Scott's Demonology, would ever after believe in witchcraft, and no one can read either without feeling thankful that men of such elevated and improved understandings are willing to turn teachers.

In the present volume, the various kinds of optical illusions are fully explained, and numerous ingenious mechanical contrivances are described, by which the magicians used to puzzle and impose on the ignorant. A very attractive part of the book is that which describes the means employed by the inventor of Maelzel's Automaton Chess Player, to conceal a person within the chest. Wood cuts are given in great numbers, and if it does not settle that puzzling question, it at least shows how it might be played. Babbage's Calculating Machine, one of the great wonders of the mechanical world, is pleasingly described; and if any of our readers wish to frighten themselves with a ghost or two, they have only to buy this book, a little smoke and a magic lantern, to throw themselves into a perfect fit or fidget, as the case may be.

INFLUENCE OF IMAGINATION.—A curious proof of the influence of imagination is given in the life of Peter Heaman, a Swede, executed in Edinburgh in 1822. The following are his own words: "One remarkable thing I saw, one day, as we were mending a sail, it being a very thin one, after laying it upon deck in folds, I took the tar brush and tarred it over in the places which I thought needed to be strengthened. But when we hoisted it up I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gallows, and a man under it, without a head. The head was lying beside. He was complete, body, thighs, legs, arms, and in every shape like a man. Now, I oftentimes made remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them all, you may depend upon it that something will happen. I afterwards took down the sail on a calm day, and sewed a piece of canvas over the figure to cover

it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."—*Brewster's letters on Natural Magic.*

Written for the Casket.

TRIBUTE TO THE PAST YEAR.

Thou of the untiring pinion! since thy birth,
How many years have fallen from thy hand,
Like ripe fruit dropping, from the tree to earth,
When autumn changes nature with his wand.
Years are thy presents, and at thy command
They go to mingle with that waveless sea,
Whose boundless waste is undefined by land,
Where all is mystery, save, oh God, to thee!
Where ages buried are; and call'd eternity.

Relentless time! again I hear the knell
Of a grey voyager, to that ocean vast
And shoreless; and its last farewell,
Now faintly mingles with the wintry blast.
Its errand done, thy mighty hand hath cast
It from thee, like some useless thing,
Ever to join the unreturning past:
But a fresh feather, from thy flying wing.
Will soon again the changing season's bring.

But will it bring the hours of pleasure, fled
Like flowers returning to the wood and vale,
When music floats upon the perfum'd gale?
No! they have vanished like some idle tale.
Where have those missing from the fire-side gone?
Will they return when mirth and song prevail?
The church-yard answers with its added stone,
And the new mound, where grass hath not yet grown!

Death had been busy with the mighty dead,
Before we pass'd the threshold of the year.
A mourning world the tear of sorrow shed
When Scotia's bard reposed upon his bier.
Ages elapse before such men appear,
To shed the light of genius on mankind,
O'er prostrate thrones we trace not his career.
To him belonged the glorious gift of mind,
And few have left so proud a name behind.

Mortality! thy records frail have told
That other worthies too have pass'd away.
Germania's minstrel in his shroud is cold,
The child of Genius, is the foul worms' prey.
And he is now but cold and worthless clay,
Who was the last survivor of those men,
Whose names allied to freedom's natal day,
Requires no aid, historian, from thy pen!
When will the world such patriots have again?

Tears thy attendants were, departed year,
In every land was heard the voice of woe;
'The cause was not ambition's wild career,
Man was the victim of a viewless foe,
Whose power the aged and the young laid low.
Of his approach he gave no warning loud,
To cot and palace noiseless would he go;
And quite regardless of the meek, the proud;
At his dread summons prince and peasant bow'd.

Past year, farewell! times' sad but stern decree,
Hath sent thee on an unreturning wave,
To join forever that insatiate sea,
Which is of years, aye ages past, the grave.

Can pulseless marble from oblivion save
Thy name, proud man! since all things must decay,
Since time himself his weary wing will lave
In that great ocean, when arrives the day,
The last loud trump shall animate our clay.

AVON BARD.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

THE HOUR OF FORTUNE.

"We have still a home, my Emily, though it is a poor one," said Ernest Darley to his beautiful young wife, the first day they took possession of their lodgings in an humble alley in London. "I little thought, when we used to wander in the old woods at Balston, that I should take you to such a miserable abode as this."

"I am happier here, dear Ernest, than in the woods of Balston."

"Now, ———, it makes me angry to see you happy! I believe you would continue to smile and be contented if we were in jail."

"If we were in jail together, Ernest."

"Ah! bless you my own dearest. Fortune cannot continue to frown upon so much goodness."

"The Christian calls Fortune by a different name. He calls it Providence."

"Well, providence, fortune, fate, chance, or whatever other name it rejoices in, cannot surely persecute us for ever. We are guilty of no fault."

"We are married against your uncle's will. He spurned us from the moment we were united. He must have some reason surely for his detestation of me."

"What reason can any one have to detest you? You were poor—had he not told me over and over again that he did not care for wealth in the object of my choice? You were young, beautiful, accomplished, my equal in birth—it can't be—it can't be! I tell you it must be something that I have done that makes him so enraged."

"And what have you done, Ernest, that can make him your enemy! You bore with all his humours and caprices; you were affectionate to him as a son; he loved you better than any thing else upon earth. How kind he was to you in your youth, and how well you deserved his kindness! No, no, it is me he persecutes—me he hates."

"Then may the God of ———"

"Hush! hush! dear Ernest. He may yet relent!"

"Relent! Ha ha! Sir Edward Darley relent! I tell you he makes it one of his boasts, that he never forgave, and never will forgive, even an imaginary offence. Relent! I tell you he is of that stubborn, obstinate nature, the feeling of repentance is unknown to him."

"Try him, dear Ernest; he cannot be so immovable. Ask him in what we have offended him, and tell him we are anxious to atone for our offence."

"Have I not written to him? Have I not begged an interview, in terms which I never thought I should have meanness enough to address to mortal man? Have I not besought him at least to inform me what I have done to draw down his indignation, and has he ever even deigned

to send an answer? I have left our address here with his scoundrelly attorney, in case he should condescend to favor me with a reply."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door, and in answer to the "Come in" of Mr. Darley, a lawyer's clerk presented himself, and, with no very respectful demeanour held out a letter.

"A letter! From whom!"

"From Mr. Clutchem. Does it wait an answer?"

Ernest hurriedly glanced it over.

"No. There—there," he said, as soon as they were again alone, "Relent, indeed! Read it."

Emily took the letter and read—

"Sir,—I am desired by Sir Edward Darley, Bart. to inform you, that no begging letters will be received; and further, I am desired to inform you, that Sir Edward Darley holds acknowledgments from you, for the sum of 3,400*l.* advanced to you while at Oxford. Measures will be taken to exact payment of the full amount forthwith. Your obedient servant,

SIMON CLUTCHEM."

"Then we are indeed entirely ruined!" said Emily, with a sigh.

"Do you doubt it! So we have been any day this three months."

"But can he really claim that money?"

"I suppose so. He always took my acknowledgments for the amount of my year's allowance solely, he said, to enable him to keep his books. As he had always taught me to consider myself his heir, I never thought he would produce them against me; but stay, have you looked on the other page of the note?"

"P. S.—I am further requested to beg your presence to day, at half past five, to be witness to an important deed."

At the appointed hour Ernest was punctually at Mr. Clutchem's office. There, sitting in an easy chair, to his great surprise, he saw his uncle. He approached with a gush of feeling at his heart, but the baronet fiercely ordered him back.

"Stand there till I tell you the reason for which I have summoned you here to-day. You recollect the old long tailed pony you rode when you were a little boy at school, which I turned out for life at your request!"

"I do," said Ernest, wondering to what this question tended.

"I had him shot the day before yesterday. Your dogs,—you no doubt remember them well; Bruno, and Ponto, and Caesar—and the old Newfoundland that brought Miss Merivale—I beg your pardon—Mrs. Ernest Darley, your amiable wife, out of the lake, when your awkwardness upset the boat!"

"I do,—the faithful, affectionate creature!"

"I hanged them all at the same time. You recollect Abraham Andrews, whom you installed in the fancy cottage in the park, and his mother, and his family, that you were so interested in! They have left the cottage; they have been paupers on the parish for some time."

"Sir!" cried Ernest, "if you only summoned me here to listen to the recital of such infamous, inhuman—"

"Spare your heroics, young man: you will

listen to something more before we part. But come. We are wasting time. Now hear me. You married that girl. You asked no leave of me. Do you know, sir, who her mother was—who her father was!—and do you know, sir, what reason I have to hate them? Answer me that, sir."

"Her father and mother have long been dead, sir. I never knew any cause you could have to dislike them."

"Dislike!—Use better words, sir:—say hate, detest, abhor them. Oh! you did not!—you ought to have asked, sir:—you would have known that the mother ruined my happiness—that the father attempted to take my life—that I loved her, sir, fiercely—truly—and that she taught me to believe that she returned my love; till—till it suited her purpose, and she proved herself a!"

"Stay, sir. I will hear no such language applied to the mother of my wife."

"Your wife! Oh, is she *your* wife, sir? And has her equipages, no doubt, and her country house, and her town house—your lady wife, sir; and her mother was!"

"I shall stay here no longer, sir."

"Wait, wait!—Mr. Clutchem, is the deed all properly prepared?—worded so that the law can find flaws in't?"

"It is, Sir Edward."

"Then give me a pen, Mr. Clutchem, it wants but my signature to make it efficient."

"This deed, Mr. Ernest Darley, is my will—by which I bestow, irrevocably; land, houses, money, goods, mortgages, &c. &c., on certain charities, for which I care nothing, sir, but that I know my bequest will be less beneficial so applied than by any other means and leave you, sir, and your inestimable wife, the baronetcy—oh! I would not have you deprived of that!—and a jail, sir; and here, sir, I have called you to be a witness. The ink, the ink, Mr. Clutchem," he continued, and held out his pen to dip it in the inkstand, keeping his eye still savagely fixed on his unfortunate nephew.

The clock struck six—a sudden light flashed into the room—and Ernest thought he heard, for one moment, the creaking of a wheel.

The Baronet's hand continued in the same position—his eye still glared upon the countenance of his nephew, and a dead silence reigned in the room. At last Mr. Clutchem advanced; "How's this?—bless me! Sir Edward is quite cold?—Help, there!—run for Sir Astley. Ah! the passion was too much for him—gone off in a fit. Dead as an unsigned parchment. Sir Ernest! I shall be happy, sir, to continue in the service of the family. The rent-roll is in my desk, sir; fourteen thousand a year. How would you like the funeral conducted? Quite private, of course. Honor me by accepting the loan of this two thousand pounds, for your immediate expenses. I wish you long life, Sir Ernest, and joy of your title, Sir Ernest. Sir Edward shall be carefully buried day week."

GOOD BREEDING.—Great talent renders a man famous; great merit procures respect; great learning esteem; but good breeding alone secures respect and esteem.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

ODE TO THE KENTUCKY RIVER.

A chrysal stream of many pure rills blended,
Where leap'd the deer once safe from human skill,
From whose proud cliffs the eagle once descended
On harmless birds, with poison'd claws to kill.

Canal'd by nature through high hills of stone,
She rolls translucent, 'tween her shelving shores,
The wide arm'd poplars stand aloft, alone,
Shading the sun from her rich pobbled stores.

On her proud banks in clusters ever green,
The beruteous cedars grow in endless bloom:
Her sides enrich'd with marble, sculptur'd seem
By some unerring hand, the gods to tomb.

The lofty oak adorns her highest hills,
Whilst haw and dogwood blossom in her vales,
The spring birds chirp along her mellow rills,
And chaunt their softest notes and liveliest tales.

Circling her mazes now she winds around,
In twist'ng beauty through a fertile plain,
Now horizontal makes a straighten'd bound,
As far as sight can stretch a watery lane.

Along this stream the Indian's whoop has rung.
The panther's bark oft sounded from her trees;
'The sneaking wolf his nightly howl has sung,
Some savage voice was borne on every breeze.

All hail! Kentucky, neither Indian's screams,
Nor beastly monsters now infest thy caves.
Thou most romantic flow of nature's streams,
May peace and beauty ever crown thy waves.

R. T. W.

GREATNESS OF MIND.—The President d'Al—was arrested at Aix, during the reign of Robespierre. Upon being interrogated about the concealment of a hundred thousand crowns, which had been buried by his wife, he was discharged, but a confidential servant was taken up, and confined, it being proved that he was privy to the transaction. Every possible mode was tried to prevail upon him to discover the place where this treasure was deposited, and he was repeatedly offered his life on this condition. The president himself repaired to the prison, released him from the oath of secrecy which he had taken, and commanded him to disclose the particulars of the transaction. The faithful domestic, however, replied as follows: "When I was entrusted with the secret, both your wife and myself knew before hand that it would be improper to confide it to you, and my firmness will hereafter prove beneficial to your children." Having said this he walked forward to the scaffold prepared for the occasion, and was instantly executed.

There are few countries, which, if well cultivated, would not support double the number of their inhabitants, and yet fewer where one-third part of the people are not extremely stinted even in the necessaries of life. I send out twenty barrels of corn, which would maintain a family in bread for a year, and I bring back in return a vessel of wine, which half a dozen good fellows would drink in less than a month, at the expense of their health and reason.—Swift.

NATURAL HISTORY.

From Capt. Merrill's Journal of Voyages and Travels.

A SOUTH SEA ROOKERY.

The feathered tribes are very numerous on those lonely isles of the southern hemisphere, both in the South Sea and in the South Pacific Ocean. Of Penguins there are four different kinds which resort to the Falkland Islands; viz. the king penguin, the macaroni, the jackass, and the rookery. The first of these is much larger than a goose; the other three are smaller, differing in appearance in several particulars. They all walk upright, as their legs project from their bodies in the same direction with their tails; and when fifty or more of them are moving in file, they appear at a distance like a company of juvenile soldiers. They carry their heads high, with wings drooping like two arms. As the feathers on the breast are delicately white, with a line of black running across the crop, they have been aptly compared, when seen at a little distance, to a company of children with white aprons tied round their waists with black strings. This feathered animal is said to combine the qualities of man, fishes, and fowls; upright like the first; their wings and feet acting the part of fins, like the second; and furnished with bills and feathers like the third. Their gait on land, however, is very awkward; more so than that of a jack tar, just landed from a long voyage; their legs not being much better adapted for walking than their wings are for flying.

The next most remarkable bird to be found on those shores is the penguin's intimate associate and most particular friend, the albatross. This is one of the largest and most formidable of the South Sea birds; being of the gull kind, and taking its prey upon the wing. Like many other oceanic birds, the albatross never comes on land, except for the purpose of breeding; when the attachment that exists between it and the penguin, is evinced in many remarkable instances; indeed it seems as firm as any that can be formed by the sincerest friends. Their nests are constructed with great uniformity near to each other; that of the albatross being always in the centre of a little square, formed by the nests of four penguins. But more of this in its proper place.

Another sea-fowl, peculiar to these islands, is called the upland goose, and is about the size of our domestic goose; palatable when cooked, being sweet, tender and juicy. Their plumage is rich and glossy; that of the gander a dazzling white, his bill being short and black, and his feet yellow. The edges of the feathers which cover his breast and back are black. The down is nearly equal to that of the swan, and would make beautiful trimming for ladies' dresses. But the down of the albatross is superior to any thing of the kind that I have ever seen; though that of the shag approaches the nearest to it in quality. If any method could be invented to divest it of that disagreeable fishy odor, peculiar to all oceanic birds, it would be the most valuable down ever brought to this country; and I believe that their feathers might be made equally as valuable as goose feathers.

The teal is likewise found here, and far surpassing in beauty those of this country. Their bills and feet are blue; their wings of a golden green; and the plumage of their bodies more brilliant and shining than that of the pintado. The ducks are similar to those of our own country. There is also a goose here, called the lowland goose, which somewhat resembles our tame geese. The males are of a variegated hue, a kind of mixture of a white and dark grey, chiefly white. The females are mostly grey, and resemble the brant of the United States. They are not quite so large as our geese, and feed on shell-fish and rock-help, which gives their flesh a very unpleasant flavor.

When a sufficient number of penguins, albatross, &c. are assembled on the shore, after a deliberate consultation on the subject, they proceed to the execution of the grand purpose for which they left their favorite element. In the first place they carefully select a level piece of ground, of suitable extent, often comprising four or five acres, and as near the water as practicable, always preferring that which is the least encumbered with stones, and other hard substances, with which it would be dangerous to have their eggs come into contact. As soon as they are satisfied on this point, they proceed to lay out the plan of their projected encampment; which task they commence by tracing a well defined parallelogram, of sufficient magnitude to accommodate the whole fraternity, say from one to five acres. One side of this square runs parallel with the water's edge, and is always left open for egress and regress; the other three sides are differently arranged.

The industrious feathered laborers next proceed to clear all the ground within the square from obstructions of every kind, picking up the stones in their bills and carefully depositing them outside of the lines before mentioned, until they sometimes, by this means, create a little wall on three sides of the rookery. Within this range of stones and rubbish they form a pathway, six or eight feet in width, and as smooth as any paved or gravelled walk. This path is for a general promenade by day, and for the sentinels to patrol by night.

Having thus finished their little works of defence on the three land sides, they next lay out the whole area in little squares of equal sizes, formed by narrow paths which cross each other at right angles; and which are also made very smooth. At each intersection of these paths an albatross constructs her nest, while in the centre of each little square is a penguin's nest; so that each albatross is surrounded by four penguins; and each penguin has an albatross for its neighbor in four directions. In this regular manner is the whole area occupied by these feathered sojourners, of different species, leaving at convenient distances, accommodations for some other kinds of oceanic birds, such as the shag, or green cormorant, and another which the seamen call Nelly.

Although the penguin and the albatross are on such intimate terms, and appear to be affectionately and sincerely attached to each other, they not only build their nests in a very different manner, but the penguin will even rob her friend's

nest whenever she has an opportunity. The penguin's nest is merely a slight excavation in the earth, just deep enough to prevent her single egg rolling from its primitive position; while the albatross throws up a little mound of earth, grass and shells, eight or ten inches high, and about the size of a water bucket, on the summit of which she forms her nest, and thus looks down upon her nearest neighbours and best friends.

None of the nests in these rookeries are ever left unoccupied for a single moment, until the eggs are hatched and the young ones old enough to take care of themselves. The male goes to sea in search of food until his hunger is appeased; he then promptly returns and affectionately takes the place of his mate, while she resorts to the same element for the like purpose. In the interchange of these kind offices, they so contrive it as not to leave the eggs uncovered at all; the present incumbent (say the female) making room for the partner of her cares and pleasures on his return from the sea, while he nestles in by her side until the eggs are completely covered by his feathers. By this precaution they prevent their eggs being stolen by the other birds, which would be the case were they left exposed; for the females are so ambitious of producing a large family at once, that they rob each other whenever they have an opportunity. Similar depredations are also committed by a bird called the rook, which is equally mischievous as the monkey. The royal penguin is generally foremost in felonies of this description, and never neglects an opportunity of robbing a neighbor. Indeed, it often happens that when the period of incubation is terminated, the young brood will consist of three or four different kinds of birds in one nest. This is strong circumstantial evidence that the parent bird is not more honest than her neighbors.

To stand at a little distance and observe the movements of the birds in these rookeries, is not only amusing but edifying and even affecting. The spectacle is truly worthy the contemplation of a philosophic mind. You will see them marching round the encampment in the out-side path, or public promenade, in pairs, or in squads of four, six, or eight, forcibly reminding you of officers and subalterns on a parade day. At the same time the camp, or rookery, is in continual motion; some penguins passing through the different paths or alleys, on their return from an aquatic excursion, eager to caress their mates after a temporary absence; while the latter are passing out in their turn, in quest of recreation and refreshment. At the same time, the air is almost darkened by an immense number of albatross hovering over the rookery like a dense cloud, some continually lighting and meeting their companions, while others are constantly rising and shaping their course for the sea.

THE WILD HORSES.—"The herds of wild horses present a beautiful spectacle when they are alarmed in their native wilds by the intrusion of an army.—Instead of flying, as the deer and other timid animals, they gallop round in compact masses of many thousands, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitering the strangers; and

frequently advance boldly to within a few yards of the line of march, where they halt to gaze at the troops, snorting, and shewing every sign of astonishment and displeasure, especially at sight of the cavalry. These droves are always headed by some fine looking old Bashaws, whose flowing manes and tails plainly shew that they have never been subject to man's control; and in the rear the mares and colts follow."—[Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela.]

ANIMAL SAGACITY.—The following curious fact is related by Professor Scarpa, in one of his valuable anatomical works. A duck, accustomed to feed out of his owner's hand, was offered some perfumed bread. The animal at first refused, but afterwards took it in its bill, carried it to a neighbouring pond, moved it briskly backwards and forwards under the water, as if to wash away the disagreeable smell, and then swallowed it.

HONOUR AMONG THE INDIANS.—The following is related in the Richmond Compiler, of Thursday last:—

When Gen. Scott arrived at the American encampment in the North West, he found three Indian prisoners—under a charge of murdering the whites. The evidence was slight—and an application had been sent on to Washington to obtain their discharge. But the President had gone to the Hermitage, and the Secretary of War to Detroit. No answer was of course obtained. In the meantime, the Cholera broke out among the American troops in the camp on Rock River. Many became victims. One of the three Indian prisoners also took it and died.

The General seeing the danger they were exposed to, determined on letting the two survivors out of confinement—and told them if they would confine themselves to the island in the river, he would permit them to go there. Their word being pledged, he directed them to go to the extreme part of the island, where they might keep somewhat out of the way of our troops. They accordingly repaired to the quarter where he had directed them to go—but they never once left the island—although they might easily have made their escape. Meantime the Cholera spread and the danger thickened. The General then told them that he would permit them to go to their tribe, upon condition they would return to the camp as soon as he gave them notice that the Cholera was gone. They assented to the terms, and went home.

These men were under a charge of murder—and might have lost their lives if they were put upon their trial. But notwithstanding this circumstance, the moment General Scott had determined to hold his great council with the Indians, he informed the two prisoners that they must come in—and they did not hesitate to do so. They repaired among the first Indians to the American encampment.

The reader will be pleased to hear that they were ultimately acquitted—though one of them had to pledge himself to attend as a witness against another Indian, who was charged with murdering the whites. This duty, too, he fulfilled, though at much inconvenience to himself.

YES—I'VE LOV'D THEE LONG AND DEARLY.

COMPOSED FOR THE CASKET.



Yes, I've lov'd thee long and dearly, Thro' the storms of grief and woe;



But the heart that beats sincerely, Breaks beneath its anguish now. All the smiles that mirth could waken,



Seem as shadows cold to me; Give me back the bower forsaken, Where my soul first flew to thee.

SECOND VERSE.

Other lovers' prayers may move thee,
Other eyes may light to bliss;
But, can other bosoms love thee
More sincerely true than this?
Other hands may yet caress thee,
Other sighs may blend with thine;
But, when other bosoms press thee,
Think of all the pangs in mine.

THIRD VERSE.

'Tis not wealth, nor fame, nor splendor,
That can wean my heart from thee;
'Tis not glances warm and tender,
That can change the truth in me.
No; the heart once rudely broken
By the blasts of grief and pain,
Though the lips of joy have spoken,
Cannot throb with life again.

From the Pennsylvania Inquirer.

A POETICAL TRIFLE.

SONNET—FROM THE SPANISH.

Lady in whom the fairest graces dwell,
Awake to breathe the morning's fragrant spell;
Descend and charm our solitary dell,
Yon starry dews invite thee, lady fair!
Many a melody sweetly mingles there,
And streams and songs and flowers of sweetest smell,
Round the gay banks rise up their citadel
In proud security, as though they were
Appointed guardians o'er a scene so sweet:
Lady! all nature looks out lovely now,
Uncounted beauties, thoughts most exquisite,
In holiest union blend: a living glow
Seems to pervade the world, and welcomes thee—
All—all is brightness o'er heav'n, earth and sea.

A SINGULAR PROCLAMATION.—The following singular anti-lunarian rescript was publicly and in due form announced by the bellman, through the streets of Armagh, a short time since: "The inhabitants of Armagh are requested to take notice, that in consequence of the uncertainty of the weather, the eclipse of moon, which was to have taken place this evening, is postponed by order, until the full moon in October, of which due notice will be given."

FALSEHOODS are Fingar's razors, made to sell. Truth a Damascus blade, made to shave—and nothing shaves so keenly.

A CHURCH YARD DIALOGUE.—A. An excellent discourse brother B. Very close and searching, I thought.

B. It was indeed. Did you observe how he pronounced the word *righteous*?

A. No, I did not, but I thought he gave an admirable picture of the righteous man.

B. Most excellent. I never heard the word pronounced in three syllables before.

A. And then that appeal to false professors near the close—

B. Was truly eloquent: I did not like, however, that posture when he covered his face.

A. I hope I shall never forget the sermon. I applied it all to myself.

B. So did I. I felt it deeply. I was only sorry that he should use the verb *progress* in one of his finest passages.

A. I am sure I did not observe it. I was too much overwhelmed with what he said.

B. I too. I could scarcely hold my head up till he got into that fit of coughing. By the bye, he spits too much.

A. Perhaps he does; but I can easily put up with that in such a preacher.

B. So can I. O yes, I make no manner of objection to his spitting, any more than to his taking out his watch, or his saying *firstly*, or to his slapping the Bible, or his leaning on the pulpit, or his—

A. Brother B. If I may ask so bold a question, are you in the habit of criticising every sermon thus?

B. Criticising? You mistake me altogether. I disprove of criticising sermons on the Sabbath.

A. I should think you would profit very little by the soundest preaching.

B. There again you are mistaken. I derive great benefit from sanctuary privileges. But still I like to see every thing done decently and in order. That reminds me of a mistake Mr. X. made in quoting Scripture—

What! are you going?

A. Yes, good morning.—[Presbyterian.]

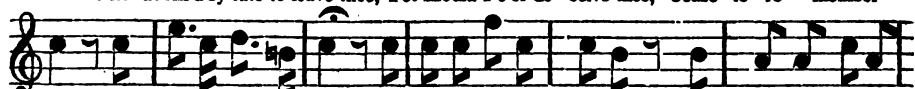
† What is that which is above all human imperfections, and yet shelters the weakest and wisest, as well as the wickedest of all mankind?—A Hat.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

A Ballad—Adapted to a German Air.



Tho' doom'd by fate to leave thee, Yet should I e'er de-ceive thee, Cease to re-member



me, Cease to re-mem-ber me. That look of love en-chanting, So touching, sweet and
dim.



granting, Will make me true to thee, Will make me true to thee.

SECOND VERSE.

When on the troubled ocean,
I scorn its rude commotion,
Oh! then I'll think of thee;
And when thy form reposes,
On beds of blushing roses,
Oh! then love, think of me.

THIRD VERSE.

When rushing into battle,
I court the cannon's rattle,
Oh! then I'll think of thee;
When on the cold earth lying,
My last farewell I'm sighing,
Oh! then love, think of me.

FOURTH VERSE.

I go where glory calls me,
But still that look enthral's me,
Farewell! it beams in vain;
Oh! hush that sigh of fear, love,
And dry that burning tear, love,
For we will meet again.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

MUSIC OF BIRDS.

Ornithologists have observed that notes in birds are no more innate than language in man, and that the feathered tribe depend entirely upon their masters—those by whom they are bred—for the sounds which they produce. It is remarkable that young birds in a wild state, attend only to the instruction of the parent bird, disregarding the notes of all others that may be singing around them; while certain species, when tamed and caged, soon learn to imitate the whistle of the human voice.

Mr. Barrington defines the song of birds to be a succession of three or more different notes, continued without interruption, with a musical bar of four crotchets, *adagio* movement. Birds in a wild state, commonly sing about ten weeks in the year, while those in a cage, when plentifully supplied with food, and well attended, sing the greater part of the year. It is a regular provision of nature that the female of no species ever sings, as the song would discover her nest. Mr. Hunter, in dissecting birds of several species, found the muscles of the larynx to be stronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the same size; and in all those instances where he dissected male and female, the same muscles were much stronger in the male.

Some passages of the song, in a few kinds of birds, correspond with the intervals of our musical scale, of which the cuckoo is a striking instance; but much the greater part of the song of this bird is not capable of musical intonation; partly because the rapidity is too great to reduce the passages to a musical bar, and partly because the pitch of most birds is considerably higher than the shrillest note of any musical instrument. Mr. Barrington apprehends that all birds sing in the same key; and in order to discover this key, he informs us, that the following notes have been observed in different birds: A, B, flat; C, D, F, and G, wanting only E to complete the scale. These intervals, he

says, can be found only in the key of F, with a sharp third, or that of G, with a flat third; and he supposes it to be the latter, because, admitting that the first musical notes were learned from birds, those of the cuckoo, which have been most attended to, form a flat third; and most of our compositions are in a flat third, where the music is simple and consists merely of melody.—As a further evidence that birds sing always in the same key, it has been found, by attending to a nightingale, as well as a robin, educated under him, that the notes reducible to our intervals of the octave, were always precisely the same.

Subjoined is a table, extracted in part from Rees's Encyclopedia, exhibiting the comparative merits of various singing birds, with the number of notes sung by each. Twenty is supposed to be the point of perfection, to which the nightingale closely approaches. The superiority of this bird consists in its mellowness of tone, and brilliant execution, and in its continuance of song, which is sometimes extended, without a pause, no less than twenty seconds.

	<i>Sprightly notes.</i>	<i>Plaintive notes.</i>	<i>Compass.</i>
Nightingale,	14	19	19
Skylark,	19	4	18
Woodlark,	4	17	12
Linnet,	16	12	16
Goldfinch,	19	4	12
Greenfinch,	4	4	4
Hedge Sparrow,	0	6	4
Redpoll,	4	0	4
Thrush,	4	4	4
Blackbird,	4	0	2
Robin,	16	12	21
Wren,	12	0	4
Norfolk M'k N'gale,	12	12	14
Reed Sparrow,	4	0	2

"Is your father a Catholic?" said a young man to an Irish boy, "No sir," he replied "he's a shoemaker."

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

THE APRIL FOOL.

BY J. HARRISON.

"To-day," says Dick, "is April-day,
And, tho' so mighty wise you be,
A bet, what'er you like, I'll lay,
Ere night, I make a fool of thee!"

"A fool I may be made, 'tis true:
But, Dick," cries Tom, "ne'er be afraid,
No man can make a fool of you,
For you're a fool already made."

A MAXIM OVERTURNED.

"Tis held that naught's so light as air,
Yet when for window tax they levy,
The maxim we refute, and swear
That air thus charged comes deuced heavy.

TO A COUNTRY INNKEEPER.

Your salmon are so fat and red.
Your fowls so thin and blue—
'Tis seen which Providence has fed,
And which were reared by you.

THE CONFESSION.—A lady at confession, amongst other heinous crimes, accused herself of using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." "And does it produce that effect?" "At least I think so, father." The confessor on this took his penitent out of the confessional, and having looked at her attentively in the light, said, "Well, madam, you may use rouge, for you are ugly enough even with it."

TYROLESE EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE.—The Golden Adler at Innsbruck, independently of being the house where Hofer lodged, is a primitive inn, at once cheap and comfortable. Having paid our very moderate bill, (leaving a gratuity for the servants) the chambermaid came into our room and, seizing our hand, kissed it! We did not recollect at the moment that this was the customary way of expressing gratitude in such cases. We were hurried, indeed, and taken at a loss; and, in short, without an idea of gallantry, or any thing else, but simply from not knowing how to act on the occasion, we returned the salute on the damsel's cheek.—She appeared to be grateful for the compliment, and curtesying low, thanked us again, and withdrew.

[Heath's Picturesque Annual.

A HARD CASE.—An elderly gentleman of unimpeached veracity, though by the way somewhat addicted to story telling, relates the following:

During the early days of this town, before carts came into vogue, he was accustomed to haul his wood by the aid of an old black mare he kept in his service. Now the old mare's harness consisted of a breast plate and traces, made of the untanned hide of the ox. At the close of a rainy day, he went to his wood lot, situated some forty or fifty rods from his dwelling, for the purpose of procuring a log of wood. After having cut a log which he judged might be a smart load for his beast, he fastened her to one end, with her head towards home, and gave her the rein. The old mare continued her course till she arrived at the door, when, to his surprise, he discovered, that owing to the great extensibility of the traces, they had stretched the whole distance without breaking or moving the load an inch. Throwing down his axe he went to his beast, and removing the harness from her, threw the breast plate over a post that stood near the door, and went to bed. Upon rising the next morning, he found that the heat of the morning sun had so operated upon the contractibility of the traces, as to bring the wood up to the door ready for hewing and splitting.

"A VOTARY OF HIGH-MEN."

At the altar of Hymen you see a little dumpy deformed lady, about to be linked in unequal chains to a tall half-pay officer. He has the characteristic mark of the true Milesian, to wit, from shirt-collar to cheek bone the space is covered with a dark bushy whisker. The figures of the parson and clerk form the usual contrast of fat and lean. The sonnet to this plate is so good that we will extract it here; it is addressed to the little lady—the votary of high-men.

Lady, excuse me, but in my idea
Your marriage is extremely indiscreet;
You're but a little biped, while it's clear,
Your husband runs about on six feet!
And I am confident one moment's thought,
Would have betray'd the folly of the whim:
For it's quite evident that you're too short
A gentlewoman to be-long to him.
Yet, doubtlessly, he holds you very dear,
And if he doesn't it's extremely funny—
For, though you'd twenty thousand pounds a year,
You still be very little for the money.
And one like him to marry, I declare,
A little lady, isn't a tall fair!

A STORY FOR THE NULLIFIERS.

We find the following, extracted from a London paper; it should be read at the head of every nullification regiment of South Carolina.

A MADMAN'S FOLIE.—Miss Kelly, in her "Dramatic Recollections," relates with great effect a story that Mrs. Mattocks, the actress, told her. She went to Bedlam with some friends, and the keeper, pointing to one cell which they had not seen, said—Here's one in here who is perfectly quiet so long as you don't contradict him—mind, I say if you don't contradict him. Accordingly they entered the cell, and saw a pale-faced, melancholy man, with dark eyes, which had a penetrating brightness peculiar to madmen. He was in deep thought as they entered. The party having satisfied their curiosity, were about retiring, when (said Mrs. Mattocks) he seized me by the wrist, shutting the door, and placing his back against it, and held me in his firm grasp. "Well, young woman, (said he,) you're in a comical situation here, shut in with a madman." I said, "Sir?" "But you needn't be alarmed—you are perfectly safe; they told you I was harmless, didn't they? You needn't answer. Are you fond of drawing? I know you are. What is this?" he concluded, holding up a paper. "A ship," said I. "A ship, is it? you call my tree a ship, do you?" "Yes, yes," said I, "it is a ship." "Oh, and pray what is this?" Obligated to say something, and not knowing what he thought it was, I answered "a house," which it was. "A house, eh?" So saying, he pulled a clasp knife from his pocket, and opening it with his teeth, at the same moment swinging me around the cell with his huge arm, said, "Now, is it a house or not?" "It is, it is." "Then I'll tell you what it is, then—it is a dolphin." Then holding up the knife, and gnashing his teeth, said, "Can you tell what this is, and no mistake?" "A knife," I answered. "Right for once," said he; "and can you tell me what I shall do with it?" I trembled, and shook my head in silent negative. "I'll tell you what I shall do with it; I shall—*scraps my charcoal.*"

NORTHERN WIT.—A Scotch woman whose name was Margaret, did nothing but swear and abuse, instead of answering the minister. "Ah, Margaret," says he, "dinna ye ken where a' the sinfu' gang?" "Deel tak them that kens, as weel as them that speers," cries she. "Ah, Margaret they gang where there be wailing and gnashing of teeth." "By my trow, then," says Margaret, "let them gnash that hae them, for the de'il a stump hae I had these twenty years."

ANECDOTE.—An old lady in Vermont, who lived in a small log house, was disturbed in the dullness and oblivion of her usual state, by an accident happening to a stage coach, on the road, near her humble dwelling. One of the passengers entered her domicile to take up his bed and board for the night, and she in her simple curiosity inquired of him where he came from, and upon his replying "from Boston." "Oh dear me," said she, "how can you live so far off?"—*Barnstable Patriot.*

POOR EROGON.—A weather-beaten veteran, in the service of General Alcohol, crawled in before the fire in a public house in this town last week, and seating himself, began to cough tremendously. "Mister," says a bystander, "you've got a cold?" "Have I," said the other, "pon honor, I'm glad of it, I'm so wretched poor it's a consolation to get any thing."

A negro generally goes a very round about way to express his thoughts, and even then only to make himself unintelligible. If a negro wishes to say, that if the sun rises clear, and is soon after obscured by a fog, it is a sign of rain, he does so in some such terms as these:—"Ben e sun rise berry airly, and set afore he rise, sartin to hab rain afore soon." He is not only unintelligible, but is very desultory. We have read of this prayer made by some Cato or other, as a preface to a thanksgiving dinner—to wit:—"O, Lord! pray see good vittal on de table—more in a pot—good as any Massa Tompkin's got—tunner in a heavens! trashes down dry hemlock tree! trashes e up afore Massa door! save cuffies on dee oven wood—under glorious sunshiny gospel—dis day to one day, world afore latter end, Gosh sake amen."

HOW TO PREPARE FOR A FLOGGING.—George S. late a lieutenant in the U. S. army, was one of the most eccentric fellows in the world.—When a boy, having incurred the displeasure of his father, the latter called him to an account, and after examining him as to the why and wherefore of his misconduct, resolved on applying the rod, now more fashionably called "hickory." But that the punishment might have more salutary effect, instead of inflicting it immediately, he gave the culprit time to reflect, and chew the bitter cup of repentance, made ten times more bitter by the anticipation of what was to follow. "George," said he, "you may go for the present, but prepare yourself early to-morrow morning, for the most severe flogging you ever had." George retired, and the next morning, bright and early, appeared before his father, to undergo the execution of his sentence. "Take off your coat, George," was the stern command. Off went the coat, and the father standing with the well prepared hickory in his hand, observed that his son's back, from one extreme to the other, appeared unusually protuberant. "What have you got on your back?" said he. "My jacket," replied the boy. "Well, what have you got under it?" demanded the father. "A leather apron four double," replied the lad. "A leather apron, have you indeed! and what's that for?" "Why, pa," said the youngster, with a grave countenance, "you told me to prepare for a flogging, and I got as well prepared as I could." The angry father now turned away to hide a laugh, and the boy escaped a flogging being so well prepared for it.

ANECDOTE.—A pretty little brunette of 14, was passing along the streets a few days since, when she was accosted by a strange man, rather worse for liquor, who inquired if her mother was as black as she was. "I believe not," was the reply, "but pray tell me if your father is as blue as you are."—*New Bedford Gaz.*

A GREAT ANCESTOR.—A representative, from a town, not a thousand miles distant from our office, having a desire to display his historical knowledge, and to appear learned upon subjects aside from legislation, said to a fellow boarder, a few mornings since, "less see, I believe Columbus was a native of Geno, was'nt he?" "He was a native of *Genoa*," was the reply, upon which, the Legislator, apprehending he had made a mistake somewhere, and that it was best to secure a *retreat* in season, said: "I mean Christopher Columbus, the great Ancestor of the World."—*Barnstable Patriot.*

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—If you ask me to point out one tree more graceful than all the others, I would point out the weeping willow. Its long silk like boughs droop not less pensively than the eye-lids of some sleeping beauty. And when the air stirs them what a delicious motion waves among them—where is the painter that can impart such a motion to his canvase—where the poet whose strains have such music in them as that which lives in the weeping willow? Where throughout all the works of nature, is any object more beautiful than this?

EVIL OF TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

The following extract of a letter written by a physician, to his friend who had solicited him to assist in the formation of a Temperance Society.

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—How could you suppose me so great a simpleton as your letter would imply? To enlist in a crusade against intemperance, indeed! Why, if an end were put to the drinking of port, punch and porter, there would be an end to my worldly prosperity. I should be obliged to sell my house in ——— square, pay off my coachman, and once more become a pedestrian. Nay, the whole professions physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, would be ruined. Poverty among the labouring classes being diminished—and disease becoming comparatively rare, simple, and manageable, the clinical physician would lose the benefits of teaching, and the student the opportunity of learning his profession in our flourishing hospitals.

Can you, my dear doctor, forget the sweets of a prolonged attendance upon a nervous hypochondriacal debauchee, with a well lined purse? Can you be so lost to your own interest as to dry up this fertilizing stream? Have you no *esprit du corps*? Why, this would seem to be a case in which our college of physicians, in their capacity as guardians of the interest of the medical profession, might with propriety interfere, and put a stop to your rash proceedings.

And lawyers are interested in this matter as well as doctors. A writer has attempted to show that a large portion of the crimes committed in our country is to be traced to intemperance. Whence it is evident that if your measures succeed, the profession of the law would be as much injured as that of physic.

I cannot conclude without once more beseeching you to weigh this matter more carefully before you mount your Rosinante. Those who are interested in the prosperity of the liberal professions ought not to overlook the importance of intemperance as a source of disease and crime.

It would seem to me, indeed, that all the evils and distress, anticipated by a certain class of politicians, are nothing in comparison with the revolution you are endeavouring to bring about.

I remain my dear Doctor,

Your sincere friend.

A SUBSTITUTION.—General Daniel passing by a sentinel at Portsmouth, the fellow complained that he wanted a pair shoes. "Tis fit that you should have a pair," said the General. Thereupon he takes a piece of chalk, and chalks out a pair of shoes upon the sentry box. "There's a pair for you," adds he, and goes his way. His back was no sooner turned than the soldier chalks out a man standing sentinel, and then goes his way. The General presently after was surprised to meet the fellow in town, inquired with several threats, how he came to leave his post. "Sir," said he, "I am relieved." "Relieved, that's impossible, at this time of day. Who has relieved you?" "One, I'll swear for it, that will not leave his post," replied the soldier. Hereupon the General goes with him to the place. "There, sir," says the fellow, "if I am to look upon this as a good pair of shoes, you must own that this is likewise a very good sentinel."

Why is a piano with a voice like a room prepared for a party?

Because it is for a *company meant*, (accompaniment.)

Why is an invaded country like a parasol?

Because its *borders are infringed*.

Why is a band of lawless rascals like cats?

Because they *meow till late*, (mutilate.)

Why is a flatterer like one wearied of his aunt?

Because he is *sick of auntism*, (sycophantism.)

Why are mountebanks like pearl oyster fishers?

Because they *thrive by divers expedients*.

Why should you prepare your Apothecary's medicines when he is sick?

Because he has *mixed yours*, (mixtures.)

What word might properly be spoken to Eve after she had eaten the apple?

Insinuate, (in sin you ate.)

Why is a man with \$6000 wishing to make it \$30,000 like a paper maker?

Because he has *24 to acquire*, (a quire.)

Why am I like a needle approaching a magnet?

Because I am going to *adhere*, (add here.)

A BLOW UP.

It is rumored that a most tremendous explosion lately took place in the midst of a populous town in a neighbouring state, which was attended with the loss of a life, and created much alarm among the inhabitants.

Jowler, a fierce, truculent-looking mastiff of the largest size, by his propensity for stealing and diverse other unamiable qualities, had rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Mr. Jarvis, one of his master's neighbors. Mr. Jarvis had in vain represented to Mr. Jarvis, the owner of Jowler, that his dog was a *bad dog*, and should be corrected for his improper habits—but Mr. Jarvis with an unaccountable obstinacy paid no attention to these representations. The patience of Mr. Jarvis at length became exhausted, and having again suffered pretty severely from Jowler's dishonest tricks, he most unjustifiably came to the resolution of exacting an unheard of and most bloody penalty for his misdeeds.

He accordingly went deliberately to work, and procured a cylinder of tin, half an inch in diameter and about three inches in length, which he nearly filled with Dupont's best gunpowder, and on the top of which he deposited a small piece of *touchwood*. Soon after he was thus prepared, he saw Jowler, his intended victim, prowling around in quest of what he could devour. Mr. Jarvis immediately communicated fire to the touch-wood, hastily enveloped the tube in a piece of fat pork, and threw it into the street. Jowler pounced upon the precious morsel—and Mr. Jarvis rushed out at the same time with a huge bludgeon, and assuming a belligerent attitude, the poor, unsuspecting dog, *bolted* the wicked compound *instantly*, and rushed into Mr. Smith's store to avoid the effects of the abused Mr. Jarvis's wrath. Mr. Smith was at that moment expatiating in an eloquent manner on the color and texture of a remnant of Merino which some ladies were endeavoring to cheapen, and his clerk was actually measuring off three yards of black sarsnet for another customer, when Jowler, *primed and loaded*, and unconsciously carrying within him the germ of his own destruction, sprang into the centre of the apartment. The ladies were frightened, and Mr. Smith seizing his yard-stick, jumped over the counter, and was about commencing a serious attack on the ill-mannered brute, when the *explosion took place*; and direful were the consequences thereof!

With a tremendous report, which shook the whole building and alarmed all the citizens in the neighborhood, Jowler was blown into ten thousands atoms, which were equally distributed in every part of the shop! The ladies were covered with the bleeding fragments of the dog; and one of them had her cheek terribly scratched by the claws which were attached to one of his hind legs, as it whizzed like a double-headed shot past her ears. A portion of the spine struck Mr. Smith in the forehead and laid him sprawling. His clerk rushed to the door, his clothes and features bespattered with blood, and screaming *Fire!* and *Murder!* right manfully. The ladies joined in the chorus—the bells were set a ringing—and the people rapidly assembled, and gazed with horror and consternation on this

unparalleled scene of blood and carnage.—*Exeter News Letter.*

THE BEGGARS OF MULLINGAR.—When the gallant 50th were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the King's dominions; a swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impracticable. Now beggars were to the Mad Major an abomination; and for two days he ensconced himself in his lodgings rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile may induce gout; and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief, he specified an early day, requesting the numerous supplicants to be punctual to the appointed time. His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning, the street where he resided was literally blocked up. The Major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall door. "Are you all here?" he inquired in accents of the deepest compassion. "All, your honor—all, young and old!" responded a big beggar man. "We're all here, Colonel, *avon-neen!*" exclaimed a red virago, "but my own poor man, *Brieny Bolckoh*, and he, the crater, fell into the fire on Sunday night, and him, hearty, and sorrow stir can he make good nor bad." "Ah then," said the humane commander, "why should poor Brien be left out? Arrah! run yourself and bring the cripple to us!" In a twinkling off went the red virago, and after a short absence, issued from a neighboring lane with Brieny on her shoulders. "Are ye all here now?" inquired the tender-hearted chieftain. "Every soul of us," said an old woman in reply. "Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honor's dying hour, but it's he that's tender to the poor." "Amen, sweet Jesus!" responded a hundred voices. "Silence!" said the Mad Major, as he produced a small book, neatly bound in morocco. "Whisht, you sows!" cried the big beggar man. "Are ye listening?" "Sha, sha! yes, yes!" was responded in English and Irish. "Then, by the contents of this blessed book, and it's the Bible, a rap I wont give one of ye, ye infernal vagabonds, if I remain a twelvemonth in Mullingar."

NEGRO PHILOSOPHY.—John Canepole was a small man, a pocket edition of humanity. He had a black servant, who was a stout fellow, and being a privileged joker, Sambo let no occasion pass unimproved where he could rally his master upon his diminutive carcase. John was taken sick, and Sambo went for the doctor. The faithful negro loved his master, and upon the arrival of the physician looked up in his face anxiously. Examining the symptoms, the doctor pronounced his patient in no danger. Re-assured by this, Sambo's spirits returned, and he indulged his natural drollery. "I tell you, Doctor, Massa Canepole *will die*, 'cause he got a fever." "A fever, you black dog," says the patient, "does a fever always kill a fellow?" "Yes, massa, when a fever get into such a little man, it neber hab room to *turn* in him, and if de fever no turn, you die sartin!"—*Lowell Compend.*

THE IRON SHOES OF THE MACDONALDS.—About the period of the accession of James I. to the throne of Scotland, a degree of ferocity and cruelty existed in certain highland freebooters, which are never found in more recent times. A robber, named Macdonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, had plundered a poor widow, who in her anger exclaimed repeatedly that she would go to the king for redress, should she go to Edinburgh to seek for him.—“It is a long journey,” answered the barbarian; “and that you may perform it the better, I will have you shod for the occasion.” Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman’s feet, as if they had been those of a horse. The widow, however, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word, and as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and, throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised upon her. James in great resentment, caused Macdonald and twelve of his principal followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes; in which painful condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed.—*Atlas-nium.*

IRISH RELIGION IN AULD LANG SYNE.—“No good will come of it,” said the Colonel. “I mind the time in Connaught when no man clearly knew to what religion he belonged; and in one family the boys would go to church and the girls to mass, or may be both would join and go to whichever happened to be nearest. When I entered the militia, I recollect, the first time I was ever detached from head-quarters I went with the company to Portumna. Old Sir Mark Blake, who commanded the regiment, happened to be passing through, and the night before he had a desperate drink with General Loftus at the Castle. When I left Loughrea, I forgot to ascertain where I should bring the men on Sunday, and I thought this a good opportunity to ask the question. I opened his bed room door softly. “Sir Mark,” says I, “where shall I march the men?” “What kind of a day is it?” says he. “Rather wet,” was my answer. “It’s liker the night that preceded it,” said he. “Upon my conscience, my lad,” he continued, “my head’s not clear enough at present to recollect the exact position of church and chapel; but take them to the nearest.” That is what I call,” and the Colonel shook his head gravely, “real Christian feeling.”—*Wild Sports of the West.*

CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.—There is not a more beautiful and solemn temple in the world, than the great Cathedral of Seville. When you enter from the glare of a Spanish sky, so deep is the staining of the glass, and so small and few the windows, that for a moment you feel in darkness. Gradually the vast design of the Gothic artist unfolds itself to your vision; gradually rises up before you the profuse sumptuousness of the high altar, with its tall images and velvet and gold hangings, its gigantic railings of brass, and massy candlesticks of silver—all revealed by the dim and perpetual light of the sacred and costly lamps.—*Centurini Fleming.*

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Challenge.—A polite written request from some one of your obedient servants, to give him an opportunity of shooting you.

Public abuse.—The mud which every traveller is spattered with, on his road to distinction.

Happiness.—A dream.

The Grave.—An ugly hole in the ground which lovers and poets wish they were in, but take uncommon pains to keep out of.

Constable.—A species of snapping turtle.

Enemies.—Borrower and lender.

Creditor.—A sensible fellow who often takes his debtor, because he thinks he cannot pay, and puts him where *knows* he cannot.

Dun.—A two-legged devil with a piece of paper in his hand—a terrible animal—a monster.

Beauty.—An optical delusion.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

Tight Lacing.—A species of fashionable female suicide.

POLITICS.—Uncle Jo cared no more about politics than he did for the fifth wheel of a coach, but so far as he did meddle, he conceived it politic to be all things to all men. He lived in high party times, the line of demarcation was marked between federalists and democrats. As each party claimed him, when he showed himself at the polls each supplied him with votes. “Take a vote Uncle Jo!” said a democrat. “Yes,” and away it went into his ample vest pouch. “Have one of our tickets?” said a federalist. “Yes,” and it went to the same pocket. Thus with his pocket full, he went to the ballot box, and deposited the one he happened to draw, without looking at it. Returning, if he met another vote distributor, “Have a vote Uncle Jo?” was again asked; “No, I have voted.” “You did not vote against us I hope?” “If I did, I didn’t know it.” As Uncle Jo was accounted capable of knowing the difference between a democratic and federal ticket, this answer would suit the questioner, belonging to what party he might. [Lowell Compend.

A dandy most shockingly in love, in one of his extravagant fits of delirium, exclaimed to his mistress—“I swear by the constancy of my bosom, that my passion is unfeigned and sincere!” “Swear not by thy *bosom*,” said the lady, “for that is false!” He was a fashionable man and wore a *dickcy*.

BRIEF DISCUSSION.—When Pitt proposed to King George the Third, that his tutor, Bishop Tomline, should be raised to the See of Lincoln, the following dialogue took place;—“Too young, can’t have it.” “Had it not been for him, Sire, I should never have been in your service. “Shall have it, Pitt, shall have it.”

MILITIA.—During the embargo, a debate took place in the general assembly of Pennsylvania, upon the expediency of a new organization of the militia; during which, a member from one of the German counties, exclaimed, “Mr. Speaker, me tink de militia may do mit de drums and rifles, mitout de organs.”

BECAUSE I'M TWENTY-FIVE.

By Miss Horton.

'Twas wondrous strange, how great the change,
 Since I was in my teens;
 Then I had beaux, and billet-doux,
 And joined the gayest scenes,
 But lovers now have ceased to vow—
 No way they now contrive
 To poison, hang, or drown themselves—
 Because I'm twenty-five

Once, if the night were e'er so bright,
 I ne'er abroad would roam,
 Without—"The bliss, the honor Miss,
 Of seeing you safe home."
 But now I go, through rain or snow—
 Pursued, and scarce alive—
 Through all the dark without a spark—
 Because I'm twenty-five.

They used to call and ask me all
 About my health so frail;
 And thought a ride would help my side,
 And turn my cheek less pale;
 But now alas, if I am ill,
 None cares that I revive,
 And my pale cheek in vain may speak.
 Because I'm twenty-five.

Now if a ride improves my side.
 I'm forced to take the stage:
 For that is deemed quite proper for
 A person of my age;
 And then no hand is offered me,
 To help me out alive—
 They think it won't hurt me to fall—
 Because I'm twenty-five.

Oh dear—'tis queer that every year
 I'm slighted more and more;
 For not a beau pretends to show
 His head within our door.
 Nor ride, nor card, nor soft address,
 My spirit now revive;
 And one might near as well be dead
 As say—I'm TWENTY FIVE.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

When my good mother was a girl—
 Say thirty years ago—
 Young ladies *then* knew how to knit,
 As well well as how to sew.

Young ladies *then* could spin and weave,
 Could bake, and brew, and sweep;
 Could sing and play, could dance and paint,
 And could a secret keep.

Young ladies *then* were beautiful
 As any beauties now—
 Yet they could rake the new-mown hay,
 Or milk the "brindle cow."

Young ladies *then* wore bonnets, too,
 And with them their own hair;
 They made them from their own good straw,
 And pretty, too, they were.

Young ladies *then* wore gowns with sleeves
 Which would just hold their arms;
 And did not have as many yards
 As acres in their farms.

Young ladies *then* oft fell in love,
 And married too, the men;
 While men, with willing hearts and true,
 Loved them all back again.

Young ladies *now* can knit and sew,
 Or read a pretty book—
 Can sing and paint, and joke and quiz,
 But cannot bear to cook.

Young ladies *now* can blithely spin
 Of "street yarn" many a spool;
 And weave a web of scandal too,
 And dye it in the wool.

Young ladies *now* can bake their hair
 Can brew their own cologne;
 In *borrowed* plumage often shine,
 While they neglect their own.

And as to secrets who would think
 Fidelity a pearl?
 None but a modest little miss,
 Perchance a country girl.

Young ladies *now* wear lovely curls,
 What pity they should *buy* them;
 And then their bonnets—heavens! they fright
 The beau that ventures nigh them.

E'en love is changed from what it was,
 Although true love is known;
 'Tis wealth adds lustre to the cheek,
 And melts the heart of stone.

Thus time works wonders—young and old
 Confess his magic power;
 Beauty will fade; but Virtue proves
 Pure gold in man's last hour.

[From Blackwood's Magazine for December.]
 THE AGE OF WONDERS;
 Or, the New Whig War,

A NEW SONG.

Tune—"Which nobody can deny."

I wonder if wonders are ever to cease,
 For at present they seem to be on the increase—
 We are going to war in the mere love of peace,
 And all to oblige Talleyrand and his niece—
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

Are we not getting on at a wonderful rate,
 When those whom it once was a credit to hate,
 Can get us to give a kingdom or state,
 Just because it would render their boundaries straight?
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

I confess that it strikes me with wonderment too,
 That we thus interfere for that runaway crew,
 The foremost in flight from thy field, Waterloo,
 And who still to this day the same tactics pursue,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

And I own that it raises my wonder as much
 To hear our Whigs cry, "Let us now have a touch
 At that pig-headed Protestant people the Dutch!"—
 So long our best friends and behaving as such,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

And then just to render our wonder complete,
 I beseech you to think of the new "Combined Fleet!"—
 How different from that which, with full topsail sheet,
 We cross'd the Atlantic twice over to meet,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

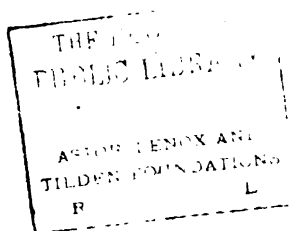
'Tis wondrous to think, how our *debt* will be paid
 By this simple Whig plan, for the stoppage of trade!
 How the country will thrive and our fortunes be made!—
 Throwing all our old statesmen quite into the shade,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

Oh! who can reflect upon wonders like these,
 And not be in love with this new French device?
 So down with the Dutch, and their butter and cheese—
 It's glory against but a firkin of grease.
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

A FRAGMENT.

That union, sure, completely blest must prove,
 Founded on virtue, just esteem, and love;
 Happy, thrice happy, may you be through life,
 He the best husband, thou the kindest wife.

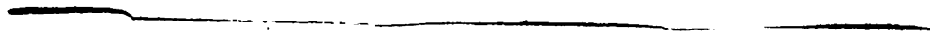
W.





APPREHENSION.

Each No. 1 by S. C. Armstrong.



Printed by S. C. Johnson



OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Look here and weep with tenderness and transport !
What is all tasteless luxury to this ?
To these best joys, which holy love bestows ?
Oh nature, parent nature, thou alone
Art the true judge of what can make us happy.

No. 3.]

PHILADELPHIA.—MARCH.

[1833.

APPREHENSION.

BY H. F. GOULD.

" Oh ! sister, he is so swift and tall,
Though I want the ride, he will spoil it all,
For, when he sets out, he will let me fall,
And give me a bump, I know !

Mamma, what was it I heard you say
About the world's hobbies, the other day,
How some would get on, and gallop away,
To end with an overthrow ?"

" I said, little prattler, the world was a race,
That many would mount with a smile on the face,
And ride to their ruin, or fall in disgrace :

That he who was deaf to fear,
And did not look out for a rein or a guide,
His courser might cast on the highway side,
In the mud, rocks and brambles, to end his ride,
Perchance, with a sigh and a tear !"

" Oh ! sister ! sister ! I fear to try.
For Brutus's back is so 'live and high !
It creeps at my touch—and he winks his eye—
I'm sure he's going to jump !

Come ! dear mother, tell us some more
About the world's ride, as you did before,
Who helped it up—and all how it bore
The fall, and got over the bump !"

ORIGINAL.

LINES ON A CLOCK.

We have hail'd thee time's tell-tale,
With many a joyous voice,
When the deep bell has sounded,
For the happy to rejoice.

We have thought thy pace too lagging,
When pleasure beckon'd on,
But, when possess'd of happiness,
How quickly hast thou flown.

In truth thou art a despot,
And rul'st with tyrant sway :

Behold, before thy ruling voice,
How all things pass away.

How many a smile has vanish'd
From beauty's beaming face,
When the hour for friends' departing,
Thy tell-tale fingers trace.

And yet, again how welcome,
That sound chimes on our ear,
When friends and joys expecting,
Each moment brings more near.

'Tis strange, that pain and pleasure
From the same source should spring,
And that which wo and sorrow brought,
Now joy and peace can bring.

There's nought beneath high heaven,
But has some soothing power,
To cheer the heart's dark loneliness,
Howe'er misfortunes lour.

'Tis so from childhood's morning,
When schooling tasks begun,
They know there comes a sweet release
At setting of the sun.

The fond impatient lover,
His day of trial past,
He gladly hails the evening shades
That bring him joys at last.

Blithe pleasure, with her many bells
And fair beguiling tongue,
Would fain thy fastly fleeting hour
Less frequently were rung.

While sorrow, with her tear-dimm'd eye,
Bodes happier days to be,
Hailing, as harbinger of peace,
Each hour that's told by thee.

Time, here thou art a monarch,
With a world's approval fraught ;
But remember, there's another,
Where even thyself art nought.

C. H. W.

Written for the Casket.

The Mutability of Human Grandeur.*Reflections occasioned by the death of the young
NAPOLEON.*

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
 Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
 Delusive fortune heurs the incessant call.
 They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.

DN. JOHNSON.

The mighty Macedonian, born for fame,
 Gave up his last hours to egregious shame. DAFES.

How perishable is human fame! How transitory is human grandeur. Like a star on the verge of the horizon, they dazzle in the gaze of the world for a moment, and then sink forever in the abyss of darkness. No conqueror ever yet shook the world with his triumphs, or beheld captive nations kneeling at his feet, that was not doomed to go down and be lost in the vortex of revolutions. The renowned *Aeneas*, the terror of the sons of Grecian heroism, he who bore upon his back the old Anchises from the flaming towers of Troy, became a wanderer in the world, an exile from the land he loved; and at last proved recreant to the love and lavish kindness of the brilliant and beautiful Dido. The name of *Aeneas* lives only in the song of Virgil. The mad Macedonian snatched the glittering spear from the hand of his victorious father, and astonished mankind with the brilliance of his unbounded achievements. Standing on the pinnacle of the pyramids of Egypt, he saw the world in chains, prostrate at his feet, and millions trembling at the nod of one ambitious man. Seventy cities, as if by magic, sprang into existence. But where is Alexander, and where those cities that arose at his bidding? Alas! he has long since fallen the victim of debauchery and midnight revel, and the ruined towers of the last city are tottering to their fall, and are still seen on the banks of the eternal Nile. Alexandria, once the seat of commerce and science, of opulence and the arts, has now grown gray with years: no vestige of her once gigantic library exists, and the noiseless tooth of time is at work in the crumbling walls of her temples, which the proud architect vainly imagined would stand as an eternal monument of his fame. The desolating hand of time has destroyed every trace of his temple and his tomb, and left nothing but the imperishable page of history to record the wrecks of his renown and the ruin of his race. The barbarous Turk now surveys from his Seraglio and the Seven Towers, the vast empire, once awayed by the mighty house of Macedonia, and revels in the gardens where the conqueror of the world once sought his voluptuous repose. His fate has been no happier than that of his horse, Bucephalus, both have triumphed in their pride, and both have gone down to the dust, leaving nothing for the world to wonder at but their naked names, and nothing for the moralists of posterity but to reflect on the enormity of their crimes and their conquests.

The next page in the progress of history, presents two of the bravest and most brilliant heroes that ever waded through blood to conquest, or loaded the limbs of liberty with galling chains.

Cæsar was ambitious and Cæsar was victorious. But after having conquered the world, and maimed and murdered millions of mankind, he fell beneath the dagger of his adopted son, a victim to his ambition, in the very scene of his greatest triumph; and the garland that graced his brow, the very next moment adorned his tomb. The regal robes that decked his person, and the royal gewgaws that glittered on his breast, which were, a moment before, the guarantees of his glory, became, at the base of Pompey's statue, the trophies of the grave. Hannibal, too, the glory of Carthage and the terror of Rome; the warrior and statesman: he who crossed the sublime solitudes of the Alps, never before attempted by man, became an exile, and was betrayed by a heartless prince, in whose cause his sword had been victoriously wielded. The rival of Scipio, like him, he fell by his own hand rather than fall into the hands of the Romans, who had long trembled at his name. Thus a cup of poison put a period to the existence of a man whom the world mourned and admired, and whom Rome at once dreaded and despised. Oh fame what a phantom thou art!

Never was the rise and ruin of any individual so conspicuous as of Napoleon Bonaparte. Flung into the very vortex of a revolution, he rose with a rapidity unparalleled; and while the world looked on with astonishment, he dashed the crown from the head of the Bourbon, and calmly seated himself on the throne of France. From a subaltern to a sovereign, and from a cockade to a crown, with him, was but a step and almost the work of a moment. The scenes of his mighty career changed with the rapidity of those in a *Camera Obscura*, and were not more brilliant than they were transient. He stretched out his mighty arm over Egypt, and the *Ætheop* and the Arab became as harmless as the embalmed bodies of three thousand years. The land of oriental tombs and triumphs became the trophy of his victorious march, and with Italy, the very Eden of the arts was inscribed on the long list of his splendid achievements. He made Paris splendid with the spoils of other cities and nations, and filled her galleries with the triumphs of the art of a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and other celebrated sculptors and painters. She became gorgeous with the wrecks and relics of Italian grandeur, and in the midst of all that little world of glory, sat enthroned the mighty Despot of Europe. From the pinnacle of his glory he beheld once powerful kings as his subjects, and deserted thrones, which must crumble at his nod, or pass into the possession of those on whom his own transcendent genius had reflected greatness.— Even the unbounded power of the Pope, acknowledged in every civilized land, passed away and vanished in the vortex of that revolution he had commenced; and the world looked on astonished, while a native of Corsica proclaimed himself the Emperor of Italy, and took possession of the city of the Cæsars. His mighty march was onward, but the tide of fortune once changed; his descent was as rapid as his elevation. But whether seated on the throne of the ancient Czars, amid the flaming ruins of Moscow, or traversing the burning sands of Numidia; whether battling at Austerlitz, or heading the merry dances in the sa-

leons of Paris, he was still the same fearless and ambitious conqueror; still the same grand and gloomy genius.

Like Henry the Eighth of England, he repudiated one wife to make room for another; but unlike the British tyrant, he made the pope a pander and pimp to his licentious desires and sacrilegious inclinations. The same pontiff who thus became a pander to his passion, and whom, to cap the climax, he had crowned, soon found himself imprisoned by that power which he himself had formerly conferred.

Not more transient was the career of ambition which Napoleon pursued, than the benefits which he conferred upon Europe. That he conferred benefits there is no doubt, for the pages of his own history are pregnant with ample proof. Through the fear of his irresistible power the Holy Alliance was humbled, and the autocrat of the north became more lenient to the nations over whom he had tyrannized. The modern feudal system which had sprung from the gothic ruins of the dark ages, disappeared before the light of his more genial principles, and the nations of Europe, so long the tools of tyrants, awoke to a sense of the rights and dignity of mankind. He spoke, and liberty walked forth in the gardens of Spain and Portugal, decked and adorned with the garlands of gratitude. He spoke, and superstition was entombed in the terrific dungeons of the Inquisition, which had long been sacred to tyranny and torture, to silence and despair.

Behold unto him a son is born! But scarcely had that son been crowned in his cradle, in the name of his fortunate father, ere the scene changes, and the star of Napoleon's glory is gone down in blood on the fatal field of Waterloo. In that hour the crown which he had crushed upon the head of another crumbled on his own, and the throne of his vast vassel empire passed away like the phantom of a noon-day dream. With him fell the host of soldiers and subalterns whom he had made sovereigns in the day of his glorious triumphs; and with the restoration of the monarchs whom Napoleon had dethroned, disappeared all the benefits which he had conferred on Europe. Scarcely had three years passed away ere every trace of Napoleon's grandeur had vanished with the good he had effected, and left the legitimate monarchs to tyrannize again, and trample on the necks of nations which he had led in triumph to liberty.

Fallen and deserted by fortune, we behold the great Napoleon, the terror of England and the scourge of Europe, wandering an exile in the country he had conquered, and an outcast from the very people he had emancipated. Such is popular favour—such the applause of the multitude. As if conscious that the task was accomplished for which heaven designed him, he gave himself up in a moment of despair, to the very power which had so long looked with terror upon his triumphs, and so long dreaded the vengeance of his arm. Thrown upon a bleak and barren island, in the lone solitude of the ocean, England doomed him to dwell, for whose grand and mighty mind a world was not too wide. England thus triumphed over the downfall of a man whose single voice, in the day of his glory, had struck terror to tyrants, and made millions tremble. Who

can withstand ambition in despair? The great Napoleon's mind sunk under his accumulated miseries and misfortunes; for he not only saw himself fallen but the prospects of his son, the darling hope and inheritor of his grandeur and glory blasted in the bud; and he went down to the grave a spirit-broken man. Posterity will worship his genius and wonder at the brilliance of his career. He sleeps in a barren rock—a common tomb alone tells where the mighty hero reposes—no gorgeous monument records the rise of his renown or the wrecks of his ruin.

How mournful, how melancholy was the fate of the young Napoleon! Born with the star of empire on his breast, and crowned in the cradle the future emperor of Italy and France, he lived to see his mighty father fall from the pinnacle of his power, and with him all the splendid prospects that fortune had promised to himself. He lived to find himself transported to an unknown land, where a dungeon must stay the stirring of ambition, and jealousy lord it over the first aspiration of genius. Ay, he lived to feel that he was a prisoner in the power of Austria, and that a single word or wish which should indicate the rising spirit of the fallen Napoleon, would subject him to a surveillance at once the most rigorous and unrelenting. Thus situated, the young Napoleon passed his days in inglorious ease, and approached the verge of manhood with a mind trammelled by the manacles of the most odious of all despotism, the tyranny of mind. Whether the young Napoleon possessed the genius of his fallen father I know not. But be it so or not, his closing life was as melancholy as his birth was brilliant. What we have never possessed we mourn not for, but that from which we have fallen is remembered with a lasting regret, and calls forth the sympathy of mankind. Philip had his son Alexander—Cæsar his adopted son Brutus, and Napoleon his son Napoleon the Second: but alas! how fallen. After passing a life of constant restraint, he has gone down to the grave ere manhood had marked his brow, or ambition had roused his soul to a sense of the sublime height from which he had fallen.

Yet not more various were the fortunes of the young Napoleon than the vicissitudes to which France has been subjected. Scarcely had Napoleon fallen ere Louis the Eighteenth brought back to the throne all the vices which had been eradicated, and no sooner had the grave closed over him, than the Count d'Artois, Charles the Tenth, seized the sceptre and attempted to tyrannize over the very people who had so recently learned the rudiments of liberty in the school of the great Napoleon. He imagined that the same chains were still rattling on their arms that his feudal ancestors had rivetted, and in attempting to add another he lost his crown. His minions, the tools of his tyranny, shared perhaps a worse fate; for cut off from the world and divorced from their wives, they now lie immured in a dungeon, the iron doors of which they can never pass but as a corse. After three days, in which the sword of liberty was drawn, and the streets of Paris were stained with the blood of her bravest and best citizens and soldiers, the flag of peace streamed proudly from every pinnacle, and the bleeding flag of freedom waved triumphantly on

the walls of the capitol. They triumphed over the pretended downfall of the Bourbon dynasty, and immediately led to the throne one of the same line. The timidity and absence of decision which characterize Louis Philip, preclude the possibility that he can long wear the crown or sway the sceptre of gay and gallant France; a country, the people of which are proverbially brave and ambitious. A people no less celebrated in the arts than in arms, and who, led on by the gallant Napoleon, carried conquest to the gates of Italy and Egypt, and saw more than half of the noblest nations of Europe vanquished by their valour.

There is a stain upon the character of Louis Philip, which time itself can never obliterate. When the iron hand of the oppressor prostrated the Poles, and bleeding humanity called upon the monarchs of Europe for mercy, Louis Philip heard the appeal without a sigh, and saw Poland fall without a tear. When the French people were roused to madness by the cries of the suffering, and ready to march at a moment's warning, the coldness of Louis Philip and his minister repressed their ardour and paved the way for the downfall of Poland. And what is Poland now? The world weeps over her wretched condition and her ruined fortunes. Not only are her fields red with the blood of her bravest sons, but a cruelty more intolerable than death itself is now resorted to by the inhuman Nicholas, to revenge her patriotism, and it would seem, to exterminate the very nationality of the Poles. I allude, with horror, to the banishment to Siberia of thousands of Polish children, whose crimes consist in the patriotism of their fathers. It is a deed worthy of a demon. What heart but one dead to feeling could behold the agony of maternal love, whilst dragging from her her only son, the hope of her declining years, and not melt into compassion! Even at this moment perhaps the idolized boy has just bid his mother the agonizing adieu, and has joined the throng who are doomed to the deserts of Siberia, sad exiles in the spring of life, destined never again to behold the face of their friends, or the flowery fields of their native country. We are told that two boys, sons of General Roenstein, were ordered by the Emperor Nicholas to be sent off with hundreds of others to Siberia. The mourning mother memorialized the tyrant, and begged him to spare her the younger son. To this she received no consolatory answer. She then implored him in the name of nature, and of God and mercy, to spare her the agonizing calamity of having her last hope torn from her bleeding heart. The tyrant returned a brutal threat as an answer. Finding that her last hope had fled, and that her darling child was doomed to be torn from her bosom by the ruffians who stood round, yet more tender than the tyrant who condemned her children, she kissed her guiltless boy, and then, in the agony of the moment, seized a dagger and plunged it to his young heart. Imagine her feelings when the quivering body of her boy fell bleeding at her feet. Oh, God, it was a scene calculated to touch even the heart of the tyrant himself. And this was a taste of tyranny! Ay, this was for the crime of the father, who had nobly bared his bosom in the field of freedom, and resisted a tyrant whose mercy is misery, and whose kindest boon is banishment.

When I remember that I was born in this republic, I rejoice. Let the miseries of the once happy and powerful Poland stimulate our countrymen to union and the love of liberty; for if once that love languishes, and the tyrant sets foot upon our soil, that moment the fabric of our freedom totters to its fall. We have cause to be proud of our prosperity, and it is our duty to hand down to posterity, untarnished, the glorious gift which our ancestors assigned us, sealed with their sacred blood.

MILFORD BARD.

THE CUP.

BY EDWARD GAMAGE, ESQ.

There is a Cup of *LIFE*:

The little prints that stud the threshold o'er,
Are of the feet of such as came to drink,
Fresh in their natal hour—whose infant lips
Eschewed the taste, and perished on its brink!

There is a Cup of *BLISS*:

It mantles bright, and sends its foam aloft,
And calls for flowers to twine its sparkling brim.
The young, gay, beautiful, happy dance around,
Nor ken the shapes that 'neath its surface swim.

There is a Cup of *WEALTH*.

With worthless tinsel deck'd. The ignoble crowd,
That cringe about the glittering fallacy,
Ne'er rise so high as taste the current proud,
Yet pine to share its splendid misery.

Of *POVERTY*—a Cup:

And the pale rank grass waves its hated sword,
For earth's best souls, thick o'er its sickly brow;
'Tis genius's birth gift—humble worth's reward,
For them that midst its turbid waters flow.

GLOOM hath too her Cup:

She lifts it to the skies! and onward rush
Contending throngs, o'er mountain, vale, and flood,
She views their flashing hosts each other crush;
Grinds them to dust, then fills it with their blood!

There is a Cup of *TEARS*.

With oziens bound, and planted on the grave;
Thither the 'reft and desolate repair,
With duteous drops its pearly front to lave,
And swells the crystal store that glistens there!

For still round sorrow's cup,

'Tis meet the faint and weary should convene,
To cast the cyprus on its waters clear—
Descant on hopes that tripp'd life's fairy green,
And the stern hour that first enforced a tear.

Oh, *MISERY*! thy Cup.

Thy bruised yet precious cup, lone some I sing!
Would I knew not to dwell on thy bright beams,
On eyes in dust—smiles fled on misery's wing,
And lips in clay that talk with all my dreams!

* * * * *

Well, there's a Cup of *DEATH*:

"And who so artful as to put it by?"
Its magic edge once kiss'd, we dream no more,
But wake to day that knows no sunset sky,
And beach our prow on unimagin'd shore!

SEASONS OF WIT.—The greatest wits have their ebbs and flows: they are sometimes as it were exhausted, then let them neither write nor talk, nor am at entertaining. Should a man sing when he has a cold? Should he not wait till he recovers his voice?

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers in all Parts of the World. By C. Mac Farlane, Esq.

MR. MAC FARLANE most truly observes, that "there are few subjects that interest us more generally than the adventures of robbers and banditti. In our infancy they awaken and rivet our attention as much as the best fairy tales; and when our happy credulity in all things is wofully abated, and our faith in the supernatural fled, we still retain our taste for the adventurous deeds and wild lives of brigands. Neither the fulness of years nor the maturity of experience and worldly wisdom can render us insensible to tales of terror such as fascinated our childhood, nor preserve us from a 'creeping of the flesh' as we read or listen to the narrative containing the daring exploits of some robber-chief, his wonderful address, his narrow escapes, and his prolonged crimes, seated by our own peaceful hearth."

This taste will be amply gratified by a perusal of these volumes, which are full of perilous adventure, hair-breadth escapes, and shocking murders; and we have only to entreat that our readers will not peruse the remainder of this column till after dark, that they may have the full benefit of the horrors we are about to lay before them.

THE BANDIT'S TEST.

"A young man, who had been several years an outlaw, on the violent death of the chief of the troop he belonged to, aspired to be Capo-bandito in his stead. He had gone through his noviciate with honour, he had shewn both cunning and courage in his calling as brigand, but the supremacy of the band was disputed with him by others, and the state of the times bade the robbers be specially careful as to whom they elected for their leader. He must be the strongest-nerved fellow of the set! The ambitious candidate offered to give any, even the most dreadful proof of his strength of nerve; and a monster among his companions proposed he should go to his native village and murder a young girl to whom he had been formerly attached. 'I will do it,' said the ruffian, who at once departed on his infernal mission. When he reached the village, he dared not present himself, having begun his crimes there by murdering a comrade: he skulked behind an old stone fountain, outside of the village, until near sunset, when the women came forth with their copper vases on their heads to get their supplies of water at the fountain. His mistress came carelessly gossiping with the rest. He could have shot her with his rifle, but he was afraid of pursuit, and wanted besides, time to secure and carry off a bloody trophy. He therefore remained quiet, only hoping that she might loiter behind the rest. She, however, was one of the first to balance her vessel of water on her head, and to take the path to the village, whither all the gossips soon followed her. What was now to be done? He was determined to go through the ordeal and consummate the bellish crime. A child went by the fountain whistling. He laid down his rifle, so as not to alarm the little villager, and presenting himself to him, gave him the reliquary he had worn round his neck for years,

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and which was well known to his mistress, and told him to run with it to her, and tell her an old friend desired to speak with her at the fountain. The child took the reliquary, and a piece of silver which the robber gave him on his vowing by the Madonna to say nothing about the matter in the village before one hour of the night, and ran on to the village. The robber then retired behind the old fountain, taking his rifle in his hand, and keeping a sharp look out, lest his mistress should betray him, or not come alone. But the affectionate girl, who might have loved him still, in spite of his guilt, who might have hoped to render him succour on some urgent need, or, perhaps, to hear that he was penitent and anxious to return to society, went alone and met him at the fountain, where, as the bells of the village church were tolling the Ave Maria, her lover met her, and stabbed her to the heart! The monster then cut off her head, and ran away with it to join the brigands, who were obliged to own, that after such a deed and such a proof as he produced, he was worthy to be their chief."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

SONG OF THE CORSAIR.

I'll go where at even the primrose is blooming,
And gather its flowers to strew on thy head;
I'll bring the rose, in the glow of the morning,
Before the last sparkling dew-drop has fled.

I'll go where the deep wave of ocean is rushing,
And if it has pearls that are worthy of thee,
Will bring thee as fair one, as ever green blushing
Maidens of ocean wear under the sea.

Could I fly where the gems of the mountain are sparkling,
And take from its treasures a gift for my bride!
Or take where in depths of the desert lie darkling,
The purest of diamonds to place by her side!

We'll roam o'er ocean, 'mid havoc and slaughter,
For treasures of earth, which shall ever be thine;
For dearer than diamonds, or pearls of the water,
Art thou to this wild roving spirit of mine.

North Fairhaven, Jan.

INDIAN BARD.

THE MOTHER.—A SKETCH.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, ESQ.

Early in one of those beautiful mornings of last May, that called forth from the city so much of its youth, beauty, and even its decrepitude, to inhale and gratify a refined taste, I was riding leisurely along the narrow road that skirts the Schuylkill, about a mile above the princely and hospitable mansion of Mr. Pratt. Solitude and the darkening foliage of the surrounding trees, gave a solemnity to the scene, that even those whom grief and habits of reflection render fond of retirement, so dearly love. Not a breath of air disturbed the leaves of the branches that stretched across the pathway. It was the true silence of nature in her secret places, and the mind undisturbed by outward objects grew busy in the solitude. An opening in the bushes on the left, showed the summit of the hills on the opposite banks of the river, just touched with the yellow tints of the rising sun; and the dew gems upon its luxuriant grass glanced its beams in all their prismatic beauty; but below and between,

the mist of the night, settling upon the bosom of the river, hid the placid stream, or rolled heavily off towards the opening of a distant interval. And such, thought I, as I checked my horse to contemplate the scene, such is my course—darkened now and solitary; but beyond me, and beyond this life, are scenes of happiness lit up, like that hill, with the rays of hope and promise; yet between me and those enjoyments lies a fearful passage, darkened by the mists which the night of ignorance has caused to settle upon it, deep and dangerous as my errands have made it. A train of reflections was following—reflections such as one who had sat for months in the contemplations of near approaching decay, may be supposed to indulge, when my eye, dropping from the sun-lit eminence above, rested upon an object at the distance of a few yards from us between the road and the river. A slight breeze dissipated the mist from the spot, and I discovered a female, apparently lifeless, stretched on the ground.

Alighting from my horse, I approached within a few feet of the woman, when she raised her head suddenly from the little eminence upon which it had rested, and showed a face that had once been beautiful, marred by continual sorrow, and inflamed by recent indulgence of grief.

With a hasty apology for what might appear an impertinent intrusion, and proffering what aid I could bestow, if any should be needed, I withdrew a few yards; but whether the lady felt that there was something in her appearance and situation that required explanation, or whether my wasted, consumptive form, and hollowed sallow cheek forbade a thought of intrusion, and invited confidence, I cannot tell—she hastily adjusted her hair and dress, and beckoned me with the solemnity of grief to approach. With those feelings that affliction ever excites, I complied with the intimation, and soon discovered that I was in the company of one for whom education and affection had done much, but deep and lasting sorrow more. I respectfully tendered anew to the female whatever assistance her circumstances might demand and mine would allow. "I am alone," she said, "in the world, and the little that nature requires is easily obtained. All that life had valuable, has been taken from me; and death which to some is a dreadful consideration, I contemplate with pleasing satisfaction while I wait it with resigned patience. Not my afflictions, but their consequences, have prepared me for that event; and I look with pleasure to the rapidly approaching time when I shall lie beneath the hillock from which I have now risen, and none shall be able to call me back to the bitterness of my earthly lot. All that was dear to me in life is there, and where my earthly treasures are deposited, there my heart is also."

I learned from the lady, that her husband had left England with a view of establishing himself in this country; and, after residing in Philadelphia a few months he sent to her a letter, acquainting her with his prospects of business, directing her to dispose of whatever property she had, and to come with the children to him. She complied with his request, and arrived in America ten days after the death of her husband.

A stranger and a widow, unused to depend upon herself, she at first almost sunk beneath the afflictive stroke of Providence; but the claims of five children called a mother to a sense of her duties. She exerted herself, but still found that the little remaining of her limited store was daily wasting, "and," said she, "I knew not the power that would give the prolific blessing to the last measure of meal in my barrel, or that could bid me still pour out abundance from a widow's exhausted cuse. To protract life then, scarcely able to save it, I left the city and took yonder miserable hut, that had been deserted by a family of blacks. Here with rigid economy and unsparing labour, I might have raised my children, imparting to them the rudiments of an useful education, but your climate, at best unfriendly to health, and rendered still more deleterious by our congruity to the river, and exposed to the morning and evening moisture, proved too powerful for my children. The eldest wasted away with racking chills or almost shrivelled by burning fevers, expired in my arms, with a blessing upon me mingled with his last accents. We laid him here in the grave, and when the dirt was heaped over him, I returned to renew my watchings with the next.

"Death was busy with my household; in three months four of my children were brought to this spot. And perhaps the last would have been with them, but for a change of the atmosphere that checked the progress of disease. How strong is a mother's love! All the affection which had diffused itself over my four children, had centred with deep intensity upon him that had been spared, my youngest boy. Let a mother indulge her fondness. He was beautiful; poverty had not crushed his spirits; and, knowing little of other joys, he had moulded even his childish sports to my wishes. How often, as I threw back the clustering curls, to impress upon his polished forehead a mother's kiss, has my heart ached at the thought that we must separate; that before long I must be with those dear ones that had gone, and then who would watch over my Albert. The cold charities of public provision, meted out to him among a squalid race, cradled in misery, and nurtured in crime; what were these to one—poor, poor indeed, but endowed with an appetency for good, and taught to love virtue, not for its reward, but for its existence?

"It is now three weeks since, finding some necessity to visit the seat of our opulent neighbour, I left my Albert in care of the house, with especial charge to guard the little enclosure. My errand was unusually fortunate: and as I hastened home I thought of the delight that my child would evince on contemplating an acquisition, which by the kindness of a lady, I had made. I thought of the smile that was to play over his features, as he should come bounding along the pathway to greet my return, and aid me in carrying my well stowed bundle.

"I approached the house, but Albert did not appear. I looked when he should spring from behind a tree to surprise me, and even conned the little monition which I should give him for the rudeness that yet could not offend. He was perhaps studying his lesson, and did not think of

my returning; for children forget often, very often, when a parent's heart yearns most for them. Agitated with undefinable fears, I hastened forward, and when within a few paces of the house, I discovered my lamb sitting and leaning against the trunk of a large tree. For the moment the blood curdled at my heart, and thoughts, thick coming and fearful passed my mind with a rapidity that none but a parent, an afflicted and suffering parent, can know." The woman paused, and laying her hand on my arm, said inquiringly—"You are a father?"

I bowed assent.

"And have mourned the loss of a child?" again she asked.

The tear that smote her hand, as it still rested on my arm, told her that I could sympathise with her.

"I may then proceed, for only to a parent may a parent tell her woes. But still you cannot know it all. No, a mother only, only a mother may drink of that cup! Oh! how a mother loves her boy—and that one, one spared from all—I have held him to my bosom in moments of deep feeling, when sorrow, poverty and despair have chilled every current from the heart. I have pressed my Albert there, and, one by one, the remembrance of those fled away, a smile lighted up my countenance, and the blood gushed through my veins with the elastic play of youth.

"But let me not weary you—I stepped towards the child—he was asleep. I gazed with a mother's fondness, and with a mother's pride. The sun was pouring his setting beams upon his face, and the wind scattered the curls of that hair that lay in such profusion on his shoulders. I kneeled to kiss and bless the boy, and thanked God that he was spared me.

"That night Albert awoke with a hoarseness, and other indications of a cold, caught probably while sleeping in the open air. I resorted to the usual applications, but in vain. The next day saw him worse, and the medical adviser, who visited him on the third day, expressed serious apprehensions. Let me hasten to a close. The night succeeding, as I sat with my Albert on my knees, I noticed that the filmy whiteness which had rested on his eyes during the day, had passed off; they were brilliant beyond the brightness of health. I knew the approaches of death too well to be deceived, yet I gazed with agonizing intensity. The lamp poured a pale light upon his visage, over which the hectic flush was passing. 'Mother, dear mother,' died away half articulated by the angel: a slight convulsion distorted his lip, and—I was left alone.—— When the physician came the next morning, he found me sitting in my chair, and Albert on my knees.

"They buried him here—here with all my flock—all in one grave—over which I kneel so often that not one blade of grass springs above them—nor must it—the earth will soon be removed for me; and when I sleep with my babes, the grass will grow over us;—for there will be none, no, not one, to shed a tear upon our resting place—for I am alone—all, all alone."

When the paroxysm of passion had passed off, I asked whether she had not relations in England. She replied in the negative. A brother

and her oldest son left that country for India, more than twelve years since, and though certain intelligence of their death had not been received, still there was not a doubt that they had fallen victims to disease incident to the interior of Hindostan.

When I turned to leave the scene of affliction that I had witnessed, the mist of the morning had passed away from the river, and the whole width of the stream lay before me, glistening in silvery whiteness with the rays of the rising sun. Half an hour before, absorbed in my feelings, I had likened the river and its dark folds of mist, to death; does not sympathy in the woes of others diminish the burden of our own affliction, and tend to chase even darkness and fears from that passage which all must tread!

A few days subsequent to the interview which I have described, an advertisement in the public papers called for information relative to a family, the description of which answered in many particulars to that of the afflicted mother. I called at the "Mansion House" for the advertiser, and found in a young and interesting stranger, the son who was supposed to have died in India. I acquainted him in haste, with the situation of his family, and could scarce restrain him from setting out immediately to find his parent. I knew too well the state of her health to allow such rashness.

As he approached the abode of his mother, I proposed alighting first, and preparing her in some measure for the interview. When we arrived at the opening in the bushes through which I had first discovered her, kneeling beside the unsodded grave, I urged my companion to pass on. The noise of our horses disturbed her; she raised her head and a smile of recognition rested upon her face as she rose to meet me.

"Still," said she, "still, like Rachel mourning for my children, refusing to be comforted."

"Yet madam," said I, "there may be comfort; the survivors may, by kindness and sympathy, teach you, if not to mourn the loss for the dead, at least to live for the living."

"There is no such hope," said she, "I can say with the afflicted one of old—'Lover and friend thou hast put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness.'"

"But you mentioned a son in India."

"I mentioned him as dead," said she.

"But, madam," I replied, "I have reason to believe, nay to know, that he did not die at the time to which you refer."

"Does he live now? Is he alive?" asked the mother with haste.

"The young man who accompanies me has seen your son, and can give certain information of his welfare. Shall I call him hither, or will you see him at the house?"

"Here, even here; my home is on the grave of my children."

I stepped to the road, and beckoned to the young man. He approached the grave in some haste.

"—You have seen my son, you know him—you can tell me, his mother, of his welfare?"

The youth lifted his dark eye, swimming with tears, and vainly attempted to reply. He scarcely articulated his name and the mother and the son

rushed into each other's arms, and knelt down into a convulsive embrace upon the grave, the altar of her morning sacrifice.

When the son attempted to rise, his mother fell from his arms pale and lifeless! The gush of pleasure had been too strong, she had breathed her last blessing upon the bosom of her son: and now lay unconscious of joys or sorrows.

The son, in a few weeks, returned to India.

The mother is buried with her child upon the banks of the Schuylkill; and many young readers will perhaps lengthen their morning walk in the coming summer, to see whether there is a rose upon the bush that I have placed at the head of the grave.

From the New York Mirror.

TO A MUSICAL BOX.

By Miss Fanny Kemble.

Poor little sprite! in that dark, narrow cell,
Caged, by the law of man's restless might;
With thy sweet, liquid notes, by some strong spell,
Compelled to minister to his delight!
Whence—what art thou?—Art thou a fairy wight,
Caught sleeping in some lily's snowy bell,
Where thou hadst crept, to rock in the moonlight,
And drink the starry dew drops as they fell?
Say, dost thou think, sometimes when thou art singing,
Of thy wild haunt upon the mountain's brow,
Where thou wert once to list the death-bells ringing,
And sail upon the sunset's amber glow?
When thou art weary of thy oft-told theme,
Say, dost thou think of the clear, pebbly stream,
Upon whose mossy brink thy fellows play,
Dancing in circles by the moon's soft beam,
Hiding in blossoms from the sun's fierce gleam,
Whilst thou, in darkness, sing'st thy life away?
And canst thou feel when the spring time returns,
Filling the earth with fragrance and with glee;
When in the wide creation nothing mourns,
Of all that lives, save that which is not free!
Oh, if thou canst, and we could hear thy prayer,
How would thy little voice, beseeching cry
For one short draught of the fresh morning air,
For one short glimpse of the clear, azure sky!
Perchance thou sing'st in hopes thou shalt be free?
Sweetly and patiently thy task fulfilling;
While thy sad thoughts are wandering with the bee,
To every bud, with honey dew distilling.
That hope in vain: for even couldst thou wing
Thy homeward flight back to the greenwood gay;
Thou'dst be a shunn'd and a forsaken thing,
'Mongst the companions of thy happier day.
For fairy elves, like many other creatures,
Bear fleeting memories, that come and go;
Nor can they oft recall familiar features,
By absence touched, or clouded o'er with wo.
Then, rest content with sorrow; for there be
Many, who must that lesson learn with thee;
And still thy wild notes warble cheerfully.
Till, when thy tiny voice begins to fail,
For thy lost bliss, sing but one parting wail,
Poor little sprite, and then sleep silently.

As the prickliest leaves are the driest, so the portest fellows are generally the most barren.

Written for the Casket.

THE SISTERS.

"And she will be his bride;
At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
For a heartless deceiver.
The world may think me gay,
For my feelings I smother.
Oh! thou hast been the cause
Of this anguish, my Mother."

The room was small, but the splendid and almost oriental style of magnificence with which it was furnished, left not a doubt that it was the boudoir of some favourite of fortune: the carpet so thick and soft, that the heavy tread of the mailed warrior could not be distinguished from the soft fairy tread of beauty; the low and velvet covered couches, the large mirrors, the splendid pictures, whose style bespoke them from no less masters than Titian or Claude; the marble tables, the rich curtains, all spoke of wealth, taste and elegance. But with this splendour there was a certain something, which told the inmate was careless or indifferent to it all. On a small centre table of the purest Italian marble, stood a rich porcelain vase filled with rare exotics; but they languished and looked nearly withered—books and engravings strewed the table, but they too lay untouched and unopened—a guitar and a harp stood near, but several of the strings of both were broken. On a beautifully arranged toilet table lay a casket of rich and sparkling gems—the casket was half upset, and many of the trinkets laid strewed about in confusion. Turn now from this minutia, and look at the inhabitant of this apartment, and tell me if happiness dwells with wealth and splendour. On a low crimson Ottoman reclined a fair being who might have been thought to be as inanimate as the objects around her, except for the low passionate sob that at times burst from her bosom, as if her very heart were breaking; she was even in her sorrow an exquisitely beautiful creature: her fairy and perfect form; the infant-like delicacy and purity of her complexion; her head of Grecian like dignity; the profusion of dark curls, which shadowed without concealing the intellectual loveliness of her pale face, all bespoke her lovely; she had apparently but just returned from a ball or party, if one could judge by the elegance and costliness of her dress, which was of white silvered crape, confined at the wrists and waist by bracelets and a girdle of pearls, with a rich twisted necklace and pendants of the same; a pearl bandeau, in which was fastened a plume of white feathers, lay on the floor as if dropped from the head by accident.

"Yes," she exclaimed in a low broken voice, "she will be his bride, and I—what am I—a poor despised creature, looked on with indifference, perhaps with hate, by the being I feel I yet adore—he will be happy while I am miserable; but I deserve it all. Oh, that I could die and be at peace," again she wept bitterly. A low tap was heard at the door, and before she had time to refuse admittance, a fairy form glided into the room, and in a moment was locked in her arms. "My own sister," "dearest Helen," was all that

was uttered by either for some moments; at length the visitor rose up from her fervent embrace and seated herself on a low stool, at the side of the couch, while her sister, (for such she was) as if overcome again, sunk back in her reclining position, and gave vent to a fresh burst of tears, still clasping the hand of the fair intruder in her own. "Tell me, my own Helen, what ails you—is this my welcome, after months of separation:—am I instead of meeting with your own gladsome smiles to be greeted with tears. Tell me," she continued, throwing herself on her knees, and pressing her lips to the pale cold forehead, "what can possibly ail you: are you sick; you cannot be unhappy, surely, or your own Cecile would long ere this have known of your griefs and flew to soothe them: if you are ill, cheer up and smile upon me, and your own sister shall be your faithful nurse. With so kind a husband, and all else your heart can desire, you must be happy." "Happy," murmured the lady, while her very frame seemed shook with the agony those words called up, "happy—never in this world—my happy days are over, Cecile." She seemed quite overcome, and Cecile forbore to answer her, lest she should renew sorrows which she wished to alleviate: she at length insensibly sunk into a light slumber, whilst the young and beautiful being, who seemed by her bright and radiant face never to have known sorrow, bent over her with the anxiety of a fond mother, watching her sleeping infant, afraid to move lest she should disturb the sleeper. She continued in her kneeling posture, watching the countenance of her sister. "And I thought she was happy—no, she is not," thought the gentle girl, as she gazed in painful silence upon the altered features of Helen. Her moans and inarticulate murmurs sometimes escaped from her as if her sleep were far from peaceful; at length, after a deeper moan, she opened her languid blue eyes, and they fell upon her gentle nurse. "my sister," she exclaimed with a mournful smile, "how good you are thus to watch over me; but will you not retire, it is late, and I in my selfishness had forgotten that you have walked far, and must feel fatigued." "No, no, my sister, I cannot sleep; wherefore then leave you. I am miserable, for you are so: let me know what is the cause of your unhappiness, and if I cannot relieve, at least your Cecile can weep with you." Helen had risen at the close of her sister's remark, and for a minute paced the room with quick and hurried tread, as if to escape some painful recollection: at length seating herself by a low window, where the moon poured her silver rays upon her face, she said, "The task is a painful one, but to you I have long wished to speak freely—yes, it will console me to know there is one to sympathize with me." She pressed her hand forcibly to her head, as if to still the throbbing temples, and with a low faltering voice commenced, "You know I am your senior, by several years—you know, too, how dearly we have loved, and how bitter were the tears we shed when I was sent for home from school, and obliged to be parted from you: all this you know; but you know not, that dearly as I loved you, my sorrow was evanescent. I was going into that gay world, into whose scenes I had so often entered in my waking as well as

midnight dreams—I sighed at our close confinement to studies, our simple recreations, and our country situation—I wanted to visit the gay balls, parties, theatres, &c. which I had so often read of: and more than all this, I earnestly wished to love and to be beloved. With all these thoughts thronging in my young heart, can even you wonder that my tears were soon vanished. You know that I arrived safely at my mother's splendid mansion, and she received me with a mixture of affection and gratified pride, and prophesied I would make a 'brilliant match.' I was introduced to the gay world, and entered with pleasure into its extravagancies and follies. I was styled beautiful, known to be wealthy, and was therefore followed by many admirers, but my heart remained untouched. Even then, my sister, my heart would oft times pine for your society, and I would wish myself back, a simple happy school girl. So true it is, that pleasures, however delightful in imagination, lose much from constant repetition. I wished for something to love and to be loved. My mother was kind and I respected her; but her manners were not calculated to gain her children's love, and consequently she was not my confidant. Unhappy situation when a daughter may not confide in a mother. Who so suitable a friend, a guide, an adviser as a mother. You may remember our sweet friend, Rosa Evelyn, who was married shortly after I left school, and for whom I was bridesmaid; it was at her happy home that I first met her cousin, Eugene Evelyn, that I first knew what love was." A long silence followed these words, as if they called up scenes too painfully pleasing for memory to dwell upon. "Enough, my sister, to say I was beloved and loved devotedly; a few happy months flew round, and then I was awoke from my dream of bliss—my mother was petrified and enraged at the idea of an alliance destitute of all that she thought made an alliance desirable; that is, wealth and rank. She forbade my again seeing Eugene. Fear not duty led me to obey her; for oh, how will you believe me when I tell you, that knowing my fortune to depend entirely upon my mother, I dared not, much as I loved, encounter privations and want of luxuries. In short, I dreaded poverty (or an approach to it) as one of the greatest evils in life. I received from my lover many letters breathing affection and tenderness, and conjuring me to fly with him." "If," he said in one of his letters, "if, dearest Helen, your mother's refusal was grounded on the idea that I was vicious or dissipated, I would not urge you to flight; I would strive to convince her of her error and gain her esteem: but no, she would sacrifice the peace, the happiness of her daughter, of me, for what—because I possess not wealth. I ask not your fortune: I have competence, and if faithful love and constant endeavour, on my part, to make you happy, can make up for the luxuries, the splendour of your home, then consent, my own love, to unite your fate to mine." And yet, even after I had read these precious lines, I became another's—yes, turn not away, sweet sister; relax not the grasp of those dear hands, I feel too deeply my own unworthiness, to bear even your unintentional marks of sorrow. Wrought upon by my habitual fear and respect of my mother—won upon (I

blush to own it) by the splendid presents, the house, the equipage of Sir William Ethrington, I consented, in an evil hour, to become his bride; and now," she added, breathing lowly, as if the breath came from the very recess of her heart, "now comes the heart-breaking scene:—I had heard that Eugene had been informed of my conduct and my marriage; that he felt that his love had been thrown away upon an unworthy object, and consequently he felt for me an utter contempt: so, at least, I was told. It has now been near a twelvemonth since my marriage, when, partly to gratify my husband, and partly to chase away gloomy feelings, I consented to go to a large party this evening at Lady Ranehath's.—Sir William was forced to leave me at the door, as he was engaged elsewhere. I entered the brilliant apartments, blazing with lights and beauty; I had hardly reached my seat, when my eye fell upon—Eugene Evelyn; not as I had once heard of him, pale and dejected, but looking as when I first saw him, radiant with smiles and health. On his arm leaned a beautiful delicate girl, whom, however, at that time, I scarcely observed, being so entirely taken up with watching Eugene. He did not see me, but continued in earnest conversation with the lady. As I stood in a deep recess, I could, unobserved by any, watch his ever-varying countenance: and oh, how bitter were my feelings at that moment. My musical powers, which your fond affection used to magnify into something extraordinary, were, even in the gay world, in requisition; and accordingly I was soon surrounded by many urging me to play and sing. It was in vain that I pleaded indisposition, and with a heavy heart I at length consented to be led into the music-room, hoping that I was not perceived by Eugene. Feeling in a dull mood, I pitched upon the first song that was handed me; it was a low, melancholy tune, and seemed suited to my feelings. It ended with the following verse:

"Give me, of cold oblivion's wave,
A draught, in sorrow's chalice and;
My hopes are slumbering in the grave:
Past are the dreams which once could glad!"

Much agitated after singing, I arose and was at length permitted to move away, while a lady took my place at the piano. 'How handsome Mr. Evelyn looks,' said a voice near me. I involuntary looked up and encountered the earnest look of Eugene—he bowed and I immediately turned my eyes away; but a conversation that happened near me, attracted my sole attention. It was about him who alone I loved. After speaking for some time highly in his praise, one of the ladies remarked, 'do you know that it is a positive fact, that he is engaged to be married to the lady he is with?' Yes, I heard that she was to be the bride, the blessed bride of my own Eugene. I fainted, and when I recovered it was to find myself supported by him, whilst the fair girl, whom I had seen with him, was gently bathing my burning brow. Oh! happy, too happy moment—would that I had died even then; but no, such a blessed lot was not mine. When he found I had recovered, he resigned me to the arms of Lady Mary Clinton, which I heard as the name

of the lady. He asked me if he should call my carriage; I gladly assented, and taking his offered arm was led, more dead than alive, to the door. As he lifted me in the carriage he pressed my hand, 'You have my forgiveness, Helen, I am happy; would that you were so too.' 'Never, oh! never, shall I be happy again, Eugene; my heart is breaking.' He gave me a thrilling look of pity: even yet I see it!—pressed my hand to his lips and closed the door. All else is a blank to me until I found myself here." She ceased and leaned her burning brow on the marble slab, as if to cool it, while her young sister wept without restraint. "I have wearied you almost to death, my own sweet Cecile, let us both kneel now in earnest prayer, even as when we were children together, and then let us seek a little rest." The two fair sisters knelt down; the one in her single innocence, the other in her deep unhappiness, and remained long in fervent holy prayer. When they arose, though their eyes were still filled with tears, there was a holy serenity visible in the features of both, lovely to behold. They together laid down to court a little repose. Tired nature at length sunk exhausted, and it was late in the day ere Cecile awoke, and recalled to recollection the painful scenes of the last night. She arose gently and stood by her sister's side. "How lovely, how angelic she looks! and what a sweet smile beams on her features. I cannot wake her—sleep on, sweet sister: be at least happy in your dreams." So saying, she stooped over her and pressed her rosy lips to the pale forehead of a corpse.

When Cecile was recovered from a long, deep swoon, she found that she had not been deceived. Helen's gentle frame had sunk under the pressure of misery; and though she mourned for her sister, she could not but rejoice that her unhappiness was at an end. It was midnight, when Cecile went to take a last look at the lovely remains of her beloved sister, beautiful even in death. She reposed upon that couch from whence she was to be conveyed to the dark and silent tomb! Her large blue eyes were closed, and the long, dark lash lay on her fair cheeks; a striking contrast; a sweet smile yet played round her lips, which even death had not robbed of their coral-like hue—she looked as placid as a sleeping infant. She was buried with pomp and splendour; and the only tears shed for her in real sorrow, were by Cecile and Eugene, who attended her funeral. As for her husband, he had always admired her, but love with him had no existence. He considered a wife as a necessary appendage, and had chosen out a beautiful one, only because she was the fashion, and was sought by others.

Eugene was in a few months happily married to Lady Mary Clinton, and their first girl was by Lady Mary's request, named after the unfortunate Helen. Cecile also married a man in every way deserving of her; and unlike her sister, looked only for virtue and goodness in her choice, and consequently enjoyed much happiness. But it was long ere she ceased to think of and regret the mournful lot of one who was led away by the luxuries and vanities of this life from peace and happiness.

Written for the Casket.

THE MEMPHIAN MUMMY.

"Wrapped in mysterious weeds."—POLLOX.

Maiden! thy form hath not yet lost its grace,
Though from that cheek hath fled life's rosy glow,
And smiles seem playing on the very face,
A mother kissed some thousand years ago.
Although thy lips are bloodless now and cold,
Time hath not reft thee of thy teeth of pearl,
And beauty lingers in the locks of gold,
Which on thy forehead curl.

Nature! thy debt have mighty nations paid,
And o'er them closed oblivion's misty wave,
Since weeping friends that human wreck arrayed,
In the sad vestments of the starless grave.
That sunken eye with pleasure may have beamed,
Or tears perhaps that dusky cheek have wet,
Upon that brow for aught I know hath gleamed
Some queenly coronet.

Perchance that ear so very dull and cold,
The mystic lyre of Memnon often heard,
When sunrise tinged the morning sky with gold,
And all its strings melodiously stirred.
An infant may have slumbered in those arms,
Which hang so still and nerveless by thy side;
Perchance some Pharaoh, yielding to thy charms,
Made thee his royal bride.

Amid the chords of some love-breathing lute,
Those taper fingers may have often strayed;
That tongue which has for centuries been mute,
To Apis or to Isis may have prayed;
When ancient Memphis was the seat of power;
When mirth and music reigned within her walls,
Perhaps she wasted many a pleasant hour,
A guest in princely halls.

The breathing statue and the speaking bust
Of all their grace and beauty have been reft,
And dome and tower have crumbled into dust,
Since thy freed soul its mortal prison left.
Although the rock for many ages hid,
That human ruin from the light of day,
It scarcely feels, like Egypt's pyramid,
The finger of decay.

The smiling sunbeam falls upon thee now,
But cannot melt the icy chain of death,
The zephyr's wing is fanning thy dark brow,
But thou art reckless of its balmy breath.
When joy held empire in that leathern breast,
Perhaps she wandered by the Nile's green shore,
And mused upon his billows when at rest,
Or listened to their roar.

In childhood's hour, the maiden little thought,
When life to her did all its charms unveil,
Her matchless form by strangers would be bought,
And made the theme of many an erring tale.
When the last trump shall animate the tomb,
And call the dead from out the sea and earth,
Maiden! thy spirit will its dust resume,
Far from thy place of birth.

AVON BARD.

P. S. The Mummy, the author had the pleasure of seeing was supposed to be a female, and the above lines suggested.

VEGETABLE INSTINCT.

Instinct is a particular disposition or tendency in a living being to embrace, without deliberation or reflection, the means of self-preservation, and to perform on particular occasions, such other actions as are required by its economy, without having any perception to what end or purposes it acts, or any idea of the utility and advantage of its own operation. Climbing plants afford a curious instance of this instructive economy. Some of these having very slender stems, cannot, like most other plants, grow of themselves in a perpendicular direction; but in order to compensate for this incapacity, nature has given them the power of moving or twining their branches and tendrils different ways, until they generally meet with a tree or some other body on which to climb, to attach themselves; and when a tendril has laid hold of a support, it coils up and draws the stem after it.*

Trees and other vegetables have likewise the power of directing their roots for procuring nourishment:—for instance, a tree growing near a ditch, will be found to direct its roots straight downwards, on the side next the ditch, until they reach the ground below it, when they will throw off fibres underneath, and ramify like the root on the other side of a tree. Some curious examples of this kind of instinct are related by Lord Kaimes, among which is the following:—"A quantity of fine compost for flowers happened to be laid at the foot of a full grown elm, where it lay neglected three or four years; when moved in order to be carried off, a net work of elm fibres spread through the whole heap; and no fibres had before appeared at the surface of the ground."

Many flowers also fold up their leaves on the approach of fall or in cold cloudy weather, and unfold them again when cheered by the reanimating influence of the sun. This is remarkably exemplified in the *conoclinium arvensis*, *anagallis arvensis*, and many others, but more particularly in the last, whence it has been called the poor man's weather glass.

In Watson's Chemical Essays, also, it is stated that trefoil, wood-sorrel mountain ebony, the African marigold, and many others, are so regular in folding up their leaves before rainy weather, that these motions have been considered as a kind of instinct similar to that of ants.—*Trupper on the Probability of Sensation in Vegetables.*

Some plants open their petals to receive rain, others avoid it; some contract at the approach of a storm, others at the approach of night; while some expand and blossom only to the evening air.

Near the cape certain flowers form a species of chronometer. The *morrea unguiculata* and *undulata* open at nine in the morning and close at four; the *isia cinnamomea* opens at the time the other closes, and sheds a delicious perfume throughout the night.

The stamina of the flowers of sorrel thorn are so peculiarly irritable, that when touched, they

* A mistake. The tendril does not draw the stem after it; it merely supports it. The stem increases in length only from the growth at the end. The limb of a tree and the tendril of a vine are always at the same distance from the ground.

will incline almost two inches, and the upper joint of the leaf of the *dianthe* is formed like a machine to catch food. When an insect therefore settles on its glands, the tender parts become irritated, and the two lobes rise up, grasp the insect and crush it to death. The plane tree exhibits the power of exercising a sagacity for securing food not unworthy of an animal. Lord Kaimes relates, that among the ruins of New Abbey, in the county of Galloway, there grew in his time, on the top of one of its walls, a plane tree upwards of twenty feet in height. Thus situated, it became straitened for food and moisture, and therefore gradually directed its roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground at the distance of ten feet. When they had succeeded in this attempt, the upper roots no longer shot out fibres, but united in one; and shoots vigorously sprung up from the root which had succeeded in reaching the earth.

The island of St. Lucia presents a still more curious phenomenon in the animal flower. This organization lives in a large basin, the water of which is brackish. It is more brilliant than the marigold which it resembles. But when the hand is extended towards it, it recoils, and retires like a snail in the water. It is supposed to live on the spawn of fish.

In Java grows a plant, the *Nepenthes distillatoria*, remarkable for having a small vegetable bag attached to the base of its leaves. This bag is covered with a lid which moves on a strong fibre, answering the purpose of a hinge. When dews rise, or rains descend, the lid opens; when the bag is saturated, the lid falls and closes so tightly, that no evaporation can take place. The moisture thus imbibed, cherishes the seed, and is gradually absorbed into the body of the plant.

From the Youth's Companion.

AMBITION BLASTED.

Every one acquainted with the public men of our country, must know something of Aaron Burr, of this city, once Vice President of the United States. His history exhibits a striking instance of blasted ambition. Of a most persuasive eloquence and bland manners, with a deep knowledge of the human heart, Aaron Burr looked forward in his earlier days to the highest offices and distinctions of the republic. He had attained the highest but one. But before his dark and searching eye there stood one obstacle to his ascent; it was Hamilton. The illustrious Hamilton, who had weathered the storms of the revolution by the side of Washington, and who had saved the nation in her counsels that Washington saved by his sword and Fabian prudence,—was a patriot too incorruptible to look coldly on and see the rise of an unprincipled spirit, whose intellectual capacity only equalled his want of principle. To the eye of Hamilton, Burr was in politics what Benedict Arnold had been in the field; and his opposition to his designs, partook of that keen and stern character which ever made Hamilton so terrible to the enemies of the true rights of the country.

They met, at length, on "the dark and bloody ground," about two miles above Hoboken, on the Jersey shore, opposite this city. Hamilton

fell—and as he fell, the earthly prospects of Burr darkened in thick-ribbed gloom.

Immediately after this catastrophe, the conduct of Burr began to excite attention. He frequently took sudden and rapid and distant journeys, disguised so as not to be known on the road. One week he would be seen in his office in New York—the next in a distant city as if he had dropped from the clouds. It was as first supposed that he was suffering the agonies of remorse for the murder of Hamilton; but the eye of government soon detected the preparation for some design of violence. Arms and men had been gathered at different points, either for a division of the United States, or for a descent upon Mexico—or for both objects blended. He was arrested in the remote west, and carried in irons for many hundred miles through a country over whose Senate he had presided as the second officer of government, to the place designed for his trial. He was acquitted of the charge of treason, but the irreversible sentence of public opinion had gone forth against him. He became a wanderer in foreign lands.

Over a few of these vagrant years of his life a deep obscurity rests. He returned, however, to New York, the scene of his former glory and aspirations. Here he has spent his life with but little notice or distinction; and without any more influence over the public mind, than if he had been frozen into a statue of stone the moment that he sent the death-shot to the bosom of Hamilton.

Sometimes, now, a little, bowed-down man, with his eyes fastened on the pavement, may be seen hurrying along in the vicinity of Reed street. His hair, which was once black as the raven's wing, is now blanched with the whiteness of snow. His eyes, which once shot lightnings in their soul-searching glances, are now lustreless and dull. That man is AARON BURR.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

TO MY DEAD BABE.

Sweet angel! when I look upon that dear
Though lifeless form, so soon the food of worms,
The sickening thought pervades my very soul.
Torn from my arms in all thy loveliness,
Thy growing charms expanding day by day,
Filling thy mother's anxious yearning heart
With fondest hopes, that thou in future years
Wouldest walk in virtue's path, to manhood's prime;
And as a pillar rais'd by God's own hand,
Support and comfort my declining years.
But 'tis his voice that calls thy spirit home
To rest upon his bosom. Kinder arms
Than e'en thy mother's open to receive
The precious charge; the treasure only lent;
Submit! my aching heart! and murmur not:
Ere long, and thou shalt meet him in the skies;
Where now before the eternal throne of God,
His spotless soul from pain and sorrow free,
Returns to Him whose holy voice commands
"Suffer those little ones to come to me
"Forbid them not! for such surround my throne."

A MOTHER.

Written for the Casket.

The Victims of Revenge.

BY M. A. B.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes.
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies."

M. S. S.

The sun had sunk in the western horizon. The lingering twilight shed a feeble and dying like lustre over the landscape, and clothed the surrounding heavens with those varied hues and romantic beauty, which the imagination is accustomed to view in an Italian sunset. The stars were coming into view silently; and one by one, in their lofty eminence, seemed to take their stations, as the guardians of night, over the lonely world. The hum and bustle of the distant camp had almost died away with the declining sun. And bird, and beast, and man were all seeking their resting place, till morning should again open to them new sources of profit, pleasure and gratification. It was the hour when the heart, if ever, must be open with benevolence to all mankind; and the full soul think of by-gone days, departed joys, and the melancholy and pleasing scenes of life.

The beautiful Ohio, on the left, was rolling its peaceful water to the ocean. At a distance beyond a grove of woods, that skirted its margin, lay the encamped host of freedom's sons. Each thinking of his distant home, and friends, and wife, and happy days past and to come. The last notes of the war-drum, which beat to freedom and independence, had long since ceased to reverberate along our eastern shore. But another, and a bloodier cause, had again drawn out the embattled host to break the silence of the western forest, with martial array. Their watch fires shone far below, and their strutting sentinels began to pace the round of the camp. A few solitary savages, who roamed the country with pretended friendship to the invaders, were wandering about the outlines near the sentinels. The mansion of Montford Grenville stood at a distance from the camp. A small garrison was stationed there to prevent any violence that might be offered, either by hostile or friendly Indians. These stood round in groups; some chanting in a low tone their patriotic songs, or musing on the dangers they were soon to encounter. Within the mansion, far other scenes were acting. It was to be a bridal night. Every heart beat high with life and joy. The feelings of the aged parents were warmed up to a more than wonted pitch of gaiety. For why should they not? It was the eve of the consecration of their only daughter's hand and heart to a young and gallant officer of the army.

"Only twenty minutes more. They will soon be here," muttered Maria, in a low smothered tone, as she tripped, with a light heart, through the parlor where her parents were seated. "William Cleveland will soon be here, and I must be ready at the appointed time."

"Perhaps he will not be so very exact," said her father, in his careless manner. "An officer's time, however much he may desire it, is not always at his pleasure. And it would be a sad

affair to be dressed in your pretty robe, and be a bride by yourself after all."

"The robe must be put on notwithstanding," interrupted Maria; and hastened to do as she had said, leaving her parents to their musings.

She was their only daughter, the comfort and solace of their declining years. Nature had not been sparing in dealing out to her the gifts of beauty and simplicity of manners; not that unmeaning beauty of person only, which, like the first blown flower of spring, delights the young heart with the gaiety and nice tints of its coloring, possessed of no other excellence. But it was that beauty, which results from an union of personal symmetry and intellectual endowments—the beauty of a soul beaming with intelligence and innocence. The twenty minutes had passed away, and Maria, decked out in her bridal dress, stood by the side of her parents. Rich was the flowing robe, which another's fancy and affections had prepared for this night; and she seemed for a moment to exult in its elegance, whilst her glowing cheek was high up with an unconscious blush, as she looked at the face of her endeared father.

"Well, matters stand as I told you, Maria," said Mr. Grenville, "your punctuality has exceeded that of your handsome Cleveland. You are now a bride. Nothing more is wanting than his presence to have a marriage celebration. But you will, I suppose, now be content to pass a few more minutes, before you renounce the name of Grenville for one that sounds much prettier in your ear."

This the gay father spoke in that playful kind of railery, which usually diverts the mind of age on the approach of some agreeable event. But that gaiety soon vanished, as Maria, changing her usual blush and modest look for a timid and wistful air, replied, "Yes, your prophecy has come true. If, however, I am not to be a bride here to-night, I must at yonder camp. Aye, that was my promise."

"Why, Maria," said the tender father, "what means this? How can such a singular fancy possess you, on a night like this? Dreaming of love has made you quite romantic. Your gallant knight I suppose intends to be hovering near your path, to prevent any danger that might happen to you alone."

"Do not mistake me, father. The truth is so. None of your romance and dreams. Our mutual agreement was, if he did not arrive here before the time, which has just past, I was to meet him at his tent. You cannot call that romantic. He might not obtain permission to leave the camp to-night; and to-morrow the army may probably resume its march to the west." This she spoke with a seriousness which at once dispelled every doubt concerning her intention.

"Surely, Maria, you would not set off at this time, to seek an unknown tent, in a strange camp, through dangers and darkness. What could be thought of your having done such a thing? Such a determination will be looked upon as wild—as the result of madness."

"Not madness, father—call it not madness," returned Maria, in a plaintive tone, which expressed more sorrow for the pain she was likely

to give her parents, than it showed a dread of danger. "It is the determination of a cool, dispassionate reason. Yesterday, when I saw Cleveland, we conversed about all the results which could happen from this; and his eye glowed with fire when he asked once more, if I would be willing to follow a soldier's fortune. Since he has not arrived to gladden my aged parents' hearts, with his gay and blooming countenance, I must wait on him at the tent. This bridal dress was not this night put on in vain. My faith is pledged that it shall never be put off again, till Cleveland has received my hand. Six months ago, the day was set apart, when I was to be his bride. When that day, bright and cloudless, had arrived, he was summoned to aid our country's cause. You refused our nuptials should be celebrated until his return. Then ended for awhile my pleasing reveries, and anticipated happiness. He reproached me with unfaithfulness. Oh, that look, it was tender, but it was bitter. His parting glance blasted every hope and every pleasure; I remember that unhappy morning when we parted. Never did the sun rise more beautiful, never did it set more gloomy. With tears and reproaches we parted, never more to meet till we should meet where our mutual wrongs should be impartially redressed. He had given me this bridal dress. In reproach he bade me keep it as a memento of my unkindness. How many long and cheerless days have I spent since that time! How often, since then, have the bright visions of my childhood rose up to reproach me! Yesterday I first saw him, since we parted. The glow of youth had not yet departed from his brow. His step was as noble as ever. Still there was that cold look of scorn, which curled his lip when he bade me keep my hand for another, who could bear the reproach which I had given him. But soon his sternness passed away, and his mild blue eye looked upon me with the kindness of other days. I thought it seemed more bright than ever: and when he offered me his hand, he appeared melted in tenderness for his former conduct. We talked again of past pleasures, youthful days, childish sports, and the beautiful but unhappy morning on which we bade a final adieu. And then the big tear came in his eye, and we forgot the past, and looked for a repetition of those days in the future; and when we parted, my pledge of faith and affection was, if he was detained in the camp, I was to meet him there, and there the nuptial band is to be this night tied."

"Yet, surely, you cannot go alone," said Mrs. Grenville, her cheek now suffused in tears, and her hand holding that of her only daughter. "Did Cleveland know of your fears, he could have little affection for you to desire such a trial of your attachment to him. You are yet in the bloom of youth. The grief for your only brother has for many years embittered our sweetest moments of happiness. Many days have passed away since he disappeared among the savages of this wilderness, and can you, contrary to our wishes and your own sense of danger, expose yourself to a similar fate? But why should it so long have escaped my memory—if you must go, and go to-night, we can perhaps obtain the consent of the officer here on guard, to accompany

you, and direct you safely to the tent of Cleveland."

"No—no: name it not to him," exclaimed Maria, exchanging her look of earnestness and anxiety to one of wildness and terror, "name it not to him. Oh, Sigourney! Sigourney! Yesterday, when the sun was yet high in the heavens, as he and I were seated in the garden, I named Cleveland and our approaching nuptials; and oh, the bitter curse! His colour changed—then suddenly rising, he muttered an oath that Cleveland should have other business to attend to, than to dream away his time in devising marriages. That horrid oath—that bloody look. Oh, name it not to Sigourney. He is more terrible than the wild savages, you appear so much to dread. But, then, he is to stay here till morning; I need not fear him. And the bright look of Cleveland dispels every other fear."

"But can you, dear Maria, go this night, so contrary to every thing that borders on propriety? What would be thought should you fall a victim to this rashness? What reproach would not be given to your memory—another sacrifice to a soldier's caprice? But why not go with Sigourney?"

"Oh, mother, name it not. He is detestable, bloody, cruel—yes, that fiend-like look! it made my blood run cold. But why this delay? The necessities of war do not admit these little punctilios you mention. The dangers you so much dread are but imaginary; but ah, that bloody Sigourney! He has been present in my thoughts, asleep and awake, since he rose so abruptly from my side, and appeared as though by his malice he could blast my peace and innocence." And her lip changed its rosy hue to one of ashy paleness, and she appeared to have a supernatural dread of this officer. But what can conquer woman's affection?

The anxious mother, seeing the fears of her daughter increasing, fondly hoped she might be induced to lay aside for another night her bridal dress. "Can you, my dear Maria," said she, "can you face the dangers that oppose your passing to yonder camp? Oh, I have a fearful presentiment that the legend of future years, shall, with reference to you, call this the night of the death-bride, when all your bloom and beauty sunk to the tomb."

"Oh, mother, mother, that bloody book! do not mention it. The page was coloured with blood—it was I—no, it was Sigourney that was reading it. His hand held it in a mangled condition: there was that same look of malice which he had in the garden. The clotted gore lay over the leaf. It was the musings, the troubles of last night's sleep. Sure, it was my poor brother's fate, I saw written there. But why talk of it? It must have been a vision or some of my love reveries."

This wild and incoherent soliloquy of her daughter, appeared something still more strange to her tender mother. Seizing her daughter's hand, she besought her to lay aside at once the fearful bridal. "How can you leave us, to-night; your fears and terrors have overcome your reason. Why talk about the book? What is it you mean? Love and danger have deprived you of your better judgment, that you indulge in such reveries."

"No, mother, I was mistaken," returned Maria, in the same wild manner as before. "Sure it was you that was reading. Yes, I remember now. We were seated in this parlor, and you, mother, wept as you read. Aye, it must have been my poor brother's fate. It said,—'The shield of innocence, youth, and loveliness, did not preserve its victim!'—But why talk about such things? It was only a dream—thank God! Yes, but it was a bloody dream. You, mother, mentioned it first. It seems as something which happened long ago. Then, that cold laugh!—that could not have been yours. But why linger here talking of imaginary evils? I cannot lay aside this bridal dress, before he has welcomed me with his smile. Before to-morrow's sun shall set, my bright anticipations of happiness shall be realized. Your fears are imaginary."

This she spoke with a firmness, which was an answer to every objection and persuasion, which a mother's affections could devise. Maria calmly dried the tear which had been stealing down her blooming cheek, and gave vent to no more. The thoughts of a past summer's misery flashed upon her soul; and the cold look and reproachful voice of Cleveland, buoyed her above visionary fears and the remonstrances of tender parents. Her memory turned back to the sleepless nights and cheerless days she passed since she was to have been his bride, and strengthened her resolution. Throwing a loose robe carelessly over her bridal dress, she took each of her parents by the hand, and the affectionate "good night" echoed with a low sound from her parental walls. With a light heart and cheerful countenance, the romantic bride set out alone, in the silent night, to fulfil the promise she had given to a young and offended lover. Her footsteps bounded along the pathway of the enclosure, where her childish days had been spent. The past appeared all as a visionary scene. The friends and joyful associates of the morning of life, no longer arose in her memory with their former attractiveness. A new world of light and loveliness seemed to rise to her view, in which her fancy painted scenes more pleasing than those of her youth, when gaiety, life, and innocence, mingled in her sports. She was now in the prime of youth and beauty, going by herself in the loneliness of the night, to seek a lover, who, six months ago, left her with tears and imprecations. The tales of classic antiquity came again to her recollection—the ancient days of chivalry, and their romantic stories, revived in her memory with the vividness of reality. "Cleveland shall see, that his misery has not been my desire. The bitterness of his reproach is over, and I am going to receive his smile and be his bride." And Maria's footsteps died away, as her departing form was vanishing in the distance and darkness: and then all was silent as before, save the exclamation which burst from each of her parents—"I fear this night will be an unhappy bridal." * * * * *

At the camp the soldiers, were busied as their inclinations directed them. Some were musing over their hard fate, in being led from their peaceful homes on a wilderness warfare. Others were seated around their fires, listening to some strange adventure, or thinking of absent friends

and future danger. A young officer was walking majestically, yet with an impatient step, towards the tent of General St. Clair. He was young and handsome; his raven hair fell in graceful curls below his military cap, and the light which gleamed from the surrounding fires showed a form manly and bold, and an eye which beamed with intelligence. There was a loftiness in his mien, and an expression of sorrow in his countenance; and as he walked ardently onward, his thoughts seemed occupied by something of intrinsic interest. He endeavored, as he stood in the presence of his general, to conceal the anxiety which preyed upon his mind. "Ah," said St. Clair, in his dignified manner, after the customary forms of politeness had passed between them, "why here at this time? Some strange circumstance, I warrant: you will surely not wish to leave the camp to-night."

Cleveland, for he was the young officer, gave a slight bow, and answered the question by asking, "Have you any more commands, to-night?"

"Yes," quickly replied St. Clair, seeming to recollect something unattended to, "I am much pleased that you have come. There is one piece of business, in which I must have your assistance. Sigourney has been here from his post, since sun-set, and gave notice of a party of savages having been seen about three miles to our right."

"What? General St. Clair, no Indians so soon. How could they dare attack us here?"

"You mistake," replied St. Clair. "It will be savage policy to attack us unexpectedly. Washington's last warning to me was to beware of surprise, in approaching this country. We must not be lulled into security, until savage fury bursts upon us. Every information must be acted upon. It was Sigourney's desire that you, being acquainted with the country, should be appointed to guard in that direction to-night; and my wish is, that you, with your noble band, range without the sentinels, to observe if there be any threatened danger."

The agitation of Cleveland, on the receipt of this intelligence, was only concealed from his general by increased darkness, as he turned from the light, which shone upon his countenance. Had he heard the order for his execution, it would scarcely have been more unexpected or more dreadful. He saw all his plans frustrated in a moment, and his fond anticipations of an evening's happiness suddenly blasted. He had appointed an hour to receive the hand of his bride; with an anxious step he had come to the tent of his general, and before making known his request, the worst intelligence he could have hoped for had been given him. He retired, in silence, with an almost frenzied brain; and directed his way slowly towards a distant part of the camp, undetermined whether to return or proceed. A thousand times he resolved at once to go back, and urge his reasons to be excused; and as often he changed his resolution, and still walked unconsciously onward, as if impelled by some invisible hand. How many were scattered around him, reposing at their ease. Here the jovial song, and there the careless conversation fell upon his ear; all appeared happy and contented, in comparison to the young officer.

"Ah, I am the most miserable of beings, at the very time I expected the most happiness"—muttered Cleveland, and again he stood before his tent.

"Ha, Cleveland, where's your bride?" said a young officer, nearly his equal in years, but much different in every personal accomplishment. "I had hoped ere now to have seen you better engaged than going about here in this melancholy mood."

"How! Sigourney," replied he, "you here, too! But how, or where saw you the Indians?"

"Why, you seem pale, Cleveland; no wonder. But your pretty bride, I suppose, will be content to delay a little. Your are a fine officer—making arrangements for a marriage, and our savage enemies hovering around us."

"Yes, but my question," said Cleveland, biting his lip with distress and rage, "answer my question. Where saw you the Indians?"

"St. Clair has told you, no doubt," replied Sigourney, with a sneer, "I have other business, besides answering the questions of an officer distracted with love and duty. I remember the injustice you done me yesterday. It shall not go unpunished. Good night."

And in a moment he vanished from the sight of Cleveland, whose confusion was rendered complete by hearing such language from one whom he had always esteemed a friend. He stood, for a moment, to consider what to do; a wild confusion of thoughts ran through his fevered brain; the whole appeared little else than a dream. He knew not which way to turn. At last, with an almost maniacal insensibility, he proceeded to perform the duty which had been assigned him. His troop was drawn out; in a few minutes more the gallant Cleveland, at their head, was seen wending his way towards the border of the camp. The fires of the army shed a feeble glare upon them, as they entered the dark wood; and the sounds of the departing horses died away in the distance. * * *

The darkness had passed away; the morning sun was rising bright and beautiful, dispelling the chill mist of the night. Nature seemed again resuming its wonted loveliness, and proffering another day of happiness. The white frost glistened in the sun-beams from the tops of the surrounding forest, and far in the distant west the mild blue sky was growing brighter and brighter. The noise of the camp was again beginning to break on the distant ear, through the melancholy silence, as the shrill notes of the fife and drum announced to the weary soldier that the hour for repose had passed.

On a rock, that jutted out from a small eminence bordering on the Ohio, stood a young officer in company with a native Indian. His brow appeared agitated with guilt and fear, and he seemed in deep distress, as he apparently meditated on some atrocious deed he had committed.

"You demand too much, Sorano," at length exclaimed the American officer to his dusky companion, "I have never obtained revenge on Cleveland. Do you swear eternal silence, or you shall share the fate of your innocent victim." And the detested Sigourney, for he was the officer, seconded his words by drawing a pistol

from his belt, whilst his countenance exhibited a fiendish aspect, which could arise from nothing but a guilty conscience, and his arm trembled as he raised it slowly to his breast.

For a moment the Indian unconsciously hesitated, then with his native firmness he replied, "I will to your wish. An unhappy star has led me to this; but the worst is over. Vengeance cannot fall on my guiltless head; for it is thou, Sigourney, who art the murderer."

"Murderer!" muttered Sigourney slowly, casting his eyes wildly around him, "I a murderer! Savage Sorano, name it not again to me, as you value your life. We were together when she passed, and you first discovered it was the intended bride. But swear eternal silence, or you die."

"I swear it," said Sorano, in a voice which indicated more of contempt than fear, "the sweets of revenge have become bitter to you by its accomplishment. The beauty of your victim has unmanned you. Oh, she was so innocent, so lovely, an angel ne'er looked fairer. But why delay here? Let us haste to camp, or we will be discovered."

They were too late. Above them stood an officer, richly dressed, and a venerable looking man, each leaning in a wistful mood upon his rifle. It was Cleveland and Montfort Grenville, in search of the lost bride. Sigourney made good his escape, before discovered by them; but in a minute more, the young officer stood before Sorano. With a glance, he discovered in him the savage whom Maria had so often described, and who had haunted her imagination so much. A thousand suspicions flitted quickly across his fevered brain, and his anxiety almost gave way to his prudence. But soon the blood on Sorano's hand caught his eye. "Why lurking here? what means that blood?" said he, in a quick and hurried tone.

"As I never wronged you, why thus ask?" replied Sorano, "I am at peace with all men. The Great Spirit is witness to my innocence. Your warriors are brave."—

"But where got you that blood?" cold y interrupted Cleveland, "it seems the blood of,"—A sigh swept on the rustling breeze fell upon his ear: it was Maria's departing adieu to all terrestrial things. There lay the beautiful, the ill-fated bride. "Oh, God!" exclaimed Cleveland, letting drop the rifle which till now he held in his hand. "What have I done." He stood but for a moment; seizing the fallen weapon, and turning to the savage, he exclaimed, "You are the villain—the blood of innocence cries aloud for vengeance, from both heaven and man."

Savage quickness of perception told the Indian of his danger. He attempted to flee: the attempt was too late. He turned to brave the threatened wrath of the desperate Cleveland—each levelled his rifle. A pause ensued, silent as the repose of the dead. A stream of fire issued from the aim of Cleveland, and the soul of Sorano winged its way to the presence of the Great Spirit. By this time the father had reached the fatal spot—Pale and quivering was his lip. He glanced a look at the fallen savage, as he lay with his convulsed visage directed towards the morning sun. Something in the dying countenance seemed singular.

He looked again—his wonder increased; he drew nigher the fallen body—he gazed!—What eye can penetrate like a parent's? Alas! often too penetrating for a parent's happiness! The well known mark on the dying brow told Montford Grenville, that there, in the person of the fallen savage, lay his long lost son! * * * *

Cleveland stood by the side of Maria. Her face bore the same image of loveliness and beauty, that had ever rendered it attractive. But the eye, beaming with light and intelligence, was dimmed in death; and the lips, that often spoke in holy devotion, were sealed in silence. The gentle spirit, which rendered every heart blithe and gladsome, had gone home to fairer regions. Her beauty was not tarnished in this sleep of death, except by a mark of blood on the cheek, which she had received in her last struggle for life. But life, and hope, and youth, and intelligence, had all left their mansion.

Maria and Cleveland had lived together from their earliest youth, until six months before this fated night. The bright visions of their childhood were succeeded by hopes of happier years, for what had begun in attachment had ended in love. But ah, revenge! what hopes will it not blast? what beauty will it not despise? The fairest form—the most manly brow—health, joy, innocence—all that is dear and all that is sacred—all that is lovely and all that is hateful—are alike exposed to its ruins. There lay its victim. They who have not seen every thing, that is dear to them on earth, snatched away in an unexpected moment, may fancy, but cannot feel, what it is to see their fairest blossoms of terrestrial happiness suddenly blighted, and all their tender associations buried in the untimely grave of youth and beauty. To see the fondest ties to earth sundered by a sudden stroke, and the poor sufferer left alone in the wide world, with none to sooth the sorrowing mind, with nowhere to centre the affections, but in the grave of former loveliness. All this, bursting suddenly, is too much to be sustained by human efforts.

Cleveland, kneeling by the side of Maria, sought in vain to animate the lifeless clay, by his tears and prayers. Too late had his assisting hand arrived. The spirit had returned to its home in heaven, and the lifeless tenement felt not the anguish of a despairing heart. Buoyed by a superior power above this last stroke of fortune, the father gazed upon the scene with that calmness which intense grief is wont to produce, and then bowed in silence to the fate which rendered him childless.

Maria and her brother were buried in the valley beneath, a short distance from where each breathed their last. Cleveland and the mourners stood beside the grave, and when the funeral prayer was ended, the earth for ever closed upon the unhappy Maria. For ever, did I say? No—it must not be. Sure, so much loveliness cannot be hid for ever in the earth. But for the present, the rough stone at the head of the newly raised mound of earth, told the resting place of Maria Grenville. They were buried, brother and sister, and with them were buried the affections, the hopes, and the last wishes of Cleveland. Having nothing now to soothe his agonized spirit, his misery enhanced by the recollection of that

inauspicious hour, when he became the avenger of his wrongs, to the increased sorrow of the bereaved parents. They were buried, and with them were buried the father's pleasures, and the mother's tender endearments to life. The broken spirit of Cleveland was soon to be released from its clay tenement. For a while, his sorrow was forgotten in the din of arms, and the disasters of St. Clair's army. But retirement and the bitterness of recollection, soon left him only the wreck of what he had been; and his last, his dying wish, was to be buried in the same valley that contained the remains of his beloved Maria. And when he was no more, his last wish was fulfilled. There, in that lone valley, side by side, they three repose. Their resting home has long since been covered by the green turf; and the hardy boatman, when he passes their burial place, often wipes the tear from his sun-burnt cheek, as he hears or relates the story of that eventful morning, on which fell the victims of revenge.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

WRITTEN FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

As onward press'd by gentle breeze,
The ship glides proudly o'er the seas,
And leaves no path or trace behind,
So heedless pass with rapid flight,
And sink in dark oblivion's night,
The fleeting visions of the mind.

But when the storms in fury sweep
The bosom of the raging deep,
And sink the ship beneath the main;
Still may some plank float on to show
The wreck that's buried far below,
The only vestige of the slain.

And thus perchance in after years,
When joys and griefs, and smiles and tears,
Have almost hid me from thy view;
E'en then this page may haply chance
To claim from thee a passing glance,
And I shall be remembered too.

S.

Harper's Ferry, Va., Oct. 24th, 1832.

ORIGINAL.

HYMN.

Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find
knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—MATTHEW, vii. 7.

Lord, I would ask a heart more pure,
From sin and evil free;
Strong to resist temptation's lure,
Devoted unto thee.

Long have I walked in darkness vile,
To thy great nature blind;
Lighten my darkness—O, my God—
The darkness of my mind.

Prone unto error, as I am,
Sinful by nature, too;
Lord, teach me to reverence thy name,
And love thy will to do.

Give me a new and righteous heart.
Made holy through thy love;
A burning, strong desire impart,
To live with thee above.

OSCAR.

For the Casket.

NAPLES.

At Naples we saw, from our windows, Vesuvius vomiting forth flames, molten lava, and red hot stones; which, in the night, was a sublime and beautiful object. At the foot of the mountain, about half way between that and Naples, and just on the borders of the sea, was situated the ancient Herculaneum, which is buried about one hundred feet deep under the hard lava, not unlike the iron cinders run together, which blacksmiths poke out of their furnaces. Another city (Resina) is now built over Herculaneum; and it was by digging a deep well that a citizen of Resina discovered the situation of Herculaneum, whose locality had been lost for seventeen centuries. We descended into the crater of Vesuvius, till it became too hot to be supportable. But our guide, more adventurous, rushed forward, and dipping some coins into the red hot lava, brought them away completely imbedded in it. This scene was awful and terrible when near it; but very beautiful to one removed at a sufficient distance to banish fear for personal safety. On our way back from Vesuvius to Naples, a distance of about six miles, we entered the dark and gloomy chambers of Herculaneum by torch light. You may imagine what were our sensations, when, far beneath the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," we traversed the spacious corridors and marble halls of a people overwhelmed in liquid fire, nearly two thousand years ago.

Another day we rode out about six miles farther, to visit the disinterred city of Pompeii, which was destroyed by the same eruption of Vesuvius, but covered with light cinders and ashes that may be shoveled off with great ease. And besides, this city was but just covered so as to conceal it; and now, that it is freed from this covering, the bright day enlivens its streets and alleys as much as in the time of its glory. Every thing was found as it was left in the year 69, of the christian era, except the roofs of the houses, which were crushed in by the weight of the superincumbent matter. The streets we found paved with a flat and hard blue stone, and deep channels were cut into them by the wheels of carriages. The paintings on the walls are as fresh as if recently done. The implements of working and the household stuff were, in many instances, found as they were left. In one place were found the implements of a baker, and some of the bread with his name stamped on it. This I saw at the Museum, where most of the objects of curiosity found at Herculaneum and Pompeii have been conveyed for safe keeping. The names of the proprietors or occupants are written on the outsides of the houses, near the doors; and in one spacious mansion belonging, as the inscription indicates, to Diomedes, the master was found, with two or three of his servants, as it would seem, in one of the corridors, attempting to escape, and holding in his hands his keys and a purse of gold—thus exhibiting his ruling passion strong in death.

In a subterranean hall were found the skeletons of about a dozen females, who had fled thither for shelter. Among them was the mis-

tress of the house, as was judged from the costly jewels found upon her.

The houses in general are small, but the public buildings, temples, forums, theatres, &c. are on a most magnificent and extensive scale. It seems that in those days people lived in public. They ate and slept at their own houses, or rather slept there, and then went to the places of public resort, much, in fact, as the Parisians do now-a-days.

The floors of the houses are of a beautiful kind of Mosaic work, of black and white, wrought into the most tasteful and elegant figures imaginable, with little blocks about one-eighth of an inch square.

PÆSTUM.

At the distance of about fifty miles from Naples are the ruins of Pæstum. They consist of three immense temples of Grecian Doric, which still remain almost entire, except the roofs, on a wide, solitary plain, made desolate by the *Malalaria*. These vast and magnificent ruins stand in solemn grandeur, as the only surviving monuments of a city, whose name and records have for thousands of years passed into oblivion.—Eighteen hundred years ago these temples were visited by Augustus Cæsar, as the interesting remains of a city over which the waters of Lethe had passed, and of whose greatness or wealth we can only judge from these costly and enduring structures, which still stand in more than primeval sublimity, amidst the solitude of time. In contemplating scenes like these, the soul either becomes oppressed by the weight of ages that crowd irresistible upon it; or it rises with the sublimity of its own conceptions, to a foretaste of that immortality to which it feels itself to be destined.

Our sensations were very different a few days after, on passing over these celebrated places, made the scenes of poetry and fiction by Homer and Virgil. I little thought, however, to find any thing in reality so near like the description of *Æneas'* descent into the infernal regions, as I did find. On the borders of the Lake of Avernus, we entered a long and gloomy passage under ground, which finally led to the river *Styx*, or to water which, by the glare of four large torches, I could not see across. Here I mounted the back of a sturdy guide, who with a fearless step descended into the flood and through many dark windings, landed me on the other side. When we had arrived at the entrance of the Sybil's Temple, the passage was closed by earth and stone, said to have been thrown down by an earthquake, otherwise the passage would continue for a mile or two farther into Pluto's dominions.

On a Girl gazing at a Miniature.

That maiden's looks I may not tell,

Nor trace the history of her sighs—

It were not meet for all to dwell

Upon the language of those eyes.

For there are hearts whose sacred feelings,

It is not well for all to know—

And there are thoughts whose bright revelations

It would be treacherous to show. S.

Written for the *Casket*.
Court-House, Cleveland, Ohio.



Cleveland is the principal town in the northern part of Ohio, and the seat of justice for Cuyahoga county. It is on the Southern shore of lake Erie, sixty miles west of Pennsylvania line; the Court-House, of which we give a sketch, is a handsome brick structure of 45 feet by 60, and containing an elegant court-room and commodious apartments for the county officers. Few places in the Western country are so advantageously situated for commerce or boast greater population and business. Here is the northern termination of the Ohio canal, 309 miles in length, by which this village will communicate with Columbus and Cincinnati, with Pittsburgh, St. Louis and New Orleans. By the Welland canal, schooners now pass to Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg only a few miles from Montreal. By Buffalo and the New York canal a daily intercourse is kept up with Albany. The expense of transportation between Cleveland and New York is from one dollar to one dollar fifty cents a hundred. Schooners and steam boats go to all parts of Lakes Huron and Michigan, and with a small expenditure might pass into Lake Superior. A company has been incorporated by the legislatures of Ohio and Pennsylvania, to construct a canal so as to connect Cleveland and Pittsburgh by way of Beaver, Warren and Akron. There are daily arrivals at and departures from Detroit, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Albany, making 56 arrivals and departures each week. There are daily steam-boats to and from Buffalo, and to and from Detroit. There are also several daily lines of canal boats to the Ohio river. When the Pennsylvania canal and the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road are finished, there will be a communication with Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Cleveland is the nearest point on the Lakes to the Ohio river, and a free turnpike is constructed to Wellsville on the Ohio, 85 miles on the direct line to the National turnpike and Washington

City. An inspection of the map will show that Cleveland has a position of extraordinary advantage, and it only requires a moderate capital and the usual enterprize of the American character, to advance its destiny to an equality with the most flourishing cities of the West. Two years ago it had 1,000 inhabitants; it has now 2,000, and is rapidly increasing. The vicinity is a healthy, fertile country, as yet mostly new, but fast filling up. An artificial harbor, safe and commodious, constructed by the United States, often presents 20 to 30 sloops, schooners and steam-boats.

The scite of the village is a clear gravelly soil, with a gentle inclination to the Lake, and elevated from 80 to 100 feet above its waters. It is laid out in squares with great regularity. The streets are generally six rods wide. The main street is eight rods wide and elevated 90 feet above the lake. In the centre of the village is an open square of 40 acres. Here is the Court-house, a handsome stone jail, and a stone Presbyterian church 50 feet by 80. The Episcopalians have a neat wooden church, and the Methodists are about erecting a house of worship. An academy of brick with three spacious rooms, accommodates a high school with competent instructors. There are several good hotels, and that of Mr. Seger's may challenge a comparison with any west of the mountains. There is a bank in operation, and two weekly newspapers are published.

About thirty miles south of Cleveland, upon and near the canal, is as fine water power as any in the Western country, there being from 5,000 to 8,000 cubic feet of water per minute in the driest seasons, and a fall of over one hundred feet at one place. There is an equal power in the same vicinity, with abundance of stone coal, the only locality yet found on the waters of the lakes. In Cleveland is a large paper manufactory, recently built by an enterprising Pennsylvanian, and propelled by the surplus water of the canal.

Dr. Franklin with characteristic sagacity, 70 years ago recommended to the British government to establish a town on the scite of what is now Cleveland. Volney, who spent two years in the Western States, represents the south shore of Lake Erie as the most desirable residence. Mellish describes the view from the streets of Cleveland over the Lake as "really sublime." Darby states that it possesses advantages far superior to Erie for a United States naval station. Dr. Drake says the south shore of lake Erie has the most temperate climate in America in the same latitude. As the lake is open here in the spring two months sooner than at Buffalo, and a month sooner than at Erie, Pennsylvania and especially Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, would derive great advantages in extending their State canal from Beaver to Cleveland in preference to Erie. By this course they would secure a great proportion of the spring and summer trade of the millions of people who are destined to occupy the country west of their own meridian upon the waters of the upper lakes.

Cato pleaded four hundred causes and gained them all.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH WOMEN.

From a critical notice of "Mirabeau's Letters from England," we extract the following account of the French women by that celebrated character:

The French women.—"When a French lady comes into a room the first thing that strikes you is, that she walks better, has her head and feet better dressed—her clothes better fancied and better put on than any woman you have ever seen."

"When she talks she is the art of pleasing personified. Her eyes, her lips, her words, her gestures, are all prepossessing. Her language is the language of amiableness—her accents are the accents of grace—she embellishes a trifle—interests upon nothing—she softens a contradiction—she takes off the insipidity of a compliment by turning it elegantly—and when she has a mind, she sharpens the point of an epigram better than all the women in the world.

"Her eyes sparkle with spirit—the most delightful sallies flashes from her fancy—in telling a story she is inimitable—the motions of her body and the accents of her tongue, are equally gentle and easy—an equable flow of sprightliness keeps her constantly good humored and cheerful, and the only objects of her life is to please and be pleased.

"Her vivacity sometimes approaches to folly—but perhaps it is not in moments of folly that she is least interesting and agreeable. English women have many points of superiority over the French—the French are superior to them in many other. Here I shall only say, there is a particular idea, in which no woman in the world can compare with a French woman—it is in the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool. She strikes with such address the cords of self love, that she gives unexpected vigor and agility to fancy, and electrifies a body that appears non-electric.

English Women.—"I have mentioned here the women of England; I have done wrong; I did not intend it when I began the letter. They came into my mind as the only women in the world worthy of being compared with those of France. I shall not presume to determine whether in the important article of beauty, form and colours are to be preferred to expression and grace; or whether grace and expression are to be considered preferable to complexion, and shape. I shall not examine whether the *piquant* of France is to be thought superior to the *touchant* of England; or whether deep sensibility deserves to be preferred to animation and wit. So important a subject requires a volume. I shall give a trait. If a goddess could be supposed to be formed, Juno would be the emblem of the women of this country, [England.] Venus as she is, with all her amiableness and imperfections, may stand justly enough, for an emblem of French women. I have decided the question without intending it, for I have given the perfections to the Women of England.

"One point I had forgotten; and it is a material one.

It is not to be disputed on; for what I am going to write is the opinion and sentiment of the universe. The English women are the best

wives under Heaven—and shame be on the men who make them bad husbands."

PERSONAL ELEGANCE.—Personal elegance or grace is a fugitive lustre, that never settles in any part of the body; you see it glance and disappear in the features and motions of a graceful person; it strikes your view; it shines like an exhalation; but the moment you follow it, the wandering flame vanishes, and immediately lights up in something else. You may as well think of fixing the pleasing delusion of your dreams, or the colors of the dissolving rainbow.

Elegance is of this fugitive nature, because it exists chiefly in motion. It is communicated by the principle of action, that governs the whole person; it is found over the whole body, and is fixed no where. The curious eye pursues the wandering beauty, which it sees with delight.—It is a waving flame that, like the reflection of the sun from water, never settles; it glances on you in every motion and disposition of the body; its different powers through altitude and motion seem to be collected in dancing, wherein it plays over the arm, the breast, the neck, and in about the whole frame; but if grace has any fixed throne, it is in the face, the residence of the soul, where you think a thousand times it is just issuing into view.—*Usher*.

Communicated.

REFLECTIONS.

Whence comes it that from his cradle to the tomb the heart of man is continually sighing for, and endeavouring to grasp what he terms the pleasures, and enjoyments of this world? Why is the broad road thronged and frequented by many followers, while the narrow path of pleasantness and peace, is scarcely known or remains desolate, with but a few pilgrims to track its sands. And why do we bend with indefatigable zeal to the shrine of Satan, and leave the Altar of God to solitude? The road to *happiness*, (so termed by the world,) is strewn with flowers, and delights, while the path to immortal glory is narrow, gloomy, and lined with thorns. Their road with all its smiling attractions, its bright flowers, ends where? at the dark gates of death.—The untrodden path terminates, where? at the bright portals of immortality and never ending bliss. The fiend of darkness spreads his sable wings, flies through the air with eagle eyes; he pierces the soul which sighs for earthly joys, settles upon the heart, and with his dark wings flaps the heart to forgetfulness of God, and fans his own destructive flame of pleasure at the same moment; then flies to another, and another victim. God in his mercy has set in that same soul his pure Angel in form of conscience—but vain are the whisperings, the loud calls and threats of this pure spirit; vainly is the soul entreated to turn from his allegiance to the arch fiend, the enemy both of God and man, and remain firm to Him in whose image he is made; whispers, calls, and threats are alike disregarded; the pure spirit is driven from its abode with tearful eyes and down-cast looks; while that once pure soul becomes not the image of God, but a leprous mass of sin and depravity, despised by God and man.

One Peep was Enough; or, the Post-Office.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

All places have their peculiarities: now that of Dalton was the discourse; that species of discourse, which Johnson's Dictionary entitles "conversation on whatever does not concern ourselves." Everybody knew what everybody did, and a little more. Eatings, drinkings, sleepings, walkings, talkings, doings—all were for the good of the public; there was not such a thing as a secret in the town.

There was a story of Mrs. Mary Smith, an ancient dame who lived on an annuity, and boasted the gentility of a back and front parlour, that she once asked a few friends to dinner. The usual heavy antecedent half-hour really passed quite pleasantly, for Mrs. Mary's windows overlooked the market-place, and not a scrag of mutton could leave it unobserved; so that the extravagance or meanness of the various buyers furnished a copious theme for dialogue. Still, in spite of Mr. A.'s pair of fowls, and Mrs. B.'s round of beef, the time seemed long, and the guests found hunger growing more potent than curiosity. They waited and waited; at length the fatal discovery took place—that, in the hurry of observing her neighbors' dinners, Mrs. Smith had forgotten to order her own.

It was in the month of March that an event happened which put the whole town in a commotion—the arrival of a stranger who took up his abode at the White Hart: not that there was any thing remarkable about the stranger; he was a plain, middle-aged, respectable-looking man, and the nicest scrutiny (and heaven knows how narrowly he was watched) failed to discover any thing odd about him. It was ascertained that he rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, ate two eggs and a piece of broiled bacon, sat in his room at the window, read a little, wrote a little, and looked out upon the road a good deal; he then strolled out, returned home, dined at five, smoked two cigars, read the *Morning Herald*, (for the post came in of an evening,) and went to bed at ten. Nothing could be more regular or unexceptionable than his habits; still it was most extraordinary what could have brought him to Dalton. There were no chalybeate-springs, warrant to cure every disease under the sun; no ruins in the neighbourhood, left expressly for antiquarians and pic-nic parties; no fine prospects, which, like music, people make it matter of conscience to admire; no celebrated person had ever been born or buried in its environs; there were no races, no assizes—in short, there was "no nothing." It was not even summer; so country air and fine weather were not the inducements. The stranger's name was Mr. Williams, but that was the extent of their knowledge; and, shy and silent, there seemed no probability of learning any thing more from himself. Conjecture, like Shakspeare, "exhausted worlds, and then imagined new." Some supposed he was hiding from his creditors, others that he had committed forgery; one suggested that he had escaped from a mad-house, a second that he had killed some one in a duel; but all agreed that he came there for no good.

It was the twenty-third of March, when a triad of gossips were assembled at their temple the

post-office. The affairs of Dalton and the nation were settled together; newspapers were slipped from their covers, and not an epistle but yielded a portion of its contents. But on this night all attention was concentrated upon one, directed to "John Williams, Esq., at the White Hart, Dalton." Eagerly it was compressed in the long fingers of Mrs. Mary Smith, of dinnerless memory; the fat landlady of the White Hart was on the tip-toe to peep, while the post-mistress, whose curiosity took a semblance of official dignity, raised a warning hand against any overt act of violence.—The paper was closely folded, and closely written in a cramp and illegible hand; suddenly Mrs. Mary Smith's look grew more intent—she had succeeded in deciphering a sentence; the letter dropped from her hand. "Oh, the monster!" shrieked the horrified peeper. Landlady and post-mistress both snatched at the terrible scroll, and they equally succeeded in reading the following words:—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner, but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife, the horror is too great." Not a syllable more could they make out; but what they had read was enough. "He told me," gasped the landlady, "that he expected a lady and gentleman to dinner—oh the villain! to think of poisoning any lady at the White Hart; and his wife, too—I should like to see my husband poisoning me!" Our hostess became quite personal in her indignation.

"I always thought there was something suspicious about him; people don't come and live where nobody knows them, for nothing," observed Mrs. Mary Smith.

"I dare say," returned the post mistress, "Williams is not his real name."

"I don't know that," interrupted the landlady; "Williams is a good hanging name: there was Williams who murdered the Marr's family, and Williams who burked all those poor dear children; I dare say he is some relation of theirs; but to think of his coming to the White Hart—it's no place for his doings, I can tell him; he sha'n't poison his wife in my house; out he goes this very night—I'll take the letter to him myself."

"Dear! dear! I shall be ruined, if it comes to be known that we take a look into the letter;" and the post mistress thought in her heart that she had better let Mr. Williams poison his wife at his leisure. Mrs. Mary Smith, too, reprobated any violent measures; the truth is, she did not wish to be mixed up in the matter; a gentleman with an annuity and a front and back parlour was rather ashamed of being detected in such close intimacy with the post mistress and the landlady. It seemed likely that poor Mrs. Williams would be left to her miserable fate.

"Murder will out," said the landlord, the following morning, as he mounted the piebald pony, which, like Tom Tough, had seen a little service; and hurried off in search of Mr. Crampton, the nearest magistrate.

Their perceptions assisted by brandy and water, he and his wife had sat up long past "the witching hour of night," deliberating on what line of conduct would be most efficacious in preserving the life of the unfortunate Mrs. Williams; and the result of their deliberation was to fetch

the justice, and have the delinquent taken into custody at the very dinner table which was intended to be the scene of his crime. "He has ordered soup to-day for the first time; he thinks he could so easily slip poison into the liquid.—There he goes; he looks like a man who has got something on his conscience," pointing to Mr. Williams, who was walking up and down at his usual slow pace. Two o'clock arrived, and with it, a hack chaise: out of it stepped, sure enough, a lady and gentleman. The landlady's pity redoubled—such a pretty young creature, not above nineteen!—"I see how it is," thought she, "the old wretch is jealous." All efforts to catch her eye were in vain, the dinner was ready, and down they sat. The hostess of the White Hart looked alternately out of the windows, like sister Ann, to see if any one was coming, and at the table to see that nothing was doing. To her dismay she observed the young lady lifting a spoonful of the broth to her mouth! She could restrain herself no longer; but, catching her hand, exclaimed, "Poor dear innocent, the soup is poisoned!" All started from the table in confusion, which was yet to be increased:—a bustle was heard in the passage, in rushed a whole party, two of whom, each catching the arm of Mr. Williams, pinioned him down to his seat. "I am happy, Madam," said the little, bustling magistrate, "to have been, under Heaven, the humble instrument of preserving your life from the nefarious designs of that disgrace to humanity." Mr. Crampton paused in consequence of three wants—want of words, breath, and ideas.

"My life!" ejaculated the astonished lady.

"Yes, madam, the ways of Providence are inscrutable—the vain curiosity of three idle women has been turned to good account." And the eloquent magistrate proceeded to detail the process of inspection to which the fatal letter had been subjected: but when he came to the terrible words—"We will settle the matter to-morrow at dinner; but I am sorry you persist in poisoning your wife"—he was interrupted by bursts of laughter from the gentleman, from the injured wife, and even from the prisoner himself. One fit of merriment was followed by another, till it became contagious, and the very constables began to laugh too.

"I can explain all," at last interrupted the visiter. "Mr. Williams came here for that quiet so necessary for the labours of genius: he is writing a melodrama called 'My Wife'—he submitted the last act to me, and I rather object to the poisoning of the heroine. This young lady is my daughter, and we are on our way to the sea-coast. Mr. Williams is only wedded to the Muses."

The disconcerted magistrate shook his head and muttered something about theatres being very immoral.

"Quite mistaken, sir, said Mr. Williams.—"Our soup is cold; but our worthy landlady roasts fowls to a turn—we will have them and the real cutlets up—you will stay and dine with us—and, afterwards, I shall be proud to read 'My Wife' aloud, in the hope of your approval, or at least of your indulgence."—*From the Keepsake.*

MODERN DICTIONARY.

DISTANT RELATIONS—People who imagine they have a right to rob you if you are rich, and to insult you if you are poor.

HEART—A rare article, sometimes found in human beings. It is soon, however, destroyed by commerce with the world, or else becomes fatal to its possessor.

HOUSEWIFERY—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives; now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

WEALTH—The most respectable quality of man.

VIRTUE—An awkward habit of acting differently from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

HONOR—Shooting a friend through the head whom you love, in order to gain the praise of a few others whom you despise and hate.

MARRIAGE—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth.

FRIEND—A person who will not assist you because he knows your love will excuse him.

WEDDED BLISS—A term used by Milton.

DOCTOR—A man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow.

LUNATIC ASYLUM—A kind of hospital where detected lunatics are sent by those who have the adroitness to conceal their own infirmity.

WATER—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

TRAGEDIAN—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets into a violent passion for so much a night.

CRITIC—A large dog, that goes unchained, and barks at every thing he does not comprehend.

STATE'S EVIDENCE—A wretch who is pardoned for being baser than his comrades.

SENSIBILITY—A quality by which its possessor, in attempting to promote the happiness of other people, loses his own.

MY DEAR—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

THE NEGROES OF CONGO.—Most of the superstitions peculiar to the savage state, are prevalent among the Congo Negroes. The God of Thunder is an object of peculiar reverence, and his supposed wrath is at times appeased by the sacrifice of human victims, whose flesh is divided among the crowd, and devoured by them.

When the sorcerers or sooth-sayers have announced the necessity of allaying the gods' vengeance by such a holocaust, attempts are immediately made to ensnare some young man or woman from a neighbouring tribe, under pretence of raising them to a high station, or showing them peculiar marks of honour; the unfortunate victims fall into the snare, and are received with caresses and feasting; then led to some public spot, where the scaffold awaits them, and the rude multitude welcomes their appearance with shouts of joy; at the very moment when intoxicated with their adulations a death-blow from behind is given them; their last sight are drowned in the ferocious howling of their kidnappers, and the breath has scarcely departed, before the body is torn in pieces and shared amongst them.

The individual who has succeeded in entrapping the victim, is raised to the honours of nobility. Douville was himself more than once in imminent danger of falling a sacrifice—on one occasion the priest had kept him incarcerated eight days, and the people were impatiently awaiting the hour of his immolation, when he melted the hearts of his gaolers by an offering of a handsome red cloak, some cotton cloth, and a few bottles of rum.

On a subsequent occasion, when at Youvo, where he discovered a gold mine, the Monatu or chief tempted him to stay amongst his tribe by the most extravagant offers, one of which was his niece, who had reached her hundred and forty-second moon, and was born to the happiness, as the uncle said, of becoming his wife-in-chief. Douville, however, instead of listening to the invitation, evinced his anxiety to get away: the kind Monatu, as a proof of the vehemence of his attachment to him, took an opportunity of poisoning his attendants, in order that he might be incapacitated from gaining the coast. Here, again, the traveller would have been lost, had he not happily betought himself of the priests' cupidity, and made them some rich presents, in aid of which came a lucky storm, which they announced as a manifestation of the divinity's anger at the detention of the white man.—*Athenæum*.

SLAVE MARRIAGE.—There have been many elaborate works published on the marriage ceremonies of various nations, both savage and civilized. I do not, however, remember to have read of any so brief and unceremonious as the following, which I had the opportunity of witnessing, when on a visit to a gentleman in Carolina. A fine looking negro, and the handsomest mulatto, or yellow girl I had ever seen, were the parties who desired to be made one for life. The matter was thus arranged: In the course of our evening walk, my friend, the planter, was sheepishly addressed by the slave in these words—Please, massa, me want to marry Riddiky, (this is the nigger for Eurydice.) Does Riddiky want to marry you? Yes, massa. If you marry her, I won't allow you to run after the other girls on the plantation—you shall live like a decent fellow with your wife. Massa, me lub her so, dat me dont care nothing for de oder gals. Marry her then, and be cursed. Yes, massa. Washington then gave Riddiky a kiss, and from that day they became man and wife. No other form than that of permission from their owner, thus graciously accorded, being necessary to legalize their union.—*Whittaker's Monthly Magazine*.

SPECTACLES EXHIBITED AT ROME BY JULIUS CÆSAR.—Never before, according to traditions which lasted through several generations in Rome, had there been so vast a conflux of the human race congregated to any one centre, on any one attraction of business or of pleasure, as to Rome on occasion of these spectacles exhibited by Cæsar. In our days, the greatest occasional gatherings of the human race are in India, especially at the great fair of the Hurdwar, in the northern part of Hindostan; a confluence of many millions is sometimes seen at that spot, brought together under the mixed influences of

devotion and commercial business, and dispersed as rapidly as they had been convoked. Some such spectacle of nations crowding upon nations, and some such Babylonian confusion of dresses, complexions, languages, and jargons, was then witnessed in Rome. Accommodations within doors, and under roofs of houses, or of temples, was altogether impossible. Myriads of myriads lay stretched on the ground, without even the slight protection of tents, in a vast circuit about the city. Multitudes of men, even senators, and others of the highest rank, were trampled to death in the crowds; and the whole family of man seemed gathered together at the bidding of the Great Dictator.—[*Blackwood's Magazine*.]

REAL TRAGEDY.—While Cummings, a distinguished tragedian of the last century, was playing, at one of the provincial theatres in England; the part of Dumont in *Jane Shore*, when he had repeated the words—

"Be witness for me ye celestial hosts,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee,
May such befall me at my latest hour,"

he tottered an instant, sunk down, and expired. The audience mistaking this for an intended point, rewarded him in the usual way; but, alas! he was forever insensible to their notice! Real and mimic life were essentially mingled into a departed shadow, and the actor was now upon a level with the monarchs and heroes it had been his highest ambition to imitate.

MILITARY CREED.—The following Creed was adopted by the officers of the American army at Verplank's Point, in the year 1782:

We believe that there is a great first Cause, by whose almighty fiat we were formed; and that our business here is to obey the orders of our superiors.

We believe that every soldier that does his duty will be happy here, and that every such one who dies in battle, will be happy hereafter.

We believe that General Washington is the only fit man in the world, to head the American army.

We believe that Nathaniel Greene was born a General.

We believe that the evacuation of Ticonderoga was one of those strokes which stamp the man who dares to strike them, with everlasting fame.

We believe that Baron Steuben has made us soldiers, and that he is capable of forming the whole world into a solid column, and displaying it from the centre.

We believe in his *blue book*.

We believe in General Knox and his artillery.

And, we believe in our bayonets; *Amen*—[*Exeter News Letter*.]

DETACHED THOUGHTS.—The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the genii, white, olive or black, who people the atmosphere of earth, it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness, and cities in the forest; and collects every splendour, and every refinement of luxury, from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the east are slaves of the lamp; the winds blow, the seas roll, only to work the behest of its master.

THE AMUSEMENTS OF COMETS.—Some conjecture that comets are appointed to demolish decaying planets, or to supply them again with materials for building them anew; others that they are so many hells to punish the damned with perpetual vicissitudes of heat and cold. We should rather incline to consider them the most glorious abodes in the solar system; if comets are tenanted with intellectual beings, they have doubtless the most splendid observatories for the contemplation of the wonders of the celestial canopy that can possibly be conceived, infinitely surpassing all aspects of the heavens as beheld from the planets, or even the solar orb itself. A comet, on its return to the sun, if moving in nearly the same plane with the orbits of the planets, combines all the diversities of the starry heavens that are peculiar to each planet, with every other possible variety resulting from a change of position. Returning from the fields of space, it slowly approaches the outer planetary orbits, surveys the system of Uranus, soars over the stupendous apparatus of Saturn, and sees the orb, rings, and satellites in their beautiful concentric arrangement; if detained (as was the comet of 1770) among the moons of Jupiter, it pries into the mysteries of its belts. The whole system of primaries and secondaries are, according to their positions, seen in succession, as crescent, half oval, or full orb; from being all at first inferior planets they all in succession become superior: this view is on the supposition that the approach of the comet is nearly in the planetary plane,—if descending at right angles to the sun, the comet sees the whole system spread out beneath, and presenting a most sublime appearance. A comet retreats so far from the sun that at its remotest point it must seem as a solitary wanderer amidst the firmament of fixed stars, all planetary bodies having disappeared long before it had reached its aphelion: the sun shines with diminished brilliancy, and with a scarce perceptible disc.—*Literary Gazette.*

CHOLERA CARES.—A very orthodox divine near the sea coast took upon himself to enter every house in his vicinity, and examine them from the cellar to the garret, to ascertain if all was sweet and clean.—Amongst others, he ventured into one belonging to a smuggler, during his absence. The wife was afraid to refuse admittance, and as, fortunately, there were no run goods at the time in the house, he was permitted to poke his nose into every corner. "Really pretty well, my good woman," said the clerical gentleman, after a most deliberate examination; "a little paint here, a little whitewash in the garrets, and the yard better swept, and, on the whole, it does you much credit." So saying, he departed. The smuggler returned, and was duly informed of this inquisitorial visit. "This will never do," observed he; "if he comes again, he may spy a deal more than I wish, so I'll put a stop to it." The following morning the smuggler called at the parsonage; the door was opened by a maid servant; he brushed by her, and ascending the staircase, walked into the bedroom of the clergyman's lady. The maid, horror struck and alarmed at such sacrilege, ran in

haste to her master, informing him of what had occurred, and expressing her opinion that the man had come to rob the house. The Rev. gentleman, who was rather choleric, hastened up stairs in great wrath, when he discovered the smuggler surveying the furniture of his bed. "What do you mean, you impudent scoundrel, by coming up into Mrs. P——'s room, do you come to rob the house?" "By no means, Sir, only to return your visit. I have examined this room, and will now, if you please, go into all the others. As far as I have seen, you are very clean; a little paint here, and a little whitewash on the ceiling, may improve it; but on the whole, it is highly creditable to both you and Mrs. P——." As the Rev. Gentleman had no intention that people should return his calls, the practice was discontinued.—*Metropolitan.*

A TEST.—We have heard a story of a Catholic priest, which is too good to be lost. We know not whether it ever appeared in print before or not.

A jolly friar who was to read a homily to a congregation on a certain occasion, was, while waiting for the time for him to officiate, playing cards in an apartment adjoining the church. He stationed a lad at the door to give him notice when he was wanted—but at the moment that he was called he had just "dealt." His own hand was an excellent one and determined not to lose it, he agreed with his comrades, that each should keep his cards and continue the game after service. Clapping the cards up the sleeve of his surplice, he walked into the desk, holding the end of his sleeve with his fingers.

His subject was the remissness of parents in the moral instruction of their children. As he proceeded in his discourse he waxed violently in his gestures and motions—till forgetting the deposit in his sleeve, he struck the palms of his open hands together, and out flew the little spotted tell-tales, to the amazement of the congregation.

All were disconcerted but the friar. Leaning over the desk he called to a little urchin of five or six, "Boy pick up one of those cards!" This done, the priest demanded of the lad—"Now tell me what it is." "It's the ten of spades," said the boy. "Behold here parents," said the priest, "a proof of what I have told you. I scattered these among you to convince the congregation that these children understood cards better than their prayers!"—*Lowell Compend.*

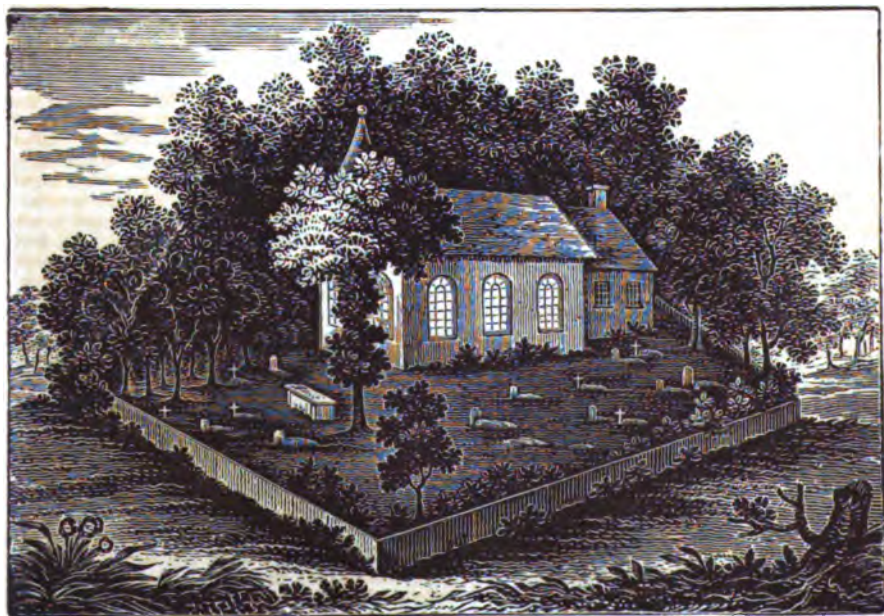
FASHION.—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English bean of the 14th century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on the one leg, and another color on the other; short breeches which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.—*Hawry's History of England.*

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Erie Canal, at Little Falls, New York.



Catholic Church at South Boston, Mass.

ERIE CANAL,

At Little Falls, New York.

That stupendous monument of human ingenuity and perseverance, the Great Clinton Canal, presents few more interesting scenes than the Little Falls of the Mohawk, when taken in connection with the triumphant work which runs immediately beside it. The view afforded from a packet boat, of mountain scenery on either side, with a bare passage for the dashing waters of the Mohawk between, is highly interesting and sublime. Whichever way the eye is turned, it rests on huge masses of granite and limestone, piled in heaps. These rocks in some places rise to a great height, almost perpendicular, presenting a bleak, black surface, unbleached by the thousand storms which have beat upon them; others present a ragged and uneven face, crowned and overhung by dark evergreens, dropping their verdure into the foaming torrent below. The fissures between others of these huge piles, produce hickory, maple, and other trees, which hang from them, and with their sombre shadow, deepen the gloomy darkness of the rocks from which they spring, whilst the scanty soil upon others, gives life and penurious nourishment to dwarf oaks and vegetation peculiar to similar inhospitable regions. In this scene, where the rude, but magnificent works of nature are so profusely displayed, the imagination is overpowered in their sublimity, and the proudest works of man, and man himself, lose their importance. Even the canal, cut upon the mighty and enduring precipice, the road entrenched upon the mountain side, and the substantial locks and gates, all sink into comparative insignificance under the mighty shadow of the everlasting hills.

CATHOLIC CHURCH,

At South Boston, Mass.

In the grave yard of the little Catholic church at South Boston, lies buried the remains of Mary Joseph Ryan. She was a native of Ireland, and at sixteen was introduced to Mr. Thayer, who became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith in Boston, and quitted his native country with the design of procuring funds in Europe for establishing a nunnery. This purpose was seconded by the pious Catholics abroad, and they willingly aided the design. After he had nearly accomplished his object, and was preparing to return from his pilgrimage, he was taken dangerously sick at Dublin. Mary Ryan attended him with affectionate zeal:—he often expressed a wish that she might in some future day become the head of the institution it was his earnest wish to establish. This however, as she said, "was of all things the most improbable, and could only be brought about by the grace of God."

As Mr. Thayer was extremely poor, and scrupulously refused to appropriate the smallest part of what he had collected, to his own wants, Mary prevailed on her parents to have him removed to their own house, where she nursed him and watched over him for many months, and finally received his parting breath, when to see her own language he was called "to join the glorious company of saints, apostles and martyrs!"

The funds he had collected were carefully remitted to Boston, and under the care of the excellent Dr. Matignon greatly increased. It was not, however, till after his death, that the convent was established by Bishop Chevereux—the present Arch Bishop of Bordeaux. His knowledge of character, and his excellent judgment enabled him to effect this purpose without exciting any repugnance in the minds of the Bostonians.

From the time of Mr. Thayer's death, Mary Ryan felt that her "vocation" was a religious one. It was not however till many years after, that she came to Canada and took the veil in a convent at Quebec. The prophetic visions of her early friend were then accomplished, and she was invited by Bishop Chevereux to become the Superior of the Convent established in Boston. With how much dignity, simplicity, and fervent piety she filled this office, was witnessed by many. The great object of the institution was to give instruction to the children of the Irish Catholics who were constantly emigrating to America. She daily superintended a school of more than an hundred scholars, whose parents were mostly too poor to render any compensation. Her maternal kindness made the deepest impression on their minds and characters—it was probably of a nature they had never experienced at home, where want and hardship chill even the current of parental tenderness.

The funds of the institution were small, but "enough," said the Superior, "for our's is a vow of poverty."

After a few years her health began to decline, she quitted life without a wish to remain, and was buried at South Boston.

The funeral services were performed in the humble church by Mr. Taylor.—We pause at the mention of this name, and who will not that knew him! He too has joined the circle of bright spirits "whose faith is swallowed in vision!"

The coffin which contained the remains of the Superior, was placed on the floor in the principal aisle of the church. After an address calculated to soothe and elevate the minds of the audience, Mr. Taylor informed the children they might draw near and take a last view of their instructress. The children pressed forward and knelt round the coffin of their best friend. All had been silent and calm till this moment, except now and then a sob which could not be suppressed—now, their grief was audible. There was no uniformity in their dress, no external badges of mourning, no procession, no arrangement to heighten effect, it was that deep untaught sorrow that springs from the heart. The youthful mourners pressed their lips to the glass plate that was inserted in the lid of the coffin, but they were not permitted to gaze on the features; the face of the vestal was covered by a white veil; they extended their arms as if once more to embrace their beloved friend; one or two children seemed exhausted by emotion and laid their heads on the coffin as if it were a pillow, and wept. When it was conveyed to the tomb in the grave yard of the church, the sun was just setting. It was early in the spring, and the ground was humid with the frosts of winter. All

was still and solemn, and every thing in unison with the scene. When the remains were placed in their last silent mansion, not a sob was heard; the Catholics knelt and pressed their crucifixes to their lips; we too who were not Catholics, as we looked into this dark and dreary abode, felt as if it were the gate that led to Heaven.

The form of objects is continually changing; the sketch which accompanies this tribute to a friend, was taken in the year 1828, from Dorchester heights, a place memorable in the history of the American revolution, and which is near the church. Since that time additions have been made to the building which injure its simplicity and proportions.

We must likewise add that the institution of which Mary Ryan was the first Superior, has since been removed from Boston and located at Charlestown. The building erected for the purpose is spacious and convenient, the situation fine, overlooking the beautiful bay of Boston with its many islands. It is now a boarding school of a high order, and receives pupils of all denominations.

The monument near the door of the church is a plain marble slab placed over the grave of the Rev. Dr. Matignon.

Written for the Casket.

The Graves of the Uncuses.*

By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

They sleep unmarked, that warrior race,
No monumental pile
Spreads its proud shadow o'er the place,
Where, gone from war and native chase,
Rest those brave ones the while;

No willow droops around their bed,
No jasmine flowers the way;
Nor gentle one, with hallowed tread,
Makes there her lingering stay.

Alone they rest, that royal line,
Silent, unknown, forgot;
The shadow of some ancient pine,
A broken stone, or wandering vine,
Are all that mark the spot:

The plover builds her lowly nest,
And hovers nightly there;
And there the bittern seeks her rest—
A lonely traveller.

No deeds of valor or of praise,
Their country's hand records;
And seeks no "storied urn" to raise,
Proudly to tell, in future days,
Where rest her noblest lords.
Fame, on her sounding timel car,
Passes the lowly brave;
And the more curious traveller,
Heeds not the red man's grave.

Wound in the beaded belt they lie,
The warrior by his sire;
And he who with the flashing eye,
Waked first to sound the battle cry,
Chief of his race is there.
The eagle, from her home afar,
Oft bends with pitying care;
But glory's bright, long, lingering star,
Sheds not its lustre there.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes! he comes from his snowy home,
In the bleak and icy pole,
With hair as white as old ocean's foam,
When his dark billows roll;
And where his stormy voice is heard,
Mark the leafless tree, and the silent bird.

He comes, and the demon of the storm
In the forest bare, pipes loud,
And he spreads over autumn's withered form,
His cold and icy shroud.

And the frost which now at night appears,
From nature's eye are the frozen tears.

But still I love, by the wood fire's blaze,
To defy his aspect cold,
And list to the tale of other days,
By aged matrons told.
For the smiling eye, the voice of mirth,
Contrast with the cheerless wreck of earth.

And pleasure oft does the youth entice,
In winter's chilly night,
On skates to go o'er the frozen ice,
With the moon and snow for light.
And the merry laugh of boyhood tells,
That joy in the dreary waste still dwells.

If the year was one continued spring,
The heart would be sick of mirth,
But to gaze upon nature withering,
Shows how vain are the joys of earth,
And nerves the mind unmoved to bear,
The world's cold look in this scene of care.

AVON BARD.

ORIGINAL.

On visiting (with my Mother) my Sister's Grave.

Sister,—though thy body lies,
Crumbling here beneath the ground;
Thy Soul—(ere this) has reach'd the skies,
And the dear Redeemer found.

Sister dost thou us behold,
From thy holy dwelling-place?
Dost thou tread the streets of gold?
Dost thou gaze on Jesus face?

Oh! what rapture must be thine,
In the presence of thy God!—
Let us cease then to repine,
Let us meekly kiss the rod.

* * * * *
Daughter—we do hope to meet,
With thee, in the courts above;
With thee to worship—at his feet,—
Our Redeemer! God of love!

C. F. D.

* The burying ground of the Uncuses is on an elevated bank, north of Trading Cove, in Norwich, Conn., on the ground of Judge Goddard. There are stones marking the graves of numerous members of this royal family of the Mohicans, and a few of them bear English inscriptions. Uncus, the old friend of the white man, is buried here.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
PROBABILITY OF THE PLANETS BEING INHABITED.

It may be deemed a work of supererogation for me to attempt a subject so speculative as that I have undertaken: but I hope the neglect it has hitherto suffered, and the glowing advantages arising from our belief of its reality, will shield me from all unfavourable reflections.— And indeed, were the theory universally received, that the ponderous masses which roll in harmonious silence around the radiant Sun were peopled by beings of the same nature in general as ourselves; that myriads of intelligent creatures were dispersed throughout the regions of space, whom we are destined to meet at a coming period, how great a change would ensue in our minds! our conceptions would magnify, our ideas swell with amazing velocity! We would dare to make excursions in our fancy to distant spheres, hold converse with their most eminent characters, and behold their progress in all the arts and sciences.

The reality, or at least, the probability of the planets being inhabited, it would appear to my mind, could not long remain doubtful, were we to divest ourselves of those errors contracted in the unguarded moments of infancy, and spurn from our thoughts those tales and that absurd philosophy imbibed from our nurses. Now, had our judgments never been warped, and our credulous minds erroneously imbued and greatly perverted; nay, had we never thought on the subject, and were our minds brought to bear upon it for the first time, it would require nothing but the light of nature unassisted by a single observation, to become incontestibly assured that the planets were inhabited. For no one with an unperverted intellect can contend after the most cursory examination, that the planets as well as stars, were designed to give us light, all other ends excluded. Who can say that the all-wise One would create six orbs, some of them at the distance of 1,000 millions of miles, which revolve around a different centre and whose space is but a point, whose light a single ray, to illuminate the Earth? The single planet Jupiter would afford 500 times more light were he substituted for the Moon. Then, were the illuminating of this "terracqueous ball" by their faint, twinkling, almost imperceptible rays, the design with which the planets were created, Providence has adopted a course, the simplicity and efficacy of which, to say the least, does not seem very obvious. But the idea is so palpably and incontestably absurd to any reasoning mind, that it is unworthy our further notice.

A few general remarks on the nature and locality of the celestial bodies, may be of some advantage in discussing this subject. The planets are opaque bodies of different consistencies and of a globular form. Their opacity is known, since they are sometimes invisible; and the light they reflect was transmitted from the Sun. They are solid or consistent, or they could not resist the dissipative influence of caloric. They are globular, for in eclipses the extremity of the shadow is always circular. They revolve around one common centre, in obedience to the laws of gravitation. Mercury at the distance of 37

millions, the Earth at 96, and Herschel or the Georgium Sidus, at 1800 millions of miles distance. Then, it appears that they all compose one system, one whole, of which each is a constituent part.—

— "A fair sisterhood of planets seven
 Revolving round a central Sun."

The Earth can claim no pre-eminence over the others. She is but a mole-hill, when compared to Jupiter; neither is she so remote from the Sun as several others, nor so near him as Mercury and Venus; nor is she central. She is inferior to others in every respect. Why then should we conclude she is the only one worthy to be the dwelling-place of man? The very fact that they revolve around the same centre, are subject to the same external laws, and preserve the strictest analogy, as far as we can perceive, is presumptive evidence that they were created with the same design.

But, it is contended that, of the planets, some are too remote from the centre of light and heat, and consequently too frigid for habitation, and others so near him as to be incessantly parched by his arid beams. But this argument is by no means conclusive. For in our own world, the polar bear is clothed in a skin of furs, and the elephant is destitute of hair; each adapted to the climate it occupies. And could not the inhabitants of the planets be fitted to the regions they occupy? To a person at Saturn, our own world would seem exposed to rays of the Sun sufficiently intense to destroy every germ of vegetation, and he might wonder how the world itself could endure the heat. Then, since we are not to be taken as a criterion, but have our present constitution only because it is adapted to our station, we should admit the possibility that Mercury is habitable, and the same may be remarked of Saturn and the other superior planets.— But it has been found, on the most mathematical principles, that the heat of the Sun at Jupiter is three thousand times greater than that of the full Moon upon the Earth. Hence, remote as he is, that planet is illuminated with much brilliancy. And the warmth of the Sun at Mercury is but six and a half times greater than with us.

An argument on which I would place much greater stress, is the different obliquities of the axis of the planets to those of their orbits; that is, the axis of the superior or more distant planets, make far less angles with the axis of the paths in which they revolve than the inferior ones. Jupiter and Saturn, and probably Herschel are parallel to their orbits; their ecliptics and equators coincide; hence, their poles have no long nights, the Sun is never hid to their inhabitants for any considerable space of time; consequently they can never become very cold, nor can the former heat entirely escape, before the Sun rises again, and dispersing the shades and frigidty of night, reinvigorates them with his welcome presence. In our globe, the poles are below the horizon, and inaccessible to the heat of the Sun, so long that they become completely frozen and remain perpetually in that state in defiance of the summer heat. But less caloric is requisite to preserve those planets moderately warm, since its influence is continually

exerted; and their climate is rendered much less rigorous and more reconcilable to a mundane mind. Our globe, which is intermediate, is inclined 23½ degrees to the ecliptic, and the result is, it is warmer in summer and colder in winter. But Venus, whose orbit is much less remote from the Sun, is inclined 75 degrees, evidently to obviate the great intensity of the solar rays. The obliquity of the planets diminishes with the distance; and the plain reason is to economise the heat among the remote, and to diminish its superabundance with the neighbouring orbs.

From these reasonings, I would infer the aptitude of the planets for habitation. I shall now notice some circumstances tending to prove them to be actually inhabited.

1. The large ring that encompasses Saturn.—This ring is very broad, and circumscribes that planet at the distance of 21,000 miles. Its nature has not been definitely ascertained, but it has been found to be concave and solid, and probably designed as a reflector to transmit the rays falling upon it to Saturn, its focus.

2. The various Moons or secondary planets that belong to their respective primaries. Of these, six belong to the Georgium Sidus; seven to Saturn, and four to Jupiter. All these moons are entirely invisible to the naked eye, and to be seen demand instruments of the first quality.

This enormous mirror and those splendid retinues of satellites, would seem to indicate that they were made for other and more exalted ends than that of playing around and illuminating deserted, unpopulated, useless spheres which contain no vestiges of animation, but were left to bend their beautiful and harmonious courses around a stupendous central mass, in conjunction with several other orbs, one of which, though many hundred times inferior, was a field where millions and myriads of millions of intelligent creatures were bountifully nourished. I say these mighty appurtenances betoken life and action; they could not have been made for sport, nor to be gazed upon by a few philosophers through their glasses.

In our world, if we can compare it with planets, some of which are 1,000 times superior; in our world, wherever nature has wrought such works as these, they have a specific and correspondent end. In fact every work of nature, how diminutive soever, is intended to accomplish some useful object. Then how great is the absurdity of supposing the planets uninhabited! for if so, we can imagine no end suited to the vast machinery; we can see nothing to stamp utility upon their face.

3. In addition: Why was their primeval quiescence annihilated and they ordained to roll one endless round upon themselves? Why was the agreeable vicissitude of day and night, of sun-shine and shade instituted, but as a provision of the bountiful parent of all for the necessities of his infirm and helpless children?

4. But again:—We know that animals, as well as vegetation, cannot exist unless an atmosphere be provided for their consumption. And whenever we find it, it is natural to conclude that this was its object. Venus, to which of all the planets we are most accessible, has been found to be encircled with an atmosphere

proportionate to her magnitude. And we may conclude from analogy that the other planets have atmospheres also, though their distances have hitherto prevented such discoveries. Then since the aerial fluid has been bountifully furnished to meet the wants of any breathing creature, how rational is the belief that something is located there to inhabit it!

5. But their immense magnitude. The Earth is but the 2500th part of the grand sisterhood of planets. Surely then we should pause and ponder before consigning them to eternal sterility and entire barrenness. It would be less difficult to suppose some pitiless, scarce discernable orb, to be a blank, an useless incumbrance in the universe; but worlds 75 or 80,000 of miles in diameter surely deserve inhabitants; surely, they were created for the use and sustentation of innumerable myriads of active, intelligent creatures; surely they subserve the benevolence of the Creator by affording to millions the enjoyment of the many blessings of life.

Those are my arguments in support of planetary inhabitation. I shall, in few words, recapitulate that you may view them in connexion, and see their combined force. I argued that the earth and other planets were destined to fulfil the same purposes, because they belong to one system, revolve around the same centre, are governed by the same laws and are of similar constitutions. I disproved the idea that some are too heated and others too cold to sustain life, by arguing that the nature of their inhabitants could be fitted to the different planets, as easily as ours are to the various parts of the Earth which we occupy, and by showing that the temperature of both was mitigated by several arrangements. I contended that they were inhabited, because many provisions have been observed in them to render their occupiers comfortable; such as the obliquities of their axis which decreases with the distance, the periodic returns of day and night which entirely correspond with the necessities of man, the atmosphere which envelops Venus and probably the others; the vast luminous ring that encompasses Saturn; the satellites of the remote spheres which greatly increase the light and heat of their respective primaries;—and their immense magnitude.

Now, how absurd! how utterly ridiculous is it, to suppose, for a moment, that the planets were constructed as toys! that all this labor was performed for no object, or indeed for any object less than that contemplated! that those splendid machineries were perfectly adapted to all the wants and even desires of intelligent creatures, and then left blank! On the other hand, when we consider the immense quantum of knowledge that might be obtained by their inhabitants; when we reflect that the works of Providence might be understood to such greater perfection, by planting colonies here and there throughout; we are ready to dispel every doubt and cry out the planets *must be*, are inhabited!

"View yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unnumber'd worlds Hope bids thee tell
Pure from their God creas'd millions dwell!"

CAMPBELL.

When we consider, in the words of an emi-

ment writer, that "matter exists only for the sake of intelligent creatures, and that every blade of grass, every tender leaf, every natural fluid swarms with life;" when we

"See thro' this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth;"

How can we withhold our assent to this honorable, this benevolent, this soul-ennobling doctrine? How can we so far pervert our intellects as to deny its correctness, and say this contemptible world, probably smaller than one of Jupiter's moons, this world utterly invisible to ninety-nine hundredths of the system, contains all the intelligence, all the wisdom, all the mind of the great Solar system? It would be a slander on nature, a libel on Providence; and it would likewise be the infallible index of a weak, a childish intellect.

A world without inhabitants! A system of planets containing nothing intellectual! Matter without mind! 'Tis an anomaly in nature! 'Tis registered in no chronicles! It has no connexion with reality, but is the delusive phantasm of a fanciful imagination. What were a vast world? What were millions of worlds? What the illimitable universe, without intelligence? Infinitely inferior to a single mind! What motive caused the creation of the world from chaos, interspersed with delectable objects? *Man!* Which is its cherished flower, its priceless gem? *Man!* What attracted the angels to the lovely bowers and ambrosial groves and flowery fields of Eden? A weak and helpless mortal! For what has the ocean floated down the ocean of time and ceaselessly progressed through lengthened ages, but for *man!* And when man's allotted days shall have been numbered, and he is summoned from his earthly habitation to the universal congress above, and the earth becomes vacated; then, so dependent is matter upon mind, so entirely useless are its most splendid constructions and exalted forms when devoid of life and intellectual inhabitants, that the earth with all her towering mountains, her vast oceans and unnumbered forests, all her dales, her diamonds and her glory, will be merged into the fathomless abyss of eternal oblivion.

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea! all which it inherit shall dissolve
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Hence, we see that matter can afford no inducements for its formation but as a means of bringing into being and supporting creatures of an intellectual character. And its utility is based upon its subserviency to man and promotion of the great intentions of his Creator relative to him.

Then, if the planets are inhabited, and I think I have shown the great probability of the doctrine, what a new field at once expands to our view. This vast, this mighty globe, this better part of creation, falls into nothingness, or rather, descends to its proper level, and becomes one of a vast system, replete with wisdom and industry, with science and virtue! We see the Universe burst into activity and millions are awakening

in every planet that courses round the Sun. We see brothers and friends and virtuous rivals in every section of unlimited space. Casting our mental eyes to Mercury, hot and sun-scorched Mercury, we may see orators fired with intellectual energy, emitting life and animation upon all surrounding objects. We may see Mars inhabited by true heroes, adorned with all the honors of the most glorious ovations, who are triumphantly rejoicing over their terminated toils and ennobling exploits. We may behold Jupiter and the Georgium Sidus, and see rulers whose whole aim and greatest exertions are to ameliorate the condition of their people, and benefit the human race. We may imagine Venus peopled by a lovely race, among whom female virtues and female accomplishments hold a prominent place.

"There rage no storms; the Sun diffuses there
His tempered beams through skies forever fair;
Pure golden fruits, 'mid shad'wy blossoms shine,
In fields immortal, and in groves divine."

CLAYTON.

And now that we have reached this point, it would not be difficult to imagine numerous retinues of planets, satellites and comets attendant on each of those 75 millions of twinkling gems, that beautify and variegate the ebony locks of night. Nor must we believe them vacant and uninhabited; let our minds make a powerful struggle, and dare to imagine them peopled with beings similar, if not vastly superior to ourselves, with beings who connect the higher orders or angels, with man and the inferior links of the great chain of universal creation;—thus rendering perfect the different gradations from the most tiny animalcula that floats unperceived in a drop of fluid to the sublime intelligence whose capacious soul intuitively understands all knowledge and mysteries; beings capable of infinite progression, the limits of whose dilation will coincide with the dimensions of infinity, and the date of whose decay will be the completion of eternity.

A MILLION OF FACTS.

BY SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

Among the clever books we have recently received from London, is one with the above title, containing a vast variety of information in a small space. It will possibly be reprinted in America, but as that is yet problematical, we offer a few extracts from it, which will serve to exhibit its character, while they convey some useful information.

The sea is to the land, in round millions of square miles, as 160 to 40, or as four to one.

Fraimhofer, in his optical experiments, made a machine in which he could draw 32,900 lines in an inch breadth.

There are 7,700 veins in an inch of coloured mother of pearl. Iris ornaments of all colours are made by lines of steel from 200 to the 1,000th part of an inch.

Bodies are transparent, says Newton, when the pores are so small as to prevent reflection.

The apprehension of the failure of a supply of coals in England, is a delusion. In Yorkshire

alone there are exhaustless beds, which are sold at 4s. or 5s. per ton.

The coal mines, which in Staffordshire have been burning for 200 years, consist of pyrites, subject to spontaneous combustion. Water will not extinguish them, because when drawn off, or absorbed, the pyrites burn more than before.

The odorous matter of flowers is inflammable, and arises from an essential oil. When growing in the dark their odour is diminished, but restored in the light; and it is strongest in sunny climates.

A chesnut tree grew at Tamworth which was 52 feet round; it was planted in the year 800; and in the reign of Stephen, in 1135, was made a boundary, and called the great chesnut tree. In 1759 it bore nuts which produced young trees.

Botanists record 56,000 species of various plants; and 38,000 are to be found in the catalogues.

The height of mountains in the moon is considerable; ten are five miles, or nearly; and eight are from 3 to 4 miles. Three of the hollows are from 3 to 4 miles; ten are from 2 to 3 miles, and as many are nearly 2 miles.

Teeth are phosphate of lime and cartilage, but the enamel is without cartilage.

The muscles of the human jaw exert a force of 534lb. and those of mastiffs, wolves, &c. far more. The force is produced by the swelling of the muscles in the middle, and dilating again.

The number of ribs vary, being twelve or thirteen on a side.

Lime combined with phosphoric acid is the basis of the bones, and found also in the fluids. Shells consist of carbonate of lime; and hence their remains have been considered as the basis of limestone mountains. Silica and manganese are found in the hair. Iron, with phosphoric acid, constitutes part of the blood.

The fluids of animals contain alkalies, especially soda.

The sense of feeling is created by the papillæ of the skin, consisting of small white nervous fibres, which erect themselves when the sense of touch is excited.

The heart, by its muscular contraction, distributes two ounces of blood from seventy to eighty times in a minute.

There is iron enough in the blood of 42 men to make a ploughshare weighing 24 pounds.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the 26th of the body, but in the horse but a 400th.

It has been computed that nearly two years of sickness is experienced by every person before he is 70 years old, and that therefore but ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life. Till forty it is but half, and after fifty it rapidly increases.

Albert Durer etched some of his engravings on steel. A soft steel plate will take 50,000 good impressions, and a hard steel plate a million.

Painting in oil, distemper, or water, is when the colours are mixed with oil, size, or water. Fresco is on a newly-plastered wall. Encaus-

tic is with wax; and enamel, with mineral colours, on metal.

Three fourths of the books printed do not pay their expenses; and not above one in ten realises a profit.

The following song is from *Dermot Mac Morrough, or the Crusader of Ireland*, an Historical Tale of the Twelfth Century, by J. Q. ADAMS.

Nought shines so bright in beauty's eyes,
As the bold warrior's gallant bearing;
The proudest deems his heart a prize;
The fairest would his fate be sharing;
Let Truth, let Valor be thy guide;
And faithful love, thy priceless jewel—
Thou ne'er shalt lack a lovely bride,
Nor find a female bosom cruel.

'Tis true, the soldier's life is short:
But what is life, deprived of action?
The craven coward's base resort;
A universe without attraction.
Then urge thy courser to the field,
And thou shalt gain renown in story—
Compel the fiercest foe to yield;
Or die upon the bed of glory.

From the Journal of Health.

MY UNCLE'S EXPERIENCE.

"Pooh! Pooh! all nonsense, perfect nonsense! exclaimed my uncle the other evening, after having read through attentively, one of the most celebrated papers on hygiene; "Behold me now sixty years of age, hale and hearty—To attain to this condition at a period when other men sink beneath their years, did I diet and starve, and worry, and fuss? no, no—I drained my bottle of wine daily, besides, on occasions, an additional one or two, to keep my friends in countenance; I have eaten hot suppers and cold suppers without number; I have gone to bed at twelve o'clock, night after night, and didn't rise next morning, as you may suppose, much before nine o'clock; and I can assure you, all this never caused me a moment of uneasy feelings, much less of sickness!"

So spake my uncle, and in the honesty of his heart he verily believed that he was uttering the actual result of his own experience. The truth of his declarations he would have maintained before Emperors and Councils, Judges and Juries. And yet a very slight retrospect of his own life, could he have divested himself for a moment of certain prejudices, the result of opinions and habits to which he had for so many years been addicted, would have shown him that, in nearly every particular, the real facts of the case were the very reverse of what his statements would lead us to suppose. That he was himself a living commentary on the reality and importance of hygienic rules.

My uncle was by birth a Saxon. At an early age he left his native land, and arrived in Philadelphia with no other capital than a light heart, an intimate acquaintance with every thing relating to the practical details of commerce, and ample certificates of his industry, his sobriety, and his probity. With these slender means, and in the midst of strangers, he succeeded so well

in "getting on in the world" that his thirtieth year found him a flourishing wholesale and retail merchant, with a capital of ten thousand dollars.

With the exception of the ordinary ailments of childhood, and a cold upon the chest, that had nearly consigned him to his final abode, and which he had caught while serenading the lady who subsequently became his wife, one stormy night in the fall of the year, he had lived to the age just mentioned in a state of uninterrupted health. Full of spirits, with just that much devotion to business which prudence dictates as necessary to ensure success, plain and simple in his diet, contented in his mind, his only amusements were a walk, of length sufficient, however, to cripple a modern dandy, an occasional excursion on horseback, and once a week a private concert, and a game at nine pins or at tennis.

At thirty, my uncle married, and soon after, he exchanged his store for a counting house—confining business entirely to that of a shipping merchant.—For some time, no alteration whatever took place in his ordinary habits.—He of course had a greater amount of leisure than when he was tied down to the counter for the greater part of the day, and this leisure was chiefly spent in domestic cares or in the houses of his own friends, or in those of his wife's numerous relatives. His manner of living was still as plain, regular and simple, as heretofore. His health too was as good, and his mind as cheerful.

At length, however, my uncle's habits did undergo a change—but by degrees only. He became less active—day after day passed without any longer walk being taken by him, than from the dwelling to his counting house and home again. He indulged himself more in the morning, than he had been wont to do; the state-house clock often sounded eight, or even nine, before he was abroad; at the same time, the pleasures of the table began to be a matter of more serious importance than he had considered them formerly—he became more difficult to please than formerly both in the nature and preparation of his food, and often, worst change of all, he would consume the greater part of the afternoon in discussing, by himself, a bottle of rare wine, and I know not, and doubt whether he did himself, how many cigars.—Very quickly, he became so much the slave to his stomach that besides his domestic meal, rich in variety, and indulged in to satiety, the night also, was spent in feasting.—Little parties of his friends and countrymen were formed, to meet at some favourite eating house, for the only apparent purpose of devouring plate-full after plate-full of fried oysters, stewed terrapins or boiled lobsters, with their etceteras, and to drink large draughts of wine or whiskey punch. Although my uncle was never known to drink to such an excess as to produce a state of absolute intoxication, yet the mode of life we have just described produced a very marked change in his appearance. At his forty-fifth year, his body had nearly doubled in bulk—he lost nearly all the vivacity he displayed in former years—his eyes exhibited a dull, sleepy look, and his nights were sleepless or disturbed.—Although from his portly exterior and dark rosy complexion, he was often complimented upon his robust health, yet he frequently complained of being

troubled with certain uneasy but scarcely definable sensations in his head, stomach and limbs.—For these the doctor was often consulted, though his prescriptions were seldom followed for more than a day. My uncle had very little faith in the virtues of medicines.

In this manner he went on until his forty-eighth year, when he was suddenly attacked one day, immediately after dinner, with a severe fit of apoplexy; from which, however, he was happily recovered by the prompt and efficient treatment of his medical attendants. Sorely against his will, however, he was restricted for upwards of three months to a very spare diet, was debarred the use of wine and forced to exercise daily in various ways. At the end of this period he was pronounced entirely well. Never in fact, as he himself confessed, had he felt himself in better health.—Gradually, however, he fell into his former mode of living, and in his fiftieth year he was confined to his bed with a severe attack of gout; the first he had experienced. His physician now very plainly explained to him his danger and pointed out to him the only conditions upon which he could hope to enjoy life without intense suffering, and postpone for many months a fatal inroad upon his stomach or his brain. After much persuasion, he was induced to adopt, to a certain extent, the plan of living which had been laid down for him. That is to say; his wife succeeded in reducing his daily bottle of wine, to one or two small glasses, and in confining him to food of a lighter, and more simple character than he quite relished. Frequent walks in her company, or occasional excursions, with his children, into the surrounding country, when the season was favorable, together with many a call of duty and charity, supplied him with that constant exercise of which he stood so much in need. He was taught too, by the same kind spirit, to seek his bed at a regular and early period of the evening, and to forego his accustomed heavy suppers, while she contrived to wile him from his couch, each morn, at an hour, which he peevishly declared to be unusually early. This life of privations, as he termed it, was at first irksome enough, but a short time sufficed to reconcile him to it,—in the end, it became even pleasant, and up to the present period he has persisted in following it—rather becoming, in fact, more rigid in his habits than in any degree relaxing.

My uncle has now numbered upwards of sixty summers, and never did there exist a more hale, robust and active old gentleman. A little notional and selfopinionated, it is true, in regard to many things, but nevertheless always sufficiently cheerful, goodnatured and desirous of pleasing to attract around him the company of the young. His own children, his grand-children, his nephews and his nieces, in particular seldom enjoy an hour so much as when it is spent in his company. He has useful suggestions, practical hints and stores of information for those who have already entered upon the active duties of life—he has sound advice and sage council, always delivered in an amiable and unpretending manner, for such as are in their minority; and for the still more youthful, some playful story—some plaintive ballad, or many a pretty toy.

From this short sketch of my uncle's life, we

perceive how completely his own experience contradicts the declaration with which this narrative commences. So long as he lived a life of temperance and active industry, so long as his habits were simple and regular, so long he enjoyed their invariable fruits, health, cheerfulness and comfort. The moment he deviated from this plan of living, and fell into habits of luxury and indolence, he experienced a corresponding decline in the health of his body and the cheerfulness of his mind, until, by a continuance in error, serious disease was finally induced—and it was only by his returning to his former sobriety and activity that his life was preserved—the health and vigour of his frame were repaired, and the cheerfulness and serenity of his mind regained.

These facts, however, my uncle cannot be brought to acknowledge.—It is true he had experienced an attack of apoplexy and gout, but these, he insists, were merely accidental, and might have happened to any man of his particular form of body, whatever were his habits. Eating and drinking had nothing to do with them! And then, as to his renewed health and vigour, when his habits became more regular, active, and temperate—why, what connexion he will ask, has the one with the other? Was it not the same with all his ancestors? It is a family peculiarity, this return of youth in the evening of life!

So does my uncle—so do thousands of mankind obstinately shut their eyes upon the evidence of their own experience and overlook the useful lesson that it teaches.

One of the most remarkable circumstances attending the fortunes of the signers of the declaration of independence, says the *New York Evening Post*, was the tranquillity in which their after lives were passed, and the late period to which they were protracted. Most of them lived to a good old age, crowned with civil honors, bestowed by the gratitude of the republic, and some of them perished by mere decay of the powers of nature. Of the fifty-six who affixed their signatures to that document, twenty-seven lived to an age exceeding seventy, and forty-one to an age exceeding sixty. Only two of the whole number, Gwinnet, of Georgia, who fell in a duel in his 45th year, and Lynch, of South Carolina, who was shipwrecked in his 60th—died a violent death. Twenty-one lived to the beginning of the present century, and three were permitted to see the great experiment of a representative confederacy confirmed by the events of fifty years. Of all the delegates from New York and New England, only one, Whipple, of New Hampshire, died at an earlier age than sixty. Never in the world had the leaders in any bold and grand political movement more reason to congratulate themselves and their country on its issue. The exertions and perils of their manhood were succeeded by a peaceful, honored, and ripe old age, in which they witnessed the happy result of the institutions they had aided in devising, and they were gathered to their graves amid the regrets of the generation which was in its cradle when they laid the foundations of the republic.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—Goethe was for some time manager of an amateur theatre at Wiemar. Once, when the *Jealous Husband* was to be performed, the gentleman who was to act the lover was suddenly taken ill. A Saxon captain good naturedly offered to undertake the part, although he confessed he had but little experience in such matters. He went through the rehearsals very decently, and there was little doubt but that, with the help of a good prompter, all would go on well. But when the poor captain actually appeared before the audience, he seemed to lose all memory; still he contrived to halt on till the jealous husband was to rush in and stab him. At this unlucky moment he forgot the catch word, and continued hemming for several minutes, while the furious husband was standing between the side scenes with the uplifted dagger ready to strike. The captain was about to begin his part afresh, catchword and all, when, on the advice of Goethe, the husband rushed in, and by one desperate lunge, thought to silence him.—Not so—the captain stood like a wall. It was to no purpose that his adversary entreated him, in a low voice, to fall and die. “I have not got the catch word,” was the invariable reply. At length Goethe, quite out of patience, called from behind the scene, “stab him in the back if he won’t fall—we must get rid of him at all events.” Upon this, the husband who had also lost all presence of mind, cried, with a voice of thunder, “Die, villain!” and gave him, at the same time such a blow in the side, that the captain, unprepared for this attack in his flank, actually fell down from the shock; upon which Goethe, fearing his resuscitation, instantly sent in four stout servants with orders to carry him off, dead or alive by main force.

SUBLIMITY.—I have often reflected on the brief, simple, unostentatious account given in the Bible of the creation of man, and have as often wondered that critics, from Longinus down, have manifested such an undue partiality to the phrase—“Let there be light, and there was light,” when there are others equally sublime to be met with constantly in Scripture. This single passage, “Man became a living soul”—seems to me as well calculated to call up ideas truly sublime as any other known. It requires, in fact, a much greater power of conception to grasp it in its immensity, and to follow it out into all its grand combinations. The very circumstance of a soul, a soul that thinks, wills and animates worlds, a soul that wanders unfettered through heaven, earth, and hell, and holds converse with angels, men and devils,—of a soul being called into existence by a breath, is of itself, independent of all association, one of the sublimest of ideas. But when, with the pure abstraction, we combine all the connecting circumstances, the Spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters, the gradual development of the once inert matter, the systematic application of dust to dust, the growing symmetry, and the beautiful form breathing in its perfection beneath His handy work, conception fails us, and we gaze toward the horizon that limits our view, with intense, but bewildered admiration.—*Detroit Courier.*

Written for the Casket.

THE RESTORED DAUGHTER.

ST. MARY, V.

She ceased to breathe, and o'er her brow
The clouded dews of death were spread,
And her sweet voice, so bland and low,
Murmured its last; and prayers were said,
And holy vesper hymns were sung,
And trembling lips the dirge prolonged,
And wailing through the wide hall rung,
And mourners to the death-room thronged—
For she who lay so cold and still,
Within the snow-white linen there,
Had been the light of vale and hill—
The star of all Judea's fair.

No newly gathered spring-flowers threw
Their rich and balmy freshness round—
No funeral wreath of heavenly hue
That pale young sleeper's temples bound:
For autumn's leprosy had been,
With withering breath, through Heshbon's groves,
And lone Elealeh's bowers were seen
Relinquishing their summer loves;
And the small fingering vines which crept
Along Engeddi's terraced walls,
Drooped wearily; and cold dews slept,
Mid leaves, like glistening coronals.

Oh, 'tis a saddening thing to stand
Beside the beautiful—the dead—
And mark the still, small, lifeless hand,
Out o'er the heavenless bosom spread;
To gaze upon the half-closed eye,
The lips compressed, the close-bound hair,
Where dwelt the spark of mystery,
Which flies at death through upper air.
'Tis a subduing thing—we turn
With our dissolving hearts, and treasure
Low in the depths of memory's urn,
Our sorrows in their utmost measure.

But, soft! a stranger's foot hath cross'd
The threshold of yon darkened room—
A stranger bends above that lost,
Frail blossom of untimely doom.
What doth he there? The wailings cease—
The broken-hearted parents rise,
What are his words? They breathe of peace—
Thinks he that death will yield his prize?
"She is not dead, she only sleeps."
They answered him with bitter scorn;
Again, despairing Jairus weeps,
All comfortless, his only born.

He heeds them not—the stranger guest
His mild blue eye turns mournfully
From their blasphemous taunts, to rest
Upon the unconscious form of clay.
And oh, can aught of earth portray
The holy heaven of that dear glance—
Silent the scoffers turned away,
Their hearts grew still as in a trance—
Their hands waxed nerveless, for they knew
By that one look their eyes had seen
The far-flamed dread of priestly Jew—
The persecuted Nazarene.

He took the maiden's hand, and said,
"Talitha cum,"—and life and light
Gleamed instant forth—the mourned, the dead
Rose from her icy thrall of night—
Glowing with vernal health, she stood
Enveloped still in winding sheet—
And the astonished multitude
Fell prostrate at the Saviour's feet.

JULIET.

THE CONDEMNED.

THE assizes approached. Clifford's friends were numerous and influential, but in his case influence could be of no avail as a safeguard against the penalty of crime. He knew that if he were found guilty he must suffer. His sole chance therefore was to silence that only evidence which could convict him. Against the oath of Esther Lutterell nothing could prevail. Immense sums were consequently offered to purchase her silence, but she despised such sordid temptation. Every effort made to win her from her resolved and just purpose was unavailing. She turned with scornful indignation from the offered bribe. "No," said she, "he has ruined me; that I could forgive, because Heaven might pardon that; but he has murdered my child—that Heaven will never pardon, and I dare not. I will not, therefore, interpose betwixt the delinquent and his judge, when that delinquent deserves to die, and that judge is the delegate of One who is eternal. He has braved the penalty; why then should he not suffer it? Let him die."

The day of trial arrived. Clifford was brought into the dock—alas! how changed! Terror had wrought fearful ravages upon a countenance which the most fastidious could not deny to be handsome. The blood seemed to have receded from every vein, while the blanched features told a fearful tale of sleepless nights and daily heart-burnings. A yellow tinge had usurped the usually transparent skin, while the whole countenance, gathered into one unvarying expression of subdued agony, appeared like an ivory head that had yielded up its primitive whiteness to the gradual spoliation of time. The change which a few short weeks had wrought was truly astonishing. He was scarcely to be recognised as the once robust, lively, thoughtless Clifford. Days seemed to have been converted into years. His hair had become thin, and hung in straggling tresses on his pallid temples, which were deeply indented with the lines of acute suffering. His nose was sharp and shrunk; his eyes were sunk and hollow; his cheeks rigid; his jaws fallen; and his lips so attenuated that, when closed, the mouth was only indicated by a strong curved line. He sighed deeply, and the hurried glance which he every now and then threw around the court, showed how busy were the enemies of his peace within him. A tear of sympathy gathered in the eyes of many of the spectators, when they beheld the altered aspect of the man whose person but a few weeks before had been the envy of many and the admiration of all. What a tyrant is guilt when her slaves crouch beneath her scourge!

The trial commenced. Clifford was near fainting several times during the opening address of the opposing counsel, and when he heard the

dreadful charge announced that he was the murderer of his own child, he fell senseless upon the beam which separated him from that part of the court appropriated to the spectators. He was, however, soon restored to a consciousness of his awful situation, and was furnished with a glass of water at his own request; which he swallowed with the most painful eagerness. Several times during the opening speech he was near falling. He continued, however, to retain his senses to the conclusion, when the prosecutor was ushered into court. Every eye was fixed upon the witness-box. After a short pause, Esther entered with a firm step, and a serene unembarrassed air; nevertheless, as soon as she was ready to be examined, the momentary quiver of her lip, and the transient flush upon her ashy cheek, showed that all was not at rest within. Her bosom heaved quick and heavily, but her self-command, evidently amid the most violent inward struggles, was truly surprising. She lost not her composure a single instant. Her clear, dark eye had in it an expression of lofty determination, blended nevertheless with a dignified respect, which excited the admiration of the whole court. Every person present felt a lively interest in her welfare; but in proportion as their sympathies were excited towards her, they were weakened towards her seducer. The contrast between them was remarkable. She stood before them in the severe dignity of her beauty—he in the untimely wreck of his. In her the hand of sorrow had shaded, but not eclipsed it: in him, the scourge of terror and the stings of remorse had marred it altogether. Although she had become the dupe of his artifice and suffered the penalty of her frailty, he, nevertheless, had been the greater victim: for while she had been the prey of another's guilt, he had fallen a victim to his own. It must be confessed she rejoiced that retribution had overtaken him. Her wrongs were too great to be easily forgiven; they had seared her sympathies—they had extinguished her woman's tenderness.

Upon entering the box, Esther made a slight inclination of the head to the presiding judge, and then fixed her eye placidly, but keenly, upon the examining advocate. She exhibited no symptoms of timidity, but stood before him with an air of such settled collectedness, that he seemed rather disconcerted, as he cast towards her a glance of somewhat equivocal inquiry, and found it repelled by a quiet but indignant frown. She, like the prisoner, was dressed in the deepest mourning, which strikingly contrasted with the transparent whiteness of her beautiful countenance. Her hair was withdrawn from her forehead, and she wore neither cap nor bonnet, so that the whole face was conspicuously exposed, and every expression, therefore, visible to the spectators. She looked not pale from sickness, nevertheless she was pale; while in her tall, but round and well-proportioned form there was a delicacy and ease of motion, at the same time a sustained elevation in her whole deportment, which soon expelled those favourable sentiments at first awakened for the wretched Clifford, and excited in every bosom a feeling bordering upon detestation towards him as the seducer of so much loveliness. As soon as she appeared be-

fore the court, Clifford shrunk from the object of his base perfidy, as if conscience-stricken at the unfavourable impression which he saw she was but too likely to excite against him. The blood rushed for a moment into his cheeks with a most distressing impetuosity, spreading there a deep purple suffusion; but immediately left it, when the skin resumed its dull parchment hue, while the quivering eye-lid closed over the sunken orb beneath it, as if to shut out at once from his view the world and its miseries. He listened with breathless anxiety to the evidence which was to decide his doom. It was brief but decisive. In a distinct tone, which was low, but neither feeble nor tremulous, Esther denounced Clifford as the murderer of her infant, by stabbing it in the breast with a knife.

The knife was produced in court, and she swore to it as the same with which the prisoner at the bar had inflicted the fatal stab, that deprived her of her babe. Her testimony could not be overthrown, and evidently made a strong impression upon the hearers. Clifford did not once raise his eyes, whilst she was delivering it; but the convulsive twitches of his countenance plainly denoted what was passing within him. Esther seemed studiously to avoid turning her face towards him, as if she was determined not to be diverted from her purpose, by the silent appeals which suffering naturally makes to our sympathies and our compassion. She was most severely cross-examined by the counsel for the defence; nevertheless, with all his legal acuteness, he could not impeach the integrity of her evidence. Her answers were brief but unembarrassed; the facts which she had to communicate few, but conclusive. When she had retired, Clifford was asked if he had anything to offer in his defence. He was dreadfully agitated, but, after a short pause, recovered himself sufficiently to address the court. He spoke as follows:—

“My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury. I have but few words to say, and as I hope for mercy from that eternal Judge, before whom, if I am convicted upon this atrocious charge, I must soon appear, those words will record the truth. It is not likely that, standing in the fearful position in which I now do, I should rashly run the hazard of going into the presence of Him, who is the dispenser of justice as well as of mercy, with a lie upon my lips and with its taint upon my soul. Let this, then, be with you, the pledge of my integrity. The witness whom you have just heard, is forsworn. However cunningly falsehood may be disguised in the garb of simplicity, it is not, therefore, the less falsehood because it is so disguised. If I am condemned, I shall have become its victim. The following are the facts which the prosecutor has so atrociously endeavoured to turn to my undoing. At her own request I met her, on the night mentioned in her evidence, on the spot where the supposed murder was committed, for which I now stand arraigned before you. After reproaching me with her ruin, she affected to desire a reconciliation, and to part from me in peace. She held her babe before me, and entreated for it a father's blessing. I pronounced, in the overflowing sincerity of my heart, the paternal benediction. At this

moment, the child, which had been for some time in ill health, became suddenly convulsed. I snatched a penknife from my pocket, to cut the string of its dress, when the mother, in the agitation of her alarm, stumbled, thus forcing the infant against the knife, which instantly penetrated its side. I recoiled with consternation at the accident; but she, wildly screaming, forced the little sufferer into my arms, streaming with its blood, alarmed the neighbouring cottagers, and taxed me as its murderer. These are the simple facts, and upon their truth I stake my soul's eternal security. I am the victim of a disappointed woman's vengeance."

This address awakened no compassion for the unhappy man; on the contrary, it excited a murmur of indignation through the whole assembly. His countenance instantly fell as this token of popular feeling jarred upon his ear. The testimony of Esther had been supported by strong circumstantial evidence. The judge at length summed up, and the jury, without quitting the court, found the prisoner guilty. Upon hearing this fatal verdict, the wretched man fell back into the dock insensible. Esther, whose ear it had reached, for she was standing near the jury-box, after having long struggled with her emotions, was now so entirely overcome by them, that, when sentence of death had been passed upon the unhappy Clifford, she sunk upon the floor in convulsions, and in this pitiable state was taken from the court by her afflicted mother.

Clifford was now put into one of the condemned cells, and clothed in the coarse habit assigned to those who have forfeited their lives to the outraged laws of their country. He had only three days to prepare his soul for eternity. What a term for a wretch so immersed in sin, to prepare to meet his omnipotent Judge! Was there no escape? None! The court had denied him all hopes upon earth, and what had he beyond? What but a prospect too black even for the imagination of despair! Nothing can be imaged to the mind so fearful, as the reflections of a man about to be launched upon the illimitable ocean of eternity, with such a burden of unexpiated sins upon his soul, as a forced penitence cannot remove; and standing upon the very verge of his awful destiny, looking through the microscopic perspective of his imagination into a near prospect of undefinable horrors. We have seen, indeed, instances of criminals who have met their doom with that stern obduracy of spirit which has enabled them to smile at the dreadful array of death, and curse the very Omnipotent before whose august presence they were about to appear. Shall we imagine, however, that because the tongue blasphemed, and the countenance could assume a smile, when the shaft of death was on the wing, the heart was at peace? No! Whatever may be the influence of a daring resolution upon the body, it cannot stifle the tortures of the spirit. The latter may be agonized, and writhe under pangs too frightful for contemplation, when the former seems not to suffer. With Clifford, however, the keen scourge of remorse had visited both with its terrible inflictions. He could look nowhere for comfort, nowhere for peace. He now, indeed, clung to the consolations of religion; but they offered no consolation

to him. He was to die, not the death of the righteous man, but of the condemned—the degraded criminal. He was to perish, not in hope, but in abandonment; not a repentant prodigal, but a rejected rebel. How willingly would he now make reparation to the injured Esther for the wrongs he had heaped upon her, but it was too late. Alas! that he could recal the past; how different should be the tenor of his future life. This conclusion was wrung from him by his terrors; but past recollections, in spite of his now bitter contrition, poured through his bosom a tide of the most agonizing emotions. Now the stings of conscience were felt, tipped with all their poisons. Remorse let loose her scorpions within him, which clung to and preyed upon his lacerated heart. The veriest wretch in the dark dungeon of the inquisition, groaning under his lately inflicted tortures, and anticipating the future rack, was a happy being, compared to him who had no better prospect than the endurance of sufferings that must be for ever, and shall be as great as they are illimitable.

The morning appointed for the execution at length dawned, but Clifford's preparation for another world was no further advanced, than when he had received the warning that his term of life was fixed. He had been too much engrossed by his terrors to allow him sufficiently to abstract his mind from the awfulness of his situation, and to repose his hopes upon that divine mercy, which is denied to none who seek it with a right disposition of soul, even in the hour of their extremity. He could not seek it. He could not crush the worm within, and be already seemed to feel that it would never die. It had a fearful vitality which worked upon every fibre of his frame, and reached even the impassive spirit. His hopelessness increased as the awful period drew nigh, which was to terminate his earthly pilgrimage. He had no resource in reflection. His bosom was a volcano, which the lava of burning thought violently overflowed, streaming its scorching fires through every avenue of perception, and giving him, while yet upon the threshold of eternity, a terrible foretaste of hell.

Upon the fatal morning when his sentence was to be fulfilled, he rose from a feverish sleep, and threw himself upon his knees in agony. He could not pray. He had committed no prayer to memory, and his mind was in too wild a state of conflict with his terrors to enable him to frame one. He supplicated his God to have mercy upon him; but this was all the prayer he could offer up. The bell at length tolled the hour, when he was, according to the terms of his sentence, to be taken from his cell to the place of execution, there to expiate his crime by the forfeiture of his life. He was conducted to the press-room. His legs scarcely supported him; and he was obliged to avail himself of the assistance of one of the turnkeys, or he would have fallen. He seated himself upon a low bench, in a state bordering upon absolute stupefaction, whilst his irons were knocked off and his hands bound, preparatory to his execution. He could scarcely articulate intelligibly, in consequence of the excited state of his mind. While the preparations for the last eventful scene of his life were in progress, Clifford, whose eyes had been closed in a

paroxysm of mental excitation, heard his name pronounced in a low but distinct tone, and, suddenly looking up, beheld the wretched Esther beside him. She had undergone a considerable change in her appearance within the last three days. She now looked pale and haggard. There was a dark crimson spot on each cheek, but every other part of her countenance was colourless. The clear whiteness of her skin had assumed the sickly hue of disease; it was dull and sallow. The lustre of her eye, though still bright, had considerably faded; yet there was in it at intervals that same stern expression of resolved purpose which she had so frequently exhibited during the late trial, and which renewed in the bosom of the terrified criminal feelings little likely to soothe the desperate agonies of his heart. She approached him firmly. He shrunk from her, as he would have shrunk from a herald of the pestilence. "Clifford," said she at length, "my prophecy is about to be accomplished—the day of retribution is arrived. You are about to go where 'the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor.' Let us part in peace." Clifford gasped—he spoke not, but turned from her with a convulsive shudder. A tear gathered into her eye, and rolled silently down her cheek—she however dashed it aside, and in an instant regained her self-possession. "I pity thee," she resumed, "but there are crimes of which it were criminal even to seek to remit the penalty. I confess, too, that it is a dear though painful satisfaction to me, to witness the author of my everlasting shame, the victim of his own misdeeds; and if, at this moment, I could pluck thee from the scaffold, still would I withhold from thee the arm of succour. Thou deservest to die. A thousand lives were all too little to atone for the wrongs which thou hast done me. Make thy peace with heaven, for the fearful day of audit is at hand—may God forgive thee!"

The procession was now ordered to move towards the drop, and Esther was in consequence obliged to quit the prison. She left the press-room, made her way through the crowd which had collected outside the walls, and placed herself almost immediately under the drop, whence she could obtain a perfect view of the execution, as if she anticipated a horrible satisfaction in witnessing the dying struggles of that man who had rendered her condition in this world one of unmitigated misery; and, perhaps, prepared for her one still more miserable in a world eternal. The vehement exacerbations with which she was struggling, were but too visible to those around her; their attention, however, was soon called to those more arresting objects which they had assembled to behold. Her breath came from her lungs in quick spasmodic gaspings, while the blood was forced into her very forehead by the violence of the conflict within her; yet she uttered not a cry. Resolve was still written legibly in every lineament of her quivering countenance. She made a desperate effort to be composed, and in part succeeded. A slight tremor of the lip, and a faint, hurried catching of the breath, less audible than a lover's whisper, were the only indications of those active fermentations of emotion which were busy within her bosom. The prisoner was now brought out, and appeared

upon the drop, but so completely was he overcome, that he was obliged to be carried up the ladder to the platform. He was supported while the executioner adjusted the cord, looking rather like a thing snatched from the grave, and into which the spark of animation had been just struck, than a creature in which that spark was about to be extinguished, and which the grave was ready to enclose. The foam oozed from the corners of his mouth, while the thin tear forced its way through the closed lids, fearfully denoting the horrors which were darting their thousand stings into his affrighted soul. There was a death-like stillness among the crowd. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional sigh of sympathy or the sob of pity, whilst the awful preparations were making previous to withdrawing the fatal bolt. All this while, Esther kept her eye fixed, with anxious earnestness, upon the platform. The preparations were at length completed, and the cap drawn over the eyes of the criminal. Expectation had become so painfully intense among the crowd, that their very breathings were audible. The bolt was now about to be withdrawn, when a voice was heard from among the assembled multitude—"He is innocent—I am *forsooth*!" Every eye was directed towards the spot. The speaker had fallen to the earth—it was Esther. She was lifted up, but no sign of animation appeared in her now ghastly features. She was instantly taken to a neighbouring surgeon, but no blood followed the lancet—she was dead. The sheriff happened to be on the spot, and immediately ordered the execution to be suspended, until more tangible evidence should be obtained. In the pocket of the unhappy girl, whom Clifford had so cruelly abandoned, was found a written confession, which confirmed, in every particular, what he had declared upon his trial. He was immediately respited, and eventually released; yet the blight of infamy was upon him. He was given back, indeed, to existence, but his peace of mind was gone. His life was inglorious, still not without fruit. It was a sombre and a chequered scene. He had been stunned by the shock, to which he had so nearly fallen a victim. He had reaped the bitter harvest of seduction. All his bright prospects had been blasted; he resolved, therefore, that the rest of his days should be spent in making atonement for the past, and preparing for that future which is eternal. He lived an outcast, but died a penitent.

Duty is what goes most against the grain, because in doing that we are strictly obliged to, and are seldom much praised for it. Praise of all things is the most powerful incitement to commendable actions, and animates us in our enterprises.—*Brugere.*

Books.—Lord Bacon's advice is, "Not many, but good books;" which is, by the way, a very ill-considered phrase; for if he had merely said, "good books," he might have spared himself the trouble of saying "not many." The great advantage of books is, that they are both deaf and dumb, and that they never interrupt you or give you advice.

FORBIDDEN LOVE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I have thee!—Oh, the strife, the pain,
The fiery thoughts that through me roll!
I love thee! Look again, again!
O stars! that thou could'st read my soul.
I would thy bright, bright eye could pierce
The crimson folds that hide my heart,
Then would'st thou find the serpent fierce,
That stings me—and will *not* depart!
Look, love, upon me, with thine eyes!
Yet, no—men's evil tongues are nigh:
Look pity, then, and with thy sighs
Waste music on me—'till I die!
Yet—love not, sigh not! Turn (thou must)
Thy beauty from me, sweet and kind,
'Tis fit that I should burn to dust,
To death, because—I am not blind!
I love thee—and I live! The Moon
Who sees me from her calm abode,
The wind who waves her dim soft tume
About me, know how much I love!
Nought else, save Night, and the lonely hour,
E'er heard my passion wild and strong:
Even thou yet deem'st not of thy power,
Unless—thou read'st aright my song!

From the Comic *O'ffering* for 1833.

THE MERRY FRIAR.

"I am a friar of orders grey."—Song.

On one of those warm evenings of July, when indolence reigns triumphant alike over the sun-burnt labourer and the lord for whom he tills and sows, a sleek, though humble son of the church (one of the class denominated mendicant friars, who, in the olden time had a 'roving commission' to fight in the good cause of the established faith) was solacing himself in the agreeable shade of a wide-spreading elm, which extended its protecting branches over a most inviting nook of green turf, beside which trickled a tiny rivulet;—this worthy priest-errant, I say, was solacing himself with cheese of ewe's milk and dry crust from his scrip, when a young knight, unattended, came slowly winding through the green lane upon his steed; both, in truth, appearing travel-weary.

"Good even to thee, father," said the knight, courteously accosting the friar.

"Good knight,—good even,"—replied the other.

"By'r lady!—father, thou hast chesed a cool retreat."

"And yet 'tis a marvel, sir knight, that thou shouldst admire that which thy valor would scorn."

"How!—what should my valor scorn?"

"Marry, sir knight, a *retreat* to be sure," quoth the friar; "for of a verity you of the sword and buckler notoriously prefer the use of your arms to your legs; while we, the servants of the church, have (like scolds) only our tongues for our weapons."

"Behrewe me, sir friar, but thou art a wag," cried the knight, "and I'll have a word with thee."

"Nay, I pray thee, valiant, have no words with me," interrupted the friar, "for I'm inclined to no quarrel; I am a preacher of peace, who am right glad to win a little piece for my preaching."

"A quarrel!—by my knighthood! I'm more inclined to rest and good fellowship, holy friar."

"And by my monkshood! so am I! and yet who shall look upon us twain and aver we are not hostile?" said the friar; "the merest clown, that hath no more brains in his costard than my walking-staff, regarding thy casque and my shaven crown, would in his obtuse perception, proclaim a difference between us; and what's a difference but a quarrel!"

"Nay, then, let's fall too, and fair words be our weapons," answered the knight, falling in with his humour; and dismounting, seated himself down by the friar.

"Agreed!" quoth the friar; "and so begins and ends the contest in an engagement! Now couch thee on this green sward comfortably; and far better is it for thee to be beside me, or even a sane beggar, than beside thyself, for then thou would'st be mad of a surety!"

"By my fay! an' thou be'st not as droll a clerk as ever girded up his loins in sackcloth and hempen. But, father, how fits this humour with thy serious vocation?"

"Truly like a light heart and a clear conscience upon a full stomach. Garb him as ye list, a man's still a man. It's my nature to be blithe; and, therefore, do I hold it sinful to sport a mask of gravity. Some who wear the cowl look upon it as a symbol of *sadness* as well as sanctity; for my part I honestly confess I regard my cowl only as a *lively-hood!* and yet—" continued the friar, with mock-seriousness, placing his palms upon his capacious corporation—"behold how my mirthfulness and good-humour runneth to—*waist!* O! it's a sad world we live in, sir knight."

The knight laughed heartily at the jocose conceits of the jolly friar, and almost imperceptibly began to quibble in the same strain; albeit, he preferred rather to prove the good-humoured garrulity of his companion than to hear himself discourse.

"Only to see how wit engendereth wit," cried the friar, "as naturally as bears bear cubs, or wolves and churchmen—prey! By St. Mary, sir knight, we are well met, and by thy good will we'll part not ere we drink a chirping-cup together. A league hence stands a hostelry, where I purpose to spend the night and a mark to boot, for behrewe me an' there be not as good a flagon of wine to be had there as ever made a dull eye or a light heel."

"Have with thee, then," replied the knight, "for I lack refection after a hard day's ride; and would fain reach our destination ere nightfall."

"And yet nightfall can have no terrors for thee," said the friar, "for in thy time thou must have seen many a *knight fall*, even at noon-day!"

"Ay, truly many a brave knight have I seen cast from his seat, who hath borne his discomfiture with a grace and equanimity worthy—"

"Worthy the *thrown*, naithless," interposed the friar, laughing,—"with nothing but a crack-

ed crown to support his dignity withal! And this is what you men of valor term sport. Heaven save me from such jests, quotha! A doughty knight making another appear foolish, wherefore peradventure the king maketh him a foolish peer, and thus the game runs!"

"Nay, I charge thee—"

"Charge me not, I pray thee, sir knight," quickly retorted the friar,—"for lo! I am unarmed; I bear neither arms nor malice, albeit, in a sort, I may myself be termed a *buckler*—seeing that I am a priest of Hymen, and licensed to tack together the sexes."

"Go to, friar. I am no match for thee."

"No, by St. Mary! the church allows us no match. The priest tacks, but doth not tax himself with a wife. The progeny of mother church are all children by adoption! But, beseech thee, mount, sir knight, and let us jog on; and thanks to thy company that will make the wayfarer's way fairer."

Having, after a short progress, rendered shorter by the pleasantries of the friar, arrived at the aforementioned hostelry, where the mendicant was instantly recognised and right heartily welcomed; the knight provided his steed with good quarters, and a liberal supply of corn, unarmed, and sat down with the friar to the discussion of the promised flagon, which was agreeably accompanied by the corner of a coney-pie and the remnant of a delicious pasty, to which a healthy appetite gave unusual relish.

Filling a horn with the sparkling wine, the knight said, "I'll give thee, friar, the Church of England!"

"And I the—*belles*!" replied the friar significantly, quaffing his measure at a single draught; and it was evident enough by the thickness of his speech and the stupid glare of his small grey eyes, that his wit was tottering on the very brink of inebriation.

"I fear me, most delectable friar," said the knight, who was drooping as fast as his boon companion, "that thou art incorrigible. Thou wilt assuredly drop into the embraces of sleep with a jest in thy mouth."

"It's all nature—and nature—the force of nature, most valiant knight, is irresistible. I confess my errors—my errors;—and here's a parallel—a parallel 'twixt my profession and my confession. My profession is—medicant;—my confession is—*mend I can't!*"

And so saying, down rolled the burly friar and the sturdy knight upon the floor of the hostelry, in the rushes whereof they found a sweet and sound repose!

In 1825, one of Mr. Carroll's grand-daughters was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, then Viceroy of Ireland; and it is a singular circumstance that one hundred and forty years after the first emigration of her ancestors to America, this lady should become Vice Queen of the country from which they fled, at the summit of a system which a more immediate ancestor had risked every thing to destroy; or, in the energetic and poetic language of Bishop England, "that in the land from which his father's father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter now reigns a queen."

[From the New York Gazette.]

I was much gratified at seeing lately in the *Gazette* an article under the head of *Mechanics Rising in the World*. Such pieces serve as an incentive to the young and vigorous intellects with which our country abound among those in the humbler stations in society. There is no situation too low, provided the subject be of good character, to gain the highest elevation. As a proof of my position, I will point you to a few instances. They did not all, however, spring from families of low grade, but none of them could have anticipated in their youth, the advancement they gained in early life.

Count Rumford, whose name was Nathaniel Thompson, was born in New England, and was an apprentice to a piece-goods merchant, John Appleton, Esq., of Salem.

John Adams, the Ajax of the Revolution, and the successor of Washington as President of the United states, was, in 1755, an humble teacher of youth in a country village.

Nathaniel Bowditch, the most enlightened of mathematicians, was in early life a common sailor, without education, and was more than twenty years ago appointed Professor of Mathematics in Harvard College, which, however, he did not accept.

Lord Eldon, of England, was bred a collier.

John Prince, the venerable pastor of the first Church in New England, now nearly ninety years of age, received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Edinburgh, for the invention of the air-pump. This gentleman was a pewterer, and entered college after he became of age.

Governor Sullivan, of Massachusetts, was a wood-cutter in the forests of New Hampshire, and owed his elevation in life to the fact of his breaking both legs in the falling of a tree, which incapacitated him for work. He afterwards, having received a collegiate education, became a lawyer of eminence, Attorney General, and Governor.

Louis Philip, King of the French, after the French Revolution, was a select school-master in the United States.

These are a few instances that occur to my mind at present, and by giving the facts publicity, you will oblige
A FRIEND TO YOUNG MEN.

MARRIAGE.—The marriage ceremony is the most interesting spectacle social life exhibits.—To see two rational beings, in the glow of youth and hope, which invests life with the halo of happiness, appear together, and openly acknowledging their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call Heaven and Earth to witness the sincerity of their solemn vows—to think of the endearing connexion, the important consequences, the final separation—the smile that kindles to ecstasy at their union, must at length be quenched in the tears of the mourning survivor! but while life continues, they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the like sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison. Be constant, man; be condescending, woman; and what can earth offer so pure as your friendship, so dear as your affection!

PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

In possession of Miss Edgeworth, presented to her by a lady.



By beauty won from soft Italia's land,
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy favorite isle,
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile;
Still the true heart with kindred strains inspire,
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire;
But if the perjured knight approach this fount,
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

FROM THE "TABLE BOOK," BY WILLIAM HONE: LONDON, 1827.

Miss Edgeworth's lines express her estimation of the gem she has the happiness to own. That lady allowed a few casts from it in bronze, and a gentleman who possesses one, and who favors the "Table Book" with his approbation, permits its use for a frontispiece to this volume. The engraving will not be questioned as a decoration, and it has some claim to be regarded as an elegant illustration of a miscellany, which draws largely on art and literature, and on nature itself, towards its supply.

"I delight," says Petrarch, "in my pictures; I take great pleasure also in images; they come in show, more near unto nature than pictures,

for they do but appear; but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable. Amongst the Grecians the art of painting was esteemed above all handy-crafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts. How great the dignity hath been of statues; and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, emperors and kings, and other great personages, nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shown, in their industrious keeping of them, when obtained." Insisting on the golden mean, as a rule of happiness, he says, "I possess an amazing collection of books, for attaining this, and every virtue: great is my delight in holding such a treasure." He slightes persons who collect books for the pleasure of boasting they have them; who furnish their chambers with what was intended to furnish their minds, and use them no otherwise than they do their Corinthian tables, or their painted tables and images, to look at.—He contemns others who esteem not the true value of books, but the price at which they may sell them—"a new practice" (observe it is Petrarch that speaks) "crept in among the rich, whereby they may attain one art more of unruly desire." He repeats, with rivetting force, "I have great plenty of books; where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession: I have an inestimable many of books!" He was a diligent collector, and a liberal impartor of these treasures. He corresponded with Richard de Bury, an illustrious prelate of our own country, eminent for his love of learning and learned men, and sent many precious volumes to England to enrich the bishop's magnificent library. He vividly remarks, "I delight passionately in my books;" and yet he who had accumulated them largely, estimated them rightly: he has a saying of books worthy of himself: "a wise man seeketh not quantity but sufficiency."

Petrarch loved the quiet scenes of nature; and these can scarcely be observed from a carriage, or while riding, and are never enjoyed but on foot; and to me—on whom that discovery was imposed, and who am sometimes restrained from country walks, by necessity—it was no small pleasure, when I read a passage in his "View of Human Nature," which persuaded me of his fondness for the exercise: "a journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities, a man may go at his pleasure, none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish, none shall trouble him; he hath but one labor, the labor of nature—to go."

In "The Indicator," there is a paper of peculiar beauty, by Mr. Leigh Hunt, "on receiving a sprig of myrtle from Vacluse," with a paragraph suitable to this occasion: "We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather, be-

cause he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honor of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose; and lastly, that his greatest renown, nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after-lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour in which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connexion was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her modesty she did not show an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times, and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world."

At Vaucluse or Valchiusa, "a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue," Petrarch resided for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems.

The following is a translation, by Sir William Jones, of an ODE to the Fountain of Valchiusa.

Ye clear and sparkling streams !
 (Warm'd by the sunny beams)
 Through whose transparent chrysal Laura play'd;
 Ye boughs that deck the grove,
 Where spring her chaplets wove,
 While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade ;
 Sweet herbs ; and blushing flowers !
 That crown yon vernal bowers,
 Forever fatal, yet forever dear :
 And ye, that heard my sighs
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft breathing gales, my dying accents bear.
 If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
 That love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death,
 Ah ! grant this slight request—
 That here my urn may rest,
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smoothe
 My anxious mind, and soothe
 The pangs of that inevitable hour ;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave,
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.

Haply, the guilty maid
 Through yon accustomed glade
 To my sad tomb will take her lonely way ;
 Where first her beauty's light
 O'erpowered my dazzled sight,
 When love on this fair border bid me stray :
 There, sorrowing, shall she see,
 Beneath an aged tree,
 Her true but hapless lover's bier ;
 Too late her tender sighs
 Shall melt the pitying skies,
 And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.
 O ! well remember'd day,
 When on yon bank she lay,
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigor mild ;
 The young and blooming flowers,
 Falling in fragrant showers,
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd :
 Some on her mantle hung,
 Some in her locks were strung,
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold ;
 Some, in a spiry cloud
 Descending, call'd aloud,
 " Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."
 I view'd the heavenly maid ;
 And wrapt in wonder said.
 " The groves of Eden gave this angel birth ;"
 Her look, her voice, her smile,
 That might all heaven beguile,
 Wasted my soul above the realms of earth :
 The star-bespangled skies
 Were open'd to my eyes ;
 Sighing I said, " whence rose this glittering scene ?"
 Since that auspicious hour
 This bank and odorous bower,
 My morning couch and evening haunt have been.
 Well may'st thou blush, my song,
 To leave the rural throng,
 And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear ;
 But were thy poet's fire
 Ardent as his desire,
 Thou wert a song that heaven might stoop to hear.

It is within probability to imagine, that the original of this " Ode " may have been impressed on the paper, by Petrarch's pen, from the inkstand of the frontispiece.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

A FRAGMENT.

Soon will the roses of the spring
 In virgin beauty wave,
 And sweetly bud and blossom o'er
 My early welcome grave.
 And gay birds sing their joyous songs,
 Their joyous songs of love,
 And earth be seen in garb of green,
 And skies be blue above.
 And balmy winds will breathe upon
 My low and lonely bed,
 And through the long bright days, the sun
 A flood of glory shed.
 And Cynthia, through the evening hours,
 With all her glittering train,
 Fling her soft silvery rays on it,
 And light it up again.

RICHMOND THEATRE.

From a history of the American Stage, by Mr. Dunlap, just published, we copy the following account of the burning of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, on the 26th December, 1811.

The house was fuller than on any night of the season. The play was over, and the first act of the pantomime had passed. The second and last had begun. All was yet gaiety, all so far had been pleasure; curiosity was yet alive, and further gratification anticipated: the orchestra sent forth its sounds of harmony and joy, when the audience perceived some confusion on the stage, and presently a shower of sparks falling from above—some were startled, others thought it was a part of the scenic exhibition. A performer on the stage received a portion of the burning materials from on high, and it was perceived that others were tearing down the scenery. Some one cried out from the stage there is no danger. Immediately after, Hopkins Robinson ran forward and cried out, "the house is on fire"! pointing to the ceiling, where the flames were progressing like wildfire. In a moment all was appalling horror and distress. Robinson handed several persons from the boxes to the stage, as a ready way for escape. The cry of "Fire, Fire!" ran through the house, mingled with the wailings of females and children. The general rush was made to gain the lobbies. It appears from the following description of the house, and the scene that ensued, that this was the cause of the great loss of life.

The general entrance to the pit and boxes was through a door not more than large enough to admit three persons abreast. This outer entrance was within a trifling distance of the pit door, and gave an easy escape to those in that part of the house. But to attain the boxes from the street, it was necessary to descend into a long passage, and ascend again by an angular staircase. The gallery had a distinct entrance, and its occupants escaped. The suffering and death fell on the occupants of the boxes, who, panic-struck, did not see that the pit was immediately left vacant, but pressed on to the crowded and tortuous way by which they had entered. The pit door was so near the general entrance, that those who occupied that portion of the house gained the street with ease. A gentleman who escaped from the pit, among the last, saw it empty, and when in the street, looked back again upon the general entrance to the pit and boxes, and the door had not yet been reached by those from the lobbies. A gentleman and lady were saved by being thrown accidentally into the pit; and most of those who perished would have escaped if they had leaped from the boxes, and sought that avenue to the street—but all darted to the lobbies. The stairs were blocked up. All was enveloped in hot scorching smoke and flame. The lights were extinguished by the black and smothering vapor, and the shrieks of despair were appalling. Happy, for a moment, were those who gained a window, and inhaled the air of heaven. Those who had issued to the street cried to the sufferers at the windows to leap down, and stretched out their arms to save them. Some were seen struggling to gain the apertures to inhale the fresh air. Men, women, and chil-

dren precipitated themselves from the first and second stories. Some escaped unburnt—others were killed or mangled by the fall. Some with their clothes on fire, shrieking, leaped from the windows to gain a short reprieve and die in agonies.

"Who can picture," says a correspondent of the Mirror, "the distress of those who, unable to gain the windows or afraid to leap from them, were pent up in the long, narrow passages. The cries of those who reached the upper windows are described as being heart-sickening. Many who found their way to the street were so scorched or burnt as to die in consequence, and some were crushed to death under foot, after reaching the outer door.

"Add to this mass of suffering, the feelings of those who knew that they had friends or relatives who had gone to the house that night. Such rushed half frantic to the spot, with the crowds of citizens from all quarters, while the tolling-bells sounded the knell of death to the heart of the father or mother, whose child had been permitted to visit the theatre on that night of horror.

"As my father was leading me home," said Mr. Henry Placide, "we saw Mr. Green, exhausted by previous exertion, leaning on a fence, and looking at the scene of ruin. For all was now one mass of smoking destruction. 'Thank God!' ejaculated Green, 'Thank God! I prohibited Nancy from coming to the house to-night. She is safe.'"

Nancy was his only daughter, just springing into womanhood, still at the boarding school of Mrs. Gibson, and as beautiful and lovely a girl as imagination can picture.

Mrs. Gibson and the boarders had made up a party for the theatre that evening, and Nancy Green asked her father's permission to accompany them. He refused—but, unfortunately, added his reason—"the house will be crowded, and you will occupy a seat that would be otherwise paid for." On these words hung the fate of youth, innocence, and beauty. "I will pay for your ticket," said the kind instructress, "we will not leave you behind." The teacher and pupil were buried in the ruins on which the father gazed, and over which he returned thanks for the safety of his child. He went home and learned the truth.

An instance of the escape of a family is given. The husband, with three children, were in the second boxes, his wife, with a female friend, in another part of the house. The wife gained a window, leaped out, and escaped unburnt. Her friend followed, and was killed. The father clasped two helpless girls to his breast, and left a boy of twelve years of age to follow; the boy was forced from his father, ran to the window, sprang out, and was safe. The parent, with his precious charge, followed the stairway, pressed upon by those behind him, and those who mounted on the heads and shoulders of the crowd before them, he became unconscious, but was still borne alone; he was taken up and carried to his bed, and opened his eyes to see all his family safe.

On the contrary, Lieutenant Gibbon, of the Navy—as exemplary in private life as heroic in the service of his county, and on the brink of a union with Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond

for every accomplishment and virtue, was swept into eternity while exerting himself to do all that man could do in such trying circumstances. He was with his mother at the theatre, and carried her to a place of safety; then rushed back to save her in his arms; had borne her partly down the staircase, when the steps gave way and a body of flame swept them to eternity.

Friday, the 27th of December, 1811, was a day of mourning to Richmond. The banks and stores were closed. A law was passed prohibiting amusements of every kind for four months. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. A monument was resolved on to be erected to the memory of the dead and the event.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

FERRALL'S RAMBLE IN THE U. STATES.

Another work on America! Well, the subject is not yet exhausted. America opens still a wide field. In the researches of the naturalist and the speculations of the philosopher, it is a new world, and it must be traversed again and again, and by men of different habits, manners, and pursuits, before it can be correctly and extensively displayed in this far distant hemisphere. We could well dispense with all the trash that for the last ten years we have been doomed to wade through, in the form of travels, narratives, histories, and treatises, purporting to throw light upon the present state, prospects, and destinies of America. It is a comfort, however, to know that it no longer incumbers the public; nobody reads it, and it has been long since forgotten. There are a few valuable works which hold their place in public estimation, and we should be glad to see their number increased. Mr. Ferrall's "Ramble" is a light production, offering no great pretensions, if it does not instruct, it will please—it is the lively narrative of what passed under the author's own view. If it does not always display accuracy or extent of information; if, in a few instances, we detect prejudice, and if sometimes opinions are volunteered which are not proved by fact or reason; the deficiencies and the faults are redeemed by the general good sense, good nature, and liberal notions which characterise it as a whole.

We give the following for the amusement of the few Conservatives who may honour our pages with an occasional glance:

"An account of his late Majesty's death was inserted in a Philadelphia paper, and happened to be noticed by one of the politicians present, when the landlord asked me how we elected our king in England? I replied that he was not elected, but that he became king by birthright, &c. A Kentuckian observed, placing his leg on the back of the next chair, 'That's a kind of unnatural.' An Indian said, 'I don't believe in that system myself.' A third, 'Do you mean to tell me, that because the last king was a smart man and knew his duty, that his son or his brother should be a smart man and fit for the situation?' I explained that we had a premier, ministers, &c. when the last gentleman replied, 'Then you pay half a dozen men to do one man's business. Yes, yes, that may do for Englishmen very well—but I guess it would not go down here—no, no; Ame-

ricans are a little more enlightened than to stand that kind of wiggery.' During this conversation a person had stepped into the room, and had taken his seat in silence. I was about to reply to the last observations of my antagonist, when this gentleman opened out with—'Yes, that may do for Englishmen very well—but it won't do here. Here we make our own laws, and we keep them, too. It may do for Englishmen very well to have the *felicity* of paying taxes for the support of the nobility. To have the *felicity* of being incarcerated in a jail for shooting the wild animals of the country. To have the *felicity* of being seized by a press-gang, torn away from their wives and families, and flogged at the discretion of my lord Tom, Dick, or Harry's bastard.' At this the Kentuckian gnashed his teeth, and instinctively grasped his hunting knife; an old Indian doctor, who was squatting in one corner of the room, said slowly and emphatically as his eyes glared, his nostrils dilated, and his lip curled with contempt—'The Englishman is a dog'—while a Georgian slave, who stood behind his master's chair, grinned and chuckled with delight as he said—'Poor Englishman, him meaner man den black nigger.' 'To have,' continued the radical, who was an Englishman, 'the *liberty* of being transported for seven years for being caught learning the use of the sword or the musket,—to have the tenth lamb and the tenth sheaf seized, or the blanket torn from off his bed to pay a bloated, a plethoric bishop or parson,—to be kicked and cuffed about by a parcel of 'Bourbon gendarmerie.'—'Liberty!—why hell sweat!—here I slipped out at the side door into the water-melon patch.'

A Duel between Friends.—"They had been schoolmates at Eaton; very early in life they both entered into a celebrated Irish regiment: and here a circumstance occurred, not unknown to the world, that rivetted their friendship. One day, after dinner, at the mess, some badinage took place between them, which certainly was not so far removed from school familiarity, nor so sufficiently adapted to the precision of military punctilio, as by some of the company was considered absolutely necessary.—Two officers well known for their love of duelling took up the subject, and at length gave them to understand that they must have a shot or two at one another, or leave in disgrace the regiment. The two officers were a major and a celebrated captain, both natives of the sister kingdom. The fate of the young friends was inevitable, and their very kind instructors in the necessity of the measure, voluntarily offered their services as seconds in the affair. As they walked to the field of blood, without a grain of animosity against one another, but of no little displeasure against their friends upon the occasion, who would listen to no excuse, apology, or explanation. Calamy, having a moment's opportunity of speaking to Trollope apart, whispered—'I'll fire at your second, if you'll fire at mine.' 'Agreed,' replied Trollope. When they came upon the ground, and all due preliminaries had taken place, off went their pistols together in a straight line at their seconds. The major and the captain were startled, and were found very ready to settle the affair without further proceedings."

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.



This superb work of modern art stands in one of the finest squares of St. Petersburg, and of Europe, according to Sir Robert Ker Porter. It was erected by command of the Empress Catherine, and, like all her projects, bears the stamp of greatness. The name of the artist is Falconet: "he was a Frenchman; but," adds Sir R. K. P. "this statue, for genius and exquisite execution, would have done honour to the best sculptors of any nation. A most sublime conception is displayed in the design. The allegory is finely imagined; and had he not sacrificed the result of the whole to the prominence of his group, the grand and united effect of the statue and its pedestal striking at once upon the eye, would have been unequalled in the works of man. A mass of granite, of a size at present most immense, but formerly most astonishing, is the pedestal. A steep acclivity, like that of a rugged mountain, carries the eye to its summit, which looks down on the opposite side to a descent nearly perpendicular. The figure of the hero is on horseback, supposed to have attained the object of his ambition, by surmounting all the apparent impossibilities which so arduous an enterprise presented. The victorious animal is proudly rearing on the highest point of the rock, whilst his imperial master stretches forth his mighty arm, as the father and protector of his country. A serpent, in attempting to impede his course, is trampled on by the feet of the horse, and writhing in all the agonies of expiring nature. The Emperor is seated on the skin of a bear; and habited in a tunic, or sort of toga which forms the drapery behind. His left hand guides the reins; his right is advanced straight forward on the same side of the horse's neck. The head of the statue is crowned with a laurel wreath." It was formed from a bust of Peter, modelled by a young

French damsel. The contour of the face expresses the most powerful command, and exalted, boundless, expansion of thought. "The horse, says Sir Robert, is not to be surpassed. To all the beauties of the ancient form, it unites the easy grace of nature with a fire which pervades every line; and gives such a life to the statue, that as you gaze you expect to see it leap from the pinnacle into the air."

Our representation of this master-piece of art is copied from a Russian medallion, presented to our ingenious artist, Mr. W. H. Brooke, by M. Francia.

PICTURE OF OHIO BY A TRAVELLER.—Boys become men at a very early age, and drive teams, fell trees, build houses, go to market, get in harvest, and kill hogs, before they enter upon their teens. A large family of children is to a backwoodsman a treasure, for they all labor in some way or other. The women, too, are seen cutting wood, digging cornfields and mowing hay. The eldest daughter of a rich farmer will often lead the field in the heat of the day. All human creatures work—there is no idleness—no time for intemperance. A man who is not industrious cannot live in such a community; he is despised and maltreated, if he is poor; he is unpopular, if he is rich. No man can fail to get a living here with ordinary industry and economy. There are no paupers. Cross the State in any direction, you will not see a poor field, a deserted clearing, a strolling woman, a drunken man, or an irreligious, inhospitable, disorderly village. Public opinion is in favor of temperance and honesty. The people are shrewd, inquiring and manly; effeminacy is almost regarded as a crime; early marriages are upheld, old age is revered, litigation is disreputable, morality is popular, pride odious, and false pretensions laughed at. Coming together from all parts of the world, and from every section of our own country in particular, such a thing as a narrow, sectional feeling, is unknown. They mutually wear off each other's prejudice by intercourse, and discover their own faults by the contrast. They keep up a constant correspondence with their friends of the East; nothing which transpires escapes them. There is no respectable town without its reading room and post office. Each settler of respectability wishes to keep the run of events in his native place. They compare notes, and thus a greater amount of information is brought together, and people so situated are more likely to have liberal and enlarged views, than if all had been reared on the spot.

Whoever considers the study of Anatomy, I believe, will never be an Atheist; the frame of a man's body, and coherence of his parts, being so strange and paradoxical, that I hold it to be the greatest miracle of nature: though where all is done, I do not find she had made it so much as proof against one disease, lest it should be thought to have made it no less than a prison to the soul.—*Lord Herbert of Chertbury.*

You may depend on it he is a good man, whose friends are all good, and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.—*Lawater.*

COME TO THE SUNSET TREE.

EVENING SONG OF THE TYROLESE PEASANTS.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

First system of musical notation. It consists of three staves: a vocal melody in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature; a piano accompaniment in treble clef with chords; and a piano accompaniment in bass clef with a single-note line. The lyrics are: "Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone; The woodman's axe lies

Second system of musical notation. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics are: "free, The reaper's work is done, The twilight star to heaven, And the

Third system of musical notation. It continues the three-staff format. The lyrics are: "summer dew to flowers, And rest to us is giv'n By the cool refreshing bowers.

Chorus.

The musical score for the chorus is written for four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody with lyrics: "Come to the sun - set tree! The day is past and gone; The". The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third and fourth staves are also in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), featuring a dense accompaniment of chords.

The musical score continues on four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains the melody with lyrics: "woodman's axe lies free, The reaper's work is done." The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The third and fourth staves are also in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), featuring a dense accompaniment of chords. The piece ends with a double bar line.

SECOND VERSE.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wind's low sigh;
The gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burden and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tir'd one at his door.

THIRD VERSE.

Yes; tuneful is the sound,
That dwells in whispering boughs;
Welcome the freshness round
And the gale that fans our brows.
Then, though the wind an altered tone,
Through the young foliage bear;
Though every flower of something gone
A tinge may wear.

Come to the sunset &c.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

EPIGRAM

On the Marriage of a Lady of sixty-three years of age to a Gentleman of eighteen years.

Hard is the fate of every childless wife,
The thoughts of wedlock tantalize her life;
Troth, aged bride, by thee 'twas wisely done,
To choose a child and husband all in one.

The late R. B. Sheridan, being once on a parliamentary committee, happened to enter the room when most of the members were present and seated, though business had not yet commenced; when, perceiving that there was not another seat in the room, he with his usual readiness said, "Will any gentleman *move* that I may *take the chair*?"

CURIOSITY.—The most extraordinary instance of witty impudence and blind curiosity which I have ever heard of, occurred at Cirencester, in the province of Gloucestershire, where a man showed, for a penny a piece, the fork which belonged to the knife with which Margaret Nicholson attempted to kill George III.—*Letters on England.*

A very reprehensible practise prevails in our country which all good men should discountenance, as far as they may have the opportunity. We allude to the introduction of texts, or parts of texts, from the Scriptures, as toasts, at political and other public dinners and festivals. This use of passages of the Bible is always irreverent, very often marked with impiety, and not unfrequently with blasphemy. We hope it proceeds from thoughtlessness, rather than from a disposition to jest with sacred things.

SCIENCE OF THE FORK.—D'Archenoltz asserts that an Englishman may be discovered any where, if he be observed at a table, because he places his fork on the left side of his plate; a Frenchman, by using the fork alone without the knife; a German, by planting it perpendicularly into his plate; and a Russian, by using it as a tooth-pick.

LOVE AND POETRY.—Should there be in this enlightened age any incredulous person, who still denies that love is productive of poetry, and that of the sweetest kind, let him read and ponder upon the following tribute of a Dumfries lover, to the charms of his fair one:

"Oh! honey it is very sweet,
But sugar it is sweeter,
And my love as far excels,
As sugar does saltpetre.

A butler of the late Sir Walter Scott quarrelled with the cook, and, having rather unceremoniously accompanied his argument with a few cuffs, he was reprimanded by Sir Walter, and sent down stairs with the following advice:—"Recollect, in future, when you wish to convince a woman, do it by fleecing, for you will never be able to do it by fighting; women may be led, but they will not be driven."

LONDON DESCRIBED BY AN INDIAN CHIEF.—The Rev. P. Jones, the Indian Chief, thus writes to the editor of the Canadian Guardian:—"London is a great city and is full of people. I wonder how they all get their living; for they are as thick as mosquitoes, and almost run over one another. Here you may see the rich man who has every thing that he wants, and here you see the poor man who knows not where he may get his next meal."

Handsome women, when intoxicated by the fame of adulation, often render themselves ridiculous by a thousand indiscretions, even in the eyes of their admirers.

He who imagines that he can do without the world, is much deceived—but he who fancies that the world cannot do without him, is still more deceived.

Celibacy.—Is a miserable lot. It is a branchless tree growing up but to decay, without a limb to shelter its trunk from the storms of existence.

Keep thy eyes wide open before marriage, and half shut afterwards.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit to one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at loss for want of ready change.—*Pope.*

Reproof.—If any shall wilfully offer thee an injury, let him know thou canst see it: but without, let him know thou canst scorn it too; unless it be of such a nature that the bearing of it is an offence and mischief to another.

Rights of woman.—A woman offering to sign a deed, the judge asked her whether her husband compelled her to sign? "He compels me!" said the lady, "no, nor twenty like him!"

A JUST DISTINCTION.—The great distinction between a dun and a bottle of claret in a poet's garret is, that the former drives the man out of his wits, while the latter drives the wits out of the man.

During the canvass of a Mr. Garnett among the electors of Jalford, (Eng.) he and his friends called at a huckster's shop, in which was only a boy, who, having learned their business, went to the foot of the stairs, and called to his mother, who was above, "Mother, here's a mon as wants yo't vote for him t' be a Parliament mon."—"Well," shouted his mother, "tell him thy feyther's not in, but if he'll chalk his name on the counter, we'll inquire into his character."

THE UTILITY OF A LONG NOSE.—A fellow the other day run butt up against the gable end of a house in Pine street, and broke his nose. "What a fortunate thing it is to be well secured against accidents," he exclaimed, at the same time clapping his hand on his mortified protuberance, (which by the way, was a roarer) "for if it wasn't for the length of my nose here, I might have ruined my face for ever."

PATIENT COURTSHIP.—I knew a man that went courting his sweetheart the distance of three miles every evening for fourteen years, besides dogging her home after church on Sunday afternoons; making above 15,000 miles. For the first seven years he only stood and courted in the door porch; but for the remaining period he ventured (what a liberty after a septennial attachment!) to hang his hat on a pin in the passage and sit on the kitchen settee. The wedding, a consummation devoutly to be wished, was solemnized when Robert and Hannah were in their *sear and yellow leaf*.

VERY LIKE.—What letter is that? vociferated an impatient pedagogue to a pupil who had not yet become versed in the mysteries of the Roman Alphabet, pointing to the letter X. The urchin scratched his head in a decided quandary, looking intently on the diagram, unable to call it by name, and fearing the weapon of him "clothed in a little brief authority," should he give an improper designation. Come, sir, what is it? speak quick! again demanded the pedagogue. I b'lieve, whimpered the boy, in a tone of terror, I b'lieve it's a *saw-horse*, only you can't see both sides.—*Lynn Messenger.*

ACCOMMODATION NOTES.—Uncle Ohadiash, said a graceless young merchant, who had about consumed his patrimony, to a shrewd old Quaker relative, I can have a thousand dollars at the bank, which I want to use a few days, till I collect some of my heavy outstandings, and I will thank you just to put your name on the back of this note. Why, Nathan, what does these want my name on the back of the note for? Oh, only a mere matter of form; the bank always requires two names, it will make no difference or trouble to you; I shall take it up when due. But, Nathan, will they not ask me to pay the thousand dollars, if these don't pay it? Why, Oh, Ah, why yes, if I don't. Well, Nathan, I think I had better not put it on, for if these don't pay it, I am sure I don't want to!—*Portland Courier.*

The following anecdote of Dr. Halley is too interesting to be omitted:—Queen Caroline, on visiting the Observatory at Greenwich, was so much pleased, that on learning, to her astonishment, that the doctor's salary for the arduous and important duties of Astronomer Royal amounted to no more than one hundred guineas per annum, she declared her intention to request the King to increase it. The Doctor, however, entreated her to avoid doing so, lest the pecuniary reward might become an object of cupidity; in which case a man of influence and no philosopher would inevitably obtain the appointment.—*Library of Fine Arts.*

GARRICK AND GEORGE THE THIRD.—When Garrick played Richard for the first time before the King, he inquired eagerly the next day whether any observations were made on his performance: "Why, yes," replied the gentleman of whom the inquiry was made, "his Majesty expressed astonishment that a man of your age could move his legs so rapidly; all that he said was, *Charlotte, Charlotte, see how quickly the little man moves his legs!*"

THE LATEST PUN.—In a Debating Society at West Point a short time since, the subject of the evening happened to be some question on the Law of Nations. A great many learned speeches were made, when one of the Cadets rose in his turn to speak. He placed before him a large open volume, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, he solemnly drew forth a potatoe, and placing it on a book, said—"Gentlemen, here is Vattel on the Law of Nations, and here is a *common-later* (commentator) on it. He won a laugh, and achieved a victory.—*N. Y. Citizen*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—A well known gentleman of Magdalen College, Cambridge, had taken his watch from his pocket to mark the time he intended to boil an egg for his breakfast, when a friend entering the room found him absorbed in some abstruse calculation, with the egg in his hand, upon which he was intently looking, and the watch supplying the place in the saucepan of boiling water.

A candidate for the stage applied to the manager of the Lyceum Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between them.—"Sir, you stutter!" "So does Mrs. Inchbald." "You are lame of one leg!" "So was Foote." "But you are thick-legged!" "So is Jack Johnson." "You have an ugly face!" "So has Liston." "You are very short!" "So was Garrick." "You squint abominably!" "So did Lewis." "You are a monotonous mannerist!" "So is Kemble." "You are but a miserable copy of Kemble." "So is Barrymore." "You have a perpetual whine!" "So has Pope." "In comedy you are a mere buffoon!" "So is Munden." "But you have all these defects combined!" "So much the more singular."

ANTICIPATING QUESTIONS.—An industrious mechanic, having undertaken to repair the front of a store in a busy part of our village, and having become impatient with the frequent inquiries of the curious—not to say inquisitive—to save time and trouble, reduced the following answers to the most common interrogatories to writing, and placed the same in a conspicuous place.

"My name is Cross. I am cutting this window larger, and I am going to make the other like it—same size. I am doing it for pay—what do you think?"

Suffice it to say, it had the desired effect, with such as could read and understand "plain English."

THE CORK LEG.—A gentleman in Charleston conceived a very great liking to a young lady from Ireland, and was on the eve of popping the question, when he was told by a friend that his dulcinea had got a *cork leg*. It is difficult to imagine the distress of the young Carolinian: he was over head and ears in love with her, and would rather have parted with a dozen of the best negroes on his plantation, than give her up. He went to her father's house, knocked impatiently at the door, and when admitted to his fair one's presence, asked her if what he had heard respecting her was true. "Yes, indeed, my dear sir, it is true enough; but you have heard only the half of my misfortune; I have got *two* cork legs; having had the ill luck to be *born in Cork*." This is the incident on which is founded Hart's afterpiece called *Perfection*.

Dick, said a master to his servant, have you fed the pigs. Yes, Massa, me fed um. Did you count them, Dick? Yes, me count 'um all but one.' All but one? Yes, Massa, all but one—dare be one little speckled pig he friak about so much me couldn't count him.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

I wish the fashions were the same
As thirty years ago,
I can't imagine what can make
The tailors change them so;
When I was in my youth, I made
A coat of homespun do,
And thought it very fine to have
My hair tied in a cue.
And in those days our breeches were
All buckled at the knee,
And silver buckles would ensure
The best of company;
Our beavers were of comely shape,
And kept off sun and rain—
Oh how I wish those broad brimmed hats,
Would come in vogue again.

I'm troubled with a half yard
Of cloth about my feet;
My coat is made so very small,
The laps will hardly meet;
Tight knees are all the fashion now,
And shoes must have square toes;
Where the fashions will arrive at last,
The tailor hardly knows.

The dandies of the present day,
Have guard chains all of gold,
You'd think their monstrous pocket-book
Was filled with wealth untold!
My father wore a silver watch,
And eke a good steel chain,
And well I recollect his straight
Old pewter headed cane.

He owned a large and thrifty farm
Of wood and meadow land,
And always had a plenty of
The dollar coins on hand.
I guess some dashy friends of mine,
Would find it rather hard
To pay for coats they're wearing now,
At "two pounds ten per yard."

But as for me, I wish I had
My silver dollars back,
I'd recollect my father's ways,
And tread the same old track;
I'd never do as I have done,
Risk hundreds on a bet,
Nor be 'bliged so oft to cry,
"Clean pockets here to let."

One Sunday eve when all was still,
Saw but the whistling whip-poor-will;
Jack left his home in dashing style,
To meet his sweet-heart with a smile.

Now she was very fond of beaux,
And highly pleased in Jack to find
A chap so true, and thus arose,
A thought to trifle, in her mind.

She slighted all Jack's kind remarks,
As trifling with her prey, so sure;
But Jack as wise as other sparks,
Such slights as these would not endure.

And thus the evening past away,
Jack said few words, but she said none;
Jack's temper rose and he rose too,
And left his sweet-heart all alone.

As on his horse Jack sat upright,
Says aye to him, "my dear, good bye:
I'll be at home next Sunday night."
Will you, says Jack, "and so will I."

A BISHOP'S BLESSING.

With cover'd head, a country boor
Stood, while the bishop blessed the poor;
The mitred prelate, lifted high
His voice, "Take off your hat."—"Not I—
Your blessing's nothing worth," he said,
"If, through the hat 'twere reach the head."

The Friend of Humanity, and the Knife Grinder.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"Needy knife grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!"

Weary knife grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, Knives and
Scissors to grind O!

Tell me, knife grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or Parson of the parish?
Or the Attorney?

Was it the 'Squire, for killing of his game' or
Covetous Parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish Lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you read the Rights of man by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye lids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story."

KNIFE GRINDER.

"Story? God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a drinking at the chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle."

Constables came up to for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
A pot of beer if you will give sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, Sir."

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first;
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance;
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded.

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit
in a transport of Jacobinical Enthusiasm and Universal
Philanthropy.]

Esquire Gable's Marriage Ceremony.

You bromiah now, you goot man dare
Vot stands upon de vloor,
To hab dish voman for your vife,
And lub her ebermore;
To feed her well mit sour crout,
Peens, puttermilk, and cheese,
And in all tings to lend your aid
Dat vill bromote her ease.

Yes. And you voman stanting dare
Do bledge your vord, dish tay,
Dat you vill take vor your husband
Dis man, ant him opey;
Dat you vill ped and poard mit him;
Wash, iron and ment his cloas;
Laugh when he shmiles, weep when he sighs;
Dus share his choyes and voes.

Vell, den, I now, vidin dese valls,
Vid joy and not vid krief,
Bronounce you vots to be one mint,
Von name, von man, von bent,
I pnoobish, now, dese secret bants,
Dese matrimonial ties,
Pefore mine vife, Got, Kate and Poll,
And all dese gazing eyes.

Ant, as de secret scripture say,
Vot Got untes togedder
Let no man dare asunder put,
Let no man dare tem sever.
And you brikroom dare, here you shoop,
I'll not let go your collar.
Pefore you answer me dis ting,
Dax int—Vore int mine dollar?

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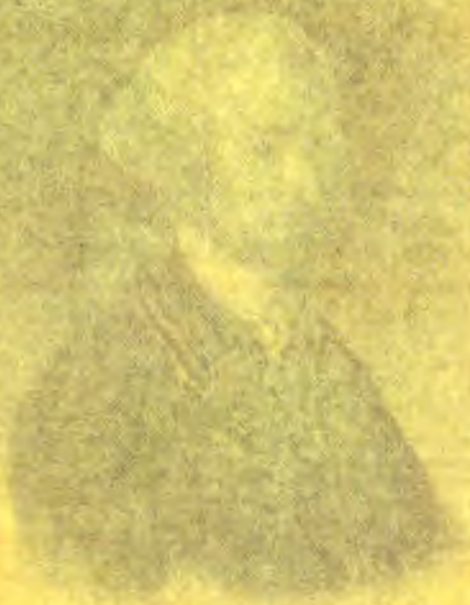
JOHN HANCOCK.

Engraved by J. B. Longacre from a Painting by Copley.

Published by Saml. C. Atkinson



and facility in despatching it, together with his animosity, and in some instances acts of atrocity and outrage, of which we may mention as among





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share !
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Immortal liberty, whose look sublime
Hath blanch'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

No. 4.]

PHILADELPHIA.—APRIL.

[1833.

JOHN HANCOCK.

John Hancock, whose beautifully engraved portrait ornaments the present number, was born at Quincy, near Boston, from whence have emanated the two Presidents Adams. He was the son and grandson of eminent clergymen, but having early lost his father, was indebted for a liberal education to his uncle, a merchant of great wealth, whose counting-house he afterwards entered, but soon sailed for England, where he was present at the coronation of George III. His uncle dying in 1774, he succeeded to his large fortune and business. He was active as a member of the provincial legislature against the royal governor, and became so obnoxious to him, that after the battle of Lexington, he and Samuel Adams were excepted by name in a proclamation offering pardon to the rebels who should swear fealty to Britain. They escaped from one door of a house as the British soldiers entered it at another, and thus their valuable persons were preserved to aid the good cause of the Revolution.

Hancock was President of the provincial congress of Massachusetts, until sent a delegate to the General Congress at Philadelphia in 1775, where he was soon chosen to succeed Peyton Randolph as President of that august Assembly. He was the first to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence, which was first published with no other name attached. He filled this important chair till 1779, when gout compelled him to retire from Congress. He was then elected Governor of Massachusetts, and was annually chosen from 1780 to 1785, and after an interval of two years was re-elected and continued to fill the office until his death, Oct. 8, 1793, at the age of 56 years. He acted also as President of the Convention of the State for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, for which he voted.

His talents were rather useful than brilliant. He seldom spoke, but his knowledge of business, and facility in despatching it, together with his

keen insight into the characters of men, rendered him peculiarly fit for public life. Being well acquainted with parliamentary forms, he inspired respect by his attention, impartiality and dignity. In private life he was remarkable for his hospitality and beneficence. He was a complete gentleman of the old school, both in appearance and manners, and was a magnificent liver, lavishly bountiful, keeping a coach and six horses, and distinguished for his politeness and affability.

When Washington consulted the legislature of Massachusetts upon the propriety of bombarding Boston, Hancock advised its being done immediately, if it would benefit the cause, although nearly his whole property consisted in houses and other real estate in that town. Carrollton and Hancock, probably risked more property on the event of the struggle than any other two individuals. The estate at Quincy, which was his inheritance, is now the property of our distinguished countryman, the late President John Quincy Adams.

The first provocation of the British Government which created a spirit of civil discord among her provinces, was the imposition of duties upon the importation of foreign merchandise, and other injuries impairing the prosperity of the colonial commerce. Upon which occasion, all the address and diligence of Mr. Hancock, in opposition to a system of legislation so rapacious and tyrannical, were exerted. It was by his agency, and that of a few other citizens of Boston, that for the purpose of procuring a revocation of these duties, associations were instituted to prohibit the importation of British goods; a policy which soon afterwards being imitated by the other colonies, first served to awaken the apprehensions of the people, and to kindle those passions that were essential to the success of the war and the preservation of their liberties. The agitation of this subject produced no common animosity, and in some instances acts of atrocity and outrage, of which we may mention as among

the most conspicuous, the case of Mr. Otis, who at the instigation of a British officer, was assailed by a band of ruffians, with a violence which impaired his reason and hastened his death.

About the same time, a vessel belonging to Mr. Hancock, being loaded it was said, in contravention of the revenue laws, was seized, by the custom house officers, and carried under the guns of an armed vessel at the time in the harbor, for security; but the people exasperated by this offensive exertion of authority, assembled and pursuing the officers, beat them with clubs, and drove them on board their vessels for protection. The boat of the collector was then burnt in triumph by the mob, and the houses of some of his most obnoxious adherents were, in the first transports of this popular fury, razed to the ground. Thus Mr. Hancock in more ways than one contributed to set the great wheel of the revolution in motion, though he could not himself have approved of such acts, which were disapproved by the legal authorities. Yet Hancock derived from his connection with the affair an increased popularity. At an assembly of the citizens, Mr. Hancock and others were appointed to request of the Governor, a removal of the British troops from the town, which the Governor attempted to evade. A second committee being selected of which Mr. Hancock was chairman, voted the excuses made inadmissible, and by a more peremptory tone of expostulation, urged and obtained their removal. This Governor had complimented Hancock in 1767, with a lieutenantancy. But declaring his determination to hold no office under a man whose vices and principles he considered hostile to the liberties of his country, he tore up the commission in presence of many citizens; for which bold act he received the severe reprehension and threats of the royal government.

Of the modesty of Hancock, there is a very beautiful anecdote related by his biographers. That there were members of the first Congress of superior age to his, and men, at the same time of preeminent virtues and talents, will not be denied. The occasion was one upon which calmness was essential, for rarely in the vicissitudes of nations, has it happened that interests more sacred have been confided to the infirmity of human wisdom and integrity, or that a spectacle more imposing has been exhibited to human observation. Mr. Hancock's timidity at being called to fill the chair was relieved, it is said, by a strong nerved member from the South, who led or bore him to the Speaker's seat; when placed in that conspicuous position, all agree that he presided with a dignity and capacity that extorted the respect and approbation of even his enemies.

After his death, his body lay in state at his mansion, where great multitudes thronged to pay the last offices of their grief and affection. His obsequies were attended with great pomp and solemnity, and amidst the tears of his countrymen, he was committed to the dust.

His wife was a Miss Quincy, whom he married about twenty years before his death. She was the daughter of an eminent magistrate of Boston, and one of the most distinguished families in New England. No children of this connection

were left to inherit his fortune or perpetuate his name; his only son having died during his youth.

In stature Mr. H. was above the middle size, of excellent proportion of limbs, of extreme benignity of countenance, possessing a flexible and harmonious voice, a manly and dignified aspect. By the improvement of these natural qualities from observation and extensive intercourse with the world, he had acquired a pleasing elocution, with the most graceful and conciliating manners. Of his talents it is a sufficient evidence, that in the various stations he filled, he acquitted himself with an honourable distinction and capacity. His communications to the General Assembly, and his correspondence as President of Congress, are enduring proofs of his putting his shoulder effectively to the wheel of public affairs. His knowledge was practical and familiar. He neither penetrated the intricacies of profound research, nor did he mount to inaccessible elevations.

Hancock first put his name to the immortal Declaration of Independence; had his life been marked by no other event, it would have entitled him to ever enduring renown—but in connection with that act, he combined great and useful wisdom in the councils of our infant nation, and his name will descend to posterity with unqualified lustre.

ORIGINAL.

THE YOUNG POLE.

"Go, where thy father fell,
In his hour of victory;
Bright as his course on glory's field,
May thine, my love, be.
Hark to thy country's call,
In its struggles to be free;
Thou must leave thy home for a sterner one—
The war path now for thee!"

And the mother wept as she bless'd her son—
He thought of the fields his father won.

"Think on thy early love,
And the vows thy heart hath given:
Her prayer shall rise for thy glorious cause,
To the patriot's Friend in heaven!
When thy arm is against the foe,
Think of the tears we shed;
O! could she shield thee when dangers press,
Or Poland laments her dead."

And the maiden wept as the warrior passed
To his field of glory—his first, his last!

In the pride of liberty,
All to the conflict rush'd;
But the tyrant's force and his lawless crowds,
The hopes of the patriots crushed;
And the son on that last and field,
In his youth and glory slept;
O'er their blighted hopes and early love
The mother, the maiden wept.

He fell—but his slumber is with the brave,
And the laurels bloom on the freeman's grave.

Pittsburgh, Pa. E. C. S. S.

The seat of praise is in his heart, and only there; and if it be not there, it is neither in the look nor in the clothes.—*Lord Clarendon.*

Written for the Casket.

CROGHAN,

OR THE HERO OF FORT SANDUSKY.

Towards the close of a sultry day, in the middle of July, 1793, was seen gliding along the broad and placid bosom of the Ohio, a solitary boat, in which were three watermen, a gentleman with his wife and child, a large Newfoundland dog, and some packages of merchandise, which, with various implements of husbandry, constituted the entire cargo.

Their appearance indicated much fatigue, from long exposure to the scorching rays of a summer sun, whose declining beams lent a transient lustre to the lurid clouds which now arched above the eastern horizon, in threatening magnificence, portending a night of unusual inclemency; while the resplendent orb, as if conscious of the distress he had caused the impotent little company, seemed hastening to cover the confusion of his reddening countenance beneath the shades of the western forests.

Scarcely had the upper edge of his expansive forehead sunk beyond the verdure of the mighty oaks, when a vivid flash from a distant thunder cloud announced the approach of the gathering tempest, and admonished them of the propriety of seeking refuge nearer to the shore, until nature should again have resumed her former serenity. Accordingly, doubling a projecting point of land, a short distance before, they approached an overhanging cluster of stunted cedars, and taking a few turns of a rope around the trunk of the stoutest, moored their flimsy bark in apparent safety for the night.

No sooner had this been accomplished than the watermen, taking each from an earthen jug, which lay snugly secured in the bow, a hearty swig of *Monongahela*, followed by a copious draught of Heaven's imperial, laid themselves down to rest; while the others, as if fearful of some impending calamity, awaited in mute apprehension, the issue of the menacing scene.

Long and loud grew the roarings of the murmuring thunder, and quick and appalling the flashing of the forked lightning, whilst ever and anon, as the terrific blaze burst upon the gaze of the affrighted passengers, threatening every thing with instant annihilation, each shrunk for protection to the rest; and the next moment all was again enveloped in dreary and impenetrable darkness. Near and more near the tumult approached, and fast poured the rain in accumulating torrents; when the little boy, who had hitherto observed an unbroken silence, looking innocently into the face of his mother, who was now pressing him close to her bosom, as if to afford him greater safety from the fury of the contending elements, asked in a soft but anxious tone, "Ma, I wonder if that's Washington firing at the English?" She, only replying by a kiss on his youthful brow, he resumed; "If I was there," pointing to a flaming cloud, "I'd help him to kill every one of them."

"My son," said his father, who was no less surprised than amused at the military spirit evinced by his little bantling, "if ever the time arrive, when your country shall need your services, I hope you may not be found wanting, either in determination to oppose the aggressions of her foes, or in prudence to direct you as to the surest means of maintaining her rights."

"This," said the mother, "reminds me of a dream, which last night broke in upon my disturbed slumbers. Methought I was ranging a wild and desert tract of country, somewhat resembling that which now lies before us, in quest of some human habitation, where I might obtain sustenance and lodging for myself and this child, whom I carried in my arms. The full moon shone brightly through the foliage of the towering trees; the wind, which had hitherto agitated the forest, was now sunk into silent repose; not a leaf was in motion, and nought was heard on either side but the low murmur of a distant cascade, and the rapid flutter of the gloomy night-bird, as it shot through the branches and immediately disappeared in the surrounding arbors. Suddenly the woods opened into an extensive prairie, an eagle darted from a lofty pine top—I saw him pursue his flight high in air, to the bright luminary of night and scratch on its face with the end of his beak, in large characters, the name of my child; when, uttering a shriek, which was ten thousand times resounded by the distant echoes, a crowd of nymphs, clothed in flowing robes, ex-ceding in whiteness the purest snow, issuing from a fleecy cloud, and standing on its summit, bowed three times to

the name; then offering a cloud of incense, which seemed to ascend to the highest heaven, they proclaimed with a shout, which shook the earth to its centre—'AMERICA'S VALIANT SON.' I started in astonishment at the vision which my imagination had conjured up; and having, with some difficulty, assured myself that it was all a delusion of the fancy, I again laid me down, still meditating on the strangeness of the scene."

"Dreams," remarked the father, "are of little consequence, and though it sometimes happens that something similar to what we have dreamt does fortuitously occur, they are, however, not the more to be credited on that account. Yet, I cannot but acknowledge that I have myself been a little disturbed by dreams for some nights past, which seemed to me by their unusual tenor, to forebode something strangely wild and uncommon."

While they were thus speaking, flash followed flash in such rapid succession, that there was presented to the eye a continued stream of flame, which, being reflected by the river, gave it so much the appearance of a torrent of liquid lava, as to cause them to shudder as they looked apprehensively on its luminous surface. The dog howled piteously; and approaching the child, began to lick his extended hand; when suddenly, the electric fluid, descending by the aged cedar, struck the boat, killing the three watermen and stunning the gentleman and his wife; then passing through the bottom it expended its fury in the current beneath. In a moment the boat sunk with all it contained, except the dog, which, with peculiar sagacity, seized the child by his garment and bore him to the bank, where leaving him in safety, he returned for the mother, whom he also succeeded in saving. Then plunging in again he eagerly sought his master, diving several times beneath the turbid waters: but, alas! he sought in vain, for, incapable of any exertion at the moment of sinking, the treacherous element bore him away; and the poor animal was at length obliged to abandon the search and return, exhausted, to the destitute pair who owed their preservation to his fidelity.

Slowly did the unhappy mother recover her scattered senses sufficiently to discover the misery of her situation; and bitterly did she bemoan the rude fate that had thus deprived her of an affectionate husband, and cast her helpless and worse than alone on a desolate wilderness, without any other prospect than to die of famine, or be destroyed by the unburned savage, or the boasts of the desert. But as water finds its level, so does grief sometimes meet consolation even in the bosom of necessity, and merge the woeful reflections of the past in the paramount need of providing for the future.

Having long sought a place of shelter from the weather, she at length, finding no better asylum, took refuge in the hollow of a blasted sycamore, where, reclining with her child, exhausted nature soon became insensible, and both sank into a profound sleep, which was only disturbed occasionally by a convulsive sigh, or the whistling of the expiring storm; while Tiger, squatting on the herbage without, vigilantly kept guard for the night.

Thus they remained till the orient beams of expanding morning burst asunder the fettering ties of the sombre shroud which had trammelled the earth in its darkening folds; when the feathered tenants of the sylvan landscape merrily chaunting their notes of gladness, hailed in strains of softest melody, the triumph of tranquillity over tempest, of light over darkness: all was gaiety and cheerfulness, and the resplendent luminary of day, as he arose in refulgent majesty above the tops of the wooded crests, seemed smiling in ecstacy at the beauty exhibited by the renovated face of nature. Nought was there to mar the hilarity of the joyous scene, save the inmates of the hollow-hearted sycamore, who, awakened by the growing harmony around, sought with sadness somewhat to alleviate the cravings of appetite and recruit their wasted vigor. A few nuts and wild berries were all that their utmost exertions could procure, upon which, however, they fed with eagerness; and having slaked their thirst at a purling rill, which hastily pursued its rippling course along the side of a gentle declivity, they pressed forward in quest of some settlement, where the lenient hand of sympathizing humanity might mitigate their suffering. Three days did they spend in fruitless search, until at length exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they sat them down under the shade of a weeping willow, to await that stern destiny which now appeared inevitable; when a hunter at a distance seeing the dog indistinctly through the brambles, and mistaking him for a grizzly bear, levelled his rifle and fired.

But, alas! the ball intended for Tiger's head passing him by, buried itself deep in the bosom of the unfortunate lady beyond, who starting suddenly upon her feet, uttered a piercing shriek and then fell insensibly to the earth. The astonished hunter hastening to the spot, was furiously attacked by the faithful animal, but stepping aside he avoided the plunge and instantly laid him prostrate with the butt-end of his piece. Then seeing the helpless victim weltering in her blood, he ran to her assistance and lifting her up—horror seized his vitals; his frame shook in agony—he staggered, and with a groan fell senseless beneath his burden. The tide of life gradually resumed its wonted course, and recovering himself, he took from his pouch some cotton with which he stopped the hemorrhage, and tying up the wound with a bandage torn from his neck-cloth, he chafed her temples with a little whiskey from a flask which hung at his side; then running to a rivulet hard by he filled it up with water, and applying it to her lips, she heaved a long drawn sigh. Still did he persevere in his endeavors to resuscitate her, until at length she looked up, and stretching forth her arms, exclaimed: "Oh, Albert! my dear brother!"

"What has caused this blood?" said she, examining her garments as she rose to a sitting posture. "Has some person been endeavoring to murder me in this solitary wilderness?"

"I am the guilty one," he replied, wiping aside a trickling tear, "is a doleful meeting after a seven years' absence. Would to heaven, Annetta, we had never again met, rather than I should thus be the means of inflicting misery on the playmate of my infancy—the object of my tenderest affection!"

"Tell me," she resumed with a faltering voice, "how it came to pass? I am already satisfied the fault could not be yours"—And having listened to a brief rehearsal of the melancholy occurrence, she added: "It is well; you are free from censure; and I thank the Almighty Ruler of the Universe for having in his mercy directed you hither for the preservation of my child, though it were even at the expense of that poor remnant of life which, but for him, I was already willing to resign. But you will ask what revolution of nature has cast me on this abode of solitude without a protector or guide, so far from the scenes of my childhood—the graves of my ancestors?"

"Not now," said he, "we must haste to my cottage close by the side of yonder brushwood that skirts the brow of the mazy precipice; and when we have found a surgeon to repair the breach I have made, and you have recovered sufficient strength to enable you to converse without difficulty or danger, I will listen to your tale of sadness; till then you must endeavor—"

"Look!" she exclaimed, staring wildly, "see you that grim-visaged cannibal preparing to plunge his glittering blade in the vitals of him who lies at his feet, and struggling to disengage himself from the murderous grasp of that dingy hand which encircles his throat—haste! save him—Oh, heavens! 'tis my husband. Ah, see, the deed is done!"—and with a frantic laugh she relapsed into her former insensibility. He looked, but saw nothing. The dreadful conviction now flashed on his mind, that the wound which he a few moments before fondly hoped was not mortal, had, together with her former enfeebled condition, so operated as to produce mental alienation; and that, in all probability, she was shortly to die a maniac.

Again he used all exertions to revive her, until finding his utmost efforts unavailable, he lifted her in his arms and carrying her to his dwelling, left her in care of his wife, while he, mounting his swiftest steed, rode away for the nearest physician. He brought him, but too late, for death having sufficiently dallied with his prey, now sat triumphant on her pallid countenance, hurling defiance at the feeble resources of men; and ere the careering orb of day had finished his circuit of the ethereal canopy, her gentle spirit, weary of its terrestrial thralldom, sprang away in ecstasy towards the mansions of bliss.

Deeply afflicted for his melancholy bereavement, her sorrow stricken brother dug in the centre of his flower garden, her lonely grave, and having bedewed her bier with the tears of bitter compunction, laid her mortal remains quietly to rest in the maternal lap of her parent dust, placing at her head as her simple monument, a plain pine slab, upon which he cut with his knife in rude but deep characters, the two words, "POOR ANNETTE."

Nine years had sped their monotonous course and sunk to oblivion in the fathomless ocean of eternity, when sit-

ting by his fireside on a gloomy evening in October, in a pensive mood, his left elbow resting on his knee and his forehead on the palm of his hand, he muttered to himself in low and broken accents: "God have mercy on my sinful soul. Why has heaven doomed me to the misery of being the murderer of my only sister? I would that I were—"

"Hark!" said his wife, as she approached from an inner apartment, "heard you that hollow moan, as of some one in agony?"

"'Tis nought," replied he, "but the wheezing breath of expiring autumn, hastening to bury its withering face in the icy mantle of winter; or the lowing of the fattening herds in the adjacent pasture grounds."

"List! there it is again," she resumed, going towards the door, "it seems to proceed in the direction of the lane leading from the road. I fear it must be some way-worn traveller perishing for want, or writhing, perhaps, under the assassin's dagger. I'll see, at all events."

"Stay," said he, starting from his chair, "there seems something unearthly in the sound; it must be the troubled ghost of Annette coming to haunt me, for surely no mortal ever uttered such a hideous groan as that which now assailed my ear. But be it unearthly or not, I must ascertain the cause." So saying, he sallied forth, rifle in hand.

"Murder! help! help!" cried a voice near the extremity of the lane; when running with his utmost speed, he beheld by the glimmer of the rising moon, a man lying on the ground and firmly grasping the leg of another, who was struggling to make his escape; but finding his exertions to extricate himself inefficient, he flashed his pistol in the face of him who held him, and with a desperate effort disengaging himself, ran swiftly towards the road, while the cottager followed in close pursuit. But the pursued perceiving him gaining on him, suddenly turned round and fired a second pistol, the ball of which whizzed harmlessly by his ear.

"My turn next," cried the cottager, dropping on one knee and levelling his piece, "stand, or you speed to eternity!"

"Try your skill, my hearty," was the reply, as he unremittently pursued his course. It was his last, for the next moment the ball pierced his back below the left shoulder, passed through his heart, and he fell a breathless corpse.

"Well done!" exclaimed the man behind, as he saw him tumble to the ground, "thou hast saved me ten thousand dollars by thy timely arrival, of which a tithes shall be thine for the valorous spirit thou hast displayed, and more anon, should circumstances prove propitious, as my speculations have led me to anticipate."

"I thank, friend, for your gratitude; but as I have done for you no more than I should consider it the duty of another to do for me in a similar situation, I shall accept of no compensation: the consciousness of having saved the life of a fellow being, by ridding the world of a villain, is of itself a sufficient reward: whence come you?"

"From Virginia and destined for Chillicothe, the place of my residence. Proceeding to your house to seek lodging for the night, I was assailed by that robber, who springing from his ambush, stopped my horse and demanded my money; and on my hesitating to surrender it, stabbed me in the side with a dagger, which, as I fell to the ground, broke in two; then placing his knee on my breast, he took from me my pocket book, with which he was about to escape, when you fortunately came to my assistance."

Having returned the pocket book, the cottager with the assistance of his wife, helped him to the house, and extracting the broken blade with a pair of pincers, dressed the wound as well as circumstances would admit. A few days were sufficient to restore him to convalescence, when amusing himself with examining the various species of flowers in the garden, his eyes fell on a grave, decorated with taste, and surrounded with evergreens. He approached, and observing the board which indicated the head, read in a subdued but sympathetic tone, "POOR ANNETTE." He appeared for a moment absorbed in thought, then looking round, inquired of his host, whom he saw busily employed at a small distance, "Who was this Annetta, whose humble epitaph marks the site of her lowly sepulchre?"

"Alas!" replied he, with a deep sigh, "my ill-fated sister, whom the destinies decreed to die by my own hand."

"What!" exclaimed the stranger, with a look of mingled astonishment and horror, "how could that happen?"

He recited to him the circumstances of the unhappy tragedy.

"Where is her husband?"

"I know not, for I have never seen him, she having married after my departure from the place of my nativity, and died before I had an opportunity of making any inquiry respecting him."

"And what has become of the child of whom you have just spoken?"

"That is he at the end of the garden—as dutiful a boy as ever was doomed by heaven to the hapless condition of an orphan. But it grieves me that he should thus advance into manhood amidst these interminable forests, without an opportunity of receiving a suitable education; for, though young in years and untutored as the bounding wild deer, he occasionally displays a nobleness of soul and facility of discernment, which seem destined for a higher sphere of life than that into which concurrent events have cast him."

"What is his name?"

"He was so young when he fell under my protection that I could not distinctly understand it from him, but I think he said Croghan, or some such name, and therefore we call him Croghan."

"A brother of mine with his wife and child, left Virginia some years ago, for Chillicothe, since which time I have received no tidings of them—his name was Croghan, his wife's Annette; and I am not without suspicion that her's is the grave at which I now stand."

"Had her child any particular mark on him?" inquired the cottager, with earnestness, as he dropped the spade upon which he was leaning, and advanced a few paces.

"Yes; a red blotch on his left arm, with which he was born."

"The very same!" exclaimed he, taking another step and grasping the hand of his guest, with a vehemence which almost squeezed the blood through his finger ends, "your suspicion is, alas, too well founded. It is indeed the grave of Annette Croghan."

"Ah!" said the stranger, with a saddening aspect, "my brother must then be also dead; for his love for her was too great to admit the belief that any thing but death could have caused their separation. Knows the boy nothing of his father's fate?"

"I have often questioned him, but he has no recollection of aught respecting him."

"Tomorrow I shall resume my journey, and now seeing that he is equally dear to us both, if you are willing to confide him to my care, I will provide for him and give him an education conformable to your exalted estimate of his capacity."

"Nothing could induce me to part with one whom I have so long cherished such a tender solicitude, but the idea that the refusal of such an offer would be doing him an injustice which, in all probability, I should not be able to repair; and however painful to my own feelings the separation may be, I feel it my duty to afford him an opportunity of rising, by your assistance, to that distinction which he otherwise may never attain."

The morning had no sooner ushered in its early dawn, than they "hied o'er hill and dale, through moor and mountain," and having arrived at Chillicothe, Croghan was placed at school with a gentleman of considerable eminence, where he had not remained a great many moons before his assiduity raised him to an equality with the most advanced of his schoolfellows, and gained him the applause and admiration of his teacher: save and except, that his prying genius would at times prompt him to ask questions concerning his studies, which caused the worthy knight of the birch an inconsiderable degree of trouble to expound, until eventually, his admiration began gradually to subside and give place to apprehension and cool reserve, to the no small amusement of his pupils, who took particular delight in seeing *old Plato*, as they familiarly called him, forced into a cranny by *Alcibiades*, and observing the contortions of his countenance, as he endeavored to evade by stratagem, the difficulties propounded.

His surpassing powers of mind were also combined with a happy mixture of apparent simplicity and coolness of determination, that he became a favorite with them all, so that whenever there was a project on foot either for enterprise or amusement, he was universally consulted and adopted as their leader; and never did the subjects of the Great Mogul or those of the Grand Seigneur yield more

implicit obedience to the will of their sovereign, than did his little band to the dictates of their chosen chieftain. Even *old Plato* secretly envied him the facility with which he led them; and so great was his desire to possess the same sway over their feelings, that he would at any time, have cheerfully purchased at the expense of a moiety of the remnant of hair which the wreck of time had spared to his half-exposed cranium, that spell by which his pupil seemed instinctively to guide them; but which, notwithstanding all his ingenuity and experience, he found it impossible to attain. His prominent characteristics were promptness in determining, and intrepidity in executing whatever he had designed: nevertheless, when an object of distress happened to cross his path, no one recorded by the page of history, could evince finer feelings, or manifest greater benevolence in alleviating the poignant sting of misfortune, not excepting even that far-famed philanthropist, *Uncle Toby*.

One day seeing a poor stranger mocked and ill-treated by a number of boys, whose notice had been attracted by the grotesque appearance of his dress, he approached and placing himself between him and his tormentors, began to remonstrate with them on the impropriety of their conduct, upon which the oldest of the gang, who was considerably larger than himself, asked if he wished to fight. To which he replied, that he was only fought when obliged; but that if he again dared to insult the poor man whom he had now under his protection, he should find that his bulk did not frighten him. No sooner were the last words pronounced than the sturdy bully to show his contempt of the threat, flung at the old man a dead rat, which he held by the tail, when Croghan instantly struck him with a force which had well nigh inverted his position; but he, recovering himself, tapped with considerable effect, the nether region of his olfactory organ, yet nothing daunted by the profusion of the vital stream, Croghan boldly stood his ground, and making with his left hand a feint to strike his antagonist in the face, dealt him with the right, a blow on the stomach which felled him to the ground and for some moments deprived him of respiration. Then standing over him as chancier over a cock-sparrow, exhibiting more pity than resentment, he awaited his recovery.

"Now," said he, as soon as his crest-fallen opponent was able to speak, "if you have a wish to take another trial, I am ready."

"Not now," he replied, "I've got enough for the present."

"Well, I'm sorry you have obliged me to use you so; but let it be a warning to you whenever you meet an object of pity in future, to treat him with greater humanity, for you know not but it may chance to be your own lot one day to need the aid of a friendly hand." Then turning to the stranger, who, resting on his staff a short distance from them, had tarried to witness the issue of the contest, "Here, old man," said he, offering him a piece of money, "I will exchange this for your blessing."

"May God bless you, child," said the poor man, raising his hands in a supplicating manner towards heaven, "I do not want it; but will you tell me your name, for some invisible power seems to whisper that I ought to know something of you."

"My name is Croghan," he answered, looking inquisitively.

"Croghan!" echoed the old man, with emphasis, starting at the same time as if roused by the electric spark, "did you say Croghan?"

"Yes," replied the boy, with a look of astonishment, "what can you know of me?"

"Will you turn up the sleeve of your coat over your left arm?"

He again scrutinized the old man's countenance, but seeing in it nothing calculated to cause apprehension, hesitatingly complied.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the poor man, advancing to clasp the boy in his arms, "it is indeed my lost son."

"I your son!" cried he, retreating in amazement beyond his reach, "my father has been long dead."

"No, my dear boy, you behold in me that same wretched father whom you believed to have been lost, and who never expected to see you again; but where is your mother?"

"She is dead too."

The old man, whose eyes had been suffused with tears, on meeting his lost child, here gave them vent; and as they fell, joy and grief both grappled for the prize.

"With whom do you live?" he resumed, as he wiped away the traces of the briny moisture.

"My uncle."

"Your father's brother?"

"Yea."

"Lead me to him quickly, my son, and I shall soon remove your doubts."

The boy reluctantly obeyed, muttering to himself with a sympathetic shake of the head, as he turned to conduct him to the place; "poor man, he has certainly lost his reason."

Having lead him to the door—"This," said he, "is my uncle's house, and if you will stop here a moment, I'll see if he is in," and on entering, he told him that there was a man at the door who stated himself to be his brother, and expressed a particular desire to see him.

"What! my brother! I never had a brother but your father, and he must be dead."

"Sir, he asserts that he is the same, though I have endeavored to convince him to the contrary."

"Bring him in at all events."

He accordingly obeyed, when, surveying each other for a moment, they instantly ejaculated, "My God! my brother!" and were instantly clasped in each other's arms.

"Why," said the uncle, when he had sufficiently recovered his surprise to be able to speak, "I had given up the hope of ever seeing you again, after so long an absence, where have you been, or what under heaven has caused you to separate from your wife and child?"

"Misfortune alone was the cause of our separation; for as we were proceeding along the Ohio on our way to this city, our boat during a dreadful thunder storm, was sunk by a stroke of lightning, which so stunned me that I was quite unconscious of every thing, until finding myself in the water, I swam for the shore, but the strength of the current together with the extreme darkness of the night and my own alarm, prevented my being able to gain it till I was carried a considerable distance off, when calling as loud as my exhaustion would permit and receiving no answer, I concluded that all but myself had perished; and not until next morning did I observe that, in trying to find the place where the boat was struck, I turned in the wrong direction, and was, instead of approaching it, only going every step further from it; but when daylight enabled me to discover my error, nothing was to be seen but a dreary solitude. How this boy escaped or what became of his mother, I know not; but since that time I have been an inhabitant of the forest, for as I was endeavoring to make my way to some settlement I fell in with a party of Indians, one of whom raising his arrow to his eye, was about to pierce me through, when another knocking up his arm as he let go the impatient string, ran forwards and reaching out his hand told me, as I afterwards understood, that he would adopt me as his *yaukan*, or brother, because I bore a strong resemblance to one of his who had been slain in battle; and conducting me to the wild regions of the west, where, perhaps, no 'pale face' had ever trod before, made my situation as comfortable as his rude condition and my recollections of former days would permit. I always wished to return to the abodes of refinement and civilization, but could never evade their vigilance, until a few weeks ago, seizing a favorable opportunity I made my escape, travelling at night for the most part, and concealing myself by day, when, almost dead with fatigue, after numberless dangers and difficulties, I at length reached this place, clad, as you see, in the remnant of a *buffalo robe*, my only covering for years."

Young Croghan having attained the age of manhood and been appointed captain of a volunteer corps, was one day walking hastily along the street, reflecting on the strange occurrences of his life, and contemplating his future prospects, when, turning swiftly round a corner, he suddenly encountered a young lady, who was proceeding against him, and though each endeavored to avoid the concussion, their contiguity rendered the essay ineffectual, and they met with a force which, to use a nautical phrase, must have thrown the lady on her *beam ends*, had he not instantly caught her in his arms, and so prevented the disagreeable consequences. She smiled forgiveness, and extricating herself from his unexpected embrace, was off before he had time to apologize for the unceremonious introduction.

"Well," said he, as he stood a moment to look after her, "if mother Eve was as beautiful as this fair daughter of her's, no wonder old Adam was so transported at first sight

of his rib;" and picking up a fan which she dropped in her confusion, he gladly hastened to return it, making at the same time many apologies for the embarrassment he had so unintentionally caused her. She politely thanked him with a blush, and glancing at him a look of ineffable sweetness, which reached his inmost soul, observed, that "indeed the blame might well be equally divided among them, but the merit of the occasion was exclusively his." He would have said something in reply, but his tongue refused its office, and finding himself becoming somewhat uneasy, he scarcely knew why, he made his best bow and returned on his former course. But he had not advanced twenty paces before he again, with an impulse something similar to that which actuated Lot's wife, involuntarily turned to take another look before she had entirely disappeared. "She is a paragon of loveliness," he ejaculated as she entered the elegant mansion of Dr. Hunter, "I have lost my mother by accident, found my uncle and father by accident, and who knows but Fortune, in a playful mood, may have decreed that I should thus stumble upon my future wife by accident? At all events," said he, pulling up his shirt collar and stroking his chin, "should it so happen I shall feel perfectly resigned, nor will I any longer be inclined to believe the old goddess blind—the assertions of others to the contrary notwithstanding."

Time now began to hang heavy on his hands; he became unusually thoughtful; and whenever he happened to take up a book, to write away the tedious hours, he seldom succeeded in getting through half a page before it was cast aside; and picking up his hat, he started out to take a walk, hardly knowing why or where, but however devious his course, he scarcely ever returned without passing the door of Dr. Hunter.

Thus, weary of every thing about him, he one day caught up his rifle, and bent his way beyond the precincts of the city, in quest of game; but finding none, he was amusing himself in tracing the several meanderings of the Scioto, as it pursued its silent course among the circumambient hills, which in some places exhibited the prolific furrows of persevering industry and civilization; while in others, nature appeared still to assert her sterile supremacy, in defiance of the white man's incursions, holding in bondage the barren wilderness, in all the sublimity of its pristine rudeness, when he was startled by a shrill whistle, which was answered further off by a savage yell, peculiar to the half-naked sons of the forest. He followed cautiously in the direction of the first, and beheld at a distance a wily Indian, darting through the underwood with the agility of a kangaroo, and concealing himself behind a huge tree until his companion came up. Both conversed together a short time, with earnestness; and from their significant gestures, he suspected there must be some project on foot, and determined, be the consequence what it might, to watch the issue.

A few moments were sufficient to realise his apprehensions; for he soon observed them stealing cautiously one behind the other, in an oblique direction, and lying flat on the ground, under cover of some brambles; when suddenly one of them, rising on one knee, poised his rifle and fired at a gentleman who was just emerging from an adjacent thicket; then, uttering a dreadful "*yau-loo*," as he fell with the exclamation "my God!" they rushed forward, brandishing their scalping knives.

"Cursed wretches!" cried Croghan, as he sprang from his hiding place, and got between them and their victim, "you shall have two to scalp or none," and stopping short, he took a deadly aim at the one who had reserved his fire—the Indian also levelled at him, but ere he had time to pull, received Croghan's ball through his head, and instantly dropped dead as his piece exploded in the air. The surviving savage stood a moment, as if to survey the strength of his antagonist; then casting on him a look of contempt, he advanced with a ferocious coolness, well calculated to intimidate a spirit less intrepid than that of his adversary, and flung his tomahawk with a force and precision that must have proved fatal, had he not fortunately parried it off with his piece; when springing at him with the celerity of the mountain eagle, before he had time to place himself in a posture of defence, he felled him to the ground with the butt end of his rifle, and immediately despatched him.

"Such be the fate of the dastardly prowler," said he, as he turned away and approached the gentleman, whom he found bleeding profusely.

"My brave fellow," cried the invalid, reaching out his

hand, "I am infinitely indebted to you for your timely interposition. I trembled for your danger no less than my own, while an impotent spectator of your extraordinary prowess; but, thank heaven, you are victorious, notwithstanding the fearful odds against you—What! is it possible?—you too, whom I once so rudely insulted, are now the man to step between me and death."

"My dear friend," said Croghan, "at the time to which you allude, we were both little more than children, and therefore equally subject to the faults and follies incident to the green age of immaturity. So far am I from entertaining any thing like enmity, that I shall ever deem that event a most fortunate occurrence, inasmuch, as I owe to it the discovery of my father, whom I had long considered dead: but where are you wounded?"

"In the hip, rather severely, but I hope not dangerously." "Give me your handkerchief," resumed Croghan, and joining to it his own, he endeavored to staunch the blood; but finding them insufficient, he instantly added his shirt, which he tore into bandages; and having secured the wound, took him on his back, and carrying him about half a mile to the road, put him into a wagon, which he happily found on its way to the city.

"This is certainly a strange world," thought Croghan, as they arrived about dusk within sight of Dr. Hunter's, and the wounded man pointed to the very door by which he had formerly seen the young lady enter; when stepping forward to prepare the family for the distressing intelligence, he secretly congratulated himself on his having saved the scalp of his friend, even at the risk of his own; while at every step, his heart fluttering like Sterne's stalling in its cage, seemed to cry with equal vehemence, "I can't get out."

He was met at the door by a female servant, from whom he learned that the doctor was gone out, accompanied by his daughter, to visit a friend, and was not likely to return for at least an hour or two; and further, that the good old lady being dead, the family consisted of only one more, the doctor's son, who had not yet returned from fishing. Then telling her that the gentleman had received a slight hurt, and would be back with him in a moment, he, with the assistance of the wagoner, conveyed him to his bed; and immediately starting off again, he soon returned with an eminent surgeon, who extracted the ball and pronounced the wound by no means dangerous.

Croghan, still mindful that he had one more duty to perform in reference to the absent portion of the family, and which, though now somewhat weary—he resolved must not be neglected; acquainted himself with the particulars of their visit and their probable route homewards, and taking with him his friend's sword cane, at his persuasion, posted away with impatience, lest their premature arrival should prostrate his intended explanation.

When alone on his way he fell into deep anxiety, concerning the fate of the unfortunate Indians, who had fallen by his hand, and his own possible responsibility to his and their creator: but still he could not suppress a strong hope of justification in having saved a life destined, in all probability, to be yet more important to the world, than a host of the Indian race; nor could he smother the flattering idea, that some signal item of self-interest was involved in the unexpected incident.

Thus agitated between horror and self gratulation, he moved on, equally unconscious of time and place, when his reverie was interrupted by a loud manly voice not far ahead, exclaiming, "Who are you, pray? What! you scoundrels! dare not to touch my child!" intermingled with the screams of a female, crying, "Begone vile wretches! Oh, villains, you have murdered him. Help! help! murder!"

"My God!" ejaculated Croghan, "this is she, most certainly"—and springing forward in frantic desperation, he beheld, yet at a distance, by the light of the full moon, a struggling lady being lifted into a carriage by two men, who immediately shut themselves in with her, and gave the word to the driver, who lashed away liberally before Croghan could yet come up, though within a few yards.

"Now or never," thought he, and redoubling his speed, he got alongside the horses ere they had yet attained their maximum of speed; and seizing the reins with one hand, while he parried off with the other a heavy blow from the driver, he bounded from the ground and lent him a heavy stroke in the return, which brought him down from his eminence and severed his cane, but fortunately without injury to the enclosed steel.

At this moment, one of the kidnappers perceiving the interruption, put out his head, and seeing the driver on the ground and a stranger struggling with the restive animals, instantly fired a horse pistol at him; but instead of hitting him, lodged the ball in the head of one of the horses, which dropped dead; while the other got so desperate that Croghan, though strong and resolute, could no longer hold him; but determined, at every expense, the object of his solicitude must, if possible, be safe, he plunged his blade into the furious steed, and laid him sprawling by the side of his companion. Then rushing up to the door and throwing it open: "Murderous ruffians!" he exclaimed, "release that lady instantly, or you pay the forfeit of your lives." But instead of obeying, one of them jumped out of the opposite side and drew his sword; while the other being now pretty sure of his mark, fired a second pistol at his breast, which must undoubtedly have proved fatal had not the lady, with admirable presence of mind, boldly pushed up with all her might the deadly tube, just as he pulled the trigger, directing its explosion high in air, far above his head, and thus preserved the life of her intrepid deliverer.

"Well done! noble heroine," exclaimed Croghan, as he turned to face him with the sword, who now assailed him fiercely, making several furious and skillful passes at him; but which he either dexterously avoided or warded off, till the fellow who had previously fired, hastening to the assistance of his comrade, and watching his opportunity, flung his ponderous pistol with all his might at Croghan's head, which, owing to the sudden shifting of the combatants, struck him a tremendous blow on the breast; when reeling rapidly backwards several paces, the villain cried to his accomplice, "Now—now you have him!"—who accordingly followed with his arm poised to finish the work; but Croghan, roused by a shriek from the lady, regained by a spring, his former balance, and darting, with the swiftness of an arrow, at his enemy, pierced him through the body, and sinking at his feet, he expired.

"Where are you, cowardly miscreant?" he cried, as he turned round to look for the other. It is but right to rid the world of such monsters; when, to his no small disappointment, he beheld him already at a considerable distance, running at the top of his speed, and anon, saw the driver limping away in another direction, at a still greater distance, not, however, that he could run faster, but merely because he took care to set out earlier. "As for you, poor devil," said he, "you are already punished enough; nor do I wish you any worse; but I am sorry your dastardly employer is so far off, else he had not gone unscathed—but objects more worthy now claim my attention." Then approaching the carriage, "Fair lady," said he, "you have been rudely treated by these barbarians. I hope you have sustained no personal injury?" No answer. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed, "is it possible they have murdered her too, after her father. Gracious heaven! here she is, a corpse. Heartless and detested wretch! Oh! I will pursue him, were it even to the antipodes. He shall not escape my vengeance; for I can recognize his callous visage, though it be an age till I see it again. Hark! methinks I hear her breathe. Yes, she yet lives, and there may still be hope."

Then lifting her gently in his arms, out of the vehicle, he laid her carefully down, and placing himself beside her, supported her head reclining on his breast, breathing in soft accents to her ear, "My dear lady, you are safe. You have nothing now to fear. Your enemies are gone. Miss Hunter, will you not speak to me? Do speak to me, Miss Hunter. I am your friend."

His soothing endeavors were at length successful; for, while thus speaking and calling her name, she opened her large blue eyes, and fixing them steadily on his face, calmly asked, "Where am I? Who are you? I think I have seen you before. Oh! yes, now I recollect all. Good God! how did you escape that death I saw so near and so inevitable? From the moment I saw you stagger, I lost all sensation. Where are the villains?"

"They are gone, my dear Miss, and you are now completely out of their power, and perfectly safe."

"You do well to call me dear," she resumed, with a faint smile, "for I had indeed well nigh cost you dearly. Oh! what do I not owe to your valor? My life, my honor—every thing I owe to your disinterested bravery. Oh! how can I ever requite you for the terrific dangers you have encountered."

"I am already overpaid," replied he, "by your unex-

amplified intrepidity in averting my threatened fate, and shall ever feel pleasure in holding at your disposal that life, for the possession of which, under heaven, I am solely indebted to you."

"But," said she, starting, "where is my father; have you not seen him? Ah!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands and bursting into tears, "I fear he is murdered. I saw him fall. No doubt he is dead, or he had been here ere this."

"I hope not, my dear Miss. Be calm one minute and we shall see. Look! methinks I see a man coming slowly towards us. List! he calls—his Clara—his dear child. It must be he."

"Oh! it is indeed my dear father. Thank heaven, he is not dead! Do, my kind deliverer, help me to him, that I may tell him how much he is indebted to you."

They moved forward a short distance, when the doctor seeing them, precipitately approached, vociferating in a voice of desperation, "Infamous wretch! dare you thus appear in my presence, after having kidnapped my child, and almost deprived me of life? It is now your time to pay a just debt, and my arm is yet powerful enough to exact it!"—drawing, as he spoke, a loaded pistol; but ere he could raise it, the lady, with the most undaunted resolution, stepping between them, cried, "hold, father! you must shoot me first. He is my friend—my protector!"

"What! is he not your betrayer? Is he not one of the two villains?"

"No," she replied, "those miscreants are gone, and you now see before you the brave—the generous man, who rescued me from their vile hands, and preserved my honor at nearly the loss of his own life. Cherish him as your most worthy benefactor. He is but too well entitled to your utmost gratitude."

"Heaven be praised!" resumed the old man, in a tremulous voice, as he tottered forth to clasp her to his bosom, "that my child is safe and uninjured. Young man," he continued, turning to Croghan, and warmly pressing his hand, "it is well I was not indeed the assassin. But forgive my wounded, distracted feelings, and accept my most grateful acknowledgments for your heroic preservation of my daughter and the honor of my family."

"Oh! father, you must be badly wounded; your clothes are all bloody. See! he'll fall, support him, kind sir."

"No danger, my child," said he, feebly, "It is true I am wounded, both in my right arm and the back part of my head, yet neither is dangerous to life; but the loss of blood has, I find, weakened me. The villains seeing me put my hand to my side pocket, but too well suspected my design, and therefore allowed me no time."

Having bound his wounds according to his direction, they proceeded homewards, the lady resting on Croghan's right arm, while he supported her father on the left.

"Have you, Clara," asked the doctor, "any knowledge of those ruffians?"

"Only of one of them, whom I lately saw at the wedding party of Cousin Weatherby. How he got there I did not learn; but it is certain no one invited him, nor was it known who he was, till the suspicion was entertained after his departure, of his being a British officer in disguise."

"And my young friend," said he to Croghan, "by what chance were you directed to our relief at so critical a juncture? Did you arrive by mere accident, or was it by any possible design?"

"Indeed sir, I am led to conclude that the occurrence, so far as I have been concerned, is a mixture of both. Accident first pointed out the propriety of meeting you, then design induced me to seek you; and again, accident left me no alternative."

Then, briefly sketching the Indian affray, he fully acquainted them with the subject, so far as they were interested; yet so judiciously did he manage his narrative, and so well did he address himself to all their feelings and fears, that scarcely a groan or a sigh escaped either during the whole recital, until, by the time they arrived at the house, their minds were gradually soothed into tranquillity and resignation. He then lost no time in seeking the same surgeon whom he had called before; who having examined and dressed the wounds, pronounced neither of them of any serious consequence; and in a short time he had the satisfaction to see the family together, happy and thankful that matters were not worse.

Croghan now, by pressing and repeated invitations, became—as might well be expected—an intimate and che-

erished guest in the doctor's family, and therefore, had frequent opportunities of forming an intimate acquaintance with his beautiful and accomplished daughter, whose intelligent eyes always sparkled with new ecstasies of brightness on his appearance, and spoke to his heart that language which, though a novice in the art of construing such telegraphic intelligence, he could not mistake for the mere effusion of gratitude.

All her friends noticed, and all approved their virtuous attachment, except her father, who, under a mistaken notion of human happiness, thought he should better promote her independence and the dignity of his family, by uniting her, though in opposition to her inclination, to a wealthy old bachelor of his own choosing, and therefore resolved that his wise calculations must not be prostrated.

Finding her sitting alone one day as he entered the parlor, he addressed her, saying, with a portentous air of gravity, "Clara, my child, it appears to me that you pay too much attention to that young man, Croghan. You seem to forget yourself when you treat one of his lowly origin with so much familiarity; perhaps you are not aware how far he is below your rank."

"Indeed, sir," she replied, looking up in his face with a mixture of surprise and earnestness, but yet modestly, "it is true I never considered Captain Croghan my inferior in any sense. In education and sentiment he is liberal and refined; in language and manners, the highly accomplished gentleman; in point of family he is my superior, and in person or valor, I question if you have seen his equal; so that, on the whole, the odds are considerably in his favor. And as to what you term my attention, you know it were the blackest ingratitude ever to forget how dearly and nobly he has purchased it—say, I am not ashamed to confess to you, my father, that my acknowledgments would have been tenfold, did not my sex forbid the manifestation."

"I dare say," rejoined he, peevishly, "he has never owned to you that his father was once a beggar in the streets of Chillicothe."

"And is it a crime," said she, leaning back in her chair, as the embroidery she had been working, dropped from her fingers, and her color changed to the paleness of marble, "is it indeed a crime to be obliged to submit to the high hand of Omnipotence? Who is he on earth that can challenge exemption from the awful visitations of heaven? Captain Croghan did explain to my brother and me, without reserve, the whole tragical history of his parents' misfortunes; nor is it one that leaves a stain upon his name, any more than if they had been struck dead by the lightning, or buried in the deep by the raging storm. And however unbecoming his dress on his return to Chillicothe, after escaping from the Indians, it is indeed a misrepresentation to say he was a beggar; neither is the father or son now in need of any man's bounty."

"Clara," said he, hastily, "I want to hear no more of your pleadings; but tell me candidly if that young upstart has had the presumption to ask your hand, or you have had the indiscretion to give him any sort of pledge in that way."

At this interrogatory she could not conceal her mortification, yet, conscious of no demerit either in herself or the cause she advocated, she calmly replied, standing up before him, and fixing her eyes steadily but respectfully on his countenance. "Sir, as my father, and under providence, the author of my being, you have a right to ask, and I feel it my duty to answer truly and directly; I therefore tell you with the utmost sincerity, that Capt. Croghan—call him upstart, if you please—has never yet asked my hand in the way of matrimony, either directly or indirectly, and consequently, that I have given him no verbal pledge to that effect. But I feel bound to say, on this occasion, that if he had, I know no man who has a better right to it, nor any to whom I could more willingly give both my heart and hand, though certainly, in such a case, I should first refer him to you."

"Now hear me, Clara, once for all," exclaimed he, passionately raising his voice, "you must, from this moment, break off all intercourse with that man, otherwise, I shall forever disown you as my child. He must no longer visit here—I shall forbid him the house."

"My dear father, I recognize your prerogative now, as I have always done; nor am I disposed to disobey your cruel injunction, however repugnant to my own feelings. But may I hope you will not oblige me to disobey you hereafter?"

"How oblige you?"

"By commanding me to give my hand where my heart forbids the sacrifice; for since you deny it to him who is worthy of more, and to whom you stand indebted for not being childless, I have a right to claim at least the privilege that it never shall be another's."

At this he got outrageous, and hurried out of the room, muttering disapprobation as he went; while she, resuming her seat, soon found relief in a copious flow of tears.

Croghan, in the evening, found Miss Hunter by herself, and though she received him with her accustomed cordiality, he soon perceived in her a mysterious sadness, which she endeavored to conceal; but the struggle in her breast was to him too apparent, and fearing that his presence imposed on her a painful restraint, he was about to stand up to take his leave, when reflecting that himself might have been unconsciously the cause, he determined to ask an explanation.

"My dear Miss Hunter," said he, "you seem unusually sad. May I inquire the cause of your misery. Will you not deign to tell me? Perhaps I may be the unfortunate cause myself. Do, for mercy's sake, explain to me, if I am in any way the cause of your trouble? It is true, I love you with the tenderest affection in man, yet I will submit to an eternal separation, though less tolerable than death, rather than see you unhappy on my account—I call heaven to witness that your happiness is dearer to me than my own."

"Croghan," she replied, as soon as her emotion would allow her to speak, "let me assure you, I never had the least doubt either of your esteem or sincerity; nor does prudence now forbid the avowal, that your merit and esteem have been duly appreciated. But however I may be disposed at present, matters do not depend wholly on my will. My father, though one of the best of parents, is nevertheless, sometimes obstinate in his own opinions, but if not opposed, generally does right. One of his frailties, I think, is an over fondness for me, which leads him to think scarcely any man good enough to be my husband; and though he is fully impressed with your merits and the justness of your claim, yet, for the present, he fancies some objections, which a little time will not fail to remove; and it were inexcusable in me not to pay a tender regard even to his prejudices, knowing as I do, that his chief solicitude is for my welfare. Let me therefore entreat you not to be disturbed by anything he may say or do, but leave the management to me, and rest satisfied as to the issue, when I assure you that this hand can only be yours."

Croghan, who had gazed on her in silent admiration while uttering these demonstrations of pious regard to her aged parent, and heroic attachment to him, whom she approved most worthy to be her companion, took her hand, and impressing on it the seal of affection, said, "Dearest Clara, you have indeed raised me from the most gloomy uncertainty to the exquisite summit of felicity. I will now no longer doubt that I shall one day be entitled to call those charms mine—be that day far or near, as it shall please the sweet arbitress of my fate, I shall endeavor to await its arrival with patience."

She then suggested the propriety of not prolonging his visit, not wishing that her father, returning, should find them together; when venturing to press her to his throbbing bosom, he quickly took his leave.

Meanwhile the war between the United States and Great Britain having broken out, and intelligence being received that the British forces had already commenced depredations on the northern frontiers, Governor Meigs issued his proclamation requiring all who wished to arrest the brutal rapacity of the licentious soldiery under the infamous Proctor, to come forward in defence of their country's rights, and aid in supporting the cause of freedom and humanity.

Among the first who obeyed the call was Capt. Croghan, who, placing himself at the head of his company, was next day on his march to meet the invaders, carrying with him as he went, the blessings of the aged and the fervent wishes of the young, for his successful enterprise and safe return; and never did the expanding heart of the plumed patriot, on his approach to the battle ground, glow with more exalted feelings of valorous enthusiasm and love of country.

Having, after a long and fatiguing journey, joined the army under General Harrison, at Carrying river, they advanced to the rapids of Miami, where hastily constructing a fortress, which was denominated Fort Meigs, in honor of their excellent governor, they awaited the arrival of Pro-

ctor, who not sufficiently sated with the inhuman carnage of a small detachment of American troops at Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, directed his forces against them in formidable array, and flushed with the pride of an inglorious victory—with the blood stained laurels of depravity yet reeking on his brow—was preparing to repeat that iniquitous tragedy, for which the annals of civilized warfare afford scarcely a single parallel.

The British lost no time in erecting batteries at various points around the fort, which were no sooner completed than a brisk cannonade was commenced; but finding them incompetent, an officer was despatched with a flag to summon the Americans to surrender.

Gen. Harrison having expressed his surprise that they had not been summoned before the attack, directed him to tell his general that "while he had the honor to command an American fort, it should never surrender to a combined force of tyrants and savages."

The firing was now resumed on both sides, when intelligence being received from Gen. Clay, that his brigade were advancing in boats a few miles above, Gen. Harrison ordered him to send a detachment of eight hundred men to destroy the enemy's works on the opposite side, while he projected a sortie under the command of Col. Miller, against those on the side of the fort. This was immediately complied with, and the British, driven from their batteries, were compelled to fly in all directions. But the Americans, unhappily pursuing the fugitives too far, were surrounded by a body of Indians, three times their number, under the celebrated Tecumseh, who being on their march to the British camp, formed an ambush for their reception. Death or victory! was now the word, and summoning up a courage worthy of a better fate, they determined to cut their way through the savage horde, or perish in the attempt. But alas! out of the eight hundred, only about one hundred and fifty ever returned.

Colonel Miller's division of three hundred men, whose plans had been nearly prostrated by the impetuosity of the party on the opposite side, now advancing on the enemy, charged the whole line of their works, manned by three hundred and fifty regulars and five hundred Indians; but being overpowered by superiority of numbers, were about retreating in confusion, when Capt. Croghan, seeing that such an event was only calculated to render their destruction inevitable, cried out to his men, in a stentorian voice, "Americans, remember the deeds of your fathers, and prove their offspring not degenerate," and boldly charging with his single company, was soon followed by the rest, who, stimulated by such a noble example, and seeing their companions exposed to imminent peril, immediately rallied to their assistance, and in a few minutes drove the enemy from their batteries, then spiking the cannon, they returned to the fort with forty-two prisoners.

Gen. Proctor, finding that to subdue the tenants of the *loghouse*, he was likely to sacrifice more than he had anticipated; and—as the cruel are ever cowardly—not wishing to risk another battle with men who were capable of anything like a serious resistance, he made a hasty retreat under cover of the night, leaving behind many valuable articles which his hurry would not permit him to carry off.

Croghan received the thanks of his general, and being promoted to the rank of major, was sent to take charge of the Fort of Upper Sandusky, but while commanding at this station, he received private intelligence that the British had planned an attack on that of Lower Sandusky, and immediately set off with a small number of men, to strengthen the latter, and put it in the best posture of defence.

He was not a little pleased to find there before him the brother of his betrothed, now Captain Hunter, who having expressed the most lively satisfaction at receiving the assistance of a man, upon whom he could safely rely in the hour of trial, cheerfully resigned to him the command of the garrison. Croghan now found that his whole force amounted to only one hundred and sixty men, with one sixpounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, while that of the British was about thirteen hundred, with several field pieces; but betraying, however, no symptoms of apprehension on account of this great disparity of strength, he, like another Leonidas, by his firm demeanor, and well known intrepidity, inspired his companions—who were nearly all striplings like himself—with such courage that they determined, be the consequence what it might, to support him to the utmost.

They had merely sufficient time to make a ditch round

the stockade of pickets, when the enemy, having surrounded the fort, demanded a surrender, threatening at the time that if the least resistance was offered, they might expect to be every man put to the sword. Croghan replied to the officers who brought the flag, "Tell the monster who sent you, that we neither seek his clemency nor fear his threats."

No sooner was this message conveyed to Proctor, than he commenced a cannonade, which was continued for two days. But Croghan perceiving that he had concentrated his fire against a particular point, immediately secured it by hanging out bags of flour and sand, thereby protecting the pickets from any material injury. On the afternoon of the second day, the enemy, under the conviction that a breach must have been made, rapidly advanced in close column, to assault the works. Anticipating this, Croghan had carefully concealed his sixpounder, loaded with slugs and grape, in a position to cover the point to be assailed, when Col. Short, who led the attack, jumping from the outer works into the ditch, and waving his sword, triumphantly cried to his followers, "Give the d—d yankees no quarter." "Fire!" exclaimed Croghan, as he recognised in him the very ruffian who had formerly attempted his life, on the occasion of the rescue of Miss Hunter.—The order was no sooner given than the sixpounder, accompanied with a well directed volley of musquetry, was discharged with the most destructive effect: and ere the detestable words of the wretched leader had yet expired on the air, he and most of those who followed were already numbered with the dead. The besiegers, exasperated at this unexpected check, now rushed forward with the utmost fury, but were received with a second discharge no less tremendous than the first; and so effectually did the young hero ply his single cannon, and so skillfully did he direct his valiant little force in the use of their small arms, that at length, terror-stricken by the awful havoc in their ranks, the assailants fled in confusion, notwithstanding every effort of their officers to prevent them.

But the conduct of the Americans, on the ensuing night, was no less admirable than their unparalleled bravery during the day; for although the enemy still continued to annoy them at a distance by occasional shots, they, disregarding danger, and forgetting that they had been assailed by men who only sought their destruction without any regard to the laws of honorable warfare, were only solicitous in assailing, with their utmost exertions, the miseries of the wounded.

The news of this extraordinary victory soon spread through the union, eliciting the applause and admiration of all, and the heroic Croghan, being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, received, together with Capt. Hunter and the rest of his brave associates, the special thanks of Congress.

The ladies of Chillicothe called a meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to testify their respect for the virtues of their gallant townsman; and on his return, the amiable Clara Hunter, at the head of an imposing deputation, presented to him, in their name, a splendid sword, to which, to complete the measure of his happiness, she soon afterwards added, with the most cordial approbation of her father, the enviable and infinitely more acceptable gift of her hand.—I myself, gentle reader, was at the wedding, and can amply describe to you the splendor of the ceremonies, the delicacy of the viands, flavor of the wines, hilarity of the company, the gaiety of the old doctor, and the raptures of Capt. Hunter; the music and the dance, if you give me a moment to mend my pen; but not even then the indescribable felicity of the happy pair.

Philadelphia, Dec. 14, 1832.

M. K. R.

ORIGINAL.

STANZAS.

How fairly shone her polished brow!
How softly beamed her deep blue eye!
When first I made my ardent vow,
And breathed forth, anxious, many an amorous sigh.

Like faithless ice that fair brow shone,
Her blue eye like a treacherous sea,
To tempt a thoughtless school boy on,
Or sink a wretched mariner, like me.

At first, upon her lips there play'd
A smile that promised joy bespoke;
Such light eve's autumn cloud display'd,
Ere thundering down, it shivered yon proud oak.

Mildly she heard my glowing suit,
But blushed when half the tale was told:
Then throbb'd her breast, her lips were mute,
And soon I clasped her in my arm's fond fold.

But vain was all the joy I felt—
Bright contrast to my coming woe;
Fool! to believe that she could melt,
Or woman's heart uncalculating glow.

Curses attend his hated name,
Who first bought woman's love for gold;
And taught that beauty, truth, and fame,
For heaps of glittering treasure might be sold.

But truth should dwell in such a form,
As heav'n-sent angels might invest;
Ah! can deceit so sweetly charm,
And did I clasp destruction to my breast!

Yet, yet, 'twas sweet to fold her there,
To press her trembling in my arms;
Her panting breath with mine to share,
And gaze unchecked o'er all her glowing charms.

Then, then, alas! had death been given,
Pleased I had heard the fatal knell;
Had only changed the scope of heaven,
Nor known the tortures of this upper hell.

Soft was the hour, her murmuring voice,
Unurged, by yon new moon, declared
That I was her dear bosom's choice,
And by no other should her heart be shared.

Full shines that moon, unwaning yet,
And glistens on my falling tears;
She can her willing vows forget,
Or but remember, when my sighs she hears.

And are there, then, avenging powers!
She perjured smiles on all my woe;
And yet no angry threatening lowers,
To lay the triumphs of her beauty low.

The rose as brightly decks her cheek,
As gracefully those ringlets wave;
Her eyes as eloquently speak,
As if she had preserved the faith she gave.

And proud of her victorious charms,
To gain new conquests she prepares;
Heedless who dies by those bright arms,
And all insensible to human cares.

But well I know there'll come a time,
And feel it is not distant now,
When she shall weep her heartless crime,
And vainly mourn her violated vow.

Soon, soon, in death my woes shall find
A friendly and a sure relief:
Then shall remorse harass her mind,
With conscious wrong and unavailing grief.

From the Revue de Paris.

Chantilly in the Olden Time.

SPLENDID STAG-HUNT—BY TORCH-LIGHT.

He who does not know Chantilly has seen nothing of what formerly constituted the taste of courtiers. I do not believe that Versailles and St. Germain attest, in their architectural figure, a more precise character of the manners of the times.

Chantilly is an obvious succession; it is a miniature copy of all the royal residences. St. Cloud has its sheets of water—so has Chantilly. Versailles has its great marble staircase—Chantilly has a great staircase likewise, but it is of stone. A fine forest surrounds St. Germain—Chantilly is placed in a forest. The proportions are less striking, but there is a resemblance. This vanity of having, since the time of the great Conde, and perhaps since Montmorency, the same number of horses, the same vain show of servants as at court, of rivaling her, and sometimes of surpassing her in magnificence and splendor, has sometimes touched the pride of royal etiquette.

Secretly wounded in their *amour propre*, this luxury perhaps prevented Louis XIV. and Louis XV. from honoring with their presence, more than once or twice, the palace of the Prince de Conde. However it may be, now that all these glories are dead, when there is neither court nor courtiers, a great monarch at Versailles or at Trianon, nor a great prince at Chantilly; nevertheless Chantilly is an admirable specimen of grandeur and repose. There is a noble idleness, a kind of heroic slothfulness in the air, everything there is landscape, lake, lawn, solitude, and perfume.

Le Comte du Nord, afterwards Paul the First, Emperor of Russia, was making a tour through Europe; he came to Paris, and hearing Chantilly spoken of at court, he expressed a wish to see it. The Prince de Conde enjoyed at that time all the splendor of his ancestors. He received the royal strangers as he would have received the great Conde after the battle of Rocroy; as Louis the Fourteenth had received the great Conde, with laurels in his hand. His reception was majestic—it appeared cold, it had been calculated on, the *crown* of the finest day had been foreseen. After dinner, after a promenade, after gaming, there still was *couru*.

The prince then proposed to the count to hunt in the forest, in order to pass more agreeably the remainder of the evening. This invitation given at ten at night, and in a serious manner, much astonished the count, who contented, thinking it a joke, never supposing it possible to hunt the wild boar or the stag in the midst of obscurity.

At a signal given by the prince, horses already saddled and bridled are conducted from the stables; the dogs join the group. Gentlemen, valets, assistant huntsmen, put their feet in the stirrups. At the sound of the horn, the Prince of Conde and the Comte du Nord spring on horseback; some ladies are even hardy enough to follow the adventurous sportsmen.

The evening is beautiful; the moon spreads her rays upon the sylvan woods; the green sward, like a vast lake, throws a soothing perfume over the evening air; it is trodden for some time in silence. The horses and dogs are astonished at being raised from sleep to obey the imperative voice of the chase, at an hour when all, even the trees, sleep. They seek their sun, their fresh morning dew, and the monotonous mass of air which repeats with purity of crystal, the barking, the neighings, and sounds of the horn; they cannot comprehend for what cause the hounds have been called forth. Humble as animals are by night, the horses tread the grass in a dubious gallop: the dogs, with their lowered ears and searching noses, know not where to find the scent, under a sky without a breath of wind, full of exhalations which are unmixt with any trace of game. All asleep—the boar in the wildrush in the marsh, the stag under immovable charms, birds under an impenetrable heaven; the great soul of the forest, with all its variations and intelligences, reposes.

The huntsmen have already passed the gate of the castle; they are two hundred in number, squires and servants; the usual retinue of the High Constable of France. The horn resounds. One torch blazes, two, twenty, a thousand; they are seen at twenty paces, at a league, to the right, to the left, every where; the thousand sinuities, and from thirty to forty leagues of curved lines are illuminated. They are in a blaze, streams of light flow from them like

rivers, the paths which they cut, straight and rapid, until they meet together like a star, like a table, or a crossway which makes them turn or diverts them into new channels of fire; after having run to be dashed anew to the interminable limits of the woods, from crossway to crossway, from post to post, from circle to circle. Day has not this brilliancy. On the foliage, or under the foliage, the same tremulous light, the same glittering drops on the intermedial branches, as at mid-day in summer; and by this fictitious day, the birds awake, clap their wings, and sing; the dogs have found their voices, and their horses their speed; the stag lows, and the wild boar growls. All the harmonies of nature are awakened.

Forward, horses, dogs, and men; forward, bloodhounds, who drive the stag from the wood, deceive all his stratagems, who see in the air the cry which he has thrown into it, on the ground the breath which he has expended, in the water the tract which he leaves there, who walk, who skip, who swim with a precision of will, at which the religious mind shudders. Forward, then, dogs; it is mid-day. You are called to your carriage; it is mid-day. Heaven is bright with stars!

The forest, encircling nearly eight thousand French acres, illuminated by a palace as on the natal day of a monarch, was a wonderful surprise to the count. It was at this time, when turning with the grace of a Frenchman to the elder of the princes, the count said, "Until now kings have received me like a friend; Conde like a king now receives me—"

The stags of the forest at this meridian without an Aurora, knew their enemy man, and rushed into the alleys in a herd, confiding in the reality of day. Oh! 'twas truly grand, and worthy of a prince; this spectacle of animals, running upon a tract of fire, amidst immovable torches above all, when at the further end in perspective, the woods only were distinguishable, and the torches seemed like sparks. 'Twas truly imposing and beautiful; the noise of the horn in such a night, where pleasure wore the aspect of disaster, joy the character of fear, and a banquet the appearance of incendiarism.

The stag was driven out—then a scene, always new and always exhilarating by the light of day, derived from the light of torches an appearance difficult to describe. Horses, dogs, and huntsmen, by running, acquired a motley appearance of dress, of dark green and smoking rosin alternately, according to the strong or faint shade of the torches. Obligated to run without deviation through the line of fire which dazzles his eyes, the stag overtures, sometimes on the right, and sometimes on the left, six men or six torches. The vessels encompass him in an impenetrable mass. Poor stag, how he bounds, in defiance of dogs hanging in a cluster to his flanks, in spite of horses and another kind of dog, which neighs, and in spite of man, a dog who speaks. He outstrips thought or the wind; but he cannot outstrip what is immovable and interminable, the crowd of men above, the flaming torches. He knows the cross road of the Constable: he thinks of it, 'tis but a mile, and there he is. He clears at a bound the table of stone, and the table of fire. He knows the crossway of Abreuvoir; he is there, he is already farther—he still sees fire. Oh, his swiftness is no longer that of the elk, 'tis the flight of a bird. His legs gather up under his haunches, his head disappearing in the elongation of his body, he clears space as soon as seen—space is no more than a phantom. Men and trees are black lines, the torches a red line—he is a thought. Earth and air are peopled with outcries which sound of death. To the lakes, to the lakes, they are in the midst of the forest. In happier hours, and when the moon shone upon them, he had gone there with his does and fawns to drink: To the lakes—he flies thither.

The lakes, magnificent sheets of water, divided by a narrow causeway, and which appear when the sun shines on them, a roseate of crystal, of which the castle of Queen Blanche is the Gothic medallion—the castle of Queen Blanche, which the sledge of revolution has shattered, and laid low in the water its two turrets.

The industry of these times has placed a windmill there, the pedestal is a castle, the superstructure a mill; the miller's dog barks at the ruins of the aqueduct, sacks of flour fill the halls where the arms of Montmorency and of Bouvilliers once hung.

At the lakes the dogs have got before the stag, and there, as elsewhere, the fatal illumination awaits him.

Nothing is more beautiful than the lakes purpled with flame, reflecting the fixed stars and the smoke on their

surface. The stag plunges in, and the noise of his leap is lost in the sound of men and horses coming up, and of the dogs already there.

"Was a moment never to be forgotten, when the princes and their numerous suite, reclining on their horses, by the light of the lake, then truly a glowing mirror, witnessed the capture and death of the stag—every thing seemed on fire—water, sky, castle, lords, ladies, huntsmen, horses, dogs, far and near, all was on fire!

This feast cost more than a million of francs, but the Comte du Nord had seen a hunt by torch-light.

At the castle, supper awaited the return of the hunters; they were received under a tent decked with emblems analogous to the feast; the curtains and draperies contained sylvan scenes. At the dessert, when the illusions of the cook and the cupbearer, two employments of paramount importance in the house of Conde, had sufficiently dazzled the northern imagination of the august stranger, the prince rose, and said to the Comte du Nord, "Where does M. le Comte think he is at this moment?" "I think I am," answered he, "in the Chateau de Conde, the most noble and hospitable of princes, and in his most splendid apartments."

The curtains are withdrawn, the two sides of the pavilion open, and the count, to his inexpressible astonishment, finds himself in the centre of the stables; three hundred horses, each in his stall; some neighing, some being sponged, others pawing the stones, and every one under the care of a groom, complete the surprising perspective.

It was a droll idea of the prince to entertain the heir of a crown in the stables of his castle. Every one knows that the stables of Chantilly are one of the architectural wonders of France; that nothing can excel their extent, the solidity of their vaulted roof, and splendid appearance.

At the time of the return of the princes to their possessions, every delicate precaution had been taken to avoid the first view of the chateau, which had been dismantled by the black band. The Prince of Conde hastily demanded, "Have the stables been respected?" "Yes, Monseigneur. "Then," added he, with joy, "you understand me."

From the Saturday Evening Post.
T. M. E. T.

"*Ut amaris amabilis Esto.*"

One smile from thy beauty, one sigh from thy breast,
Would awaken the dream of those hours of rest;
That have passed like the leaf on the eddying stream,
Or the vision of sleep in a beauteous dream.
Oh! breathe not my faults, be they many or few,
They should pass unobserved like the tremulous dew,
That sparkles in beauty, on rosebud and leaf,
Or the tear drop that falls in the hour of grief.
The cause of that grief will forever be mine;
But with the voice of the many! O mingle not thine.
Or whisper thy sorrows to the careless and vain,
To pass like the zephyr, o'er the desolate plain.
The tide of affliction, like the freshest may flow,
O'er the beauties of Earth in their verdure and glow,—
But the sun shine of season again will relume
The flowers that wither and fade o'er the tomb.
Oh! grant me that smile that was once only mine,
Let it light the pale features of beauty's decline;
Let it linger and play on the cheek of regret,
And whisper the scenes that you cannot forget.

DELPHUS.

HUMAN LIFE.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast—
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus MAX, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea—
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Sinks into Eternity!

T. Moore.

PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

The luminous appearance which the waters of the ocean at times assume, is a magnificent and surprising spectacle. The ship driven impetuously through the billows, seems to throw out furrows of fire, and leaves behind her a brilliant and fiery wake. There is almost an endless variety of beauty in those appearances. When a calm glasses the surface of the ocean, the dipping of an oar or any other agitation of the water, causes a thousand sparkles to glitter upon the surface. But nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scene, when the tumultuous waves are breaking and dashing in fiery foam. The light afforded by this luminous phenomenon is so great, that at times persons have been able to read by it. Not only is this light to be seen in the bows and wake of a ship, but fishes leave a luminous track behind them when swimming near the surface, so that not only their size but form is discernible. Accounts of the phosphorescence of the sea may be found in the journal of almost every voyager. The following description is taken from Stewart's journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands. "The exhibitions of the day, have been followed at night by a phosphoric scene of unrivalled splendour and sublimity. We had often observed luminous points, like sparks of fire, floating here and there in the furrow of our vessel; but now the whole ocean was literally bespangled with them. Notwithstanding the smoothness of the surface there is a considerable swell in the sea; and sparkling as it did on every part as with fire, the mighty heavings of its bosom were indescribably magnificent. It seemed as if the sky had fallen to a level with the ship, and all its stars, in tenfold numbers and brilliancy, were rolling about with the undulations of the billows.

"The horizon in every direction, presented a line of un-interrupted light, while the wide space intervening was one extent of apparent fire. The sides of our vessel appeared kindling to a blaze, and, as her bows occasionally dashed against a wave, the flash of the concussion gleamed half way to the rigging, and illuminated every object along the whole length of the ship.—By throwing any article over-board, a display of light and colors took place, surpassing in brilliancy and beauty the finest exhibition of fire-works. A charming effect was produced by a line coiled to some length, and then cast into the water at a distance;—and also by a bucket of water dashed from the side of a vessel. The rudder too, by its motions, created splendid coruscations at the stern, and a flood of light, by which our track was marked far behind us. The smaller fish were distinctly traceable, by running lines, showing their rapid course; while now and then, broad gleamings, extending many yards in every direction, made known the movements of some monster of the deep. But minuteness will only weary without conveying any adequate impression of the scene: it would have been wise, perhaps, only to have said that it was among the most sublime nature herself ever presented.

"The cause of this phenomenon was long a subject of speculation among men of science, but is now satisfactorily ascertained to be sea-animalcula of the luminous tribe, particularly the species *Medusa*. The *Medusa pelucens* of Sir Joseph Banks, and the *Medusa scintillans* of Mr. Macartney, emit the most splendid light. The degree and brilliancy of the exhibition are supposed to depend on the state of the atmosphere and sea. A more grand display than that which we have witnessed, probably seldom if ever takes place."

"This phenomenon has been ascribed to various causes; but the explanation presented by Mr. Stewart is the one now most generally admitted. The little animal by which this light is produced, is sometimes called the *glow worm of the sea*. This animal is exceedingly small, thin and transparent, and like the fire-fly, with which we are all acquainted, emits a brilliant light.—The sea contains many animals of this nature, of different species. The *Medusæ* have little antennæ or horns, from which they dart a strong light while the rest of their body remains in obscurity. All the zoophytes appear to be in a greater or less degree phosphorescent. Some accurate observers have also thought that in addition to this *glow worm* light, there is a luminous appearance originating from the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances, similar to the phosphorescence of light wood. It is by no means improbable that there is the combination of various causes in gilding the ocean with such fiery splendor.

Written for the Casket.

THE MARTYRS, A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY H. A. L. OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Who dies in vain

Upon his country's war fields, and within
The shadow of her altars?
I tell thee that the voice of noble blood
Thus poured for faith and freedom, hath a tone
Which from the night of ages, from the gulf
Of death shall burst, and make its high appeal
Sound unto Earth and Heaven!"

It is a pleasing and profitable task to record the deeds of those noble and devoted men, who reared the fair tree under which we, their descendants, now sit in safety. While we are enjoying the blessings for which they suffered, let us rescue from oblivion the names of some of those high-minded beings, "whose blood hath made the ground it bathed an altar, from which made thoughts and glorious deeds shall rise forever."

During the Revolutionary War, the pleasant village of Elizabeth in New Jersey, was the theatre of many interesting scenes. The inhabitants of that part of our country readily took up arms in defence of their independence, and cheerfully sacrificed property and comfort at their country's call. Their distinguished patriotism was imputed in a great measure, to one, whose person and character was venerated by every member of the community. Himself a warm and decided patriot, possessing uncommon firmness and energy, with feelings all alive to every thing noble and exalted, he seemed raised by Providence at that eventful juncture, to inspire the weak with courage, and to gird up the strong to greater confidence. This person was the Rev. Mr. Caldwell. His memory is almost idolized by the very few witnesses of the war, still living in E.; and many of the present generation have heard their gray-haired sires pour-tray his deeds and suffering, with all the enthusiasm of youth. Until the commencement of the war he had lived the faithful pastor of a simple and virtuous flock in E., probably never once dreaming that his name would be known "to story or to song," in a succeeding age. His only ambition was to commend himself to God and his own conscience; and his greatest happiness consisted in promoting the spiritual and temporal welfare of his family and congregation. His appearance was interesting; his countenance when in repose, somewhat pensive, yet, at times, there was a sudden lighting up of his eye, an earnest and impassioned tone of the voice, and a strong and thrilling eloquence of language, which might have induced an acute observer to suppose that there was a latent feeling in his breast, which only needed some exciting cause to draw it forth, and which, when developed, would render its possession, hitherto so mild and gentle, like the irresistible whirlwind, or the impetuous cataract, prostrating all opposition. The residence of this good man and his lovely family, yet remains in E. unaltered, save by the effects of time, which has thatched its roof with moss, and increased the growth of the numerous shrubs

and vines, which ever in rich profusion adorned its sides. It is a large square wooden building, rather low, though containing two stories; but the ceilings of our ancestors were less elevated than those in modern use. The house is quite unique in appearance, with its old fashioned porch in front, and at the side its small casement windows, and its doors with heavy iron knockers, disproportionately large. It stands in the midst of an extensive unenclosed green lawn, which it was the pride of the pastor to keep in the greatest order, and was quite unmarked by any vagrant footstep, there being two narrow paths leading to the entrances we have spoken of. The most ancient and majestic walnut, elm and sycamore trees still shade the house. An extensive green meadow finishes the back ground, while the garden lies at the side, of which there is a pretty view from the south porch. The *sounds* are as moral as the *scenes* around this venerable dwelling, for it is situated at a distance from the bustle of the village, in its most retired street. The garden was the delight of the pastor and his family, and the admiration of all his congregation. I have been told that it was an unusual thing not to see one of them employed on it,

"Snooping to support

Each flower of tender stalk."

and otherwise nourishing them at all hours of the day. This was more peculiarly the province of the eldest daughter, Helen, who was so beautiful that she might almost have answered the description given by our great poet of his Eve, engaged in a similar employment. The wife of Mr. Caldwell was as gentle, lovely and engaging as he was noble, elevated and excellent. She too possessed the affections of all, particularly of those who constituted her husband's pastoral care. Her manners and feelings were perfectly refined; her principles firm as those of her husband, and her mind much more carefully cultivated than those of the generality of females in her day. This interesting pair had loved each other from childhood, and every passing year since their union had served to cement the affections of their early youth.

Thus the commencement of our troubles found them—dwelling amidst a home, bright with sunshine and with love, knowing no sorrow but for their country's wrongs; which they felt most keenly, was crushed and oppressed by the power which should have afforded them strength and protection. The repeated extortions, the illegal decrees which she was now continually groaning under, began deeply to distress the feeling, patriotic heart of Mr. Caldwell. The darkness increased, the storm continued to thicken; every heart felt that a fearful crisis approached;

—"And that a spirit was abroad,

Which would not slumber till its path was trac'd

By deeds of fearful fame."

At that solemn juncture few were hardy enough even to breathe the word *Independence*; but our noble pastor, who had calmly and philosophically, as well as feelingly pondered on our situation, saw that it was the only resource, and he dared to speak it even at the risk of sharing a traitor's fate. Confident in the justice of his cause, firmly relying on the God of the oppressed,

he felt that the time had now come when a great and mighty task incited him

"To endure,
And to keep watch, and to arouse a land,
And to defend an altar."

After thus sketching the most important characters of the family, we pass over the intervening years, fraught as they are with momentous events. The gathering storm had burst—a fearful struggle had commenced, and carried on for more than four dreary years. Scenes of horror and bloodshed, at which the heart sickens in recalling, had been transacted. England had endeavored to overpower our weakened and suffering country with her native soldiers and her mercenary armies. Fearful were the odds between them and our undisciplined and miserably armed troops—nothing remained to prevent our yielding to the powerful enemy but a confidence in the justness of our cause, and a reliance on Him who was the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night, to his ancient redeemed ones, when he brought them forth from under the oppressor's mighty hand.

We will now introduce our reader to a humble mansion in a small village, four miles from Elizabeth, to which Mr. Caldwell had removed his family in consequence of the frequent incursions of the British from Staten Island, lying directly opposite to Elizabeth, of which they had possessed themselves; thus keeping the neighborhood and village in a constant state of excitement and alarm. He himself remained with the army, using all that eloquence with which he was so richly gifted, in inspiring the American troops with courage and confidence in the ultimate success of their cause. When suffering with hunger, half clothed and weary, a powerful enemy at hand, and no prospect of human relief, his burning words would ever renew their fainting courage—quicken their faith in the Redeemer of the oppressed, and cause the shout of "Liberty or Death," to be heard from every lip.

Thus, though warring not with carnal weapons, the commanders of the American army felt that in him they had a host, whilst among the invaders he was feared and execrated as the means of keeping alive that rebellion, which, at the commencement of the war, they thought it would be no difficult matter to crush and exterminate. The morning that we speak of, the British forces were landing at Elizabeth, with the design of giving battle to Gen. Washington, who, with his army, lay encamped near Morristown. Mr. Caldwell was about departing in company with a party of soldiers, to join that larger body, and by his presence

"In the souls
Of suffering and indignant men, arouse
That which might strengthen our majestic cause
With a yet deeper power."

An unusual paleness rested on the cheeks of his devoted wife, as her husband pressed her to his bosom. She had struggled to preserve her composure, but her eye rested upon her children, in their innocence and loveliness, and tears in quick succession rolled down her cheeks.

"Alas! alas!" she exclaimed, "I cannot ac-

count for these sad and overpowering feelings that oppress and weigh down my spirit this morning; but they do betoken, I fear, some impending evil. Who can tell but you, my husband, may this day be a victim to your patriotism. The malicious refugee hates, and the cruel Briton dreads you.—Oh! should their dark plans succeed, who will comfort me? Who will protect our helpless babes, and shield our beautiful Helen?"—and at the thought of the last mentioned dear one's being left unprotected in her youth and loveliness, a chill of horror seemed to rush through her frame.

"Do not give way to such feelings, my Hannah," answered her husband, as he kissed away her tears; "put your trust in the God who regards us with a watchful eye, and who will eventually deliver us from the tyrant's hand. This day of darkness will not last forever—even now the clouds are rolling away, and soon in our own quiet home we shall again enjoy all that sweet peace we used to know before the foe invaded our land—aye, and far more, my love," he added, as his dark eye flashed with a patriot's fire, "for we shall then be free, free from the shackles of the proud oppressor. Bear only a little while, and this glorious boon will be ours. Set the prize for which we now suffer, before you, it will nerve your fainting spirit, and teach you still to support present inconveniences for future good—yes, cheer up love, and let me have one of your bright and happy smiles. I shall return to-morrow evening, with the blessing of God, to tell you how the enemy has been defeated, and to spend a few quiet happy days in your company. Helen," he said to his daughter, who then entered the room, "take good care of your mother to-day; she is not well, and I commend her to you, knowing that I could not place her in kinder hands."

That influence which we have said Mr. Caldwell possessed over the minds of his parishioners, was ever felt still more strongly by his wife. His voice had chased away those phantoms of darkness and dread which had brooded over her soul. She raised her head from his shoulder, and her pale cheek resumed its natural color—a taint of the softest, tenderest pink. Her meek and dove-like eyes wore a composed expression as she lifted her babe from the floor, on which it was playing, and called on him to give it a farewell embrace; yet her lip quivered as he again pressed it on leaving her, although a strong effort prevented her husband's witnessing her agitation.

Soon after his departure, the British forces commenced their march through the village. Mrs. Caldwell shrunk from the sight, and found it indeed a difficult task to be obliged to expose herself to the view of her country's and her husband's inveterate enemies; yet, had she done otherwise, she knew the house would be levelled with the ground, under the plea of its containing rebels to his majesty. Still they passed onward, while she often saw her place of refuge pointed at with menacing looks, while the name of her husband was murmured with oaths and imprecations.

"Mother! mother!" said Helen, who, although shielded from observation, heard their

expressions as they passed along, "I cannot hear this and not hate these men, although my father warns me of the wickedness of doing so. What has he, so kind, so good, so amiable, so benevolent, what has he done to deserve it?"

"He has done nothing, my child," replied the agitated mother, "but endeavored to arouse a scorned and trampled land to cast aside shackles too grievous to be borne; and oh, Helen! though I do not hate them, yet, when I hear my good and noble husband cursed and execrated, my heart rises as it should not. Let me retire to implore forgiveness for this sin, and like my Divine Master, pray for blessings on the head of those who hate and persecute us."

Thus saying, she arose from her seat and left the room. Upon her return, although absent but a short time, Helen perceived the voice of peace had calmed her soul's commotion. She had been communing with the Deity, and the effect of that interview was yet visible upon her countenance. Meet preparation for the dread and awful hour approaching! The God in whom from early youth she trusted, in compassion had strengthened her soul, and was preparing her spirit for the conflict her feeble nature was soon to pass through. The maid entering with the infant to receive its maternal nourishment, she took it in her arms to perform this interesting office—ah! how little did she suppose for the last time! But at that moment, as she sat full of life and health, the curtain between her and the eternal world was soon to fall. Having returned the unconscious infant to its nurse's arms, she was in the act of readjusting her handkerchief, when a ball from the musket of a British soldier, who had caught a glimpse of her person through the window, pierced her bosom, and the blood of the martyr mingling with the milk of the mother, poured itself forth in a united stream at the feet of the afflicted nurse. Her screams brought in the terrified Helen from the next room, to behold her mother gasping in death, and to hear her pallid lips utter, "Forgive them Father! my Saviour! my husband! my children!" and the pure spirit flew from pain and grief to the bosom of its God. Helen, with a thrill of convulsive horror, stooped to raise the motionless body, but when she saw that life was indeed extinct, she uttered one cry of agony, and stood mute and still as the lifeless remains before her, with a gaze so vacant that the attention of those around was drawn from the mother to the daughter. The children crowded into the room with shrieks and exclamations, the soldiers surrounded that house of death with oaths the most terrific, and threats of burning it to the ground; while some of the neighbors, hearing a confused account of what had occurred, forgetting their terror of the British, ran to the relief of the children.

"Helen, dear Helen," exclaimed a young man of about eighteen, entering the room, "hasten with me from this scene of horror and cruelty.—Your mother's precious remains will be attended to. Do not stay here, they are firing the house. Let me conduct you and the children to my aunt's—come, come, there is no time to lose," he said, as he drew her towards the door. At this she raised her eyes, and he started at the fearful

expression they wore. He saw her mind had forsaken her, and motioning to two men, who had entered with a middle-aged woman, his aunt, to bear the corpse to their house, on the opposite side of the street, he took the frightened infant in his arms, and leading Helen by the hand, who made no resistance, towards the door, left Mrs. Wade and the nurse to collect the other helpless little ones and follow him. Indeed they had no time to lose, for the house had already been set on fire; but even the ruffian band seemed to shrink back from the group which emerged through the door. The men bearing the bleeding corpse, Alfred Wade holding in his arms the motherless infant, and leading the passive Helen, whose appearance was indeed awful, for her raven hair was saturated with her mother's blood, as it flowed over her shoulders in wild confusion, dying the white dress she wore; while her face of a ghastly paleness, was streaked with the same dark and fearful hue. The other orphans, screaming with affright, clung to Mrs. Wade, as they passed through the crowd of soldiers; while Alfred's expressive face told the horror and detestation he felt for them. It appeared as if he too was to be a victim, for the gun of one of them was levelled at the breast of the young rebel, when an officer, who proved to be General Tryon, called upon him to desist; and approaching Alfred, expressed sorrow for what had happened, and offered his services to procure the distressed group any assistance in his power. A bitter smile curled the proud lips of Alfred Wade; it was succeeded by a look of deep and mournful agony, as raising his eyes he exclaimed, "Can ye bring back life to the dead? Can ye restore to these helpless ones their mother?" At the name of mother, a wild and troubled expression crossed the vacant face of Helen. She gave an enquiring look at the General as she repeated after Alfred, "Can ye give me back my mother?" and it passed away, leaving that face lately so glowing and brilliant, cold and unimpassioned as the chiselled marble.

"This too is the work of your followers," exclaimed Alfred, as his eye flashed fiercely, "her mind is gone, shattered, destroyed—oh, England! England! there is retributive justice on high!"

The General looked sad but displeased: "Young man," he said, "I make due allowance for the excited state of your feelings, but know, a commander often deplures the excesses of his soldiery, and would check them were he able.—Pass on; but it would be well for you to exercise more prudence in the expression of your sentiments before an infuriated army."

Alfred bowed his head, and the afflicted little company, with all that was mortal of her who was before the throne of God, in glory, were soon sheltered within the neighboring house we have spoken of, while that which had for a few days past afforded them a place of refuge, was ere long a black and smoking pile of ruins.

It was on the third day after his separation from his family that Mr. Caldwell turned his face homeward. An engagement had taken place between the British and American armies, in which the former were driven back, and as they retraced their footsteps, their course was marked by the destruction of all that their ruthless march

had hitherto spared. Entering the village of Elizabeth, they set fire to the church of which Mr. Caldwell was pastor, and as they passed on, looked back with demoniac satisfaction at the ascending flames, cursing its patriotic pastor with their profane lips. He, meanwhile, proceeded onward, ignorant of the dark events which had occurred during his absence. With melancholy feelings he beheld the desolated fields and burning farm-houses, with other marks of the destroyer's footsteps. Sick of blood, loathing the horrors of war, he lifted up his heart to the God he served, and prayed him to end the dreadful struggle and rescue his oppressed and stricken country. Meanwhile, the thoughts of home, of wife and children, to be enjoyed, at least for a few days, came across his soul and soothed its tumults. True, the dark and unusual forebodings of his Hannah sometimes entered his mind, but he soon banished such gloomy ideas, anticipating her gentle smile—her cordial welcome—her low and fervent thanksgiving for his safe return. He saw his Helen's bright and deepening color, as she hastened to meet him, and the noisy salute of the little group as, aroused from their sleep, they climbed his knees with clamorous joy. A feeling of horror came over him when he beheld the house in which he supposed he had left them securely sheltered. No trace of his family was visible, as he approached the habitation of his neighbor, Wade, to enquire concerning them. All around was still as death, yet, through the low windows of the kitchen, he beheld moving groups, and more than once fancied that, amidst other figures, he discerned the loved one of his Hannah. He tied his horse to a tree, and raising the latch, entered the kitchen. The master of the house was standing with his back to the door; he turned around, and upon beholding Mr. Caldwell, without any sign of recognition, moved forward, passing through an opposite door to an inner chamber. His eye in an instant then took in every occupant of the room; his failing heart discerned the absence of her, the first looked for, the earliest to meet and welcome him. He saw Helen sitting on a low chair with the infant sleeping on her lap. As he entered, she raised her heavy eyes, and then with a cry of agony, hid her face upon the babe she was holding. That look told a fearful tale: then he knew that something, even beyond his heaviest fears, had occurred. What could it be, that in three days could have cast such a shadow over that sunny brow, blanched that glowing cheek, and quenched the radiance of that laughing eye? He heard the mournful cry of mamma! mamma! from his little Anna, who, shrinking in a corner from all around, seemed to refuse to be comforted. That tender mother, so prompt to answer the little loved one's call, where was she? Mrs. Wade rose from a table where she was giving the other children their supper, with a look of sorrow and of pity, which confirmed all that had been previously told him. He could command himself no longer, but speechless and unnerved he sunk into a chair. Mrs. Wade wrung her hands—"Our pastor! our beloved pastor! how can I tell you? how will you bear it?" while a piercing shriek from Helen, went like an electric flash through his frame; he sprung upon his feet—

"Shew her to me—do not keep me longer in suspense—tell me the worst."

With unsteady steps Alfred approached from an opposite apartment. He had always been dear to Mr. Caldwell, and most of his education had been received beneath his roof. His love for Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell was childlike, while Helen had ever been his heart's idol. He took the cold hand of Mr. Caldwell and said, with a quivering lip, "Do you, dearest friend, remember the illustrious example of submission to God, you on the last Sabbath presented before your people? He said, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord, though stripped of *all*.'" His full heart could utter no more, it relieved itself in sobs and tears. The smitten husband groaned in agony, again he uttered, "Shew her to me," and Alfred supported his steps to the room, where his eyes beheld all that his heart had foretold. He gazed in silence upon that pallid cheek, so lately flushed with life; he kissed those lips, whose hue the spoiler had so fearfully changed; his excited, overwrought feelings who can attempt to paint. We would draw a veil over that solemn and sacred scene.

That miserable night his solitary watch was held beside the corpse of her who in life had ever been "the rainbow of his sight," and the next morning at an early hour, amidst the lamentations of all who had known her, the loved and lovely victim was committed to the dust.

From the day that this sad and awful event occurred, a change was wrought in the feelings of Alfred Wade. He had hitherto remained at home, in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, although at times, a hero's spirit was awakened within him, and he longed to join the devoted band who counted not their lives dear to them, so that their country might be rescued from its thralldom. But he now determined to cast aside all ties that would detain him, gird on the sword, and either live in a country free from the oppressor's chain, or perish in its defence.

"Thou hast not died in vain," said the bereaved husband, when Alfred poured forth the feelings of his young and ardent heart, to his early friend, with the cause which brought them into exercise, "thy blood, oh, my sainted love! was not spilled for naught. I regret not the sacrifice, if such be the results, my father and my God! My bruised heart well nigh murmured at the blow that proved me unto agony; but now I bow unto thy decree—yes, thou shalt go forth, and the god of battle be thy succor and support. Oh, Alfred! ours is a sacred and a holy cause; 'tis not alone our civil liberties for which we contend, but for those religious ones, so dear to the christian heart. Know ye not, that the proud nation which oppresses us, would—oh union most abhorred!—bind the church fast to the wheels of state? But it will not be; more faithful blood must flow; but God has destined our country to be the abode of religious freedom—a refuge for those who serve him 'in spirit and in truth.' I look to future years and behold our children worshipping the God of their fathers, under their 'own vine and figtree,' with none to disturb or make them afraid.—Yes," he continued, kindling with a prophet's fire, "America, like a stately and well-nourished tree, shall spread out her

ample branches, offering repose and protection from the storms of persecution, to every nation and people under heaven. She shall be the bulwark of civil and religious freedom. Liberty shall receive a new impulse from our success—a resurrection from the dead, and lighting her torch at our altars, shall kindle up a kindred fire among the slumbering and degraded people of our father land."

From that time, the name of Alfred Wade was coupled with all that was valiant and magnanimous; while he and his excellent preceptor, each in their different sphere, had but one object in view—the rescue of their country from tyranny and thralldom. Mr. Caldwell's children were placed under the protection of an aunt, in the interior of the country, where the horrors of war were known but from report, and where their mother had often been solicited to take refuge; but who, in the devotion of her soul to her husband, had refused the offer.

It was a dreary night on the 23d of November, 1781, that two persons were discovered in a temporary shed, erected for a sentry box, at Elizabethtown Point, two miles from the village. The one was a sulky, dogged-looking man, of short stature, who sat with his hat drawn over his eyes, as if to conceal their expression, near a rough table, on which burned a feeble light. The other, who stood beside him, carried in his dress and manner, an air of assumed smartness, while his face bore deep traces of hardened and determined villany. He was a dark hearted refugee, who thirsted for the patriots' blood, and who held in his hand a well filled purse, the fruits of treachery.

"Let your eye glance on this, my good fellow," said he, holding it near the face of the other, "pure British gold—freely given for a trifling service."

"Aye, aye, the gold is well enough, but there's the price you'd make me pay for it."

"The price," rejoined the first speaker, with a laugh, "the price of your soul you mean, I suppose, but hark ye, Wilson, a rascal like you should have got past all that."

"Rascal as I am, Holmes, remember that it was you and the like of you, that made me so, and now that you've got me in your power, you expect me to commit every deed that's black and evil, for your convenience."

"Yes, we have you in our power, sure enough," said Holmes, "and 'tis vain to think of resisting now, so remember, that if you take true aim your fortune's made, but, if not, you know the consequence."

"But how do you know he will certainly be down to-morrow?" said Wilson after a pause, during which he was eyed by Holmes, with all the passions of the infernal regions working in his face.

A horrible oath burst from the refugee as he answered, "How do I know? That's no business of yours—it is enough for you to do what I bid you. He will be down, I tell you, after that Miss Franklin, who comes from New York to-morrow with a flag of truce. I hate her next to him, and wish you could settle matters with both at the same time."

More conversation of this kind passed between

these wretches, which we will not sully our pages by repeating. It was settled that the active patriot, whose sagacity had so often thwarted the counsels of the refugee, should be despatched by the same death which removed his wife but little more than a year before, and Wilson, Judas-like, received the price of innocent blood.

It was indeed true, as Holmes had by some means ascertained, that Miss Franklin, the beloved friend of Mr. Caldwell, was on the ensuing day to come over to Elizabethtown Point, and that Mr. Caldwell was there to meet and conduct her to the village. She was one of those females who, as Gordon in his History of the revolution, remarks, "Shewed amazing fortitude and the strongest attachment to the cause of their country—who even visited prison-ships, and other places of confinement, to solace their suffering countrymen."

One of those bright examples, of which America at that time furnished many, who aroused by the distressed situation of their country,

—"Put on

Courage and faith, and generous constancy,

Even as a breast-plate, and went serenely forth

Bending the warrior's wounds, and bearing fresh,

Cool draughts to feverish lips."

To our prisoners in New York she had been indeed an angel of mercy. Many a wounded soldier had died blessing the gentle hand that alleviated his sufferings, and even shrunk not from beside his miserable bed during the awful struggles of dissolving nature.

The day that the murderous act was to be perpetrated, is said to have been ushered in by sad and mournful omens. It was with ancestors of the writer that Mr. Caldwell spent the previous night, and the lady awoke her husband at daylight, with the account of a dark and fearful dream that had disturbed her repose. It was all indistinct, but there were troubled faces, and wailings of blood; and so deep was the impression made on her mind by it, that she arose from her bed and called up her household, who heard her dream related with all that superstitious awe which troubled times engender.* At breakfast it was repeated to Mr. Caldwell, who remarked, "It was singular that his dream should have been of such a different nature, for they were of angel-faces and celestial songs, which soothed his spirit into a frame it had not known during the last sad year."

At noon he left the village, on such a day as our November often produces. The storm of the preceding night had ceased—a dead and silent heaviness loaded the air, pressing upon the spirits with an unnatural weight, while masses of dark clouds obscured the sky and cast a melancholy shadow over the landscape. When Mr. Caldwell reached the Point, he found Miss Franklin already arrived, and after placing her in his carriage, returned for her trunk. The eye of the murderer was upon his victim; as Mr. Caldwell stooped to raise the trunk, Wilson exclaiming, as a veil for his meditated treachery, "you have contraband goods there"—levelled his

* The dream of the lady, and its effects upon her mind occurred exactly as related.

musket and fired. The ball was true; it entered his side near to the heart, and his blood gushed forth, bathing the ground where he fell, and bearing testimony against the traitor. The alarm was given, and a small party of Americans being near, Wilson was arrested without a struggle, appearing petrified with horror at the murderous act he had committed. Life was not yet extinct, and Mr. Caldwell was raised from the ground, carried in a litter to the village, and placed in the house of one of his parishioners. A surgeon was sent for who, after inspecting his wound, pronounced it a mortal one; and it soon became evident that the shadows of the eternal world were fast gathering around the dying man:

"The angel of the Covenant

Had come, and faithful to his promise, stood

Prepared to walk with him through death's dark vale."

His work was done—he was about to throw off the load which others had yet to sustain. That high heart would soon cease to beat, and those eloquent lips be sealed in death.—He begged to be raised, and like the last notes of the dying bird so often told in song, his parting exhortation was more impressive than any preceding one.

We have said the day was gloomy, but at its close the clouds were suddenly dispersed, and a flood of glory from the setting sun, poured itself through the window, illuminating every object in the room and casting a halo around the expiring patriot.

"I die, but God shall be with you," said he, "see you not this token of deliverance? Even so shall the Sun of Liberty burst forth from the clouds which obscure it, and my country shall rejoice in its beams. Farewell! carry my blessing and forgiveness to him who thirsted for my blood; and now I yield me into thy hands oh, thou Redeemer of sinners! my hope and my salvation!" His voice failed. Calm on the bosom of his God his soul had sunk to rest, and those who beheld that parting smile, that look of love and peace, learned that death was not that appalling thing it had before appeared.

Deep, deep was the wound made by his loss in the hearts of all who had known him. The house was crowded night and day by those who would gaze once more upon that face and form so venerated and beloved, and when the hour came to consign the body to its narrow house, it was not alone a family, but a town, a state, a country, mingling their lamentations and raising their united voices, crying, "Alas! alas! my father! the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

He sleeps in the village church yard of Elizabeth, beside the wife of his youth. Sacred and holy spot! how often have I sat upon the dark and mossy stone which covers their grave, and wept their cruel fate—a fate so singular, that if it were not a well attested historical fact, one would scarcely believe it any thing more than a fiction of the imagination. The God who has said that "the seed of the righteous shall not be forsaken," remembered the orphans when he took their parents. After the war terminated Helen became the wife of the noble Alfred.—The benevolent Lafayette adopted the eldest son and educated him with parental care, while the other children formed connexions of the happiest

kind, and were often cited by the good people of Elizabeth, as examples of providential care. Their descendants are among some of the most respected families in New Jersey, and they will bear me witness that the leading facts in this simple narrative are literally true.

Peace to thine ashes, thou martyr in a holy cause! Thy name shall be embalmed in our hearts, while the remembrance of thy wrongs and sufferings, shall teach us more highly to value the blessings we enjoy, and more gratefully to bless the hand which bestows them.

Written for the Casket.

THE SAXON'S DIRGE.

"The Saxons worshipped Woden, whom they believed to be the ancestor of their princes, and the god of war: they fancied if they obtained the favour of this divinity, by their valour, they should be admitted after death, into his hall; and should satiate themselves with wine from the skulls of their enemies."

From the spirit land, the spirit land,

A solemn voice I hear,

By its warning tone, the icy hand

Of death, I know is near.

My martial brethren soon will sigh.

Dim is the warrior's flashing eye,

Prepare him for the bier.

I sorrow not to leave the earth

By spring in pomp array'd,

The cottage with the parent hearth,

The glen, and wild-wood shade.

Where oft in childhood's glowing hours,

In search of butterflies and flowers,

With gleeful heart I stray'd.

Though dying in the morn of life,

I wear the laurel wreath,

For often in the field of strife,

I dared the stroke of death.

The foe will long remember me,

And glorious my reward will be,

When I resign my breath.

From the dark bosom of the grave,

Some spirit will me call,

To dwell forever with the brave,

In Woden's golden hall!

The goblet fashioned from the skull,

Of rosy nectar always full,

Will grace the festival.

The warrior's eye doth ever there

New scenes of bliss behold,

And warbling birds of plumage rare,

Their starry wings unfold.

The gentle zephyr ever brings

Rich music from the breathing strings

Of shining harps of gold.

When I am dead, my friends rejoice,

From childlike tears refrain,

For soon from Woden's hall, a voice

Will rend death's icy chain.

And I shall live in endless bliss,

And never in a world like this

Be subject unto pain.

AVON BARD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

Periodical Literature.

Probably at no previous time has there been so many good periodicals projected and in existence, as at the present time; the whole country is filled with prospectuses, and the public is somewhat puzzled to decide which or what to take, where the field is so ample. For ourselves, we are glad to see this accession of co-laborers in the field. Periodical literature has assumed a new stamp within a few years; it has risen in character most surprisingly; that it has arrived at its ultimatum of excellence, we do not believe, though it may have now come to a point which will not be exceeded for some years.

Our cotemporary of the *National Gazette*, for whose opinions in the main we entertain respect, ventured the other day to lay his veto upon the plan proposed in Boston, of republishing *Blackwood* and the *New Monthly Magazine*, giving it as his dictum, that native productions should have the preference, and be exclusively patronized. Now this is all wrong, and the American people have too much good sense to adopt any such system.—They already, we are told, import English periodicals to an amount exceeding \$12,000, and the trade has of late increased. Why should not our own publishers, printers, and paper-makers, be benefitted when they can, as in the instance we shall presently mention, furnish the same matter at half the foreign price, and make a profit too.

It is wrong to endeavor to forestall the market with our own periodicals, unless they are good as the foreign, and supply of themselves all our wants. Let the best, and those most adapted to our wants, have a chance at least of succeeding, and our own, if they are not as good and as cheap, sink into oblivion. Establish free trade in literature at least, that we may have the advantages which always result from competition in the manufacture of the domestic article.—If truth is elicited—if useful measures are urged—if sound taste in literature is enforced—or if information of a valuable kind is imparted, let us have it all. Cheapness is now the watchword, and one effect of competition has already been to reduce prices more than one half. Every man in the country can now afford to have his newspaper. He actually gets more by three times for his money, than he did formerly, and further competition will result in his getting it twice as good; but this is not to be brought about by any system of exclusion. The dissemination of journals of all kinds, will bring out the talent of the country, which, but for them, would have lain dormant. We must not indulge further on this topic to-day. We have a word to say on the project of Mr. Condé Raguet, which has just been put in effect by the republication of the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, two of the best quarterly journals of London. These works would cost, to import, at least six dollars each. Mr. Raguet reprints them both for *five dollars*, where they go to the same address, or separately for three dollars. Here is cheapness and excellence combined; they are valuable to all who cannot procure books entire, and to the literary will become indispensable. The *Westminster*, just printed, is uncommonly rich in valuable articles; one on "Journalism," strikes us as particularly excellent. The writer in his arguments on the grounds, that to be connected with a newspaper in England is discreditable, proceeds,

"In France on the contrary, to be a journalist, is to be a person of note; to be an editor, is to be a person of accredited power; the title of a journalist, implies education, character, and perhaps disinterested enthusiasm; at any rate, in public opinion, a union of respectable qualities.

"In France," says the writer on 'Journalism,' 'all political men, all the chiefs of parties, write in the

journals. In them they acquire their popularity, through them they attack the ministry, and by them they defend it when they have got it into their own hands. In no other part of the world, is the combat between the government and journalism so fairly engaged; for where else is the Press so completely the representative of the whole society?

"The power of journalism is acknowledged on all hands to be enormous in France, but it is not proved that it is less in England. Newspapers are everywhere a necessary of life; multitudes of men cannot breakfast without them; after breakfast, other multitudes of men resort to the club and reading-rooms for their perusal, with an appetite not exceeded by that with which the hard-working man seeks his dinner. Numbers of persons, both of fortune and supposed education, converse solely by and from the newspapers; and the lack of a barren journal, often assumes to individuals so situated, the shape of a serious misfortune. It has even been said, that suicides have been committed from a constant repetition of the announcement that nothing new had occurred; in other words, that the newspapers of the day were barren. And yet the instrument which administers to the supply of an appetite so craving, is despised as an authority; the source is hardly acknowledged, or with a sneer; the influence is denied; and the very individual whose whole thoughts have been moulded and directed by that morning's newspaper, would utterly deny the source of his inspiration. The majority of men are absolutely led by the journals, yet the majority deny their authority and are ashamed of their teachers. Why is this?

"The present character of the French press, is owing both to its history, and to the conditions under which the journals appear.

"Before the Revolution, Paris had but two daily political journals, the *Gazette de France* and the *Journal de Paris*. On the breaking out of that event, numerous sheets of all kinds were published, and though often summarily dealt with, continued till Bonaparte assumed the reins of government. Bonaparte had an exaggerated idea of the importance of the Press, and he resolved upon subduing the power to his own purposes. With this view he enslaved on one hand, while he dignified it on the other; he seized the property of every newspaper, and in different ways disposed of the old proprietors and editors. M. Bellmare, for instance, he sent as prefect of police to Antwerp, and poor M. Suard, the well-known academician, to a lunatic asylum at Clarenton, with an annuity of thirty pounds per annum. Every newspaper received a new responsible editor appointed by the government: and thus the Press was wholly laid at the feet of the executive. On the other hand Bonaparte declared the non-existence of a censorship in France, (for every paper had its own censor,) and he appointed a bureau de *l'opinion publique*. The members of this bureau were upwards of half a dozen of the most ingenious and popular writers in France. Their duty was to contribute to the various newspapers, such articles as would conciliate public opinion,—that is to say, recommend the measures and maxims of the government of the Emperor. The Press was thus bound hand and foot, but then its chains were gilded. It was in fact raised to be one of the departments of state, and though its power was limited and its beneficence poisoned, its apparent consequence—its *status* among professions—was greatly raised; it in short became honorable according to the vulgar notions of honor, and though it was a slave, it was a titled slave, and not at all more slavish than the senate or council of five hundred, the bar or the church. The Press, thus, was increased in dignity by the importance attached to it by a powerful and sagacious ruler, while it was excluded from the exercise of its natural prerogative. If the principle of the represen-

tation of the people could have been as easily managed and as carefully directed to the purposes of delusion, it would have been used. Had the newspaper press of England ever been openly adopted by the government, had its editors been appointed by the throne, and its active agents rewarded with pensions and governments; though it would have lost its highest quality, and for the time the chief part of its power, still it would have been exalted in public opinion, and under different circumstances might possibly have turned this authority to account. At any rate, after it had become a habit with the leading men in France to edit and manage a morning newspaper in the brilliant times of the empire, it never could by any possible revolution or change, be an occupation popularly depreciated. On the contrary, subsequent events have been such in France, as to develop all the native power of the Press, while there have been none of a tendency to degrade the character of the employment. The conditions under which newspaper publication has taken place in France of late years, have also materially tended to influence its character. It was impossible for a jealous government to permit the anonymous; and what is more, the epoch at which journalism burst into existence, was any thing but one of concealment. Every man was aiming to influence some portion of his countrymen, and was proud to avow his motive and triumph in his success. National character has also something to do with the openness of French periodical writing. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the absence of the anonymous materially influences the tone of French newspapers, and that the superior decorum they preserve, is one cause of the estimation in which they are held."

In this country there is much to be done in elevating the standard of literary productions; but first the editors must be multiplied and taken from the educated classes, or otherwise the very result that is desirable will follow—the foreign journals conducted by talent, will swallow them up.

Written for the Casket. PRINCETON.

In this critical situation, two armies, upon which the destinies of a whole continent reposed, were within one thousand yards of each other, crowded into a small village, and only separated by a fordable creek.—PAUL ALLEN.

Though the stern watch-word, "Liberty," had pass'd
To every corner of the western world;
Though at oppression was the gauntlet hurl'd,
And man awoke, as if a trumpet blast
His ear had greeted, and impetuous rushed
Where purple tides, from hoof-torn bosoms gushed;
Like Israel's stripling, almost weaponless,
Believing God the patriot's cause would bless.

There was a time, a fearful hour,
When spiritless despair held sway
In bosoms, where hope's cherub ray
Not long before had power.
Upon two warlike hoets opposed,
Divided by a stream of water,
Whose wave bore evidence of slaughter,
A nation's destiny reposed.
And the Briton thought the wearied foe
Would soon fall victims to their wrath;
For their feet left blood upon the snow,
And corpse-strew'd was their path.
Though many had their life drops pour'd,
In the stern strife of hand to hand,
Gaunt famine aided now the sword
To this dauntless band.

But death, not suffering, can quench
The ardor of a freeman's soul;
And still, with vengeful gasp, they clench
In fleshless, but not nerveless hands,
Their scabbardless and dripping brands.
And see! how proudly they unroll
Their stary banner to the bright blue sky,
As if 'twere pleasure in its shade to die.
'Twas eve, and martial sounds were borne
Upon the night wind sweeping by,
'Twas not the thrilling bugle-horn,
Nor drum, nor battle cry;
But the passing breeze brought now and then
The measur'd tread of marching men.
On! on! they come, no proud array
Of steel-clad warriors greets the sight,
No tossing plumes in the night breeze play,
No helmets glitter bright,
But men in rustic garbs array'd,
To slavery preferring death,
When struggling freedom call'd for aid,
Had drawn the rust-encumber'd blade
With ardor from its sheath.
No quenchless thirst for fame
Caused the old man, with hoary hair,
The battle's iron storm to dare.
The patriot's holy flame
His bosom stir'd. He came
To conquer, or resign his breath
In the red harvest-field of death.
'Twas morn, and burning for the fight
Proud England's hirelings were advancing.
With sabre drawn and charger prancing;
And though it was a glorious sight,
Far more imposing was the helmless line
Of freedom's rustic champions. The eye,
Prophetic mirror of the mind divine!
The purpose stern betray'd to conquer or to die.
Soon foe met foe, not a bloodless meeting,
For the bayonet with gore was reeking,
And the freeman's blade was dyed
Purple with life's bubbling tide,—
A shout is heard, oppression's cohorts yield,
O'er martyr'd Mercer shed the tears of grief,
The laurel twine for Vernon's matchless chief,
Who saved his country when he won that field.

ORIGINAL.

COME GENTLE SLEEP.

Come, gentle sleep! come to these eyes,
And wrap them up in rest:
And let this breast that only mourns,
In dreams, at least, be blest.
But like to nothing on this earth,
Let the sweet vision be;
Or else it must remembrance bring
Of something sad to me.
The master key of all my soul
Hath felt a fearful blow;
And every string that chimed before,
With discord frights me now.
Then, like to nothing on this earth,
Let the sweet vision be;
Or else it must remembrance bring
Of something sad to me.

C. B. B.

THE ROYAL CLARENCE VASE,



Of which the above engraving is a correct representation, is exhibited in the Queen's Bazaar, London, and is one of the most magnificent specimens of art ever exhibited. It was manufactured at the express desire of his late Majesty, George IV., to whom a model was submitted in 1828. Its manufacture occupied three years and a half, and fifteen workmen were constantly employed on it during the whole time. It is of the purest Grecian form, magnificently ornamented with gold and the finest enamelled tints, and is composed of most elaborately cut flint glass. The interior represents vine branches, beautifully arranged, and is best seen by daylight—the exterior, by gas-light. The room is elegantly fitted up and is lighted by fifteen lamps. At pleasure, the whole Vase can be illuminated, when the effect is dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme, having the appearance of gold enriched with jewels. The weight is eight tons; the height, including the pedestal, fourteen feet; the diameter of the basin, twelve feet; its capacity, equal to nine hundred gallons, or five thousand four hundred bottles of wine! It is composed of two thousand four hundred pieces, and so carefully fitted as to appear as a whole. When joined together, it is quite water-tight, and will contain, without injury, nine hundred gallons of molten lead! Its value is estimated at ten thousand guineas.

jailor was convicted and condemned; but he experienced the royal mercy in consequence of his ingenuity. A woman one day fell on her knees to obtain pardon for her condemned husband: 'Your husband is guilty,' replied Joam, and if I pardon him, he will only commit the more crimes; however, as you are in trouble, he may be enlarged!' Being once struck with the courage of a man in a bull-fight, he demanded, 'Who are you?' 'I am a criminal, who have fled from justice: I killed a person who insulted me!' 'Corregidor,' said the king, 'purge this man of his crime; he shall be employed in my service!' One of his nobles had a sister who suffered herself to be dishonoured by a gallant; the brother slew the gallant, and fled to Arrilla. Joam no sooner knew the circumstance, than he wrote to the governor, whom he ordered to treat the fugitive well, as one who had shewn a proper sense of honour. These instances, however, were but exceptions to his general justice, which was characterised by undue severity. In other respects his whimsical disposition exhibited itself in a harmless or even amiable manner. He placed little value on the recommendations of his nobles; and a favour solicited through their medium was almost sure to be denied. But he was fond of honouring and rewarding merit, especially when, as is generally the case, that merit was dumb. To a faithful and valiant knight he one day observed: 'You have hands to serve me; have you no tongue to request a recompense?' Being at dinner he was once served among others by Don Pedro de Melo, a knight of great prowess, who had usefully served him in Africa. The soldier, who was better fitted for handling the sword than a dish in the palace of princes, let fall a large vessel of water, which sprinkled some of the courtiers, and made others laugh. 'Why do you laugh?' inquired the king: 'Don Pedro has dropped a vessel of water, but he never dropped his lance!' Another brave soldier, Azambuja, who had erected the fortress in Guinea, and received a wound in the foot which made him lame for life, being one day at court, unable to push through the crowd, was ridiculed by some of the worthless audience. Joam perceived the affront, advanced towards the veteran, whom he seated by his side, and to whom he observed, 'Let them smile; they shall soon have reason to envy your honorable wound.' To a third officer, who, on arriving at court, could not obtain a hotel, he said, 'Be not uneasy that every lodging is occupied; my palace shall suffice you.' He had borrowed money of a rich merchant at Tavira, to whom, at the expiration of the stipulated period, he returned it with legal interest. The merchant—a wonderful instance of disinterestedness in such a capacity—refused to receive more than the principal; Joam sent double interest, with the order to continue doubling it as often as the merchant should persist in the refusal. In one of his public edicts, with the view of recruiting his cavalry, he ordered all his subjects to be in readiness to furnish excellent war horses. The churchmen pleaded their immunities, and some of them went so far as to say that they were not his subjects, but those of the pope. To punish them in the way they deserved, Joam loudly as-

ANECDOTES OF KING JOAM OF PORTUGAL.—

"A criminal after 14 years' imprisonment was condemned to death,—probably because he had not money enough to purchase pardon from his judges, who had, however, accepted of some. The king pardoned the criminal, on account of the long confinement and the corruption of the judges, and threatened them with the same fate if the offence were repeated. A jailor persuaded another prisoner to counterfeit death, and thereby to escape the capital punishment: the

serted that he had never regarded them as subjects; and by another ordinance he forbade all smiths and farriers to shoe their mules and horses—a measure which soon compelled them to submit.”—*Cab. Cyc. History of Spain and Portugal.*

PAGANINI.

One day I mentioned to Paganini a circumstance which had happened to me in the morning. I had been accosted in the street by a stranger, who, after telling me that he was connected with the Queen's Theatre, and was a bit of a fiddler himself, had indulged me at some length with the gratuitous expression of his raptures at the Italian Signor's performance, and had likewise volunteered the intelligence that Paganini had composed an Opera, which would be published either after his travels, or after his death; and moreover, that he possessed a grand secret respecting the violin, which he had, however, communicated to one individual, a certain Nicolo Cindrelli, of Naples.—Believing these to be random assertions, I had expressed as much to the loquacious stranger. Paganini now, himself undeceived me, by declaring, with great emphasis, “*Non e bugia, anzi e molto vero, ch'io possiedo un gran segreto*”—(it is no falsehood, but very true, that I am possessed of a grand secret.) The following explanation, which he then proceeded to give me, will be read with interest, I am certain, by all who have listened to the great master's display of his thrilling art.

“It happened,” said Paganini, “to be at Naples some years ago, where I met with a violoncello-player whom I had previously known, and known as one of the worst conceivable performers on that instrument; inasmuch that the pain of listening to him amounted to a torture. The name of this tormentor was Nicolo Cindrelli. I one day took it into my head to offer him the means of escape from this predicament, by telling him that I would teach him to make his fortune, if he would pledge me his word to keep the secret, as I was anxious it should not be communicated to any one else. He passed me his word accordingly, and I went to work with him, and in three days instilled into him a totally different mode of managing his bow, &c. These three days made him a new man,—so great was the advancement he made, and so entirely had his awkward, vulgar, and rasping style disappeared. Of all this I said nothing to any one, until, on the occasion of his being about to perform at a Concert, I made a point of going there before his arrival, and addressed myself to the assembled professors and amateurs, saying, ‘Gentlemen, you have here in Naples the first violoncello-player in the world!’ They were instantly all eager to know whom I could possibly mean; but when I named to them Signor Nicolo Cindrelli, a *laughing chorus* was the result. ‘But,’ continued I, ‘you have not heard him.’—‘Yes, yes,’ replied they, ‘we have heard too much of him.’—‘How long may it be since you heard him?’—‘Oh! six days ago.’—‘Well, well, you must hear him now.’

“In short, Signor Cindrelli came, and performed at the Concert, where he threw out such dashing tones, and extracted so much effect from his instrument, as to excite their wonder-

ing acclamation—so greatly were they all struck with the miracle of art which they deemed me to have effected in the person of that professor.”

“I do most assuredly possess the secret; and when it shall be hereafter known, all the pupils of all the musical academies will run together to embrace the system, I shall publish. Then you will see them reach lofty flights, but not before.”

FISHING FOR POPULARITY.—There is nothing appears more suspicious in a politician, than publicly disclaiming all desire to gain popularity. A number of years ago, a prominent member of the New Hampshire Legislature, who was evidently anxious to gain the good opinion of his fellow men, embraced every opportunity to declare, that he was actuated solely by disinterested motives; that he would be the last man to flatter the prejudices of his party, or recommend any public measures, merely for the purpose of gaining popularity. After an harangue in the House, which he ended as usual, with a disclaimer of this kind, a shrewd old farmer, (who, by the by, was troubled with an impediment in his speech,) rose and observed that the language of the gentleman on this and various other occasions, reminded him of a circumstance which once came to his knowledge:

“A baker, on entering hith thop one morning, found a thuthpithous-looking person prethent. On being athked what he wanted, he replied, ‘that he had found the door unfathened and walked in, and wath waiting the entranth of the matther of the thop; but, thaid he, I athturre you, thir, I have taken nothing from your thelves—I would thorn to appropriate to mythelf any of your loaveth, thweet cakes, or thintherbread.’ But the baker, hearing him thuth unethethetharily dithclain any evil ithethion, iththly thought proper to thearch him—and on turning hith pocketh iththide out, found them full of cake and thintherbread!”—*News Letter.*

CURIOUS OCULAR ILLUSION.—Sir David Brewster mentions a very curious ocular illusion which occurred to himself, while engaged writing the work now before us. He was seated at a table, with two candles before him, when upon directing his eyes to them, he was much surprised to observe, apparently among his hair, and nearly straight above his head, but far without the range of vision, (unless he could be supposed to see through the top of his head,) a distinct image of one of the candles. The image was as perfect as if it had been formed by reflection from a piece of mirror glass; but where the reflecting substance was, he could not at first discover. He examined his eye brows and eye lashes, but in vain. At length his lady tried her skill; and after a minute search she perceived, between two eye lashes, a very minute speck, which, on being removed, turned out to be a chip of red wax, highly polished, which was the real mirror, on the occasion, and which had probably started into his eye when breaking the seal of a letter, a short time before he observed the phenomenon. An unphilosophical person might have gone mad, or have sent for his physician in an agony of terror, under such circumstances.

Unrehearsed Stage Effect.

When Kemble was in the zenith of his fame, he had an engagement at the New Castle theatre to play Hamlet on a certain night. The leading actor of that company was Bensley, an artist of the old school, who on this occasion was cast for the Ghost. The high popularity of Kemble rendered his name an attractive feature in the bills, and with the jealousy inherent in theatricals, Bensley was much annoyed at having to second the greatness of the London star. He, however, studied the part, but having received it at short notice, in much tribulation, in his usual cold, sententious manner, walking about all day studying and slapping his forehead, anxiously waiting for the night, and as anxiously wishing it was over; amazingly tormented by an apprehension, that the affair would in some way or other injure his reputation. When the time for dressing came, Bensley's fears were not a jot abated; he put on the leather armor, which fitted him horribly, cursing by turns the Ghost, the armor, and the manager. At length the curtain rang up, and it occurred to Bensley, that a moderate draught, taken in time, might give him firmness, and thereupon still repeating his part at intervals, he summoned his dresser to his aid. "Dresser! 'Mark me!' (repeating his character) 'if ever thou didst thy dear father love.' I am not in the habit of taking strong liquors on the nights on which I perform, but dresser—prithoe go to the public-house over the way, and bring me a small glass of brandy and water." When the brandy and water came, the first scene going on all this while—Bensley drank it off at a draught; but as he set the empty glass down, to his surprise he perceived a strong sediment at the bottom of it; he immediately sent the dresser back to the 'Crown,' desiring him to enquire what the landlord meant by sending him so filthy a potation. Within the next minute he was called to go upon the stage—and still grumbling about the liquor, and the character, he walked down stairs, and made his entre as the buried majesty of Denmark: but no sooner had John Kemble—with 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us'—started on one side, than his eye caught the landlady of the Crown, who, with imploring eyes and uplifted hands, beckoned him to come off. Bensley made up his mind that the woman was frantic, and went on with his part as well as he could, it being in that scene only dumb show—beckoning and signing to Hamlet very solemnly with his truncheon, and looking cannon-balls over his shoulder at the landlady, who was so vociferous as to be heard almost at the back of the gallery: at length the time of exit came—"What the devil, madam, is the matter with you?"

"The matter! oh, Mr. Bensley, oh! forgive me—on my knees—poor miserable sinner that I am."

"Why, what in the name of the fiend, ails the woman?"

"The glass—brandy and water, sir—red arsenic—oh! sir, you are poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Bensley.

"Oh, yes; oh! forgive me; my eldest daughter set the glass on the shelf with red arsenic in it for the rats; I mixed it in the dusk, there

was no candle; oh! on my knees!"——as the written part dropped from his hand, the scene had shifted, and Kemble addressed himself to Bensley—"Come, sir, the stage is waiting."

"Sir, I cannot help that, I am poisoned."

"Oh, poisoned! nonsense; the people, my dear sir, are hissing in the pit already."

"Sir, I——what can I do? I tell you I am poisoned—they don't suppose I'm in the agonies of death."

"Well, but my dear Bensley, if you are poisoned, you can play this one scene—what are we to do?"

At last Kemble, who did not perfectly understand what was meant, absolutely hurried him on the stage, and they began the scene together; Bensley playing the ghost under the full conviction that, in five minutes, he should be a ghost in earnest: the play, under these auspicious circumstances, proceeding thus:

Hamlet. Whither wilt thou lead me—speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me! (I shan't be able to go much farther.)

Hamlet. Alas! poor Ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, (I'm a dead man, I'm poisoned) I'm your father's spirit, (oh! that cursed brandy and water,) doomed for a certain time to walk—(this is my last night.)

Hamlet. Oh! heavens!

Ghost. Murder most foul—(keeps the Crown over the way) as in the best it is; (Is the doctor come?) but this most strange, foul, and unnatural—(I shall never get through.)

Hamlet. Haste me to know it.

Ghost. Sleeping within mine orchard—(oh! that cursed public house,) my custom always in the afternoon, (brandy and water) with juice of cursed hebenon—(red arsenic) the leprous distilment—(meant for the rats.)

Hamlet. Oh! my prophetic soul! mine uncle!

Ghost. (Keeps the hotel over the way—she's beckoning me off now. I'm poisoned.)

Hamlet. (Are you serious.)

Ghost. (I'm dying with red arsenic. I must go off.)

Hamlet. (Stay a little, you will descend immediately.)

Ghost. Oh! I am thy father's spirit; (cursed brandy.)

Hamlet. Go on, I'll follow thee. (Go off, I'll apologise.)

Mr. Kemble then addressed the audience—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am placed in a most extraordinary situation. Mr. Benson is taken so suddenly and alarmingly ill, that he finds it impossible to continue his part at present; but hopes, with your kind indulgence, to be able in a few minutes to proceed." The audience received the apology very kindly, and the curtain fell. In the mean time a medical man had been sent for, who examined the said poisonous glass, and declared that whatever it contained, it was any thing else but arsenic. In the end it turned out, that the dresser having himself brought the brandy and water to the theatre, had accidentally let fall a lump of rose-pink, intended to make blood for the murder in the ensuing melo-drama—and so ended this ludicrous scene.

DIALOGUE ON DUELLING.

F. Were any man to call me a liar, a scoundrel, or a fool, by heavens, I'd challenge him.

W. And so prove your title to at least *one* of the opprobrious epithets.

F. How, sir! do you call me a fool?

W. By no means. How could I be so rash, as to think of it, when you have just declared you would challenge me?

F. That I would in less than the snapping of a pistol.

W. And if you should, where would be the advantage?

F. Why I would kill you of course.

W. But suppose I would not fight?

F. Then I would post you for a liar and a coward.

W. That probably would not hurt me, and certainly would not benefit you. Your posting me would not prove you any the less of a fool; the original charge, if it had any force, would remain the same though you were to post me a thousand times.

F. It would be some satisfaction at least to stigmatize you.

W. But suppose that I should accept your challenge and kill you?

F. Why, then my honor would be satisfied.

W. But the charge of fool would still cling to your memory, and those who once had charity enough to believe you possessed some little sense, would be thoroughly convinced by the last act of your life that you were a fool. They would say—'Here lies that fellow F. who in order to convince people that he was not a fool, died as a fool dieth.'

F. Do you mean to insinuate that I am a fool?

W. Certainly not. I know you would challenge me; and I have not the least desire to be killed just now, nor do I feel bloody minded enough to wish to kill you or any other man. But suppose I should call you a fool, and being challenged, I should be fool enough to fight, and you should kill me, what advantage would you gain?

F. I would wipe out the stigma of being called a fool.

W. How so? You would not prove yourself any the less a fool by having stood up to be shot at; though you should chance to escape death. The original charge would still remain with the same force as formerly.

F. But I should gratify my revenge, and that would be some comfort.

W. That is on the supposition you kill me; but if I killed you, then, friend F. you would say nothing of the gratification. The truth is, your whole plea of wiping out a stigma; whether it be of a fool, liar, scoundrel, or what not, has no foundation in reason or sound argument; because the challenging, the killing, the posting, or whatever may be the result, leaves the original question, whether the offensive charge be true or false, precisely where it was before the challenge. A fool may call out a wise man, a liar, a man of truth, a scoundrel, an honest man, &c. The mere circumstance of challenging or fighting, does not place the challenger on higher ground, or alter his relative position for the better.

F. What would you have a man do, then, when he is insulted or slandered?

W. Do! Why, if he is an honest man and a good citizen, continue so by faithfully observing the laws and fulfilling all his duties as a worthy member of society. On the contrary, if he is a bad man, the best thing he can do is to set about amendment; and instead of killing his adversary, be careful to give him no further cause to speak evil of him.

F. And so let the stigma remain upon his own character?

W. Let him do as I have mentioned, and he will soon get rid of the stigma. An honest and true man is like pure gold, a tarnish cannot adhere to him. The harder he is rubbed the brighter he shines.—*N. Y. Constellation.*

A REBUS.

Three letters do compose my name,
Backward or forward it's the same;
In Paradise I once did dwell,
So what am I, pray ladies tell?

A TOUCHSTONE FOR THE TIMES.

Misce, (we read,) with wondrous art, of old,
Whate'er he touched, at once transformed to gold;
This, modern statesmen can reverse with ease,
Touch them with gold, they'll turn to what you please.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

WITH EMBELLISHMENTS BY HERSELF.

Not very young—not very pretty,
Not very dull—not very witty,
I knew (by instinct) how to scold,
And talk'd (untaught) at nine months old:
In one short year, I learned at school,
To speak by rote—to look by rule;
I found that all the world agrees,
A lady's province is to please;
Whate'er her motive, means, or plan,
She must be charming—if she can,
I thought this hard, but could not doubt it,
And so, forthwith, I set about it;
I studied bravely day and night,
To make such progress as I might,
And, (at some cost of time and rest.)
I'm now "as charming" as the best!

I judge by fashion—not by reason,
I only laugh in proper season,
Whatever antics folly plays,
I listen "with a face of praise;"
If vice or meanness crosses my path,
I check the throb of scorn or wrath;
By civil dullness sorely tried,
I never yawn (except aside!)
But play the fool with smiling ease,
And by appearing pleased, I please!

Sometimes, through hurry or mistake,
And, now and then, for conscience sake,
I tell the truth!—a social evil,
A practice, neither safe or civil,
A rudeness, I am well aware,
Too gross for well-bred nerves to bear.
So half my beaux have taken fright,
Give out that I can read and write,
And call me "clever"—out of spite.
At home I caught (with grief) I own.)
A useless learning—worse than none—
I learned to think—a dangerous art,
That mends the head, but sears the heart:
Yet when the thinking fit is o'er,
I'm just as foolish as before,
Seeking what mischief I may do,
And drawing likenesses for you!
I'm not a wit, nor yet "amuse"—
I sport no blue (but in my shoes),
I'm not "accomplish'd"—nor a saint,
I neither proselyte nor paint,
The "Orators" are past my reach,
I read o' Greek, and never preach,
But then, instead, at idle times,
I make good pudding—and bad rhymes!

I flirt in Fanny Kemble's style,
I can be constant—for a while—
Civil to rogues, to coxcomb's cool;
I shun a rogue but dread a fool;
With either if one has to do,
The rogue's the safer of the two!
My age—about some twenty-four,
I may be less—I won't be more;
I cannot count—it pleased the fates,
I never could remember dates,
I'm often gay, and sometimes sad,
In temper, neither good nor bad,
But, as you see, with tongue and pen,
A little saucy now and then.

Folks say that I am pretty too,
Perhaps they flatter me "a few!"
Shall I refer the point to you?
I toss my head with so much grace,
You cannot choose but like my face;
My figure's good—my ankle neat,
Small hands, blue veins, and pretty feet!
No money!—I despise the pelf,
I am a fortune in myself!

This sparkling gem is still unset,
Good news for you—I'm single yet:
My heart—but move me gently here,
For hearts, you know, are puzzling gear,
Mise, if I have one, is at best
Only a riddle, like the rest.



Coblenz, Germany.



Ohiopyle Falls, Pennsylvania.

COBLENTZ.

The city of Coblentz, or Coblenze, as it is indifferently spelled, takes its name from the position it occupies on the point of land formed between the Rhine and the Moselle—*Confluentia*. Its shape is triangular; on the opposite side of the Rhine is the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbrstein, which frowns on the little town of Thal, at its feet. The ruins and ancient towers of this fortress, its ancient castles and towers make an imposing appearance from the quay of Coblentz. This view, with the bridge of boats thrown across the Rhine, the massy stone bridge which crosses the Moselle, and the numerous towers and spires which rise above the walls and buildings of the city, compose one of the most magnificent views that the imagination can conceive. The town is well fortified on every side.

The bridge is built of lava, and consists of fourteen arches, of an antique and picturesque appearance, as will be seen in the engraving, which includes also part of the town itself.

The churches of Coblentz, though numerous, are not very remarkable. The Beatusberg, anciently the Marterberg, is noted for its fortifications, but principally because one of the finest views on the Rhine is obtained from its heights. Coblentz has long been famous in history. It was the court of many of the Frankish kings, and of the emperors. Its old Roman fort became a royal chateau under the French dominion; afterwards a military barracks, and now a palace of justice. It stands on the banks of the Rhine, in the handsomest quarter of the town; and with the theatre and other public buildings surrounding it, confers an air of wealth and grandeur upon the place. Prince Metternich was born at Coblentz. The French who destroyed every thing they could not keep, did much injury in this neighborhood, and thus the poet has truly observed—

"Peace destroyed what war could never blight."

OHIOPYLE FALLS.

The following notice of the Falls of Ohio-pyle, of Youghiogany, was prepared for the forthcoming Gazetteer of Pennsylvania, by Dr. James Mease, of this city.

These falls, and the country around them, have a romantic appearance. A horizontal stratum of rocks, about thirty-five or forty feet above the level of the river, immediately below the falls, appears to extend under the hills to an unknown distance. The rock at the falls has altered much within thirty years, a part having been broken off during that time. On this floor of rock the water rushes along for some distance, and when within less than a quarter of a mile of the falls, the bed of the river becomes very rough, and the water tosses about the shelves of the rock in four irregular tumbings, of from three to five feet in fall. The river is there contracted from eighteen to sixteen rods in breadth to about four in low water, where it pitches over the falls in a broken column, about sixteen and a half perpendicularly, into a very deep hole, where the river again widens to ten or twelve rods for about the distance of 120 rods, where another rapid commences at the mouth of "Meadow Run," and

continues almost without interruption for several miles. The column of water passing over the falls in October, 1816, was about four rods wide and five or six feet thick; but when the river is very high, it may be fifteen rods wide and twenty feet thick. Below these falls the bed of the river is generally very narrow, confined between the hills, and sometimes rises in these narrow places to the height of more than forty feet above low water mark, while at the same stage of the water, the rise would not be more than ten or twelve feet at Connellsville, and about four or five at the Broadford, a few miles below that town. The rock that forms the bed of the river above the falls, appears to be the same range or strata as that over which "Cucumber Run" falls, in a smooth sheet, for about thirty-seven feet, and then enters a little below the commencement of the rapids, at about 120 rods below the falls of the river, or ninety rods below the mouth of Meadow Run. The rapids or trough of Meadow Run are formed in the same strata, and but a short distance from the river. This trough is a gutter worn in the rocks, of several feet in depth, down which the whole current of the run glides with incredible force, for several rods, in a column of from five to six to perhaps fifty cubic feet in thickness, according to the height of the stream, in a drought or any great freshet. A circle of about a mile in diameter, around the Ohio-pyle Falls, would include as great a seat for water-works as any in Pennsylvania. Any of these streams will afford a fall of from thirty to fifty or sixty feet in less than 100 rods. By cutting across a neck of land, about ninety rods in distance, and not very difficult, the river will afford a fall of above 100 feet, and water enough the whole year for any quantity of machinery; but the roughness of situation will make the improvement of this site difficult and expensive. Near this place is a rock which may be formed into millstones, of a quality equal to French burr, and in quantity sufficient to supply all the western country. These are composed of a soft kind of sandy stone, that appears to be worn away by the water, a cool stream of which runs along the bottom of the cave.

Affectation is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the act of counterfeiting those qualities which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and earnestness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and the guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the false appearance, is more pernicious. But he that, with an awkward address, and unpleasant countenance, boasts of the conquests made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other furnishes only a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Written for the Casket.

Written upon reading the account of FRANCES ABBOTT, who passed some time in a secluded manner at Niagara, and who was drowned near the falls.

Stranger! what charm allured thee from thy home,
'Midst solitudes profound and vast to roam.
No heart to beat responsive to thy sighs,
No once loved form to meet thy longing eyes;
To cheer thee in the sad and trying hour,
When sickness reached thy solitary bower,
Oh what dark tale of woe was thine,
That drew thee hither from thy native clime.

Haply thou lovedst, and she to whom was given
Thy heart, thy all—save hope at last of Heaven;
She whose bright image flung its golden beams
Of happiness and love, o'er youth's fond dreams;
Haply was false—away in scorn thou cast
The illusive light that glittered on the past,
And sought to hide thy agony of soul,
Where constant still the mighty waters roll.

Or Stranger, did religion's light alone
Pourtray the glories of the Almighty One,
And woo thee thus to give, in early days,
Thy heart to love him and thy voice to praise;
For this to cast each earthborn wish aside,
The fond caresses of sister or of bride,
For this to leave the paths in childhood trod,
And 'midst his wondrous works, adore thy God!

Oh was it so—or did the pomp of kings,
From which so much of human misery springs,
Which makes the poor man still with tears forego
The hard-earned sum, to swell a monarch's show,
While his poor babes around him cry for bread,
And want and sorrow sit beneath his shod;
Did thy soul faint at Europe's tyrant band,
And seek to rest at peace in Freedom's land?

What were thy musings in that awful scene,
Where Heaven's hand in mightiness has been;
Didst thou e'er dream, as still the dashing spray
Gleamed in the light of yon bright orb of day,
Formed by the union of the parted streams
Meeting in foam—did not thy dreams
View them as types of various nations cast
Forth from their homes to mingle here at last?

Or, didst thou view in nature's grand display,
The loftiest subject for a poet's lay;
A theme, another Milton to inspire,
To draw immortal verses from his lyre;
Or did thy thoughts to other nations stray,
And ponder o'er their glory and decay;
Of Tyre and Babylon—and Greece once free,
Now lost or sunk in abject slavery!

Whate'er thy musings on thy lowly bed,
The stars thou gazed on oft, their lustre shed;
Yon mighty Falls from precipices tost,
Still in the flaming deep abyss are lost;
Their sound disturbs thee not—the wave
Thy loved in life was destined for thy grave,
And tho' the roar of waters never cease,
Nay it thou repose in happiness and peace;
Nay poet's lay—may sigh of maiden bright,
So watched for thee—Niagara's Anchorite!

The Sister of Charity.

The clear frosty twilight of a January evening had changed to gloom, and darkness had gathered the stilly veil around the sleeping city. The occasional roll of carriages returning from party, ball, or theatre, was become less frequent, and the cheerful hum of men's voices was hushed to silence. The bright watchers of the sky had kindled their eternal lamps in the intense blue vault of heaven, while a silvery fringe that edged the eastward announced the late rising moon, and lit the ice-bound river with a glittering lustre. The night was cold and cheerless, the snow was swept in masses along by a bleak north-west wind, which wailed around the corners of the streets with a hollow sound; even the merry sleigh-bells sounded less merrily than usual, for they were unaccompanied by the joyous laugh of the riders, who sat silent and chill, wrapt in their furs, and wishing themselves home. "Few and far between" were the passengers who still crossed the deserted streets, and they drew their cloaks closer when they met the ice blast, and speeded them away—all but one. In a wretched, obscure street, between Shippen and South, where one dim lamp only served to exhibit the squalid misery, and contrast its own lurid light with the pure radiance above, as it spoke the difference between earth and heaven, a female figure continued to pace the broken pavement with uneven footsteps, and though her slight form was ill defended from the cold by her scanty covering, she seemed not to feel the bitter wind which whirled around her, but leaned long against the solitary lamp—then painfully resumed her cheerless walk.

The State House clock tolled midnight—she paused and listened to the strokes with a smothered agony until their last echo had died away, then, as if suddenly roused, walked rapidly down the street, and entered a low frame dwelling, which stood considerably back, and seemed to have been partly unroofed either by accident or age. The scene within exhibited poverty in its gauntest form—no carpet covered the broken floor, no fire dispelled the heavy damps which hung mildewed upon the wall, a handful of ashes remaining from the few chips picked up during the day, no longer threw out the slightest heat; a bench wanting a leg, a bulged tin bucket half full of ice, a small quantity of straw serving for a bed, and covered with a tattered piece of rag-carpet—these formed the whole furniture of this miserable abode. Stretched upon the squalid straw, and wrapt in sweet, unconscious slumber, there lay a lovely child; no sorrow nor care had yet dimmed the brightness of his cherub beauty, or blighted the infantine glee of his opening life; he smiled as he slept, as though a dream of heaven bound his closed eyes, and well figured he, in his innocent beauty, the love of a gracious God, gilding even the darkest scene of human misery. The woman knelt down by the boy, and casting off her calash, bent earnestly over but did not kiss him; there was a fearful contrast in the wild, worn expression of her countenance, and the sinless calm of the sleeping infant—yet she was beautiful; in her large, dark, prophet

eye, there was a spell of loveliness—a dream of soul-fraught beauty—pure, passionate and high; on her lofty brow there was a mind, a majesty enthroned, that hardly left the beholder power to mark its exquisite formation—but her eye was sunken now, and the very hues of life had forsaken her cheek; her form, though moulded in perfection, was wasted by want, and her pale lips had been kissed by the frost till warmth had almost left them. As she knelt, a tress of her dark hair fell over the infant's face, and as the icicles with which it was frosted melted with the warmth, he stirred and shivered. The mother arose and undid the cloak, which, tattered as it was, but covered a gown more ragged still, and folded it over him.

"It could not buy you bread, my child," she murmured, "for the hearts of men are harder than the mill-stone; yet it may keep you from this bitter cold. Oh, God! what to me is cold or hunger; I can bear all but thy cries, my blessed one—my own!" Her last words seemed to awaken some agonizing thought, for she sprung up and wrung her hands in wild emotion.

"He will wake and cry for bread, and I have none to give him! God of Heaven! didst thou not make man in mercy? Have pity upon a mother's anguish; give me bread—bread for my child!"

"Ada!" said a voice beside her. "Ada!"

She turned slowly round, and gazed, with lips parted and eyes fixed, as by fascination, on the speaker. A man of low stature and heavy proportions had entered unobserved, and stood by her, muffled in a large cloak and slouched cap. "Ada!" he repeated, "listen to me, and I will give you bread for your child!"

"Who are you that speaks?" she said, in low tones.

"Who?—have you, then, forgotten me? I am, Ada, your angel or foe—your guardian angel or evil spirit—as you choose, as you determine."

"Julian de Vaux," said Ada, slowly, "what brings you here? Are you come to exult over the ruin you have made?"

"You have rightly named me, Ada," said the stranger, dropping his cloak, "but not my errand. I come to you as a friend; beware you make me not your foe! I bear the olive branch; turn it not to the dagger's point!"

"Aye," she replied, bitterly, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ere I knew you, I was happy and honored in my estate, beloved and blest with a father's love, surrounded with comfort and girt about by friends; you came like the blasting mildew and withered my joy, you poured the rank poison of your heart into my cup of happiness and turned it to gall; I am an outcast—a beggar—yet still I am above thee! Man! false hearted, cowardly, treacherous man—I scorn and defy thee! My soul was not made to stoop to thine!"

"I expected and can forgive this passion," replied De Vaux, coolly, "a woman's words must have their way, and I have weathered their storms too long to be discontented now; but let this end it, for"—and his brow darkened as he spoke—"it is ill playing with the lion's wrath, or sporting with the consuming fire."

"The lion's wrath!" repeated Ada, scornful-

ly, "the raving tiger, or false hyena, were the apter likeness; the consuming fire! Now, by the God of Heaven! the deceiving vapor which burns over rottenness and corruption better resembles thee!"

"Even as you please, lady; the one comparison suits equally well with the other, for the tiger can devour, and the ignis fatuus leads to destruction: now to business. Ada, from the first hour I saw you in your father's house I loved you. You saw, and scorned my love!—let it pass, I could have forgiven that; but the man I most loathe, most hate, upon this earth—the man whom I would sink to the deepest hell—him, him you chose to load with the rich treasure of your affections, and pour upon his head the virgin sweetness of your love! *Douglas Bellis* was my favored rival!"

"*Thy rival!* out upon thee, base reptile!—I shame to hear thee join thy name with his!"

"You married him," continued De Vaux, without noticing her interruption, except by a quick contraction of the brow, "it was well, at least you thought so; but you did not dream that the bloodhounds of revenge dogged your footsteps. He was poor, I was rich—he was disliked and contemned, I favored and trusted by your father—yet you married him; I warned you not to awake a hatred which would pursue you to disgrace, desolation, and death—yet you married him and scorned me."

"Even as now, I scorn thee!" began Ada, haughtily; but De Vaux caught her arm, and pressing it firmly, said—

"Silence, fool! the tempest of my rage but sleeps; awake it not, or it will overwhelm you in its fury. I repeat, you married Douglas Bellis, and your father swore a fearful oath never to see you more; who prompted that oath and fed his anger? I. Your husband vainly tried for employment; who circumvented him? I. He flew to the gaming table; who urged him to spend his last cent while his wife and child were starving? Why, I—I did it. You are now in *desolation and disgrace*: death is still wanting to my oath—choose you whether it shall be fulfilled!"

There was a deep pause. Ada did not answer; her eyes were bent upon the ground, and so still, so motionless, was her form, that she more resembled a rare piece of statuary than a living, breathing creature. De Vaux's eyes were rivetted upon her with a triumphant smile; he seemed to gloat upon her beauty, faded as it was, and exult in the evident anguish of her manner. At last he spoke again, and if imagination may picture the probable tones of the Arch Tempter, those of De Vaux's might well resemble them in their fiendish triumph.

"A few words more, Ada, and then decide upon your fate for ever! Listen to, and mark me well; your father accompanied to the theatre to-night the woman he is about to marry—your name was mentioned, and I spoke of you with feigned compassion. Ada, he swore a fearful oath, that even were you dying at his feet, he would thunder in your ears the anathema of his curse; nay, turn not away, for you *must* hear me. I parted from your husband, in the lowest resort of gamblers and swindlers; he had toiled the livelong day for a paltry sum—he staked and

lost it; before I left, he had wagered his very clothing; and I smiled to think, that he must face this wintry blast, without protection from the weather. Ada, are these the props on which you lean? Leave them, and trust to me. I love you still, and will replace you in affluence and joy."

Ada had listened to his words in motionless silence; a crimson color had gathered on her cheek, and her dark eyes flashed with living fire; for a moment, it seemed as if the fierce convulsion would have slain her, but she calmed suddenly, and advancing slowly towards him, she fixed her proud eye full upon him, and answered in proud tones of dignity.

"Julian De Vaux," she said, "you have seen and know many things; but the human mind you know not, in its purity and power! This hovel is my glory, and I am prouder of these rags than of a gorgeous palace and a diadem of gems. Begone! and learn from me that the free spirit stoops not to paltry circumstances, and that I scorned thee not more in exaltation than now I do, amidst poverty, famine, and desolation!"

The tones of her voice rang high and proud as she pronounced her bold defiance, and her form seemed to dilate with a majesty of mind. But ere Julian De Vaux could answer, the child stirred, and suddenly becoming conscious of the cold, he commenced a piteous cry, "Oh, mother, I am cold and hungry! give George some bread, mother?"

The head of Ada sunk upon her breast, and the rich glow faded from her cheek, while over the brow there rushed a flush of unutterable thoughts. She ran to the boy and folded him closely to her breast. De Vaux followed her. "That is eloquence which surpasses mine. Ada, your child must starve or your pride stoop to turn pauper, and be supported by parish alms, if you continue madly to refuse my offered friendship. Be wise in time, and take wealth and love from my hand!"

With a sardonic smile, De Vaux opened his pocketbook, and displayed it filled with notes and gold; the child hung sobbing round his mother's neck; Ada clasped her hands wildly above her brow—then passionately threw herself upon the dingy floor at his feet.

"Julian De Vaux!" she gasped in bursting emotion, "you have wished to humble and subdue me; I am humbled to the very dust—I am kneeling at your feet for mercy—have pity on my agony, and give me bread for my child!"

De Vaux smiled. "What needs this passion, Ada; it is I, not you, should kneel; for you it is who deprive the boy of food. Come, throw away this folly, and"—

He would have raised Ada in his arms, but she put them proudly back, and motioned him away; her agony was too powerful for words, and De Vaux saw that he must await the collapse of her present excitement. He turned to the door—"Ada, I leave you an hour to determine; listen to those cries of hunger, and if you can bear them unmoved, blame yourself, not me, for the murder of your child! To-morrow night I will again be here."

Hour after hour passed away, and the first gray streaks of morning light began to tessellate

the heavens, the stars faded one by one from their azure palace, and the bright sunbeams threw a rich glow across the fretted icicles, like the smile of love kissing away the tears of beauty—yet Ada sat motionless as when De Vaux had left her, clasping her boy to her breast, as if its frozen surface could impart the warmth she did not feel. Her husband had not returned the livelong night, and well she knew the cause; he could not bear to witness the misery which he had made; disappointment had first driven him to the gaming table, and desperation kept him there. At last a black woman, who lived near, and who often assisted Ada with a kindness that shamed many a fairer skin, came in and persuaded her to give her the child in charge, while she herself should try to sleep.

"We hab a fire and some Johnny cakes, missis."

"Ay, take him, and God bless you, Savannah," said Ada, hurriedly, "I—yes, I will sleep awhile; one kiss, my child—it is for you that—I take him Savannah."

In a few minutes more Ada had left her miserable dwelling, and wrapt in her ragged cloak was quickly traversing the streets towards Eighth and Chesnut; her limbs were stiff with cold, and her tender frame exhausted with want and suffering; but her indomitable spirit quailed not, sorrow and despair seemed but to unwind the hidden chains of her fortune, and she passed through the gay crowds with whom she once mixed without a single sigh given to her lost happiness. At last she turned into the well-known street, and beheld the house where so many years she had lived in innocence and joy, through which her gay laugh had so often rung in its glee, and which she had left pursued by an enraged parent's curse. Her steps faltered at the sight, and she leaned in sudden faintness against the rails. "Perhaps he will again spurn me from him—perhaps he will repeat his awful curse, and bid me see his face no more. Oh! just God, awfully hath my disobedience been visited, pursue it not unto the second and third generation! Have mercy upon my child—my innocent, my beautiful—and I can die in peace!"

At the moment a dashing sleigh drew up to the door, and several gay visitors stepped out. Ada knew them well; they had often flattered her beauty and extolled her accomplishments, yet they entered the house as smiling as ever, though they knew she was an outcast and forlorn.

"Get up, good woman," said one of her father's pampered menials, "you must not sit blocking up the steps."

"Oh, my father!" murmured Ada, as she dragged away her frozen limbs, "your servants have plenty and to spare, while I am perishing with want. Alas! I have indeed sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy child!"

For several hours did the unfortunate woman watch an opportunity to gain admittance; visitors succeeded to visitors and party to party; all went out laughing and gay, and once she caught a glimpse of her father's face as he handed some ladies to their carriage, and the wind blew his silvery hairs over his lofty brow. Her feelings were wound to the highest pitch of excitement,

and hardly could she refrain from rushing forward and falling at his feet in the open street. At last his own carriage drew up, and she saw that soon her last hope of seeing him would be gone; so dragging down her calash over her burning temples, she ascended the steps, and endeavored to pass the waiter who was standing there.

"What is your business?" asked he, preventing her.

"To see Mr. Grenville," faltered she.

"You can't see him now, he is going out to dine with Mr. B., of the Bank," replied the man, imperatively.

"But I *must* see him, and who shall prevent me? Do you not know me, Washington? Aye, now you do—let me pass, for I *will* see my father."

"Lord ha mercy! Miss Ada! you musn't, any how!—Mercy! me! your pappy wont see you, no how!"

A dead faintness came over the unhappy girl; her eye had caught a figure on the stairs which blighted her hopes—it was De Vaux; his basilisk eye was on her, and a withering sneer was on her lip. Ada sunk hopelessly upon the steps as he advanced towards her.

"What, do we meet again so soon?" said he in his usual cold, sarcastic voice, "what would you here, fair lady?"

"Oh! for the sake of God!"

"Of whom?"

"Alas!" said Ada, shudderingly, "you believe in none; but for the sake of humanity—as you were born of woman, and drew your earliest nourishment from her breast—as you hope for mercy in your utmost need—let me see my father!"

"I do not hope nor wish for mercy in my need," replied he, with a cruel smile, as though he mocked her agony, "yet you shall not say I denied your request. Here, Washington, let this lady pass to her father, and much good may the permission do her!"

"Mr. De Vaux," called a voice from within, "we are waiting for you."

"My father! my father!" shrieked Ada, rushing forward, "look upon your child—I sinned in my disobedience, but I have suffered too—take your curse from me, for my punishment is greater than I can bear."

Mr. Grenville had advanced slowly as she spoke, followed by a young lady, and stood now before his kneeling daughter.

"Who is this woman, and who dared to let her in?" asked he.

"My father! do you not know this face? It is changed by famine and want, yet it is the same you used to caress and bless. This voice, though faint and broken now, was once sweet music to your ear. I have sinned against you, oh, my father! yet still I am your child; have pity on my despair."

"What!" said Mr. Grenville, sternly, "is your golden dream of love vanished so soon? Are your high notions of independence fallen so low? Away from me, I know you not; in the hour when you stole from my roof with the man I hate, you ceased to be my child; and be the heavy curse of your disobedience on your head, for ever and ever."

Prostrate on the floor dropped the illfated Ada, her senses had reeled beneath the horrid denunciation.

"Oh, pity her!" exclaimed the young girl, stooping down, and parting the dark hair of Ada back from her pallid brow.

"Ha! beware!" said the old man, sternly. Then turning to De Vaux, continued, "see that woman taken away at once, for we are after our appointed time."

Short was the blissful trance that wrapt Ada in ignorance of her misery; she opened her eyes too soon—for they fell on the dark, hopeless countenance of De Vaux.

"Are you satisfied?" asked he, coolly.

"I will go home," exclaimed the wretched girl, raising herself with difficulty, "home! alas, I have none but in the grave."

"Why do you thus struggle with your fate? Heaven and earth have forsaken you, and hell itself decrees you mine."

"My fate!" said Ada, springing up, "and gracious God, what fate thine? Man of guilt and horror—while steel can kill, or the waters swallow—never, never!"

De Vaux laughed. Ada could have borne insult, threats, or rage; but a *laugh*—it rung through her brain like the mockery of a fiend, and seemed to blight all hope, all feeling, with its cold, unnatural sound; it fell upon her spirit like an infernal spell—the tears in her burning eyes changed as it were to blood, weakness was instantly merged in strength, and her grief gave way to a fierce decided resolution. Impassive, cold and stern as himself, she arose to go; her eye no longer fell beneath his, but met it with a desperate firmness; even De Vaux shrunk from the high resolve and constancy graven on her marble features.

"Shall I see you to-night, Ada?" said he, with some hesitation.

"If you come, I shall be there."

"Will you give me your answer then?"

"I will."

"Farewell, then, until to-night," said De Vaux, resuming his usual sneering manner, "and then"—

"Aye, until to-night," repeated she, "*and then*"— * * * * *

"Almighty God! am I alive or dreaming? Can this be Ada, the affectionate, the gentle—or does a fiend assume her shape, and tempt to guilt? Is it her voice that speaks of death and blood, or is it all a horrid and unreal mockery?"

These words were uttered by Douglass Bellis, the husband of the unhappy Ada, and seemed in reply to some fearful proposal made by her, for she stood with an extended arm and dark, contracted brow, like a Pythoness in the agonies of inspiration.

"Perhaps not," she replied calmly, "for I recognize nothing of myself in your picture. Oh! I am changed to a fearful being since last we met; not mine the guilt—not mine the punishment!"

Her husband gazed upon her with an awed and anxious look. The scene would have done honor to a Rembrandt's pencil. Strongly did the rosy glow of sunset contrast with the damp and stained floor on which it fell, as if a thing

so bright had lost its way in wandering through that wretched window; still more strangely was the contrast marked between the fearful agitation of the man, who paced the small hovel with hurried steps and with a flushed disordered face, and the stony, unnatural steadfastness of the woman, who stood, silent, impassive, still, without a trace of outward agitation or fear.

"For God's sake, Ada, speak to me; I cannot bear this awful silence—say but that you did not mean those dreadful words."

"Douglass, you urge me in vain; my mind is set, my fate is fixed, and you do but waste your words. Listen to me," and she raised her burning eyes to his. "I could bear, and have borne, my poverty and starvation in silence and tears. I forgave persecution, defied threats and scorned pity—but a *laugh*—a laugh to mock the violence of agony. Douglass, I tell you that laugh turned my tears to blood, my gentleness to gall; urge me no more—that laugh is branded on my brain, and blood must quench the fire."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed he, "but this is fearful. Ada, I dare not hear you."

"Now, shame upon thee!" said Ada, with a cold and scornful tone, "the very worm will turn when trampled on, and shall we bear oppression unmoved? Art thou a man? The wild beasts of the wood will rend the hunter in defence of their young. Art thou a father, and wilt thou do less?"

"Have you no fear, no feeling? I remember the time you could hardly bear to look on blood, and would have wept to see an insect die. Ada, have you no fear nor feeling?"

"Fear!" she answered, "I have fasted for many hours, and am athirst; give me that knife and I will plunge it in my arm, and drink the gushing life blood! Do you talk to me of fear, and feeling?" She lowered her voice to a low, sad cadence. "I have watched your couch of agony, and heard my child scream for bread; I have borne a father's curse, and been driven homeless and forsaken on the wide, wide world; I have trembled on the verge of prostitution and madness—and do you talk to me of feeling?"

Bellis shuddered, as he replied in a deep, hoarse voice. "Aye, Ada, but there is a fear beyond this earth; dare you defy Omnipotence, and break the dread command of—'Thou shalt do no murder:'"

"Chimeras all!" said she, steadily, "this first law of nature and of God is self-defence, every thing that lives obeys its impulse. I have been persecuted and driven to the extremities of human suffering; but now I turn upon my oppressors."

"But have you thought upon this dreadful deed, and does not your purpose falter? Can you bear to behold the tortures of mortal agony? Can you see the stiffening limbs writhing in the last convulsions, and feel the outpoured life blood gush over your murderous hands?"

"It is the general doom," she answered, unmoved, "man was born to suffer and to die. What matters it whether the steel, the drug, or worn out nature prepares his everlasting sleep? A few years earlier or later, it is but death that comes at last."

"If the grave were all," murmured Bellis, in terrible emotion, "but oh! Ada, in that world

beyond its confines, shall not that outpoured blood arise to sink the foul murderer to the deepest hell?"

"On him be the guilt—mine be the punishment! I am no child to tremble before imagination's phantom; it is but wasted breath to urge me, Bellis. Here, lay your fingers on my wrist, and if its pulse be but one shadow quickened, hope to move me from my purpose."

She extended her hand, and Bellis shuddered to feel the notices of her pulse—full, calm and equable, as even without one faltering pause or hurried bound. It was a dreadful sight, to see that creature, so young and fair, braced to such unnatural energy, and calmly defending so fell a purpose. He dropped her hand with a sob of agony, and as the tears burst from his eyes, exclaimed—"Ada, my unhappy wife! may God forgive me for my guilt! It is I that have made you thus—I that have driven you mad, and changed your gentle nature to ferocity and horror. That little hand shall never be imbued in human blood; mine has been the fatal power to make you thus—mine shall be the horrid deed, and its inevitable punishment."

For a moment the stony deadness of Ada's feelings gave way before this burst of tenderness; a tear burst over her burning eyeballs, and a rising sob heaved her white bosom, but she forced back the emotions with desperate resolve, and locked the fountain of tears within her heart.

"Douglass! my husband, be not thus moved; why should you lay upon yourself the fault of cruel fate? Of one thing be sure—not in the hour when I became your wife, and hope and joy smiled so fair upon our loves—not in that first flush of soulfelt happiness, were you more dear to me than now! But away with these thoughts, let us speak of death and horror, of blighted hope and murdered joy; let us court images of darkness and dread to nurse our human nature, and rouse the latent fiend within us. See, nature is wrapping round the world her shadowy veil, before it is withdrawn."

"Almighty God!" groaned Bellis, "look not upon this deed! the body—Ada—what?"

"The ice is broken on the Delaware, its bright waters will give a lasting sepulture."

"But the blood?"

"Shall not accuse us," interrupted the woman, boldly, "when all is over, your strand and this dilapidated hovel shall make a noble hecatomb; accident will bear us out. How easy is it, then. Here, take this passport to the grave; the edge is keen and sure; strike like a man—an injured, desperate man."

"Oh God, for mercy!"

"Be firm," continued the desperate woman, whose swollen veins, blazing eyes, and wild, supernatural energy, might well have figured the fallen angel enshrined in a form of loveliness.

"Remember the lives of yourself, your wife and child, hang upon your arm! Remember that boundless affluence, security, and *revenge* attend a certain blood—"

"Hark!" interrupted the man, convulsively.

"What?" exclaimed Ada, bending her ear to the earth, "do you hear a step?"

"I do—hush!—he comes, he comes—it is his

tread; stand here, behind the shadow; so, further yet. Do not strike until I see again his serpent smile, and hear that fiendish laugh once more.—Ha! proud, exulting destroyer!—it is thy last!”

With a stunned and half senseless stare, the man allowed his wife to place him behind the deep shadow of a projecting beam. A tap was heard at the door. Ada dashed her arms wildly above her head; another minute she had smoothed her features into composure; the door opened—a step crossed the threshold.—The angels of God turned weeping from that sight!

* * * * *

It was late in the evening of a spring day, about five years after the circumstances narrated in the beginning of this tale, that the Catholic Bishop of Baltimore drove in his carriage to the establishment, then small and few, of the Sisters of Charity. He was a man “to all the country dear,” unaffectedly pious, without a taint of bigotry; universally humane, without the smallest ostentation; mild, merciful, and affectionate to every member of the human family, without respect to their situation, or the tenets they held. That their life should be in the right was his desire—that they should be of the Church of Christ was all his sectarianism; wherever there was sorrow, want, or suffering, there was a claim upon his purse, his time, and his gentle attention. About three years before, he had introduced into the convent a gentle sister, and she it was that he was now come to seek. Sister Ann was one, such as there are few—one whom the holy writ emphatically describes as “weary and heavy laden.” She was a being of enduring sorrow, yet so uncomplaining and patient, that her grief could only be supposed from her faded form and pale lips, over which there never passed a smile. She was of a spirit so subdued and humble, that the coarsest fare, the most menial offices, the lowest place in church and prayer, seemed all too good for her bowed heart to bear; and though religion never found a profession from her lips, its purest spirit was to be found in her untiring mercy, her deep humility, and lowly though fervent devotion. In all cases of fatigue and danger, Sister Ann was the unwearied nurse; wherever self-denial, fortitude and patience were required, she was the person chosen for the office; but if gratitude or praise repaid her pains, she would rush convulsively away, and writhing on the ground, lay her head in the very dust. She was of weakly and broken strength, yet the power of mind upheld her through the most awful scenes; to witness the mortal agony of the departing spirit, seemed more dreadful than the bitterness of death to her, and often she would lay for hours as insensible and cold as the corpse from which the life had departed; yet she never shunned the trial, and many a passing spirit had her fervent importunities led to kneel at the mercy seat, and find pardon at the eleventh hour; but when the tongues of others joined the rejoicing hallelujahs of angels over a forgiven sinner, she would burst away with such woful, hopeless agony upon her face, that consolation dared not intrude upon her penitence, and even pity shunned to speak of pardon. One only amusement beguiled her life,

and that was one of mercy; every little bird found in her a friend during the long winter, and she would preserve the minutest insect from destruction with a fearful terror of death, that spoke of a mind but ill at ease. Little she shared in the church's holy rites, and nothing in its comforts. The Bishop alone knew aught of her secret soul, and even his parental voice failed to soothe her inward desolation.

He had come now to take her to some new scene of trial, and without a word she bent her head lowly on her breast, and prepared to follow.

“Father,” said the Superior, gently, “will not another do as well as Sister Ann? She has watched for many nights, and her strength is well nigh wasted.”

“Oh! no—no—no!” said the Nun, in a voice of the deepest melancholy, “do not deprive me of the office which God's mercy has deigned to bring me to. Where is the sufferer?”

“He is one,” replied the aged Bishop, “whom the terrors of the law pursue for some sad crime, but the terrors of the gospel are worse for him to bear; his body is sinking beneath the fierce convulsions, and if humanity and love can aught alleviate his sufferings, it is our duty to offer them.”

A deep sigh burst from the lips of the Sister; it was one of unutterable woe, and the Bishop said gently to her—“Faith—faith—though your sins be as scarlet—faith can make them white as wool.”

She did not answer, and they were soon on their way to the town jail, where the unhappy man was lying. He had been engaged in some drunken frolic, and there uttered some words which led to a suspicion of guilt; a search had proved these suspicions to have foundation, and after some examination, he had been conveyed to prison to take his trial. At the moment when they entered, he was raving awfully, and the physician declared that he must instantly be bled. Sister Ann advanced to assist; but when the blood flowed, she gave a convulsive start—nor was it without the most desperate effort that she forced herself to look upon the operation. After it was over, he seemed calmer, and repeated his wild entreaty for a priest.

“I am a priest, though an unworthy one,” said the benevolent Bishop, “open your conscience to me, and may God give you ease.”

“Oh! mine has been a life of sin, but I am innocent of this,” groaned the unhappy man. “they have arrested me for murder. I have spilt blood before, but not this.”

A deep groan interrupted his words. He stared wildly around, and then continued—

“They will hang me, and I dare not. It is five years, come next January, since I was out by the wharf, in Philadelphia, one night, on no good errand, and while watching for a boat, something dark and heavy was floated to my feet; it was the body of a man, but I did not kill him; I robbed that body of a watch and rings, and held my peace, that I might not be discovered. They were advertised, and I dared not part with them. Yesterday, I tried to sell one; it was known, and I shall be hung for the murder. I dare not—dare not die.”

"You shall not die," exclaimed the Sister of Charity, springing up, with a wild and desperate emotion, "found out foul murder ever is, and the foul murderer too; mine was the hand that struck that fiendish blow—mine was the guilt—mine shall be the punishment. You shall not die."

The Bishop gazed upon her in paralyzed horror; but a firm and unshrinking courage seemed to have superseded the humble timidity of the Nun; years seem to roll back and restore to the wretched woman the daring resolve of other days; but now it was exerted in a righteous cause.

"Hear me, holy father, and curse me if you will, that I have veiled beneath this sacred habit so dark and foul a secret. I will not speak of the temptation to that crime, nor urge that madness governed my heart and brain in that dreadful hour—to Him who judgeth, my remorse and horror have been known. That blood sunk in the earth, but vengeance has not slumbered; I lived to see my husband die in tortures of remorse, cursing me for his temptress and ruin. I saw my blessed child sink beneath the curse of blood, and wither like a cankered rose; he died within these arms, and yet I lived; but death was in my heart; you saved me from self-destruction, and strove to whisper of pardon and peace. Father, within that Convent's peaceful walls, the avenger of blood hath pursued me, he hath wrested the crucifix from my lips, and stood between me and the holy altar; he hath haunted the day and the darkness, and now the hour of his retribution is come. To man my life is forfeit, it shall be laid down in expiation of my sin, and may God have mercy on my soul."

Few words followed this confession, the manner of the unhappy woman brought conviction of her truth; and so decided and resolute were her words, that all attempts to dissuade her from her purpose, even if justifiable, would have been unavailable. From the moment that her dark secret had passed her lips, she seemed to gather a new existence; the resolution to expiate her sin and save a fellow creature's life, by open confession, appeared to pour a balsam on her bleeding conscience, and give her more glimpse of hope than she had known since the hour of her guilt. Free and full was her accusation of herself, and as some papers belonging to the wretched De Vaux, and several unchanged checks and notes, were still in her possession, no doubt could remain of the fact. To describe the sensation made on the public mind by the knowledge of such atrocity in a character so well known and universally beloved as Sister Ann, is almost impossible; yet compassion prevailed above horror, and when the temptation and the sufferings of the ill-fated Ada were fully published, there was no heart except her own that did not anxiously hope for a mitigation of the punishment due to murder. Nor may words do justice to the alarm and sorrow of the venerable Superior and the benevolent Sisters of Charity; that sin had laid heavy on the heart of their contrite and lowly associate, they had long suspected; but that it should be the sin of blood, that judgment must be passed and expiation made for it, was a shock most terribly severe; yet they did not forsake her; the hope she had so often

pointed to another was now whispered to herself, nor was it wholly unavailing. Through the depth of her humility, amidst the agony of her remorse, with public shame and punishment before her eyes, Sister Ann, or Ada, as we should more rightly call her, began to feel a peace and pardon descending on her soul—a beam of heavenly hope shining through the darkness of despair; and though these blessed feelings were "few and far between," still they nerved her to support the more frequent bursts of accusing agony. It appeared that at the time when the wretched De Vaux had been with Ada for the last time, that he himself was liable to the law, from an accidental and uncommon discovery made the same day, of extensive forgeries on Mr. Grenville and other merchants of the city; and as it was impossible for him to suspect discovery, his sudden disappearance, and several testimonies given in evidence, left no doubt on the public mind that foul play or accident had caused it. Yet, as he had never mentioned to any where he was going, or what was his business, no suspicion of the perpetrators had ever arisen; but his appearance and valuables were advertised, and it seemed that a distant relation of his had been present during the drunken bout in Baltimore, and instantly recognizing a cyphered seal of De Vaux's, had caused the search, which, after the lapse of five years, brought the fell deed to light.

And now it was the day before the public trial, and expectation, anxiety and sympathy were at the height; a partial examination had taken place, and Ada had taken the place of the suspected man within the town jail. And now it seemed that the mercy of a long suffering God had repaid long years of penitence, of sorrow and prayer, with something of peace—for Ada heard the Bishop speak of one great atonement without feeling herself excluded from its salvation—she heard of the thief upon the cross, of David repenting of his sin, and dared to hope even she might ask for mercy.

The night had come slowly on, and still the venerable Priest of God sat with Ada in her lowly cell; it was perhaps the last night that she would hold an unsentenced life; but so low had suffering reduced her frame, that it was doubtful whether she would survive to expiate the sentence of a broken law. He spoke of hope—hope beyond the grave; of love—love that bore insult, sorrow and death to save mankind; of peace—peace such as the world giveth not, and cannot take away. Suddenly his words were broken by a hurried sound—a sound of many footsteps and confused voices; the next minute the door was opened, and the chief magistrate and officers entered, accompanied by an old man, whom they with difficulty upheld from sinking.

"Ada, my child—my unhappy, injured child! Where is she?" Ada had sprung from her lowly bed, and fell now at her father's feet, laying her head upon the ground in speechless humility.

"Arise, my child; awake to life and happiness. I come to free thee from guilt and fear—for De Vaux is not dead, but lives!"

As the master painter dropt over the undescribable anguish of the father the veil of con-

cealment, so do we leave to imagination a scene past the power of words to pourtray. From the hour when he had bid her leave his presence and see his face no more, he had been a wretched creature; her anguish haunted him with no passing sorrow; and when the extensive villany of De Vaux was discovered, and gave rise to many doubts of false representation and foul play, his torments became unbearably strong. What was his consternation when a few days after, he was summoned to see a stranger with every appearance of mystery, and that stranger proved to be De Vaux himself. The blow struck by a faltering hand had but served to stun him for a time; ere morning dawned recollection had returned, and he had been taken in by colored people, who, wholly ignorant of his name, supposed him to have been hurt in a drunken scuffle. There he had heard that his fraud was discovered and himself a beggar, and with the usual cunning of his character he readily fancied that by holding so shocking a threat above Mr. Grenville's head, he could still dupe him out of money and assistance. In this he instantly succeeded; the conscience stricken father consented to forgive his robbery, and settle a handsome annuity on him as a bribe for silence and immediate departure, and De Vaux had secretly left a city where his crimes and supposed death were the general subjects of discussion. No tidings or clue could Mr. Grenville ever gain of his hapless child, until five years after, he beheld her name, her guilt and sufferings blazoned in the public prints. To gain immediate evidence of the existence of De Vaux and to proceed with it to Baltimore, was the work but of a few days, and now the father came to free the unfortunate Ada from the crime of blood-guiltiness and the suspended terrors of the law.

"May the ever blessed name of God be praised!" exclaimed the Bishop, "the stain of blood is off your heart and hand. Down to the earth and adore Him who in goodness hath chastised you, and in abundant mercy hath brought you peace!"

And Ada, she had stood as one transfixed, while in broken sentences the above was told; when it was done, and the full conviction that the supposed victim to guilt and madness yet lived, rushed over her mind, she made a convulsive motion as of washing her hands, then clasping them above her brow, fell prone upon the earth. They ran to raise her, but the spirit of the suffering creature had already entered into rest. A happy smile played round her livid lips, and seemed the earnest of a blessed hope, that her sins were forgiven and her penitence accepted by a gracious God.

Mr. Grenville survived her not long, and in dying left his large fortune to found that noble asylum, and enlarge that holy order, now so well known by the destitute and diseased; and many a relieved sufferer, many a converted sinner, has since had reason to bless the hour which made the penitent and worn Ada, a *Sister of Charity*.

LIFE—Is like the two great rivers of Africa—the Nile and the Niger; we know not where the one begins or the other terminates.

ORIGINAL.

PHILOSOPHY.

To sow those seeds, those principles impart,
That stamp a lustre on the human heart;
To fix the mind, its gifted powers engage,
And waken fancy to adorn the page;
Make virtue bolder, innocence more fair,
Teach folly wisdom, and presumption prayer,
Philosophy her golden thread extends
From Man's low being, to his greater ends;
Inspires the mind with what a Newton taught,
What Locke immortalized, and Plato thought;
Yet shows to man that while his power extends,
From nature's being, to her farthest ends;
Sweeps broad creation, yon wide field of air,
And on the wings of numbers visits there;
Though proudly great, or eloquently just,
Can't weigh an atom, or compound a dust;
Can only see, that unities extend
To one great good, the same great general end;
Common alike, intermingled, mix'd,
And God the centre, where they're only fix'd;
In whom they spring, digress, unite, extend,
Life, instinct, cause, first principle and end;
The all existing and in all combine,
The unknown self acting principle of mind;
Effects but seen—nor whence or how they flow,
Is to know all, and all that man can know;
Content in these to legitimately soar,
And feel the immortality he can't explore,

O'er climes extended cast our eyes around,
Admire the cause, and trace the secret bound;
What mighty scenes, what noble structures rise,
Cloud piercing mountains, what delicious skies!
Here towering Alps, there higher Andes grow,
Here blooming nature, there eternal snow;
Regions unknown, from whence no light is brought,
And yet unvisited—only but in thought;

'Tis to the brave, the daring and the bold,
New glories open, and new worlds unfold;
That towering grandeur strikes admiring eyes,
Unfelt by those who hear it with surprise;
Whose coward hearts from dangers learn to flee,
And rest content to hear what others dare to see;

'Tis to the traveller, whose unwearied soul,
Melts 'neath the sun, or freezes at the pole;
O'er trackless deserts, beats a pathless way,
Or where he cannot follow, learns to stray;
It is to him, each country and each clime,
From sacred Ganges to Potomac's mine,
From farthest Ind, and Afric's burning sand,
To Australia, and Aleutian land;
Where distant nature teems with other kinds,
From arctic circles, to antarctic climes;
In growing vigour, opening beauties wrought,
Pour all the boundlessness of thought;
Elates, enwraps with pure devotion's fires,
He bows, he bends, man wonders and admires;
Sees the small limits of his infant state,
And all beyond, how mighty, vast and great;
And having ranged the wide creation o'er,
Finds all that's left him, then is, to adore.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
STATE OF OHIO.

The first settlement made in this now great state was at Marietta, in April, 1788, by forty-seven adventurers from New England, who went out under the auspices of the *Ohio Company*, who had purchased of government a million of acres, at the price of two-thirds of a dollar per acre. This Company had the choice of the whole domain, but selected the poorest tract in its whole compass. Others soon joined the settlement, and in this wilderness, at least fifteen hundred miles above tide water, ship building was actually carried on to a very considerable extent before the year 1806!

The next settlement was made six miles from Cincinnati, in November, 1788, under the auspices of John Cleves Symmes, of New Jersey, who was also a large purchaser from government, and who certainly acted more wisely than his son who has since thought proper to devise a lodgment within the centre of the earth! Cincinnati was settled in December following; the streets were laid out during the winters, and their courses marked on the trees, the whole being then a dense and heavy forest. What a wonderful revolution has forty-three years produced, as we shall presently show.

The sale of the section in which Cincinnati is laid out was paid for in land warrants, which cost, it is said, only forty-nine dollars! How little anticipation of the immediate future could Symmes have had, when he sold this spot so cheap. He had a splendid fortune in his very grasp, and lost it by a signature, as many have done, and continue to do at the present day. How many among us in Philadelphia are there now who are hewers of wood and writers of paragraphs, whose immediate ancestors sold whole squares of ground, for the price that ten feet of the same would now command!

The first court was held at Cincinnati in 1790. Its increase of population since that period, in round numbers, is thus stated:—in 1795, 500; in 1800, 750; in 1805, 960; in 1810, 2,320; in 1813, 4,000; in 1815, 6,000; in 1818, 9,000; in 1820, 10,000; in 1830, 29,000; in 1833, probably 32,000. Well may the reviewer venture to say, that the history of the world does not furnish one other instance of a city built up thus rapidly, without any other agency than that of individual industry and enterprise. It may be looked upon as a phenomenon in the history of population.

We cannot enter into much detail of the settlement of other parts of the state. On the side of the Lake, a lodgment being once made, its rapid improvement immediately followed. How rapid this was, will be seen by the following statement, in round numbers, of the population of the state at different periods. In 1790, 3,000; in 1800, 30,000; in 1810, 231,000; in 1820, 581,000; in 1830, 937,000. Thus the population multiplied itself ten times in the first ten years; in the second ten years, seven times; in the third ten years, nearly two and a half times; and in the fourth ten years, nearly thrice. That it will go on rapidly increasing no one can doubt, though it may not probably double itself again under a much longer period than the last.

Without entering into an expose of the laws of this great state, we may mention one feature as curious. Males of the age of 18, and females of the age of 14, who are not nearer of kin than first cousins, are permitted to marry; and if they have attained the ages of 21 and 18, no consent but their own is required to the union. But if disappointed of happiness, a divorce is much more easily obtained than elsewhere. When we add to this, that the excess of free white males in

the state over the females is 31,097—or that there are thirty-one thousand spare husbands, whom, if they do not like on trial, they can perhaps get rid of, we anticipate as soon as the navigation fairly opens that there will be a strong current of emigration from the Eastern States of spinsters!

The State of Ohio covers a surface of 40,000 square miles, of 25,000,000 of acres. About one-fourth of this is yet in the hands of the United States, for sale at one dollar and a quarter per acre. Donations have been made to the legislature, for the furtherance of education, religion, and internal improvement, of 1,763,000 acres, a bountiful provision for all future time, which must continue to render the state great in every respect.

The debt contracted by Ohio for canal purposes amounts to nearly five millions, and the whole length of her navigable canals is *four hundred miles*. With her great rivers, and Lake Erie added to these, no spot on the face of the globe, of the same extent, contains greater facilities both for internal and external communication. It is curious to see how the credit of Ohio stands the experiment of such a large debt; it is a fact, that her Canal Stock is *twenty-nine* per cent. above par! and the message of the governor informs us that 100,000 dollars of additional 6 per cent. stock, has recently been disposed of at the rate of 124 dollars cash for 100 dollars. The tolls last year, when the principal canal was unfinished, was 111,000 dollars; and it is presumable that, without much longer requiring the aid of taxes, the tolls of themselves will, besides paying the entire debt, begin the foundation of a sinking fund.

The taxes in Ohio are very low—say nine mills on the dollar; the highest salary in the state is only 1200 dollars!

STATE OF INDIANA.

The importance and wealth of the western States, is by no means understood by many of the citizens of this republic. Unobtrusive, and not given to puffing, they are silently but surely shaping their course of empire. We propose in to-days paper, to give an outline of the rise and condition of Indiana, the sister of Ohio, for which purpose we have consulted the best recent authorities, but shall be materially indebted to Flint's *Western Geography*, new edition, a work which should be a favorite everywhere, and which in fact it is wherever known.

Indiana is in length 250, and in breadth 150 miles, no mean dimensions, when the soil is settled by such hardy and moral citizens as we are about to show is the case. It is divided by nature between prairie and woodland, the latter predominating. The settlers are principally from New England, and we accordingly find there traces of their dialect and manners; the tendency wherever they settle, to rapid increase and prosperity, is nowhere more conspicuous. Other states have enjoyed more notoriety and newspaper description, from being settled by rich planters, &c., but Indiana has been peopled for the most part, by young persons seeking their fortunes, whose progress has been noiseless and unnoticed, though on that account not the less sure and useful. Missouri and Illinois, though so famous in story, have not yet reached a population of 150,000, while Indiana now exceeds 400,000, of whom at least 70,000 are free white male inhabitants over the age of twenty-one years.

The southern, or river Ohio front of the State, is conspicuous for its belt of river hills, bluffs and knobs, having a thousand aspects of grandeur and beauty, sometimes rising more than 300 feet, or twice the height of Christ Church steeple, above the level of the river. In the spring these bluffs are crimsoned with the red bud, whitened with the brilliant blossoms of the dogwood, or rendered verdant with the beautiful

May apple, and present a most striking landscape to the traveller, as he skirts them in a steamboat. Such is the south front.

With few exceptions the interior is one vast level. The prairies which distinguish some of the western states, are here very prominent features of the country, having the usual distinction of high and low, swampy and alluvial. For a wide extent on the north front of the state, between the Wabash and Lake Michigan, the country is generally an extended plain, alternately prairie and timbered land, with considerable swamps and small lakes, and ponds. Every traveller has spoken with admiration of the beauty and fertility of the prairies along the course of the Wabash, particularly near Fort Harrison. It is said no part of the western world can probably show greater extents of rich land in one body, than that portion of the White River country, of which Indianapolis is the centre. Now that Indiana is all surveyed, it is found that it possesses as large a proportion of first rate lands as any in the west. With a few exceptions of wide prairies, the divisions of timbered and prairie lands are more happily balanced than elsewhere. Many rich prairies are long and narrow, so that the whole can be taken up, and timber be accessible by all the settlers. There are hundreds of prairies only large enough for a few farms, and even in the large ones, occur those beautiful islands of timbered land, which form such a distinguishing feature of the prospect. The great extents of fertile land, and the happy distribution of springs and rivers, may be one cause of the unexampled rapidity with which this state has peopled, and another reason may be, that being a non-slaveholding state, and next in position beyond Ohio, it was happily situated to arrest the tide of emigration, that set beyond Ohio, after that state was nearly filled.

Indiana is fertile in corn, rye, oats, barley, wheat, and the usual farm products of the eastern states, though some of the vast prairies and rich bottoms are too rich for wheat, until the natural wild luxuriance of the soil has been reduced by cropping. Upland rice has been attempted with success, while some of the warm and sheltered valleys have yielded in favorable years, considerable crops of cotton. No country can exceed this in its adaptedness for rearing the finest fruits and fruit bearing shrubs. Wild berries are abundant, and in some of the prairies strawberries are large and fine. For all the objects of farming, and raising grain, flour, hemp, tobacco, cattle, sheep, swine, horses, &c., the emigrant could not desire a better country than may be found in Indiana. In the rich bottoms of the southern parts, the reed cane and the large ginseng are abundant.

The high and rolling regions of this state are as healthy as the same kinds of land in other parts of the United States. The wet prairies and swampy lands, are however subject to fever and ague, and bilious complaints, but that the settlers in general have found the state, taken as a whole, favorable to health, the astonishing increase of the population bears ample testimony. The winters are mild compared with New England, or even Pennsylvania. Winter commences about Christmas, and lasts seldom more than six weeks—in the northern parts, snow sometimes, though rarely, falls a foot and a half in depth. Peach trees are generally in blossom in March, and the forests begin to be green from the 5th to the 15th of April. Vast numbers of flowering shrubs are in full flower before they are in leaf, which gives an inexpressible charm to the early appearance of spring.

Although Indiana has not so great an extent of inland navigation as Illinois, the amount of that navigation is very great. Many of its waters interlock with those of the Illinois. It possesses the whole extent of the noble Wabash, and White River and its numerous

boatable branches. By those large marshy ponds, which at once discharge into Lakes Michigan and Erie, on the one hand, and the Gulf of Mexico on the other, with a small expense of money and labor, the lakes will be united by canals with the Ohio and Illinois. The state is alive to the importance of internal improvement, and a navigable canal already connects the White Water, by the Big Miami, with the Ohio at Cincinnati. This state, so rapidly becoming populous, will soon dispute the points of population and importance with Ohio, and will no doubt, ere long emulate the enterprises, the canals, and public works of its model. By the lakes, its northern frontier is already connected with Canada and New York. The whole extent of inland navigation now exceeds 5,000 miles.

It would not comport with our limits so well as with our inclination, to give the statistics of the principal towns. We are compelled to mention only a few.—Lawrenceburg, the seat of justice for the county of Dearborn, stands on the bank of the Ohio, 23 miles below Cincinnati. The ancient village was situated too low, so that it was not uncommon for the water to rise four or five feet above the foundations of the houses, in which case the inhabitants retreated to the upper story, and drove their domestic animals to the hills. Visits and tea parties were projected in the inundated town, and the vehicles of transport were skiffs and periogues. The period of flood became a time of carnival, and the running water was supposed to conduce to health, carrying off the vegetable and animal matter. New Lawrenceburg has been built on the second bank, and few places have made more rapid progress. Many of the new houses are handsome, and make a fine show from the river. It has several manufactories, and a population exceeding 1,000. Aurora is 13 miles below, and has 70 or 80 houses. Vevay is 45 miles below Cincinnati. It contains between 2 and 300 houses, a court house, jail, academy, printing office, issuing a weekly paper, a branch of the Bank of Indiana, and other public buildings. Mr. J. J. Dufour was the patriarch of the place, and the Swiss emigrants under his direction, commenced here the successful cultivation of the vine—Vevay presenting at this time the largest vineyard in the Union. The industrious Swiss make large quantities of straw bonnets. Madison is the most populous and one of the pleasantest towns, and is the landing place for the imports of the Ohio. It has 25 drygoods stores, doing a large business. A line of stages passes through it—it has two printing offices, and issues a respectable weekly gazette. It has an Insurance company, and application has been made for a branch of the United States Bank, which will no doubt be granted, if that institution is rechartered; whether it will be located at Madison, Lawrenceburg, or Indianapolis, remains to be determined. Madison is particularly noted for the quantity of pork barrelled there, and contains from 2,000 to 3,000 inhabitants. New London and Charles-town are smaller villages. Jeffersonville is opposite Louisville, on a high bank, and has many handsome houses. The broad rapid river, forming whitening sheets and cascades at the falls, the display of steamboats, and the whole noble prospect, combine to render the scenery of this village uncommonly rich and diversified. It has a land office, post office, printing office, and some other public buildings. In 1819 a canal was commenced to go round the falls of Ohio, on the Indiana side at Jeffersonville, which, if it had been completed, would have been of great importance to the place, but the one now completed at Louisville, has done away with the necessity of a second. Clarksville is a small place, just below where there is, or was a good ferry. New Albany is four miles below Jeffersonville, where many steamboats that cannot pass the falls, are laid up for repair. It has a convenient ship-

yard, and is a busy and thriving village having 1,900 inhabitants.

Vincennes is, after Kaskaskia, the oldest town in the western world, having been settled in 1735, by French emigrants from Canada. It is 150 miles above the mouth of the Wabash, and 54 from the nearest point of the Ohio, and contains 1,500 inhabitants. The plat of the town is a level, and laid off very regularly. This important place is accessible by steamboats for the greater part of the year. Most of the inhabitants have an air of ease and affluence, and Vincennes furnishes a pleasant and literary society. Harmony is 54 miles below Vincennes; the history of its settlement by Rapp, its subsequent purchase by Mr. Maclure and Robert Owen, with the failure of their Quixotic plans of happiness, and even of earthly immortality, are well known. The "Social System" has been abandoned, but some of the Owenites still linger there. The town of Harrison presents the anomaly of being in two states!—part in Ohio and part in Indiana. Richmond is a thriving place of 1,500 inhabitants.

Indianapolis, the capital, is on the west bank of White River, in the centre of one of the most extensive and fertile bodies of land in the western world—nearly central to the state, and at a point accessible to steamboats. No river in America in proportion to its size and extent, waters greater bodies of fertile land than White River. The country about this town has been settled with remarkable rapidity. But a few years since it was a dense deep forest, where the traveller now sees the buildings of a metropolis, compact streets and squares of brick buildings, manufactories, mechanic shops, printing offices, business and bustle. It will probably become one of the largest towns between Cincinnati and the Mississippi, having over 1,800 inhabitants already.

In 1830 the population of Indiana was only 147,000—in 1830 it exceeded 344,000, and it now is considerably more than 400,000—an increase unexampled even in the west. The people are distinguished for their progress in making farms and villages, as well as for their intelligence and respectability. The soil of the Upper Wabash is of the richest quality, being black, deep, friable, and extremely productive. The face of the country is undergoing great changes, which seem to work by enchantment. Four or five years ago it had only been trodden by savages, or the animals of the wilderness. The opening of the New York canal, has caused the Lake Michigan front to be viewed as a maritime shore, and the most important front of the state. Numerous portages between the Ohio and Mississippi and the Lakes, are found in Indiana—more than twenty have been practised, and through one, canoes have passed from the Ohio to Lake Erie. These will eventually be the routes of canals, and of great importance.

Indiana has many curious subterranean caves. In one Epsom salts is found in lumps, varying from one to ten pounds; the floors and walls are covered with it in the form of a frost, which, when removed, is speedily reproduced. Nitre is also formed.

The National Road is laid out, and some part of it made through the state from east to west, passing through Indianapolis. The spirit of regard for schools, religious societies and institutions connected with them, which has so honorably distinguished the legislation of Ohio, has displayed itself in this growing state. There is a large body of the society of Friends in Indiana, who, as likewise in Ohio, have had their moral influence. If we could, says Mr. Flint, present a scenic map of this state, exhibiting its present condition, it would present us a grand and interesting view of deep forests, wide and flowering prairies, dotted with thousands of log cabins; and in the villages, brick houses rising beside them. We should see chasms cut out of

the forests in all directions. We should note thousands of dead trees surrounding the incipient settlements. On the edges of the prairies we should remark cabins or houses, sending up their smokes. We should see vast droves of cattle, ruminating in the vicinity in the shade. There would be a singular blending of nature and art; and to give interest to the scene, the bark hovels of the Indians in many places, would remain intermixed with the habitations of the whites. But the most pleasing part of the picture would be to see independent and respectable yeomen presiding over these great changes. The young children would be seen playing about the rustic establishments, full fed and happy, sure presages of the numbers, healthfulness, and independence of the coming generation.

Here we reluctantly take leave for the present of this interesting state, and in our next shall probably give some notice of Michigan, which we are so soon to hail as a sister state.

MY HUSBAND.

Who early took me for his wife,
And trod with me the road of life;
Through all its varied ills and strife?
My husband.

Who shar'd with me, in every woe,
And form'd my solace here below,
Where earthly storms and tempests blow?
My husband.

Who hear'd the voice of love divine,
Whose heart, the Spirit did incline,
To join his highest hopes with mine?
My husband.

Who now in dust has laid his head,
The lap of earth his clay cold bed;
To slumber with the prostrate dead?
My husband.

Who has resign'd his spirit free,
Forsaken time, and earth and me;
That he might with his Saviour be?
My husband.

Who waits, in hope, that glorious day,
When freed from death's oppressive sway,
And tears shall all be wip'd away?
My husband.

Who shall attend the angel's sound,
Loud echoing through the vast profound;
And rising, leave his burial ground?
My husband.

Whom shall I meet, at God's right hand,
With whom in glory shall I stand;
And join Redemption's chosen band?
My husband.

With whom, in heavenly worship sweet,
Shall I, in endless praises meet;
Forever join'd at Jesus' feet?
My husband.

TO —

With thee do my moments of happiness flow,
For thee do my feelings of tenderness glow:
Thy mind is my anchor—thy counsel my guard—
Thy frown is my terror—thy smiles my reward.

A farewell, the heart's feeling oft seals
With a tear, the attendant of sorrow;
And memory a wish often feels
To retrace each sweet scene on the morrow. S.

THE MAHOGANY TREE.



One of the greatest vegetable curiosities in this section of the country, is a large mahogany tree at Bartram's garden (now Carr's,) a short distance from Grays ferry on the Schuylkill. It is of enormous size, and has been valued as it stands at \$2500. It was brought by Bartram from the South on one of his expeditions, and is unquestionably the largest tree of the kind in North America.

The account of the first introduction of mahogany to England is curious. A physician of the name of Gibbons was building a house in Covent Garden in 1724, when he received a present of some mahogany planks from his brother, a West India captain, and he desired his carpenter to work up the wood. The carpenter had no tool hard enough to touch it, and the planks were laid aside. The doctor's wife after the house was finished wanted a candle box, but the cabinet maker who was applied to, to work the planks, also complained his tools were too soft. But he persevered, and the candle box was completed after a rude fashion, but it was so much admired that the physician resolved to have a mahogany bureau, and when it was finished, all the people of fashion came to see it. The cabinet maker procured some planks and made a fortune. From that time the use of mahogany furniture went forward, and the drawers and bureaus of walnut and pear wood were su-

persed in the houses of the rich. In 1829 the importation of mahogany to England exceeded 1900 tons.

The common mahogany tree (*Swietenia mahagoni*) is one of the most majestic trees of the whole world. There are trees of greater height than the mahogany, but in Cuba and Honduras, this tree during a growth of two centuries expands to such a gigantic trunk, throws out such massive arms, and spreads the shade of its shining green leaves over such a vast surface, that even the proudest English oaks appear insignificant in comparison. A single log sometimes weighs six or seven tons. It grows in the most inaccessible situations, and a great part of the expense consists in the labor of getting it to market. Gangs of slaves of from 20 to 50 persons, commanded by a captain, and accompanied by a huntsman, whose duty it is to search out trees, set out in August from Honduras, and fixing on an abundant neighborhood, a sufficient number of trees are felled to employ the gang during the season. The tree is cut about ten feet from the ground. The trunk is the most valuable, but for ornamental purposes the limbs are preferred. The making the roads upon which the wood is to be transported, is estimated at two thirds of the labor and expense of mahogany cutting. Fire is resorted to, to clear the way; bridges of great strength have to be constructed, and miles of road made to a single tree, from which sometimes one, and sometimes three or four logs are obtained. Oxen, in teams of eight to twelve pair, are employed to transport the logs; the largest one ever cut in Honduras was 17 feet long, and 57 inches broad; depth 64 inches, measuring 5,168 superficial feet, and weighing 15 tons.

Each truck requires two drivers, sixteen men to cut food for the animals, and twelve to load. The heat is so great that the labor of loading has to be done in the night. The logs are pushed up an inclined plane by bodily exertion, without any further mechanical aid. The river reached, the logs marked with the owner's name are pitched into the stream. When the rivers in June are swelled the logs float down a distance of 200 miles, followed by the gangs in canoes, to disengage them from the overhanging branches of trees, until they are stopped by a boom near the mouth of the river. Each gang now separates its own cutting by the marks, and form them into rafts, in which state they are brought to the wharves of the proprietors, taken out of the water and undergo a second process of the axe, to make the surface smooth. The split ends, occasioned by being dashed against the rocks, are sawed off, and they are ready for shipping. The process of veneering is of recent origin; by it nine tenths of the wood is saved, being glued on to pine and other woods. It is sawed in Philadelphia into thin veneers by steam, a process of reducing and yet saving appearances, which will no doubt sometime be applied to marble for building even to a greater extent than at present.

No man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has no respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Written for the Casket.

AN ELEGY

On the fate of the unfortunate Jane M'Crea.

When greatness falls, its dead-enobled name
Lives priz'd by mortals, and endear'd to fame;
When Virtue dies, the world laments its doom,
And grateful tributes crown its honor'd tomb;
When Valor sinks in victory's arms to rest,
Its name is hallow'd, and its memory blest;
When Genius crush'd in early promise dies,
Taste weeps with 'truth, where nature's votary lies;
When Beauty blanch'd by slow disease decays,
Youth mourns its fall, and Friendship breathes its praise:
What then to thee, oh, beauteous maid! is due,
Whose form was lovely as thy soul was true;
Who fell ere life hope's promise could impart,
Or love's fruition cheer thy constant heart.
Doom'd by an aim that sped its deadly power,
From random hands, in fate's avenging hour;
As some sweet warbler spurns his nest to try
His wayward wings along the alluring sky;
Wild with new freedom cleaves his joyous way.
Warm'd in the glow of Sol's reviving ray,
Till from beneath the sportsman's watchful sight,
With lenden death compels him from his flight;
His song unfinished, whilst his wings were spread,
Ere yet his glance could tell by whom he bled;
And drops him strengthless on the ground to lie,
There walter anguished, grow congeal'd, and die.

What tribute-gifts thy memory mourn'd should crown,
To swell the story of thy sad renown:
Let Time relate, for Time alone can know,
What future good from former ills may flow;
Let History tell, whose thrilling record brings
Back from the past the view of vanish'd things;
'Tis Truth alone that substance gives to song,
Those tints to Fancy's magic touch belong.
Let nature tell, whose changing round imparts,
Gloom to our souls, or gladness to our hearts;
Let Pity tell, while glistening tear-drops steal,
She hearts must move who pain can keenest feel;
Let Friendship tell; she best can speak thy praise,
Who know the joy that mutual love repays:
And whilst the soul in musing o'er thy fall,
Partakes the spell of each—the power of all,
Let song her requiem pour around thy tomb,
And Fancy wreath a garland due thy doom.

No mystic rites from holy tongues were thine,
In death's cold sleep thy beauty to resign;
But Peace was priestess o'er thy virgin clay,
When nature's arms embrac'd thee in decay.
No hearse-drawn train with mournful steps and slow,
Were seen to yield th' accustom'd signs of woe;
But dutious there a remnant of the brave,
Bent o'er thy wreck, and form'd thy humble grave.
With gentle care thy burial shrouds array'd,
And 'neath yon pine thy blood-stained relics laid:
Where from the boughs the oriole chim'd his song,
And gurgling leap'd the fountain's stream along,
In earth's green breast by warrior-hands enshrin'd,
—Beauty in death by valor's side reclin'd!

But unforgetful grief her debt hath paid,
In sad remembrance of thy lonely shade;
And faithful hands have burst thy cell of sleep,
A' thy dust to honor, and thy fall to weep—

And misdean-trains from rural hamlets nigh,
Have borne thy relics thence to where they lie;
There rear'd the slab that tells thy joyless doom,
And points the pilgrim to thy new-made tomb;
Where nature blends with art's ethereal glow,
To mark thy rest, and tell thy tale of woe.

Ne'er shall thy fate around thee fail to draw,
Hearts ever true to nature's kindest law:
To trace the spot whereon thy beauty bled,
And coldly death love's sinless semblance wed;
The haunted scene whereby thy suffering clay,
Reclin'd in blood, and stiffened in decay;
Where startling shrieks in savage madness rose,
And rous'd the panther from his lair's repose:
Where crouch'd in ambush watch'd the fatal foe,
To fire aloof, or deal the deadly blow.
Where for awhile the woods with warfare rung,
Till doubt no longer on the conflict hung;
Where strife dismay'd the feeble band that bore
Thy plighted form with life-blood crimson'd o'er,
Whose murder'd fingers gash'd thy yielding brain,
And peal'd thy ringlets, as from foeman slain;
Where, seal'd the fountain, still the pine tree stands,
Notch'd by the bird's bills, and the strangers' hands,
Rocking its rude boughs to the shivering gale,
The time-worn witness of thy chilling tale.
Or pensive tread the village grave-yard round,
'Midst tombs defac'd, and many a mouldering mound;
There lonely loiter, where embower'd in green,
Thy marble crowns the fair surrounding scene;
In silence pause from truth's chaste lines to learn
Thy tale of blood, and sigh above thy urn;
Where oft at even village bands repair,
And sadly breathe their hearts' confiding there;
Where, pledg'd in love, youth's guileless lips implore
For hearts as constant, and for lives as pure;
Where valor's sons survey thy humble grave,
While grow their hearts for woman doubly brave:
Where minstrel-spirits waste a musing hour,
Invoking nature's song-inspiring power.
Where youth's fair hands, earth's flowery tributes strew,
And morn and eve thy turf's green breast bedew.
Where summer songsters trill their music wild,
Which sweetly once thy sinless love beguill'd;
Where night-winds breathe their dirges o'er thy grave,
And the green-ward and trembling tree leaves wave:
While unseen guardians, bending from above,
Shield thy sad sleep, and bless thy life of love.

But vain may roll the poet's tuneful line,
Since praises breath'd from every tongue are thine;
In vain for thee his mournful song may flow,
Since grief to feel, is but thy fate to know;
In vain may strike his lyre's elegiac string,
Since round thee history's muse her spell doth fling;
In vain may feeling her sad dirge impart,
Since pity's throb is thrine from every heart;
In vain his verse thy hapless tale may chime,
'Tis trac'd in blood upon the scroll of time.

Fate's bleeding victim! not alone to die,
Is it that wins thee tears from pity's eye;
'Tis not alone that thou in love wast pure,
That living hearts thy dying pangs deplore;
But thus to fall in beauty's rosy bloom,
Bride-robcs thy shroud, thy nuptial-bed the tomb;
Just as hope held love's blissful prize in view,

To grasp, and prove it mockery and untrue;
 To share in death what fate in darkness gave,
 A lover's anguish, and a martyr's grave;
 'Tis this sad end that draws around thy name
 The glow of fancy, and the charm of fame;
 And prompts the heart, while feeling's flame shall burn,
 Thy name to cherish, and thy fate to mourn.

Thou fairly featur'd, and celestial soul'd,
 In war's dread annals by thy doom enroll'd;
 For ever blended with thy country's rise,
 And dear to man where'er thy story flies;
 Tho' lost to freedom her proud strength decay,
 Time o'er her wreck triumphant shall display,
 Long as the world revolves, or stars shall shine,
 Thy name immortal, as thy love divine!

While Fame doth teach from Sappho's saddening tale,
 How little life can spurn'd in love avail;
 From those who nightly swarm the Grecian wave,
 What perils hearts discover'd dare to brave;
 From fair Lucretia's shuddering tale of crime,
 How love avenges shame in souls sublime;
 From Juliet's hopeless thrall and rending fate,
 Love's madness stronger than parental hate;
 From Abelard's and Eloisa's fire,
 The raging tumults of unlesser desire;
 Thy harrowing tale its lesson too may lend,
 Teach beauty's frailty, life's uncertain end—
 And learn the world the endearing traits to scan,
 Of woman pledg'd in love thro' life to man.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

Delusive, childhood, are thy golden dreams,
 When fancy sports among elysian bowers,
 Through which meander many chrystal streams,
 With margin decked with rainbow tinted flowers.
 The world seems lovely to the young in years,
 Bereft of thorns the path of life appears.

But soon departs the rosy morn of youth,
 No more we rove beneath unclouded skies,
 And age mature unveils the chilling truth,
 That dreams of bliss are not realities.
 Our bark glides not as smoothly as before,
 And Eden breezes swell the sail no more.

By mingling in the stir and strife of men,
 The finer feelings of the soul decay,
 Our early visions prove abortive then,
 And smiles no longer greet us on our way.
 Time leaves his furrows on the sunken cheek,
 Where health once painted his rich, rosy streak.

We linger fondly o'er departed years,
 And oft in fancy do the past retreat,
 Before the eye grew dim with lava-tears
 When blossoms perfume in our pathway shed;
 When hope allured us, with her syren smile,
 And human bosoms seem'd devoid of guile.

We sadly find by retrospective glance,
 How few are living whom in youth we knew,
 The voiceless tomb, their last inheritance,
 Conceals their forms forever from our view.
 Our dreams of pleasure vanish, when we know
 That life is but a pilgrimage of woe.

AVON BARD.

THE GREEN TAPER.

Among the unfortunate Moriscoes who were forced to quit Spain in 1610, there was a very rich farmer. As the object of the government was, to hurry the Moriscoes out of the country without allowing them to remove their property, many buried their money and jewels, in hopes of returning from Africa at a future period.—Muley Hassem, according to our popular tradition, had contrived a vault under the close porch of his house. Distrusting his Christian neighbors, he had there accumulated great quantities of gold and pearls, which upon his quitting the country, were laid under a spell by another Morisco, deeply versed in the secret arts. The jealousy of the Spaniards, and the severe penalties enacted against such of the exiles as should return, precluded Muley Hassem, from all opportunities of recovering his treasure. He died intrusting the secret to an only daughter, who having grown up at Seville, was perfectly acquainted with the spot under the charm. Fatima married, and was soon left a widow, with a daughter, whom she taught Spanish, hoping to make her pass for a native of the Peninsula. Urged by the approach of poverty which sharpened the desire to make use of the secret intrusted to her, Fatima, and her daughter Zuleima, embarked in the vessel of a Corsair, and were landed secretly in a cove near Huelva. Dressed in the costume of the peasantry, and having assumed Christian names, both mother and daughter made their way to Seville on foot, or by an occasional conveyance which offered on the road. To avoid suspicion, they gave out that they were returning from the performance of a vow to a celebrated image of the Virgin near Moguer. I will not tire you with details as to the means, by which Fatima, obtained a place for herself and daughter, in the family then occupying her paternal house. Her constant endeavors to please her master and mistress, succeeded to the utmost of her wishes; the beauty and innocence of Zuleima, then only fourteen, needed no studied efforts to obtain the affection of the whole family.

When Fatima thought that the time was come, she prepared her daughter for the important, and awful task, of recovering the concealed treasure, of which she had constantly talked to her since the child could understand her meaning. The winter came on, the family moved to the first floor as usual; and Fatima asked to be allowed one of the ground floor rooms for herself and Zuleima. About the middle of December, when the periodical rains threatened to make the Guadalquivir overflow its banks, and scarcely a soul stirred out after sunset, Fatima, provided, with a rope and basket, anxiously awaited the hour of midnight to commence her incantation. Her daughter stood trembling by her side in the porch, to which they had groped their way in the dark. The large bell of the cathedral clock, whose sound had a most startling effect, in the dead silence of the night, tolled the hour, and the melancholy peal of supplication followed for about two minutes. All now was still except the wind and rain.—Fatima, unlocking with some difficulty the cold hands of her daughter out of her's struck with a flint, and lighted a green taper, not more than

an inch long, which she carefully sheltered from the wind in a pocket lantern. The light had scarcely glimmered on the ground, when the pavement yawned, close by the feet of the two females. "Now, Zuleima, my child, the only care of my life!" said Fatima, "were you strong enough to draw me out of the vault where our treasure lies, I would not treat you to hasten down by these small perpendicular steps, which you here see. Fear not, my love! there is nothing below but the gold and jewels deposited by my father." "Mother," answered the trembling girl, "I will not break the promise I have made you, though I feel as if my breathing would stop the moment I entered that horrible vault! Dear mother, tie the rope round my waist—my hands want strength—you must support the whole weight of my body. Merciful Allah! my foot slips! Oh, mother, leave me not in the dark!"

The vault was much deeper than the girl's length and, upon slipping from one of the projecting stones, the clink of coins scattered by her feet restored the falling courage of the mother.—There, take the basket, child—quick! fill it up with gold—feel for the jewels. I must not move the lantern. Well done, my love! Another basket full, and no more. I would not expose you, my only child, for—yet the candle is long enough fear not, it will burn five minutes. Heavens! the wick begins to float in the melted wax: out, Zuleima!—the rope, the rope!—the steps are on this side?"

A faint groan was heard—Zuleima had dropped in a swoon over the remaining gold. At this moment all was dark again: the distracted mother scratched for the chasm; but it was closed.—She beat the ground with her feet; and her agony became downright madness, on hearing the hollow sound returned from below. She now struck the flints of the pavement till her hands were shapeless with wounds. Lying on the ground a short time, and having for a moment recovered the power of conscious suffering, she heard her daughter repeat the words, "Mother dear mother, leave me not in the dark." The thick vault through which the words were heard, gave the voice a heart freezing, thin, distant, yet silver tone. Fatima lay one instant as on the flints, then raising herself upon her knees, dashed her head, with something like supernatural strength, against the stones. There she was found lifeless in the morning.

The tradition of this catastrophe led to report that the house was haunted; and it is still affirmed, that annually, in a certain night in December, Fatima, is seen between two black figures, who, in spite of her violent struggles to avoid the place where her daughter was buried alive, forced her to sit over the vault, with a basket full of gold at her feet. The efforts by which she now and then attempts to stop her ears, indicate that for an hour she is compelled to hear the unfortunate Zuleima crying, "Mother, dear mother, leave me not in the dark!"

Love—Seizes on us suddenly, without giving us time to reflect: our disposition or our weakness favors the surprise: one look, one glance from the fair, fixes and determines us.

THE CONSCRIPT AND HIS DOG.

The sergeant and the priest advanced; the two friends embraced and kissed each other.—Reaumer retired to a spot where the other soldier was standing; and, kneeling on the knee, leant his face on his hands, still convulsively and unconsciously grasping the spade, as if for a support: the other twelve men had formed a double line, about fourteen paces to the front Jean, who was between them and the embankment, his white clothed figure thus set in relief by the dark ground beyond, presenting a clear aim to their muskets. He knelt down on his right knee, resting on the other his left arm: he said in a firm voice—"I am ready." The priest was about to bind a handkerchief about his eyes; but he said, "No—I pray I may be spared that:—let me see my death; I am not afraid of it." The priest, after consulting with the sergeant's looks, withdrew the handkerchief. Colon retired to the place where Reaumer and the other soldier were; and the priest, after having received from his penitent the assurance that he died 'in charity with all mankind,' and having bestowed on him a last benediction, and laid on his lips the kiss of Christian love, also retired on one side. Colon gave the word of command—"Prepare:—the twelve muskets were brought forward:—Present:—they were levelled. The sergeant was raising his cane as the last signal, to spare the victim even the short pang of hearing the fatal word 'Fire!' when Rolla, with a loud yell, sprang to his master's side. He had been startled from his slumber by the roll of the drum; and, looking up at what was going on; perceiving Jean left kneeling all alone, and all so silent, except Reaumer's faintly heard sobs, his instinct seemed to tell him his master was in some danger; his whining was unheard, or unheeded; he felt this too, and ceased it, but made a desperate effort to break the rope that held him, which, weakened as it was by his late gnawing and tugging at it when in the out house at Charolle, soon gave way, and, as above mentioned, he sprang with a yell to his master's side. But Jean's thoughts at that moment were too seriously engaged to heed even Rolla: he only raised his right arm, and gently put the dog aside, his own mild unflinching gaze still fixed on the soldiers before him. But the dog was not checked by the movement of his master; still whining, and with his ears beseechingly laid back, he struggled hard to get nearer to him.—Colon felt for Jean's situation, and made a sign to Reaumer (who, wondering at the pause since the last word of command, had raised his eyes,) that he should try to coax the dog off. He did so by whistling and calling, but, of course, quite in vain. It will be at once seen that, though this has taken some time in telling, all that passed from the time of Rolla's arrival was little more than the transaction of a moment. Still it was a delay, and the men were ready to fire; and Colon, not thinking the incident of sufficient weight to authorise a suspension of the execution, however temporary, muttered, 'Great pity—the poor fellow will die too'—he turned his face again to his men; and was again about to give the signal, when he was a second time interrupted by hearing loud shouts from behind

him, accompanied by the discharge of a park of cannon. He glanced towards the opposite hill at his back, whereon the village stood, and there he saw all was confusion and bustle—officers galloping to and fro, and the men forming hurriedly into a line, he hastily gave the word, 'As you were;' for along a line of road to the north east of the hill he saw a thick cloud of dust, from which quickly plunged out a group of horsemen, evidently officers; the foremost not so tall as most of them, nor so graceful a rider as many of them, tho' he sat firmly too, was recognized by Colon and his men (long before he was near enough for them to distinguish a single feature of his face, by his grey frock coat, and small flat three cornered cocked hat.) Colon gave the word of command, the soldiers shouldered their muskets, and prepared to salute; and in another minute, Napoleon, at the head of his staff, reined up on the top of the hill. He had left the march of the grand army some leagues behind, and ridden on towards Labarre, in order, with his wonted watchfulness, to take the detachment by surprise, and see what they were about. His eagle-eye, whose glance saw every thing like another's gaze, had at once detected the party on the hill, and he had ridden from the road at full speed up the slope to discover what the object of the meeting was: a glance, too, told him that; and while he was yet returning the salute of the men and their sergeant, he said, in a voice panting after his hard gallop, 'Hey, what's this?—a desertion?' 'Yes, sire—no sire; not exactly,' stammered Colon. 'Not exactly! what then?' asked Napoleon, in a rather peevish tone, his face assuming more than its usual sternness; for hardly any thing more provoked him than hesitation on the part of those he addressed. 'Absence against orders, sire,' replied Colon. 'Aha! for how long? Is that his dog?' 'Yes, sire: only a few hours.' 'A few hours! who gave this order then?' 'General S——, sire.' 'What character does the man bear?' 'He is a brave man, sire. 'He is a Frenchman,' retorted Napoleon, proudly; 'but is he honest, and sober, and generally obedient?' 'Yes, sire, this is his first fault.' 'M! how long has he served?'—'Three years last March, sire.'

A louder and higher toned 'M!' escaped Napoleon; and his attention was at the same moment attracted by Reaumer, who, with a timid step, had approached the emperor, and kneeling on one knee, with clasped hands and broken voice, cried, 'Oh! sire, if you—if you would spare his life—he is innocent of—any intention to desert—that I can—' 'Are you his brother?' interrupted the emperor. 'No, sire,' answered Reaumer; 'his friend—his dear friend—' 'And how know you what his intentions were?'—'He told them me, sire; he only went last night to see his friends, and would have returned the same night, but that I—I advised him to meet the regiment at Labarre; and I know—' 'And what business hadst thou to advise a comrade in a breach of duty? Stand back to thy place.' And Reaumer retired, covered with shame.—Napoleon beckoned Jean to him; he came, and Rolla with him; and the latter, as tho' understanding the power and authority of the man his master thus obeyed, put his forepaws against his stirrup, and

whimpered imploringly up to him—Jean looked for a moment in the emperor's face, but his gaze drooped, though without quailing, beneath that of the piercing large gray eyes that were fixed upon him. After a short pause, Napoleon asked, 'Thine age? Lie down—down good dog!' for Rolla was getting importunate. 'Twenty-five years, sire,' Jean answered. 'Why hast thou disobeyed orders?' 'I could not help it, sire.' 'Couldn't help it! How dost thou mean?' 'I was so near my friends, and so longed to see them, that indeed I could not help it, sire.' 'Tis a strange excuse. Down! I say, good brute!' but at the same moment that he said so, he ungloved his hand, and gave it Rolla to lick; then, after a short pause added, 'And thou sawest thy parents?' 'Yes, sire, and I was returning to the regiment, when—' 'Ah! this is true, sergeant?' turning to Colon. 'Yes, sire, 'tis true,' answered he; 'we met him about three quarters of a league from—, I need not have asked, though, interrupted Napoleon; 'the man's face looked true. Thy name?' again addressing Jean. Jean Gavard, sire. Down, Rolla! I fear he is troublesome to your highness.' Napoleon smiled—perhaps at the title—and answered, 'No, no; poor Rolla, he is a fine dog. I shall inquire into this affair, Gavard; for the present I respite thee.' Jean knelt on his knee, and seized the emperor's hand to kiss it; but Napoleon said, 'Stay, stay; the dog has been licking it.' But this made no difference to poor Jean, who kissed it eagerly; and when Napoleon drew it away, it was wet with tears. He looked on the back of his hand a moment, and his lips compressed themselves as he did so. 'They are tears of a brave man, sir,' said he, turning to a young officer at his side, on whose features the emperor's side glance had caught a nascent smile: 'Forward!' And at full gallop the party left the ground. Jean's feelings at this sudden escape from death, were like those of a man awakened from a frightful dream, before his senses are yet enough gathered together to remember all its circumstances. Jean had little time, however, to gather them on this occasion, for Reaumer's arms were, in a moment around his neck; and the hands of his comrades—those very hands that a minute before were about to deal him death—were now gladly grasping his; and their many congratulations on his escape ended in one loud shout of 'Live the Emperor.'

It is a short step from modesty to humility: but a shorter one from vanity to folly, and from weakness to falsehood.—*Lavalier*.

Some men use no other means to acquire respect, than by insisting on it; and it sometimes answers their purpose, as it does a highwayman in regard to money.—*Shenstone*.

Look out of your door, take notice of that man: see what disquieting, intriguing and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain dealing: three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble—alas! he has them not.—*Sterne*.

Four things are grievously empty—a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

Written for the Casket.

AN INVITATION.

—Spring, "to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness, but despair."—MILTON.

Come to the forest!

The spring-time is nigh;
The trees that were hoardest,
Are waving on high:
The young buds are swelling,
They sway to the breeze,
Whose music is dwelling
In numberless trees.

Come forth to the meadows:

Their tenderest green
In the sunlight and shadows
Of April is seen:
Refreshed by the showers
That fall from above,
The earliest flowers
Are smiling in love.

Yes, like youth, when the blossoms

Of feeling are gay,
When the fountains of pleasure
Incessantly play:
When the cheek wears its roses,
And grief flings no thorn,
Where fancy discloses
Her germs of the morn.

Come forth by the waters!

Their musical voice
Is balm to the spirit,
And bids it rejoice:
From the azure stream, leaping
Through woodland and lea,
To the proud river, sweeping
In light to the sea.

From these, and from fountains

That steal from the hills,
Or sing down the mountains,
A music distils:
'Tis soft as the nightingale,
Wooping at eve,
Where pomegranate branches
The sweet breeze receive.

Come forth to the hill-side!

The warm winds are there;
The glad birds are sailing
Aloft in the air:
The sun gilds their pinions,
Where gay clouds on high,
Seem like gorgeous dominions,
And isles in the sky.

Go out, from the city,

Where fair to the view,
The free brooks are rolling
Their volumes of blue;
Where the sails, on the river,
Are gilt by the sun,
And the sky and the ocean
Seem blended in one.

Oh come! 'tis the season

When hearts are renew'd;
When with visions of childhood
The soul is imbued:
When earth, in her garments
Of beauty and love,
Seems an eloquent emblem
Of heaven above.

April, 1833.

MORDAUNT.

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

The following is copied from a memorandum book of Dr. Burney's, written in the year 1808, at Bath:—"The literary history of my second daughter, Fanny, now Madame d'Arblay, is singular. She was wholly unnoticed in the nursery for any talents, or quickness of study; indeed, at eight years old, she did not know her letters; and her brother, the tar, who, in his boyhood, had a natural genius for hoaxing, used to pretend to teach her to read; and gave her a book topsyturvy, which, he said, she never found out? She had, however, a great deal of invention and humour in her childish sports, and used, after having seen a play in Mrs. Garrick's box, to take the actors off, and compose speeches for their characters, for she could not read them. But in company, or before strangers, she was silent, backward, and timid, even to sheepishness, and, from her shyness, had such profound gravity and composure of features, that those of my friends who came often to my house, and entered into the different humours of the children, never called Fanny by another name, from the time she had reached her eleventh year, than the Old Lady. Her first work, 'Evelina,' was written by stealth, in a closet up two pair of stairs that was appropriated to the younger children as a play-room. No one was let into the secret but my third daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phillips; though even to her it was never read till printed, from want of private opportunity. To me, nevertheless, she confidentially owned that she was going, through her brother Charles, to print a little work, but she besought me never to ask to see it. I laughed at her plan, but promised silent acquiescence; and the book had been six months published before I even heard its name; which I learned at last without her knowledge. But great, indeed, was then my surprise, to find that it was in general reading, and commended in no common manner in the several Reviews of the times. Of this she was unacquainted herself, as she was then ill, and in the country. When I knew its title, I commissioned one of her sisters to procure it for me privately. I opened the first volume with fear and trembling; not having the least idea that, without the use of the press, or any practical knowledge of the world, she could write a book worth reading. The dedication to myself, however, brought tears into my eyes, and before I had read half the first volume I was much surprised, and I confess, delighted, and most especially with the letters of Mr. Villars. She had always had a great affection for me; had an excellent heart, and a natural simplicity and probity about her that wanted no teaching."—(Extract from "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," arranged from his own manuscripts.)

SUGAR CANE.



The sugar cane is generally admitted to be a native of China. Marco Polo the traveller, revealed to the world the knowledge of this plant in the middle of the thirteenth century, though it was partially known much earlier. The plant was soon conveyed to America, Nubia, Egypt and Ethiopia, and early in the fifteenth century it appeared in Europe. Sicily took the lead in its cultivation, whence it passed to Spain, Madeira, and the Canary Islands. Shortly after the discovery by Columbus, this plant was conveyed to Hayti and Brasil, and soon spread through the West Indies.

In new and moist land the sugar-cane attains sometimes the height of twenty feet. It is always propagated from cuttings. The hoeing of a cane-field is a most laborious operation when performed, as it must be, under the rays of a tropical sun. The plough has of late years in some places superseded this mode of cultivation. The planting of canes does not require to be renewed annually. When ripe they are cut close to the ground, divided into convenient lengths, tied in bundles, and conveyed to the mill, where the juice is expressed by passing twice between cylinders. This is collected in cisterns and immediately subjected to heat. Lime, or lime water is added to separate the grosser particles, which, rising to the top, are removed. Very rapid boiling evaporates the water, and brings the syrup to such a consistency that it will granulate on cooling. Five gallons of juice yield six pounds of sugar, this being the produce of about one hundred and ten well grown canes.

The sugar is put into hogheads pierced with

holes, and the molasses runs out into cisterns, leaving the contents of the cask as we see it in our grocers shops; the casks are then filled up and shipped. The molasses and scummings of the coppers are collected, and after fermentation are distilled for the production of rum.

Sugar is now refined by the use of steam instead of the old process in which bullock's blood formed a disgusting ingredient. This refined sugar is pure and more elegant. There are several such refineries in Philadelphia and New Orleans, as well as other places.

At New London, Connecticut, the following inscription is found on a grave stone. "On the 20th of October, 1781, 4,000 English fell upon this town, with fire and sword—700 Americans defended the fort for a whole day; but in the evening, about 4 o'clock, it was taken. The commander of the besieged delivered up his sword to an Englishman, who immediately stabbed him; all his comrades were put to the sword. A line of powder was then laid from the magazine of the fort to the sea, then to be lighted, thus to blow the fort up into the air. William Hotman, who lay not far distant, wounded by three strokes of the bayonet in his body, beheld it, and said to one of his wounded friends who was still also alive, *'we will endeavor to crawl to this line; we will completely wet the powder with our blood; thus will we, with the little life that remains to us, save the fort and the magazine, and perhaps a few of our comrades, who are only wounded.'* He alone had strength to accomplish this noble design. In his thirtieth year he died on the powder which he overflowed with his blood. His friends, and seven of his wounded companions, by that means, had their lives preserved." (After this simple narrative, are the following words in large characters:)"Here rests William Hotman."

ORIGINAL.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

There came a sound on the passing breeze,

So slight, that ye scarce might hear,

But beneath its breath the blooming trees,

In their spring-time beauty appear.

And it stooped to earth its tireless wing,

And balmyly breathed around,

And the beautiful blossoms and buds of spring,

Have thickly peopled the ground.

It sought the nest of the earliest bird,

And brightly replumed his wing,

And bidding his liquid notes be heard,

In the swelling chorus of spring.

It took its flight to the glancing stream,

That had lain in a wintry thrall,

And brightly dispelling its icy gleam,

It awoke to the welcome call.

The spirit arose for its upward flight,

Before it the snow clouds flew,

It reached the starry expanse of light,

Its beautiful home of blue,

Then proudly it gazed on the blooming ground,

In its blossoming beauty bright,

And softly canopied all around,

With a heaven of spotless light.

Google C. H. W.

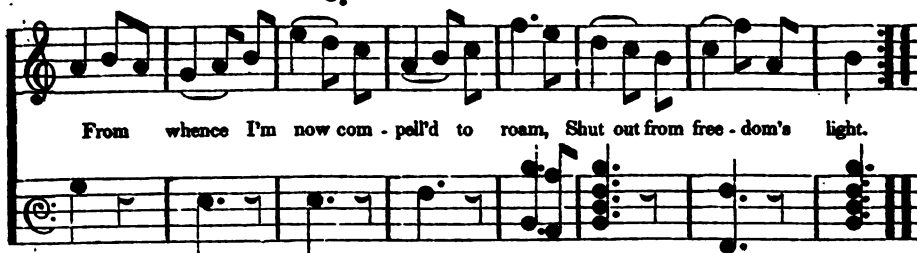
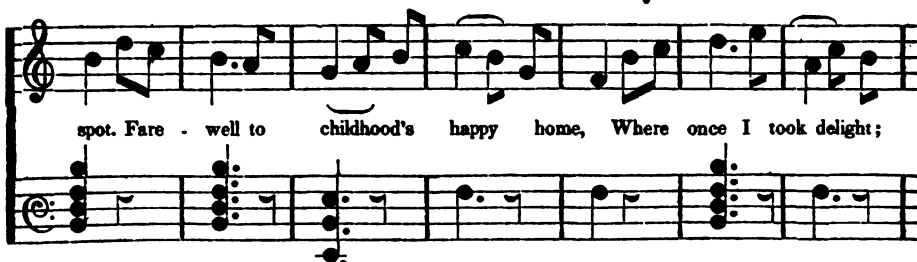
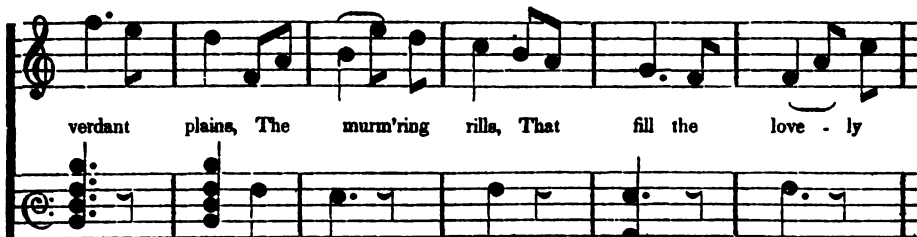
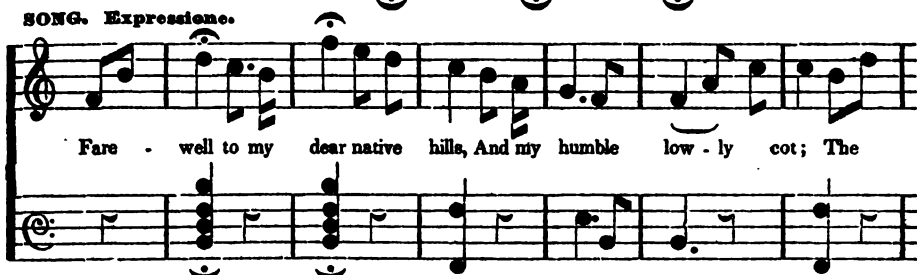
SONG—"FAREWELL TO MY DEAR NATIVE HILLS."

Music Composed for the Casket, by Erastus E. Marcy.

Sym. Andante.



SONG. Expressione.



Once more must I take a sad glance
At my lov'd country's fall;
To see the tyrant band advance
Within our city's wall.

Farewell awhile my country dear,
Ere long I hope to see
The cruel tyrant quake to hear
The tramp of liberty.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE—A Ballad.

WRITTEN BY CHARLES JEFFERY.

THE MUSIC BY S. NELSON.



SECOND VERSE.

Where'er I wander'd east or west,
Though fate began to lower,
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour:
When tempests lashed our gallant bark
And rent her shiv'ring sail,
One maiden form withstood the storm,
'Twas the Rose of Allandale, &c.

THIRD VERSE.

And when my fever'd lips were parched
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers
The Rose of Allandale, &c.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A SIMILE

Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures
Use 'em kindly they rebel;
But, be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.

Gov. TYLER vs. LOCKE.—In the collegiate days of Royal Tyler, late Governor of Vermont, he was called upon to recite from "Looko on the Understanding," and having failed to commit his recitation, was giving off—he knew not what—extempore, when the Professor interrupted him: "But we don't find that in the book." "I know it," said Tyler, "I did not agree with Mr. Locke, and thought I would give my own sentiments upon the subject."

BEGGING.—"As you do not belong to my parish," said a gentleman to a begging sailor with a wooden leg, "I cannot relieve you." "Sir," replied the sailor, with an air of heroism, "I lost my leg fighting for all parishes."

A SLEIGH RIDE.—A horse, tired of waiting for his master, left him *sans ceremonie*, and was making his way out of the village at a ten knot rate. A youngster observing this threw himself into the sleigh, and catching up the reins pulled away heartily. "But coming from so young a hand, the horse valued not a pin," but increased his speed like a mad 'un. The lad, after being carried about two miles, and vainly endeavoring to reduce the speed, finding the horse determined to proceed, rolled himself out into a snow bank in the most comfortable manner possible, and trudged away homeward, on foot, ever and anon muttering, "he'd be darn'd if he'd stop that horse agin if he did run away."—[N. H. Spectator.

REPORT.—When Pope Alexander the sixth demanded of the Venetian Ambassador Jerom Donatus, "of whom the Venetians held the rights and power of the sea?" he sharply replied, "Let your holiness show me the charter of St. Peter's patrimony and you will read on the back the grant made to the Venetians of the Adriatic Sea."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—During the passage down Sound of one of our elegant steamboats, says a correspondent, the last summer, a gentleman not much accustomed to polished society, came so late to the dinner table, that he found it difficult to obtain a seat. He stood some time with hands in pocket, looking wishfully at the smoking viands. He was at last noticed by the captain, who relinquished to him his own chair and plate, when he commenced carving a pig that lay before him.

Having finished, he passed portions of the dish to all the ladies in his immediate neighbourhood, and then heaped a plate for himself. He soon perceived a lady who had not been served, and inquired if she would be *helped to some pie?* She replied in the affirmative, and he accordingly handed her the plate which he had reserved for himself. Her ladyship feeling her dignity somewhat offended at so bountiful a service, observed with protruded lips, loud enough to be heard all around—"I don't want a *cart load!*" The gentleman, at her remark, became the object of attention to all at his end of the table, and determining to retort upon her for her exceeding civility, watched her motions, and observed that she had dispatched the contents of the plate with little ceremony. When this was accomplished, he cried out, "Madam, if you'll *back your cart* up this way, I'll give you *another load!*"—*N. Y. Gazette.*

AN OBEDIENT SERVANT.—When Alderman Gill died, his wife ordered the undertaker to inform the Court of Aldermen of the event, which he did by writing as follows—"I am directed to inform the court of Aldermen that Mr. Gill died last night by order of Mrs. Gill."

"CHARCOAL."

A few years since a person in Boston was applied to by a vender of charcoal to purchase some of his commodity. Being an inveterate wag he resolved to play a trick on one of his neighbours, and accordingly told the knight of the rueful visage that he would take two bushels of his coal.

"Here," said he, "is the money. You see that store, with the large gilt sign over the door," pointing to the shop of a young dry goods dealer, who had just commenced business, "it is there I wish you to leave it. But stop," added he, as the charcoal vender was about obeying his instructions, "my head clerk is rather a crabbed sort of a fellow, and has a foolish and inveterate dislike to charcoal. He will probably refuse to receive it. But pay no regard to what he says. I have paid you for it and must have it. If he makes a fuss, empty your basket on the floor and go about your business."

The charcoal merchant entered, tottering under his load. The counter was strewn with fancy goods, the shelves lined with silks, cambrics, &c. and the owner of the shop and his clerks were busily employed in waiting on some fashionable ladies.

"Here is some charcoal which I was ordered to leave," said the dark visaged wight.

"Charcoal!" exclaimed the astonished shop-keeper, "I want no charcoal. Take it out of my shop. Quick!"

"Your master," returned ebony, "told me you did not like charcoal, but he paid me for it, and I must leave it. So tell me where to put it."

"Take it out of my shop," thundered out the dealer of fashionables, in an imperative tone. "Is the man mad? Be off!"

"Well, your master told me it would be so. *Here goes.*" Uttering which words, he emptied the contents of the huge basket on the floor, to the great discomfiture of the ladies and the serious injury of the goods, and coolly walked off under cover of the cloud of dust which he had raised.—*Transcript.*

THE WAGS OUT WAGGED.

A well educated, but energetic farmer, in the western part of Massachusetts, is fond of going to market in the most ordinary dress, and appearing in the character of the most simple and ignorant bumpkin. Having gone to Boston with a load of butter, fowls, and other notions, he was met by some wage, who, taking him to be as raw and simple as he appeared, told him the best way of disposing of his load would be by auction.

"Do you think so?" said he—"For my part, I'm darned ignorant of marketing, having never been in Bostown before. Howsoever, if you think it's the best way, I'll do as you say. But how must I work it to sell my things by auction?"

"Why," said they, "you must go to the city authorities and get an auctioneer's licence; and then you must strike off your goods to the *lowest bidder.*"

"But this auctioneer's licence," said the farmer, "will cost a plaguy sight of money, won't it? Hadn't I better hire a nauxioneer to sell the things for me?"

"Why perhaps you had," returned the wags; "but you must get the privilege of acting as his deputy, and then you can sell your own goods."

The farmer thanked them for their advice, and promised to follow it. Accordingly having made the preliminary arrangements, he exposed his goods at auction. The first thing he put up was a pair of fowls. The wags were at hand, and thinking there would be the more sport, and no hazard, in commencing with a high bid, one of them bawled out, "*Ten dollars!*"

Before a second had time to bid lower the farmer cried out—"Once! twice! three times!—the fowls are yours, Mister, by gaul!"—*N. Y. Constellation.*

The notion of the Indian Ioxia lighting up its nest with a glow worm, has usually been considered a popular fable, but the conductors of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge state, that an informant of theirs, a gentleman long resident in India, tried various experiments on the subject, and always found when he took away the glow-worm out of a nest, that it was replaced by the birds with another which was not used for food, but was stuck on the side of the nest with clay for a lamp.

PATRONAGE.—A certain Irish lady opened a school in Dublin, at a period when unfortunately it was not the fashion to patronize native talent. A handsome house in a fashionable street, a servant in livery to open the door, and an interview with the mistress, a well bred and educated woman, failed in obtaining a single pupil. What, it will be asked, was the objection? simply the lady's name. It was *Mullins*—and what young lady of *ton* could possibly avow that she had been educated by *Mistress Mullins*? Distress followed, and the unfortunate lady was obliged to leave Ireland, and retire for a time to the continent; she there took the name of *De Moulin*, and her affairs being settled returned to Dublin, where she again determined to open a school, under her new name and in the identical house she had been obliged to quit, owing to her unfortunate real cognomen. *Madame de Moulin* now appeared in large letters on a handsome brass plate on her door, a few advertisements brought visitors—every one was enchanted with her, *Madame de Moulin* became the rage, and the same woman, who with a plain Irish name found it impossible to earn her bread, under a French name acquired a fortune.

A FACT.—A lady and her son being on a shopping expedition recently, were shown a piece of cloth which the salesman called *invisible green*; the goods were to their liking, and with the name they were particularly pleased; but the price was too great. Accordingly they proceeded to the next store, and having now learned what was fashionable, the first inquiry was made for *miserable green*.—"Oh, no," interrupted the mother, "dismal green—Jacob, *dismal green*."—*S. E. Post.*

YANKEE TOAST.—"The Tree of Liberty; may its roots go down to the earth's centre, its lofty summit reach the skies, and its spreading branches shade creation. Such a tree would make an everlasting sight of shingles. It would set the world hobbling about in infinite space, and give creation a shake instead of a shade—scattering the democrats roosting in it all through the zodiac, among scorpions, bulls, and bears, who would be more terrified than when Phaeton tumbled among them with his daddy's double tandem.

A physician going down street with a friend of his, said to him, "Let us avoid that pretty little woman you see there on the left, she knows me again and casts upon me looks of indignation. I attended her husband." "Ah! I understand, you had the misfortune to despatch him." "On the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."

A Connecticut Jonathan in taking a walk with his *dearest*, came to a toll bridge, when he, as honestly as he was wont to be, said, after paying his toll, (which was one cent,) "Come, Suke, you must pay your own toll, for just as like as not I shant have you arter all."

LOSS AND GAIN.—A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who finds a good son-in-law gains a son—he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

A PAIR OF OLD SNUFFERS.—There lived in the neighborhood of the Norfolk Laboratory a couple of old crones, who had indulged their propensity for *snuff-taking* to such a degree, that it had completely clogged up the passage through the head, so that they could not articulate a word that contained an *m*, or an *n*, without giving it the sound of *b* or *d*, and their upper lips had become so beameared with this powdered weed, that it left the flesh coloured furrow under the partition of the nose, a completely imitation of a *gravel-walk*. One morning as Mr. Cummings was passing their house to pursue his daily labor at the laboratory, Mrs. Stone inquired of Mrs. Grimes, "Do you *kdow* who that are *bad* is that goes by here every *bordidge*?" "Law yes, *Biss Stode*; that's *Bister Cubbidge* what works up to the *arbitrary*." "*Do! do! Biss Gribes*," answered Mrs. Stone, "you *do* *do* *bead* the *arbitrary*, you *bead* the *labridore*!" "Ugh, well," said the other, beginning with a long stifled snuff, "I *spose* you *kdow* which is the *best properist*!"—*Ded. Adv.*

PAUSE BEFORE YOU FOLLOW EXAMPLE.—A mule, laden with salt, and an ass laden with wool, went over the brook together. By chance the mule's pack became wetted, and the salt melted, and his burthen became lighter. After they had passed, the mule told his good fortune to the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wetted his pack at the next water, but his load became the heavier, and he broke down under it. That which helps one man may hinder another.

HUSSAR.—This name is of Hungarian etymology, and signifies "twentieth," the term being originally applied to a picked corps, formed by a selection of the finest men in every twenty taken from different regiments.

A clergyman, not quite a hundred miles from Edinburgh, preached a most edifying discourse on "Come and draw water out of the wells of salvation, without money and without price." On the following week some of his parishioners took the liberty of drawing water from a very fine spring well in the parson's garden, at which the learned divine was not a little nettled. Being reminded by the intruder, of his text and sermon, the reverend gentleman replied, "You may draw as much water as ye like from the wells of salvation, but if you come here again, and take my water, I'll send a bullet through you."

FEMALE AGILITY.—An ingenious Frenchman has calculated that the space which a young Parisian belle, who is fond of dancing, traverses in the *salons* of Paris, when only performing *contra dances*, amounts in one season to *four hundred miles*! He has also estimated that a French lady fond of *waltzing*, will spin round in one night as often as the wheels of a steam-boat revolve, while performing the distance between Dover and Calais!

A student of medicine from Boston, while attending lectures in London, observed that the *King's Evil* had been little known in the United States since the Revolution.

From the Union Times.

A FINDARIC STORY.

BY A RAW HAND.

Perhaps you know Lorenzo Dow,
Who was, has been, and is now
A wandering preacher,
A comical odd sort of a creature:
It happen'd once (the story's true, I vow,
I say it happen'd that Mr. Dow
Was travelling o'er the hills,
Enduring all the ills
A wandering life is subject to—
And these are neither small nor few:
It chanced upon a dark and stormy night
He pass'd a house and saw a glimmering light;
He call'd and ask'd to stay—the woman said he might.
Good souls! how fast 'twas raining!
The husband was away at training,
Or somewhere else—there was a fellow there,
A big stout knave he was, with red curled hair;
He'd come for no good purpose, you may swear.
They got some tea—Lorenzo went to pray'r's,
Then sought his bed, forgetting all his cares,
With conscience clear and heart light as a feather,
While Madam and her "friend" slipp'd off together,
Not to Lorenzo's bed-room, but another.
'Twas now, I reckon, about nine o'clock—
At half past twelve there was a thundering knock
At the front door—it was the husband come,
Pretty well charged with good New England rum;
The lady knew not now which way to send
Her *pro tem* husband, our big red hair'd friend;
A woman though has always some expedient,
And fire-skull now was glad to be obedient.
In an old hogshead was a store of rags,
Just thrown in loose, they were not tied in bags;
In there the lady chuck'd her paramour,
Then hasten'd, in her night gown, to unlock the door.
In came the husband, staggering and reeling,
And lean'd his musket up against the ceiling.
He seem'd disposed to make a devilish rout,
Smoking his fist and kicking chairs about!
"Don't make a noise," the lady mildly said,
"You'll wake the stranger that's up stairs in bed."
"Stranger! who? who?"
"Hush! hush! you drunken creature,
The man I mean is Mr. Dow the preacher."
"Old Dow! O ho, by gosh I'll have some fun,
I'm just about drunk enough to run
My rigs upon
The whining, canting,
Preaching, ranting
Old rogue—Hallo! you Mr. Dow,
I've heard as how,
'Mongst other tricks, some evil,
You sometimes try to 'raise the devil.'
So now come down,
You wandering clown,
And try your hand."
Quoth Dow, "I cannot understand
What in the name of sense you would be at,
With 'raising the devil' and all that."
"Well," says the other, "I don't want your chat,
But come and work, sir: or, by thunder,
I'll lay your lean and wind-dried body under
My feet and tramp your life out."
Lorenzo found it all in vain,
To argue, reason or explain,
With such a drunken brute as this,
So he got up and with a solemn phiz,
Ask'd for some brimstone and some fresh hog's lard,
Says he "in that old skillet it shall be prepar'd."
He took a jack-knife then and split a shingle,
He had it mixed and melted in a minute.
Then stooping down he muttered something in it.
Latin or Dutch,
I can't tell which.
The husband's courage now began to fail,
His knee joints trembled, and his face turn'd pale:
"Open the door," says Dow, "and let him out,
Or he'll tear off your shingle roof I doubt."
His horrid match he kindled at the fire,
The blue flame rose as high as his head or higher—

Straight to the rage he went, and, thrusting his fire-brand
in,
"Come forth," he cries, "thou author of all sin!"
Out jump'd the devil with a hideous roar,
Belching forth fire and brimstone on the floor,
And I believe was never heard of more.

THE NULLIFICATION SONG.

AIR—"Clare de Kitchen."

Way down Souf, close to de moon,
Dar lib a man—he name Calboun;
For long time pass him hab been tryin'
Him ugly fess at Nullification!
An' its Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Clare de kitchen, old folks, young folks,
Old Virginia neber tire!

He try to put Old Hick'ry down,
But he trike a snag an run aground;
Dat snag, by gum, he wur a wopper;
John's in de dock to get new copper,
So its Clare de Kitchen, &c.

Dat dum old Judge wat say de STAVE
Muss cum away de CASK to save,
Be not de Cooper for de barrell,
'Bout which de Norf an Souf do quarrell.
So clare de Kitchen, &c.

An if dat darter Carryline,
Will not be wid till ninety-nine;
Jiss lock her up—gib bread and watta,
De scolen wixen ob a daughta.
So clare de Kitchen, &c.

An dis no do; jiss bang her well;
Ofe Hick'ry make de nine-tails tell,
Jiss set de poutin girl a-cryin;
An dat de lass ob Nullification.
So clare de Kitchen, &c.

An den she fin dat Null'fication,
Jiss plays de debbil wid de nation;
An quarrel wid her sisters neber,
But in de Union lib forever!
So clare de Kitchen, &c.

An Johnny C., de dum old Judge,
An all de res, dey'll neber budge,
Dat Freedom's lan which she lub boss,
Be Exiles home, de great U. S.
So clare de Kitchen, &c.

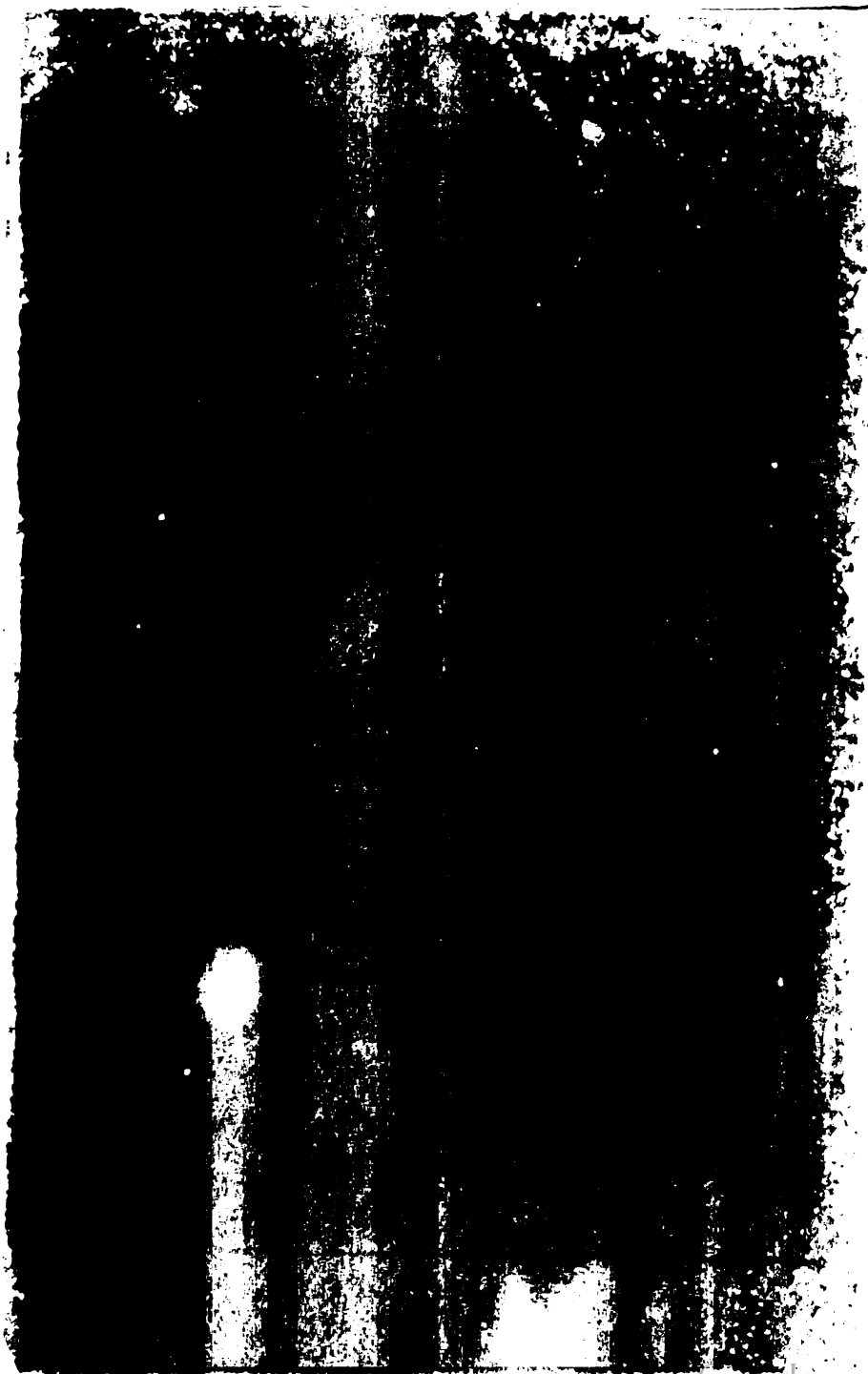
THE PORTIONLESS ONE.

NOBILITY is on his brow,
His gentle smile return provokes;
But, ah! the truth to tell it how—
We part to meet no more—he smokes.
Yes, the dark fact is all too true—
My heart from what it beats for, shrinks,
To what it thirsts for, bids adieu;
For oh, the headstrong sot! he drinks.
Ye virgins soft, who think me hard,
Hear farther what my union says,
And say if you'd not too discard
The darling gambler—yes, he plays.
Ah, weep, the truth I've yet to sing,
He smokes—that I no portion own;
He drinks—of the Pierian spring;
He plays—but on the flute alone.
To such a man could I but be
A ready prize?—but mark what said he;
"Lady, alas! a prize to me
Is not who is, but has the 'ready'!"

EPILOGUE ON MRS. TROLLOPE.

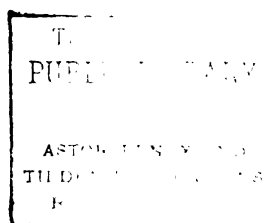
The master passion oft is seen
When nature's in demise,
Thus Trollope liv'd of lies the queen,
Now Trollope's dead—yet still she lies.







Washed by sand to Robinson for the Casket





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeple, and moss grown towers.

No. 5.]

PHILADELPHIA.—MAY.

[1833.]

MOUNT ÆTNA.

We present our readers in this number two engravings of Mount Ætna, which are rendered particularly interesting at the present moment, as from the latest accounts from Sicily we learn that the mountain was again vomiting forth its volcanic flames. A letter from a gentleman near the spot states, that three new craters have been formed, one of which vomits lava, the second stones and sand, and the third only smoke. The stream of lava was at the time of writing more than a mile in breadth, and about eighteen miles in extent. The loss of property is of course immense, many vallies being filled, fruit trees and vineyards destroyed, &c., while the incessant earthquakes have demolished several villages. The lava moving slowly, the inhabitants have generally escaped. Ten thousand strangers and others who came to visit the mountain were living in tents. Bronte, Lord Nelson's village, was likely soon to be overwhelmed, the lava being but a few miles from it.

The following account of this wonderful mountain is full of interest, and having been compiled from various sources, forms a suitable accompaniment to the plate.

ÆTNA, (in Italian, *monte Gibello*.) the famous volcanic mountain on the eastern coast of Sicily, not far from the Catania. This mountain rises more than 10,000 feet above the surface of the sea; Buffon thinks, 2000 fathoms; Saussure gives 10,963 feet, Spallanzani 11,400, and Sir G. Shuckburgh 10,954. Its circumference at the base is 180 miles. On its sides are 77 cities, towns and villages, containing about 115,000 inhabitants. From Catania (T.) to the summit the distance is 30 miles, and the traveller must pass through three distinct climates—the hot, the temperate and the frigid. Accordingly, the whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called the fertile region (*regione culta*), the woody region (*regione selvana*), and the barren region (*regione deserta*). The lowest region ex-

tends through an ascent of from 12 to 18 miles. The city of Catania and several villages are situated in the first zone, which abounds in pastures, orchards, and various kinds of fruit-trees. Its great fertility is ascribed chiefly to the decomposition of lava; it is perhaps owing, in part, to cultivation. The figs and fruits in general, in this region, are reckoned the finest in Sicily. The lava here flows from a number of small mountains, which are dispersed over the immense declivity of Ætna. The woody region, or temperate zone, extends from 8 to 10 miles in a direct line towards the top of the mountain; it comprehends a surface of about 40 or 45 square leagues, and forms a zone of the brightest green all round the mountain, exhibiting a pleasing contrast to its white and hoary head. It is called *la regione selvana*, because it abounds in oaks, beeches and firs. The soil is similar to that of the lower region. The air here is cool and refreshing, and every breeze is loaded with a thousand perfumes; the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are the most delightful spots upon earth, and have inspired ancient and modern poets with images of beauty and loveliness. The animal kingdom of these two regions is not equal in point of richness to the vegetable. The upper or barren region is marked out by a circle of snow and ice. Its surface is, for the most part, flat, and the approach to it is indicated by the decline of vegetation, by uncovered rocks of lava and heaps of sand, by near views of the expense of snow and ice, and of torrents of smoke issuing from the crater of the mountain, also by the difficulty and danger of advancing amidst streams of melted snow, sheets of ice, and gusts of chilling winds. The curious traveller, however, thinks himself amply rewarded, upon gaining the summit, for the peril which he has encountered. The number of stars seems increased, and their light appears brighter than usual; the lustre of the milky way is like a pure flame; the shoots across the heavens; and with the naked

eye we may observe clusters of stars totally invisible in the lower regions. The scoriae, of which the mountain is composed, have the same kind of base, containing schorl and feldspar. The first eruption of which we have any authentic account, is mentioned by Diodorus Siculus. The last eruption took place in 1819. It appears very probable that mount Ætna is exhausting its volcanic powers, as the eruptions of modern times are by no means so frequent as in former ages, nor are they so tremendous in their extent and effects. Before the Christian era, there were 9 eruptions, of which those in 477 and 121 B. C. are the most important: after Christ, the most important are those in 1160, 1169, 1329, 1536, 1537, 1669, 1693, 1763, 1787, 1792, 1802, 1809, 1811, 1819. Mount Ætna supplies Sicily and a large part of Italy, and even Malta, with the luxury of snow and ice. The trade in these articles belongs to the bishop of Catania, who, as it is stated, makes from 3000 to 4000 dollars per annum by it. The vegetation of the woody region is exceedingly luxuriant. There is one chestnut tree, under which 100 horses may be sheltered against the sun.

The first station in the ascent of the mountain is Nicolosi, plate 1, let. H, which is about 12 miles up the mountain, and 2496 feet above the level of the sea. The road from Catania to this station lies over old lavas and the mouths of extinguished volcanoes, which are now converted into cornfields, vineyards and orchards.—The figs of this region, and the fruits in general, are reckoned the finest in Sicily. Not far from Nicolosi is monte Rosso, which was formerly a plain; but in 1669 a new crater was opened in it, and discharged a dreadful torrent of lava, which flowed into the sea and formed a kind of promontory, (see Y). It is surrounded, to the extent of of two miles, with a black sand, which was thrown out in that eruption, and which then covered an extent of 15 miles, to such a depth as to bury the vines and shrubs that were scattered over the soil. Some of the finer particles of it were wafted by the wind as far as Calabria.

The old crater on the summit of Ætna raged for two or three months before this event, in an unusual manner: and this was also the case with Volcano and Stromboli, two burning islands to the west of it. In the evening of the 11th of March, at the distance of about twenty miles from the old mouth, and ten miles from Catania, a chasm was opened in the east side of the mountain, which is said to have been several miles (Borelli says twelve) in length, and five or six feet wide. This was not far from the place where monte Rosso afterwards rose, and extended in the direction of the grand crater of Ætna. See pl. i. V. V. V. On the night following, in the place where this mountain now stands, another large cleft opened, and several other chasms were formed in different parts of the mountain; and there issued from all of them huge volumes of smoke, accompanied with the usual phenomena of thunder and earthquake. From the principal chasm there issued the same night a stream of lava, which directed its course to a lake called *la Hardia*, about six miles from *Montpelieri*, and in its way destroyed many dwelling-houses, and other buildings in the adjacent villages.

The next day it moved towards a tract of country called *Mel Passo*, inhabited by about 800 people, which, in the space of twenty hours, was entirely depopulated and laid waste; the lava then changed its direction, and destroyed some other villages. *Montpelieri* and its inhabitants were also destroyed. On the 23d of March, the stream of lava was in some places two miles broad, and extended itself to the village of *Menzalucia*. On this day a new gulf was opened, from which were discharged sand and ashes, which formed a hill with two summits, two miles in circumference, and 150 paces high; these consisted of stones of different colors.

M. Houel went down into one of the openings of this mountain with torches, but could not reach the bottom, and was obliged soon to return on account of the extreme cold. The crater is of an oval form, and the opening through which he descended was in one extremity; but he inclined to think that the crater which rises above it had been formed of matter discharged by another mouth; or perhaps it might have had a more central opening, through which the stones, sand, &c. that form the crater, were discharged. This mountain is one of the mouths of Ætna, through which it discharges, from time to time, great quantities of lava, sand, ashes, &c. The sides of the craters are not all of the same height; those to the east and west are considerably higher than the intermediate summits, because the currents of the ashes passed alternately from east to west, and fell upon these sides in greater quantities than upon the others; which circumstance has given to this volcano the appearance of two summits.

St. Niccolò dell'Arena, in the neighborhood of this mountain, is an agreeable resting-place for travellers who visit Ætna. This is an ancient edifice, founded on the lava, and was formerly the habitation of a number of Benedictine monks, who, about 200 years ago, were obliged, on account of the devastations occasioned by the lava, to abandon it, and retire to Catania. Here are many inscriptions which record the ruinous earthquakes, torrents of lava, and showers of sand and ashes by which it has been damaged, and even destroyed, together with the dates of their different repairs. The black sand, thrown up in 1669, is more easily changed into vegetable earth than the lava; and has for many years been planted with extensive vineyards: whilst there are many beds of ancient lava that remain in an unproductive state, and destitute of every kind of vegetable.

At a small distance there is another mountain, called *Montpelieri*, or *Monpilieri*, (see letter G). This is of a spherical form, and its perpendicular height does not exceed 300 feet, and its circuit is about a mile. It is perfectly regular on every side, and richly overspread with fruits and flowers. Its crater is large in proportion to the mountain itself, and is as exactly hollowed out as the best made bowl. This mountain was formed by the first eruption that destroyed the ancient *Hybla*, which was celebrated for its fertility, and particularly for its honey, and thence called *Mel Puni*; thus, in consequence of being reduced by several eruptions, and more particularly by that of 1669, to a state of wretch-

ed sterility, it obtained the contemptuous appellation of *Mal Passi*. The lava, however, in its course over this beautiful country, has left several little islands or hillocks, which exhibit a singular appearance, with all the bloom of the most luxuriant vegetation, encompassed and rendered almost inaccessible by large fields of black and rugged lava.

The summit of *Ætna*, surrounded with large masses of lava, is exhibited in plate ii. A. A. A. represents one edge of the lava of 1787, which issued from the upper crater. B. B. is the circumference of the crater, with its cleft. C. C. through which the internal part is discernible. D. is the flat bottom of the crater; and E. the aperture in the bottom, from which the larger column of smoke F. F. arose: which aperture, though it was at one side of the bottom, is, for the greater distinctness of view, represented in the middle. G. G. is that part of the edge of the crater from which its internal part is best seen, and where the design of it might be most conveniently taken. H. H. is the smaller column of smoke to the north-east.

The numerous caverns that are met with in different parts of *Ætna* deserve notice. Kircher speaks of one, which he saw, capable of containing 30,000 persons. One of these caverns still retains the name of *Proserpine*, from its being supposed by the ancients, that it was by this entry *Pluto* conveyed her into his dominions; on which occasion *Ovid* describes *Ceres* as searching for her daughter, with two trees, which she had plucked from the mountain, for serving the purpose of torches.

LOVE AND GLORY.

Original.

The foe had fled and the fight pass'd on,
And night in her stillness was reigning;
Saw the random shot of the distant gun,
Or the soldiers low complaining.

Far down where the battle had hottest been,
Where the blood-tinged brook ascended;
With a shrinking form and a pallid mein,
A gentle maiden bended.

She bent o'er her lover's gory bed,
For his life was fast receding;
On her heaving breast she pillowed his head,
And essay'd to staunch its bleeding.

"Oh look on me, love!" but he heeded not,
"Oh tell me thou art not dying!"
He heard but the far off battle shot,
He saw but the foeman flying.

"Fly! fly with me Alfred—Oh!" vainly she wept,
And twined her white arms around him!
Too far on the war-armor his fierce spirit swept,
And the spell of the battle still bound him.

He raised from her breast—"To the battle on!
On freemen the foe's before ye!"

"Oh hush thee, my Alfred the battle is gone!"
"On! on! for your country's glory!"

"What! quail soldiers' quail! by the fame of my sire,
"I'll hew down the craven that cowers;

"Back, back to the battle! Ay, form now and fire,
"Then charge and the victory's ours!"

One rush of vitality swell'd his frame,
The blood burst'd forth as he started;
"On! on!" and he stagger'd—he sunk to his fame,
"On! on!" and his spirit departed!

One wild look of terror the maiden cast,
On the form of her lifeless lover;
One look, 'twas the saddest—the loveliest cast,
One throb, and her sorrows were over.

Her head on the breast of her hero sunk low,
No sobe her soft frame betoken:
And the dew gathered thick on her pale cold brow,
Cold! cold! For her heart was broken.

Man's heart on a thousand paths may rove,
For the guerdon of power or pleasure;
But the glory of woman, her world is love,
Her only, her every treasure.

THE PARTING HOUR.

Oft have I seen the rising tear,
Start forth at the word farewell,
The lingering look of fondness dear,
Speaking more than words can tell.

Oft have I seen love's smile appear,
Amid those drops of parting sorrow,
As cupid whispered in the ear,
You only part to meet to-morrow.

Oft have I heard the trembling sigh,
Burst from the bosom's deep recess:
And if I'd ask the reason why,
Thou'd answer, we must part! oh yes.
And shall we part, oh! yes we must,
For death the silver chord will sever.
When mingled with our kindred dust,
'Tis then we part on earth forever.

But we will meet in realms above,
With heavenly spirits gone before,
And then in never-ending love,
We'll know the parting hour no more.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
It makes the nation free!

Before it tyrants prostrate fall,
And proud oppressors flee!
In what a state of wretchedness
Without it should we be;
And can we then so highly prize
The source of liberty!

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
It dissipates our gloom!

And sheds a ray of happiness
O'er victims of the tomb;
See, darkness from his throne throng
Has fled to realms of night,
And o'er the world is now diffused
A flood of heavenly light.

The Press—the Press—the glorious Press,
What thanks are due to those,

Who all attempts to quench its beams
Triumphantly oppose;
To them belongs the wreath of fame!
The garland of renown!

The honor of a deathless name!
A never-fading crown.

Written for the Casket.

Preparatory Remarks to the

MORAVIAN INDIANS:

A TALE.

The murder of the Moravian, or Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas, in 1782, was amongst those acts which make a nation blush; but like all other acts of man it has been discolored. The name of Col. David Williamson, who was the nominal commander of the party who were the perpetrators, has been held up to infamy as a monster. This preface, and the Tale which follows, were neither of them written to excuse the deed of horror, nor have I ever heard a single voice raised in its justification, though I was bred from a child to mature years near Washington, Pennsylvania, and of course in the very section of country from whence the actors proceeded.

The Christian Indians were placed in the very most dangerous position that was possible, not, as commonly supposed, on the Muskingum, but Tuscarawas, directly between the warlike tribes and the equally warlike frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania; and as a natural and inevitable consequence, exposed to the suspicions of both parties.

In the work published in 1819, in Philadelphia, by the A. P. S., and written by Mr. Heckewelder, formerly a Moravian Missionary among the Indians, we are made to believe, as far as the context can influence our opinions, that the Christian Indians on the Tuscarawas, were safe except on the part of the whites. This was far indeed from being the true state in which these people were placed. The Simon Girty mentioned by Mr. Heckewelder, was then a renegade amongst the hostile Mingoes and Shawnees, and in deeds of blood suffered no man to be his superior.

The almost universal opinion on the frontiers of Virginia and Pennsylvania, from about 1778, was, that the chieftain and peaceable Indians or Tuscarawas ought to be removed. The lawless hands on both sides were dreaded, and the considerate and humane part of the whites, an immense majority of the whole, in foreseeing, most anxiously desired to avert a catastrophe.—With many of the actors I was personally acquainted, and must say, that the result of the expedition could never have been premeditated, except by a few if by any single person. The act was loudly, and I may say almost universally condemned in the settlements, not simply from dread of revenge, but from genuine feelings of humanity.

Beside giving a coloring too strong on one side, Mr. Heckewelder has made some material errors in facts and dates. In page sixty-four this author quotes part of a speech made by an Indian, at which he says he was present, April, 1787; and in the next page states that "Eleven months after this speech was delivered, ninety-six of the same Christian Indians, about sixty of them women and children, were murdered, &c." It may be rationally conjectured, that the two last figures ought to be transposed, and make the date 1778; but even then the date of the massacre would fall in March, 1779, whilst it really took place in the summer of 1782. Without troubling the

reader with personal detail, I can assert that, though very young, I cannot be mistaken in the latter date.

In page two hundred and eighty, when speaking of the second party sent out the same summer, 1782, but commanded by Crawford and Williamson, Mr. Heckewelder states, after giving some previous movements, they then shaped their course towards the hostile Indian villages, where being, contrary to their expectations, furiously attacked, Williamson and his band *took the advantage of a dark night and ran off, and the whole party escaped except one Col. Crawford and another, who being taken by the Indians, were carried in triumph to their villages, &c.*—This account is exceedingly incorrect. There were several other persons taken with Colonel Crawford and tortured to death. Two very remarkable escapes were made; one by a man of the name of Stover, and the other, Dr. Knight.—The adventures of these two men would figure in romance, with all the interest of truth. Stover was well acquainted with the country, and reached the Ohio on the fifth day. Dr. Knight was about twenty-two or twenty-three days exposed to every hardship and danger.

So far again was the party from escaping with the exceptions given above, to say nothing of others, there were three men out of the near neighborhood where I lived who were never again heard of—of course perished; their names were William Nimmons, William Johnson, and William Houston.

These historical facts are given to serve as data to explain the natural causes of a deplorable event. In the Tale my object has been to paint the times, and give the feelings of men as they were then agitated. Those feelings had their play in my presence at an age when impressions are not simply deep, but indelible. I can at this moment, when upwards of fifty years have passed, see the faces of my mother and another woman who came running to where my mother stood, crying—"James Workman is killed! Oh, James Workman is killed!" Mr. Workman was not, however, killed—he returned to his family.

THE MORAVIAN INDIANS.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel

The pangs that rend a parent's breast:

But ah, what sighs or tears can heal

Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest?

MCDIARMID:

"If ever the view of any one picture of human improvement was more than all others, calculated to inspire sentiments of the most sublime enthusiasm, it is that of the "Great West," that immense region around us, and from which issue the thousand and ten thousand fountains, mingling their tribute to form the mighty Mississippi; but to feel the entire beauties of this canvas in their full harmony, they might have been seen as I have seen, when the first outlines of civilization were sketched; and now, when are presented in continual succession, farms, towns and cities, connected by rivers, roads and canals, with all the busy hum of commercial life. They must have been seen whilst the howl of the savage was

still heard in the dark wild—when barbarism is replaced by all the allurements of cultivated society. Yes; at the extremes of sixty years have I traversed these banks," said old Kingsley Hale, raising his voice, while his still expressive eye glanced down the tranquil Ohio, and with his hand stretched towards the rising city of Wheeling.

"My young friends, let any one of you imagine himself encamped on this spot alone and with an unbroken forest around him, crouched under a fallen tree with his rifle, his only friend, clasped to his breast. It is night, stillness and darkness reign over the waste. You are fallen into a slumber, from which you are roused by a sound, long and piercing; it comes from beyond that river. Is it the Cougar's scream? no. It is a thousand times more terrible—it is the yell of the Indian. This sound ceases, stillness again reigns; fatigue wraps your senses in sleep, from which the burning rays of a summer sun recall you to waking recollection; you grasp your faithful rifle and rise with caution; you dare not stir a leaf, but what do you see? One wide sweep of cultivation. The forest is broken, fields stretch beyond fields, and of the primeval woods, what remain, serves to form a part only of the enchanting landscape. A city, with all the attributes of wealth and human enjoyment, occupies the foreground. What would be your astonishment at such a change? you could not believe it other than an illusion, for such a change have I seen, and from this very spot. Along this bank I was one of four, the remnant of forty, who escaped the savages. On yonder bank, and under that immense hotel, slumber the dust of my fallen friends."

"Grand-papa," interrupted a lovely girl, "you have put us all into such a melancholy kind of joy; such a—oh! I don't know what to call it; but you promised us the tale of Schoenbrun."

"My little Ellen," said the old warrior, placing his hand on her head, "the tale of Schoenbrun will indeed give melancholy joy—it will excite regret for the past, and gladness that those days of blood are long gone into years of past time."

"In Europe, my young friends—my children, amongst many other societies of christians, arose one, 'the United Brothers.'" Some of these men came to America, not to bring a sword, but the glad tidings of peace. Their persuasive voice reached into the deepest recesses of these woods of which I have spoken, and entered the hearts of many natives, who embraced, not in name, but reality, the doctrines of Christ. Of these red men and their families, many settled on the Muskingum. The messengers of christianity were Germans, and in memory of their native places, German names were given to three villages, Salem, Gnadenhuten, and Schoenbrun. During the twelve or thirteen years which passed between the 'Old French War,' to the beginning of that of the Revolution, peace reigned over these solitary settlements; they were spots, and pleasing ones, on the beautiful Tuscarawas, where the children of nature learned to lisp the name of Him whose power brought them into existence. They were spots on which the eye of benevolence delighted to dwell, but over which

the prophetic eye would have wept tears of bitterness. In many of my hunting excursions (for then we were all hunters), I strayed to the creeks of Tuscarawas; and many is the night my weary limbs found rest at Schoenbrun. But those days of peace were to be succeeded by a storm—a sweeping destruction, the American Revolutionary War. That great period gave a republic to the earth, and humbled the proud oppressor. Such benefits were purchased with blood, and not in every case sustained with blood.

"If a few native Indians planted the olive, the much greater number cherished the laurel, and remained ready to dig up the tomahawk, or hatchet of war. With an improvidence, which has cost our lengthened hunter so much of blood and misery, these warriors were left to our enemy. Every art was used to excite them against us."

"Slow and constant was the stream of white emigration; and with superior arms and other means, every rising young man became a natural enemy to the Indians, and the Indians felt that their inheritance was passing to the white race. Between these warlike bodies stood the three defenseless villages of Gnadenhuten, Schoenbrun and Salem. Tureats from the east, at first slight, but yearly becoming more fierce and loud, reached the Moravian Indians on Tuscarawas, in accents of death. The sounds from the west were not less appalling; the Christian Indians stood between two hostile nations, suspected by, and exposed to the vengeance of both—no government to offer an arm to these unprotected and unsuspecting people; and the whirlwind of destruction reached their dwellings. They perished, but not alone."

"Let us return some years and fix our eyes upon the early settlements along the Mouongahela. Even before the ill-directed and ill-fated expedition of British and provincials, under Gen. Braddock, some few habitations of whites had begun to appear along our streams; and in one of those rude cabins appeared and smiled Ellen Aylworth. Like a rose in the desert did I see this beauteous flower bloom. At that early time what little of society was to be seen, presented with much of kindness, a stern inflexibility of purpose, and with that tenacity, a promptness of action, which crowded events upon events. As the thunders of the Revolutionary War began to be hoarsely heard beyond our mountains, Ellen rose to womanhood, but with her rose another—Saul Garvin. This young man was light of form and fleet as the deer on the hills. In person and in natural manners, never have I since beheld the equal to Saul Garvin. Ellen Aylworth was life and beauty personified—Garvin personated the times; he was serious but his heart was warm. In other regions and stations Ellen would have shone amongst the gay, the gifted, and the great. They were two whom nature placed together and forced to love, yet their hearts were not alike moulded—they were not destined to tread happily over the rough paths before them."

"It always makes me smile when I hear the pride of wealth named, for never have I seen any rank—for I have seen all ranks—where this spirit was not equally active; and Saul and Ellen felt its malign influence. Saul was under the

care of an aged uncle, and was pet and heir.—The wealth he was heir to, would not have been sufficient to fit out one of our modern dandies to pay a visit to the lady of his choice; but it was the most extensive fortune in the woods of Chartier, and no man ever prided himself more on his superior wealth, than did old Hall Kent. With the nephew, the lovely Ellen was worth all the money on the earth, but with his uncle her beauty and innocence was just worth nothing. The opposition of his uncle was only one of Saul's vexations. Another poor young man beside Saul, saw and sought Ellen. If Saul sighed, Tielman Wells laughed, and Ellen, in the gaiety of her young heart, laughed with Tielman, and the poison of jealousy rankled. Saul was deceived and so were the neighbors, and so was the joyful old Hall Kent.

"So went on affairs for some days, and even weeks, and all the folly, passion, and extravagance of the world was acted on Chartier. Tielman Wells owned two horses, a saddle, bridle, watch, two rifles, and had by him ten old Spanish dollars, and had also the full approbation of Kent. Ellen smiled when his name was mentioned, and looked grave at the sound of that of Saul Garvin. Some wise one remarked, 'how wonderful it was that Ellen could choose such a skipping raccoon as Tielman Wells, and reject Saul Garvin.' Such a preference would have been wonderful if made, but though then young, I thought I could see as far into a mountain as any one, and if no one else did, I saw the true state of the case.

"On a snowy winter morning, about ten miles from where the fine city of Pittsburg now stands, with my rifle on my shoulder, I was traversing the Chartier hills in pursuit of game. Amid the loaded branches and falling flakes, I dimly saw the figure of another hunter, crossing the slope of the hill below me, and quickly perceived it was Saul Garvin. Though in the untrodden woods he was slowly bending his steps towards the house of the father of Ellen. He was arrested by 'Saul, hello! You are too late; Ellen is gone to Pitt, with Tielman.'"

"Gone to Pitt with Tielman Wells," replied the young man, as he approached where I was standing.

"Gone! yes," rejoined I, "and do you turn your course and flirt with Jane Sparkle, and Ellen will come to her senses."

"He looked me steadily in the face, and with a visage no man but a hunter or an Indian could ever assume, pronounced as he cordially shook me by the hand, 'Farewell! I have a long walk to make than to Jonathan Sparkle's.'"

"I was rather puzzled to know whether to laugh or be serious, but the latter mood prevailed, as I was in a moment alone in the forest. The look of Saul fixed on my mind and made an impression I could neither account for, nor for a moment forget. Thus silently impressed (for I communicated the circumstance to no person), two days passed, and on the third morning the dreadful report was spread, that Saul Garvin was missing—and murdered as was supposed.—With all my speed I hastened to the house of the distracted uncle, and revealing the meeting with Saul, led his uncle and a body of armed men to

the spot on which we had met. A rapid thaw had laid most part of the hill sides and tops naked. For some miles we found tracks which we supposed to be those of the lost hunter, traced on the snow remaining in deep valleys and the northern slope of the hills, but reaching the Ohio, all further search was useless.

"Twenty-three years the fate of Saul Garvin remained wrapped in mystery, and within the same twenty-three years the grave had closed upon the regret of the heart-broken uncle, and the wasted form of Ellen Aylworth, and had also been marked by the ever to be lamented massacre of the Moravian Indians on Tuscarawas.—Seventeen years had the dust of the victims mingled with their parent earth, when the tardy justice of the United States recalled to their property and homes the remnant of the Christian Delawares. Seventeen years had I never dared to visit the desolate spot, where so often I had met the warmest welcome; but when I learned that the poor surviving wanderers were to return, I determined to meet them. A young man of this neighborhood, of the name of Thomas Car, was appointed to meet the returning Indians with a supply of provisions, and with him I went, and was present when the aged chief and his forlorn band reached the scene of murder. Time had greatly changed us both, he knew me not, nor did I disturb his deep reflecting sorrow by any renewal of our acquaintance—to confess the truth, shame withheld me; as a white man I felt a share of the dreadful wrong, as did the plain uneducated young man beside me, though both were innocent of the deed. We silently followed the aged chief as he led a grandson by the hand, and pointed out where the houses formerly stood. Many of them had been supplied with cellars, at one of which much longer than the others, the old man stopped. It is seldom an Indian man weeps, but I saw the tears fall from his furrowed face into the hollow space. His feelings were for a few minutes that of human nature, but he seemed at some sudden thought to remember he was an Indian Chief, as he turned round and addressing his grandson observed firmly, and in English, 'The grave of your father.'"

"The young man sat down upon the slope of the cellar, drew his blanket over his head and remained silent, though his heaving breast showed strong agitation.

"With more of sorrow than anger, the chief fixed his eyes on me, and in very good English observed, 'I hope you were not here at—'

"Not at the time you mean," I solemnly interrupted, "thanks be given to the great spirit who rules over Indian and white."

"You are here now," replied the chief, "therefore I believe your words—seventeen years of reflection must keep him away who was here then."

"Many of them," I replied, "have gone to their judgment seat."

"Some have, I too well know," mournfully rejoined the chief, "and terrible was their departure."

"Were you present?" I rather hastily demanded.

"Not when and where you mean," emphatically replied the chief, "and thanks be to the great spirit that I was not."

We all remained silent for some time, when the chief again addressing me, demanded "Were you ever acquainted with a white man of the name of Saul Garvin?"

"I was, and well, what of him—do you know—"

"Too much," replied the chief—"too much for the white-warriors I will not call them—who dyed this place in blood. Sit down on this bank and you shall."

We sat down, and after a long pause the chief resumed: "Twenty-three years have the leaves of these woods been renewed and have again fallen, since hunting on the high hills towards the rising sun, I saw the smoke of a camp. The war-hatchet was then buried, and I approached the fire and by it found a young white man; he met and received me kindly, presented me some venison, and we feasted together. It was evening, and he invited me to share his shelter, and we slept together. In the morning I invited the white man to go home with me, and told him we could reach there when the sun rose so high, and I pointed to the south."

"Of what nation art thou?" demanded he.

"A Delaware, in your language," I replied, "and a Christian."

He looked in my face long and thoughtfully, and then spoke, "You are a christian; I think you do not deceive me—your place of residence, where?"

"Schœnbrun," I replied.

"Do you receive white men into your tribe?"

"Very seldom; they are only bad men who leave the house to live in the wigwam."

"Not so always," said the young white man, quickly, and I was sorry for using the words *bad men*, and taking him by the hand, told him to come with me and we could talk more as we went on our way. He then shouldered his rifle and we set out for Schœnbrun, where, before we arrived, I was told by the young white man that he had been deserted by a young woman he intended to make his wife.

"Was she the only young woman of your tribe?" I asked.

"There were more," he replied, "but none like my—" he did not pronounce her name.—I thought him so far foolish, but told him we had some girls with us who could make moccasins and leggins. His smile was that of an Indian and not of a white man.

Our white friend remained some days with us, and we were all well pleased with him. Our old friend, whom you call missionary, was also well pleased, and we agreed to receive him.

"As an Indian," said the young man, "and a christian will I live,"—and he fulfilled his promise.

"What name shall we give you?" I asked.

"Peter," he replied, and white Peter was soon after married to one of our young women, and over this grave—for grave it is—stood their house.

"The house of Saul Garvin!" I interrupted.

"The house of Saul Garvin," repeated the chief, "and amongst that earth," pointing to the bottom of the cellar, "lie the bones of Saul Garvin, and that sorrowing young man is his son—but hear me. Peter was soon an Indian in dress, manner, and language, for he learned our language

and became a chief and a wise one at our council fires. To the few whites who came to our villages, he was distant and reserved; and in his new character remained unknown to all, and particularly to one or two who had as a white man been his intimate acquaintance: 'They are strangers,' said Peter to me, 'I know them no more; they are here for no good.'"

"The snow had melted and was gone; the winds of winter had passed, and the song of the birds was heard amongst the new born leaves and flowers; we were preparing our corn fields, when a swift messenger entered Schœnbrun and told us 'Wingenund is coming.' Though still a warrior, and as you say a Pagan, the face of Wingenund spoke peace, and his words were words of truth, therefore we were glad, and walked joyfully to the council fire. The chief arrived; his face was sad and his greeting slow and mournful. The warriors who came with him, waved their hands in kindness, but from their lips only escaped a few words, which faintly reached our ears. The clouds of fear passed over our hearts as the chief rose; we had never before seen Wingenund as we saw him now.—His dark eye fell upon us as his right hand rose and was stretched to the east."

"Do you see the wolf stealing from those woods to tear the timorous fawn to pieces? His teeth crushes its bones; he drinks its blood and howls over the mangled limbs. You are the fawn—the pale faced warrior, no, the white murderer is crouching to spring upon and destroy you, your wives and little ones. Where are your arms? buried—trampled down so deep, you have not time to dig them up. You sit down, and one ear is deaf, you cannot hear your red friends call to a place of safety—no! but you can hear the white man say, sit still, you are safe. Hear me, children, rise quickly and fly with me. The white man smiles, but see, the sharp knife is under his blanket. Come with me."

"Wingenund sat down, and we all sat still a long time. At last Peter rose. We were all astonished, for Peter was no great talker, but we were pleased, and our ears were open. The young chief spoke thus:—"

"Fathers, I am young and ought to hear what older and wiser men have to say, but your mouths are closed and I must speak. The word of our father comes from the great spirit, it is good. I was once a white man, and know that many white men are good men and brave men, who would not seek the uncrimed to shed their blood; but I know there are bad white men, whose ears and hearts are deaf. These bad men say you are the friends of your red brethren, who have taken up the hatchet with their red-coat white enemies. The voices of the good white men are soft and cannot be heard afar, but the voice of the bad man is loud as the panther's scream.—Hear me, my friends, arise and go with Wingenund." Peter sat down and we were again all silent until Wingenund again rose and spoke.

"To-morrow morning I return to my people."

One of our old men then rose and said, "Such as choose to go with our brother be ready."

"We slowly and sorrowfully sought our houses and families. The wife of Peter was my daughter, her christian name was Anna, and that young

man was then lying on his mother's bosom. Their house was over this grave. We entered and sat down. Anna feared, she knew why—wept, and fixed her face on that of her son."

"Anna," said Peter, "you must go with Wingenund." He then told her what I have told you. "And you, Peter, will stay here if any others stay?" Anna was a woman, a mother, a wife, and a christian, but she was an Indian, and would not refuse to do what her husband and father desired her to do, and in tears and silence prepared for her journey.

"In every house was heard the voice of distress. Some whole families concluded to fly from the danger, but too many said, 'What have we done that we should fear the white men beyond the Ohio? To such as have come here we have been kind, and why should we fear? We worship the same great spirit with the whites, and are we not their brothers? We will stay and trust in God.'"

"Morning came, and Wingenund departed with such as were to depart with him; but, as he was departing, he turned round and said to those who remained behind, 'You say you are christians like the whites, why should we fear the white men? I tell you why you should fear many of these pale faces; it is because they are not christians;' and he was soon beyond our sight.—I do not tell you of the parting between those who went with Wingenund and those who stayed on Tuscarawas.—Have no words.'" The old man remained silent for some time, when again conquering his feelings he resumed:

"I went with my child and grand-child, and silent and painful was our journey. It was not long that we were left to think upon our own miseries. The friends we left on the Tuscarawas were also not long left to tremble between hope and fear. The storm foretold by Wingenund, burst upon their heads. A body of men under a man of the name of Williamson, rushed upon the defenceless, the unarmed and, as you have been told, unsuspecting people. This band came not as open warriors but still with words of peace upon their lips."

"You are unsafe here," said they to our brothers, and their wives and children, "you must come with us, and stay with us until the war-hatchet is buried."

"We are not afraid?" replied the red men.

"The Shawanees and Mingoes will come and destroy you," repeated the whites, "you must come with us."

"It was useless to resist, and the Indians were preparing to follow their enemies. Night passed, morning came, and they were told to prepare for death. The looks of too many of their savage enemies had forewarned them, and the sentence was expected—they were prepared. In prayers, hymns and tears, their last night was spent, and when the sound of death reached their ears, they bowed their heads, not to their murderers, but to Him whose decrees no man can reach.—They perished, and with them fell Peter, or Saul Garvin. A few young at the last moment, bounded from their captors, and though some fell in the pursuit, some escaped and brought us the dreadful tale.

"One of the men who read death on the white

faces in the night, spoke in our language to Peter, and asked him 'why he did not make himself known.' 'Because,' said Peter, 'I know some of those pale faces too well. To make myself known to them would do more harm than good. If they carry us into the settlements I will make myself known, and will do you all the good in my power. You received me when a bad man forced me from my own people. You have treated me kindly. I have lived and will die with you.' He then desired to be left to himself, and was heard to speak no more to men; but his inward voice was turned to the great spirit, and in the morning his blood sunk into this ground, and from it cried to the great spirit for vengeance, and was heard; the messenger of revenge you will soon hear named. Nearly one hundred unarmed human beings were here murdered and their bodies left to moulder amid the ruins of their houses. The panther, when he tastes, is never satisfied with blood. He drinks blood and his thirst burns more and more fiercely. So did your people. The cries of the murdered had scarcely ceased to be heard along this river—the smoke of their houses had scarcely mingled with the clouds, when another party of white men came into our country, under Williamson and Col. Crawford.

"Meeting no resistance in the first instance, these men became bold; they advanced far into our country—approached the Sandusky towns—were met by warriors, defeated and Col. Crawford and many of his men taken and brought bound to our council fires. Those who escaped death in the battle, or captivity, were scattered over the woods, exposed to the rage of the Indian, to hunger and to wild beasts. The bodies of many were made known to the Indian pursuers by the vultures' flight. Some did return to their homes, not to dwell upon the deeds of the brave. But let us leave them who fled and return to those who in bonds had to bear the punishment of the wrongs committed by others, and to writhe in despair at their own madness and folly.

"I was, with my daughter and grand-child in Detroit, when we heard of the murders at this place. Anna clasped her babe to her bosom, and raised her heart to the great spirit—wept—was silent, and was daily wasting away, when the second news reached us, that Col. Crawford and some of his men were in the hands of the warrior Delawares. Anna was a christian, but she was an Indian; and I am an Indian, and will tell the truth. Over the memory of her husband, she was sinking towards the grave—the world of spirits, where she hoped to meet her Peter; but from the moment that the captive Crawford was named, I saw new life in her eye,—health seemed to return to her body, yet, not even her father suspected her purpose. Next morning Anna and her son were gone. I followed, but found her not until her terrible resolve was fulfilled.

"Crawford, before the war-hatchet was dug up and dyed in blood, had been the friend of the Indians, christian and warrior; and when he was brought bound to the Sandusky, the Delaware warriors shook their heads and said, 'We are sorry. This man was once our friend; he has not come into our country as a wolf, but as

a man. How glad would we have been had he been killed in battle, or escaped, and we had Williamson in his place.' Thus spoke Wingenund and many more, but other voices were heard breathing revenge. The prisoner was brought before the Delaware warriors, and many looked to the ground, and all were long silent. At last an aged warrior rose, and his words fell like the edge of a heavy and sharp hatchet."

"Where are we? Over the mountains, from the land of our fathers; and why are we here? The whites have driven us from stream to stream. We have often smoked with them the pipe of peace, the white man putting his foot on and pushing deep into the ground the war hatchet, and holding in his hand the speaking book, saying, 'Red men you are blind, but here is the word of the great spirit, which will make you see.' We answered, we have not learned to hear with our eyes. 'Well, we will send you some of our black coats,' replied the white men, 'and they will speak to you from the book.' Well, the black coats came to us and told us, that the great spirit loved peace; that we must not only bury, but burn the war-club and hatchet."

"Well, some of our people loved peace, and believed the words which they were told came from the great spirit. These people broke and buried the war-hatchet, and put the handle into a hoe and made corn. Their children laughed and played, and their wives sung songs from the speaking book."

"But when the white men dug up the hatchet between themselves, our christian brethren were afraid; but the black coats told them not to be afraid. Some of our old men went to them, and told the Christian Indians, 'We know there are some good white men, but they are few. We know there are bad white men, and they are many; and they rule the good men. There is no faith to be put in their words. They will shake the Indian by the hand and say, 'Brother, friend, my own brother, my own friend,' the next moment his knife is in your heart, and your wigwam is in flames; your wives and little ones lie beside you bleeding. Trust them not—remember I have told you—trust them not."

"The voice of the Indian was not heard by many, and where are they? You are silent.—Praying men, singing women, and laughing children, murdered by such white men as the man we have here. 'He must die,' cried many voices: but the chief continued:

"Hear me—why must he die? It was nothim who murdered the praying red men and their families. If we had Williamson and any of the other cowards who committed the murder, they ought to die. We ought to become wiser—"

"The chief was here stopped, and the whole council surprised by the sudden entrance of a young woman with a young child. She stood sometime with the child, and then laying him down in the centre of the room, cast a look of fury on Col. Crawford, and cried, in a voice which made even the oldest warrior tremble, 'My child—his father a white man. His bones lie with the bones of our people. My child, he has no father.' She then rushed from the council house, leaving the child on the ground at the feet of our warriors."

"A silence, only broken by the groans of the prisoner, continued some time, but it was the silence of death; the child at first amused with some object, missed at length his mother, and looking round and not finding her, screamed aloud, and his cries were the cries of death. The voice of mercy was as the voice of the fawn to that of the pantner. Col. Crawford perished in the flames, and—

"His spirit," after a long pause, continued the chief "has been many years gone to meet the God of red and white men. Peace now reigns over red and white men. We have returned to rebuild our cabins, and again plant our fields.—Our tears are dried, and we can sleep without fear and rise to joy and plenty; our children can sport in safety and our women sing the song of gladness along the Tuscarawas."

Written for the Casket.

BATTLE OF NIAGARA.

Here might you see in bright array,
The champions of the battle-fray,
Gazing on each with fearless eye,
And joyous that in fight so nigh,
Their trusty blades they soon should try—

The blood-drenched field maintain;
Here flaunts in breeze the eagle bold,
Protecting eighteen stars of gold;
Throughout the ranks are banners light,
Thick bristling spears and bayonets bright,
And champing chargers, fierce for fight,
Trample the battle plain.

There, like the evening burnished cloud,
The Red Cross and the Lion proud,
With various hosts on either side,
Britannia's boast and Erin's pride,
And brawny Scot in belted plaid,
With bonnets large and Highland blade:
Footmen nor horse, nor savage gang,
Await the trumpet's maddening clang.

But rush on foe amain;
As bursts the bolt on yonder steep,
As roar the billows of the deep
When scourged by whirlwinds, far they sweep
The bark athwart the main.

Such is the crash as foe meet (be,
Such the dread roar as thunders throw
Their vengeance, and the field bestrew
With dying and with slain:

As boatmen ply their foaming way
Against the rapid torrent's sway,
When loud the tempests roar—
The rolling waves the keel divides,
And through them murmuring 'long its sides,
Imped led by lustier efforts, rides
And gains the intended shore.

So Scott his passage urges on,
'Midst sword and spear, and levelled gun,
And cannons thundering loud;
Where'er his Spartan column goes,
It leaves a lane of slaughtered foes;

While heaviest peals creation shakes,
Thrice through the British ranks it breaks,
And many a soldier gladly makes
A foeman's flag his shroud.

Then *Brown*, what various thoughts were thine,
When ceaseless from the distant line

The thunders burst their way?
Quick and his troops for march prepare—
Now on the field the fight they share,
Their fainting comrades stay.

At their approach, with fierce acclaim
Is pealed aloud the hero's name;
More rashly rushed the frantic foe
To strike the last decisive blow—
He came as ocean's billows roll,
When tempest toss'd they lash the shoal,

That long their rage has borne—
He came, but firm my country's rock
Stood and repelled the furious shock;
The foaming waves their fury waste
Scouring the rock—the rock stands fast,
And laughs their rage to scorn.

Then, *Ripley*, then was seen thine arm
And *breathing steel*, with havoc warm,
Engaged with furious foe;
Then *Porter* too, thy musket loud,
Amazed the skulking savage crowd,
And brought the warrior low.

From distant wood to deep ravine,
From glade and dale that intervene,
Mangled, along the varied scene,
The wounded and the slain,
E'en to the Champaign's western bound,
And through the tangled forest ground
Bestrew the hill and plain.

Brave *Miller** views with ardent eye,
Breathes for the mangled heaps a sigh,
Directs his veterans thence to fly,
Dislodge the foe or bravely die
In honor's glorious bed.

On, on, is now his stern exclaim,
As burst his band through smoke and flame,
This, this the pathway on to fame,
To death, to death, or victory.

Still, hotter still is grown the fray,
Thick stand the foe in bright array,
His voice is heard—Rush, hew your way,
To yonder blazing battery.

Rank within rank the Briton's stand,
And guard the spot with spear and brand,
And muskets gleaming bright;
By vengeance sped, the hero gains
The awful height where slaughter reigns;
Rushing ahead his column leads,
That listless on the corpses treads,
Sabres, with his own gory brand,
The wretch that holds the match in hand,
The magazine to light.

Headlong the foe desert the field,
The vampires to the victors gild,
And safety seek in flight.

AN IRISH TRIAL.

Reader!—Have you ever witnessed an Irish trial? If not, you have lost a scene where the anomalous character of an Irish peasant is fully and forcibly portrayed in all its broad development of light and shadow; where the proud chivalrous spirit of our countrymen bursts at times in brief but dazzling splendor, through the dense clouds of craft and crime, in which centuries of degradation have enveloped them.

It was my fortune to be present at a spectacle of this description, during the Summer Assizes of 1826, in ———, one of the disturbed districts of the South. On my reaching the Court-house, I found the hall filled with groups of anxious-looking expectants. In one corner stood a knot of freize coated men, seemingly engaged in some interesting topic, for they spoke in low whispers in their own guttural language—perhaps discussing the impending fate of a friend or relative, who had come under the iron hand of the law, or concocting schemes of deadly vengeance upon some blood-thirsty oppressor. Amidst these juntos, the female sex, as in all societies, seemed to hold a paramount place, and I fancied I could observe in the eager voices and energetic gestures of these excited women the incentive to some act of desperate violence, from which even their rugged auditors seemed to recoil.

Obeying a nod from the sheriff, I hustled my way through a posse of Constables, Peclers, Process-servers—*et hoc genus omne*, and obtained a seat on the Bench, from whence I could distinctly observe the whole proceedings. The trial was for a crime whose frequent recurrence cast a stigma on our national character, and strongly evidences the imbecility and misrule which has ever characterized the Anglo-Irish legislation. A party of nocturnal depredators had attacked and cruelly murdered an unfortunate driver who had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the people. The prisoner at the bar had been identified as having been concerned in the outrage; and his trial had excited considerable interest, from the fact of his having been formerly a respectable farmer of unblemished reputation; but who, by a series of oppressions and misfortunes, had been reduced to poverty, and driven by a tyrannical agent, from the hearth of his fathers, to wring from a cold and selfish world a miserable sustenance for a delicate wife, and five helpless children.

I observed him narrowly as he stood erect in the dock, with folded arms, his dress bespoke him of the better order of peasantry; his age might be about thirty-five; tall, muscular, and athletic, his open brow and ingenious physiognomy bore no traits of cruelty or ferocity; but there was in his dark sunken eye a wild recklessness, and on his lip a little curl of defiance and contempt, as the Clerk of the Crown, in his loud nasal twang, charged the prisoner, "not having the fear of God before his eyes," with "wilfully killing and slaying, &c."

The first witness called was a thin, ferret-like figure, with a small restless grey eye, indicative of every evil passion, who had turned approver in order to save his own life; his direct evidence was clear and conclusive, but as he turned to identify the prisoner in the dock, I saw the wretch

*Miller was asked if he could drive the British from a certain hill they occupied, he answered, "I'll try, sir!"

quail under the smile of withering scorn with which his victim recognised him. On his cross-examination, he reluctantly admitted that he had been the organizer of many illegal meetings and acts of violence—that he had been a convicted horse-stealer, perjurer, coiner, and, in short, that he had been either principal or accessory in the most atrocious crimes. Every instant, as the prisoner's counsel, by some ingenious home-thrust, shook the validity of his testimony; or, by an unexpected "floorer," destroyed his credibility with the jury, a buzz of applause ran through the court, which the temperate dignity of the Chief Justice (Bushe) could scarcely repress. At length, weary of dragging further to light this disgusting spectacle of moral turpitude, the wretched man was permitted to leave the table, amid curses and execrations—"not loud, but deep."

The next witness who appeared, had been a farm servant of the deceased; his lounging gait and vacant stare, gave him a most unpromising air of stupidity.—The Book was handed him—"Neil Sossennanagh"—(no English,) said he, with an appealing look to the Judge. "He speaks English, my Lord!" said the opposing counsel—and, turning to the witness, asked him suddenly, if he never had spoken English? "Never, yer Onner," was the unguarded reply. "Then, my fine fellow, it is high time you should begin—take the Book, Sir!" Seeing he had fairly committed himself, he proceeded with that repugnance common to all the lower classes of the Irish, to give his evidence, in what he considered a *foreign* tongue.—Little was elicited from his testimony, though he had seen the whole transaction from his flock-bed, which was placed in the corner of a kitchen; and he became so bewildered on his cross-examination, with the multitude of questions respecting the relative situation of the room, and the persons in it, that he floundered from one dilemma to another, until his entire evidence became a tissue of absurdities.

The case for the prosecution having closed, a host of witnesses appeared, ready to prove an *alibi* for the prisoner; but his counsel, prudently contenting himself with one or two of the most respectable of these, endeavored to establish the point with the jury, but evidently with little effect; and the fact of the prisoner's guilt seemed so apparent to every person present, that there scarcely remained a shadow of doubt as to his conviction. But the struggle was not yet over; a busy hum of expectation arose—an eager pressing forward—and a whisper of curiosity passed through the Court, as a jolly-looking colossal limb of the law, the counsel for the prisoner, stood up, with a good-humored carelessness in his manner and countenance, that, to a superficial observer, seemed to partake more of shrewd drollery, than an extraordinary intellectual power. He opened his lips—and the broad, unsophisticated tones of a native Hibernian, grated unmusically on my anglicised ear; but as he proceeded, his rich and powerful language riveted all my faculties. I heard him with delight pursue, with close and accurate perspicuity, his argument, through the tangled web of conflicting testimonies, bringing light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. I admir-

ed the inimitable tact with which he detected every flaw in the prosecutor's case, and seized for his client upon every offensive and defensive point in the evidence—from which he poured the irresistible flood of his eloquence into the very souls of his auditory. Yet, strange to say, his oratory was plain, I had almost said, unselect; but if it possessed not the polished elegance of Cicero's, it contained all the fiery energy of Demosthenes' harangues. The jury had leaned attentively forward in their box—every face gradually relaxing into an expression of acquiescence with the arguments of the eloquent counsel; even one dogmatical, hanging-looking old fellow, who sat bolt upright during the entire business, was, by some droll but flattering compliment, tickled into attention—a smile played around his puckered mouth, and I could see plainly, by his gratified chuckle, that he was fast forsaking his strict matter of opinions. It was now evident that, though the sword still remained suspended over the prisoner's head, the chances for his safety were momentarily doubling; for, as he drew near the close of his vehement and splendid appeal to the heart, the feelings and sympathies of the Court and Jury, every breath suspended—all was silent as death, save that one deep, powerful, and impressive voice. The unfortunate criminal watched his deliverer with looks, in which a faint ray of hope seemed hovering on the brink of despair—while his agonized wife, (who, like a ministering angel, had stood near him in the side dock, during the day) wiped with her checked apron, the cold dews which overspread his pale brow.

The speaker at length concluded, and, flinging himself back exhaustedly on his seat, the loud hum of admiration spread through the Court, and I had an opportunity of inquiring from a gentleman who sat near me, who that eloquent pleader was—"Who?" replied he in a tone of amazement—"Who could it be but O'Connell?" I was petrified—for here I had been listening above an hour to this great Leviathan of law and politics without being aware of his presence. As I gazed on his portly figure—calm, good-humored face—rich smile, in which an indescribable comicality seemed to lurk, and quick piercing eye—I felt convinced, that of all men I had ever seen, he was the fittest for a popular leader.

The judge now summed up his charge coolly and impartially. A doubt, he said, had arisen, of which the prisoner ought to have the benefit; but he left to the Jury the consideration of it. They retired—and, after an hour's torturing suspense, brought in a verdict of "*Not Guilty*."

The prisoner, who had never faltered in the hour of peril—who had borne up manfully against his impending fate—so soon heard the verdict pronounced than his fortitude forsook him—the transition from a prison and an ignominious death, to liberty and life, was too much—his spirits failed, and with a faint exclamation, he sunk forward, his face concealed in his hands, upon the bar of the dock; his wife sobbing loudly, clung wildly to his neck, holding up his infant boy to share his restored embraces. A few moments more beheld him a liberated man, exulting in the free, blessed air and light of Heaven, sur-

rounded by a crowd of his friends and people; who, not content with evincing their delight by deafening *shillons*, lifted him on their shoulders, and, bearing him in triumph down the main street, amid the waving of *caubeens* and *alpeens*, concluded the day's adventures by washing away sorrow, and all the remembrance of the "gloomy part," in oceans of *potten* "that never saw the face of the murdhurin thief av a gauger."

[*N. Y. Albion.*]

ORIGINAL.

We trust the writer of the following just rebuke will not confine his pen to criticisms upon Album verses, which, seen by few, and by still fewer admired, have by common consent been voted the dullest of *all* verses. There is a vein of good sense running through these, combined with great felicity of expression; and we welcome the writer to our columns, hoping he will again favor us with more gems from the same mine.

The following original lines were addressed by a young lady to a gentleman, who on being requested to write in her album, (had instead) designed the human heart, and sub-divided it by the various passions: the most predominant of which were *Dress, Vanity, Frivolity and Scandal.*

And who art thou canst thus portray
The female heart?
I pity thee, unhappy youth,
Who e'er thou art—
For thee no pleasant memories pain
Domestic bowers,
No tender mother could have watched
Thy childhood hours—
Oh! no, thou never could'st forget
Her sacred love,
Her midnight watch, her ceaseless care,
All praise above—
No gentle sister can have raised
Her trusting eyes,
Fraught with the love and care, that says
"Thy thee I prize—
Alas! it never has been thine,
In life to tend
That gaze of love, which wins the smile
Of dearer friend—
Of woman thou hast only known
The weaker part;
Else thou couldst never thus have drawn
The female heart—
Have Love and Friendship such small share
In woman's heart?
Have Fortitude, and Hope, and Truth,
No little part?
Have heavenly Charity and Faith
No resting place?
Alas! poor youth, if these are lost,
Heaven help thy race!
Is woman vain? tis man that lights
The spark of sin,
To praise the gilded case, nor care
For gems within—
Farewell! forgiveness kindly prompts
The fervent prayer,
That even thy life may yet be blessed
By woman's care.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

KINGSESSING.

The little township of Kingessing, which forms the south-west corner of the county of Philadelphia, retains more of the primitive character of its early settlement than almost any other with which we are familiar. The law and lawyers are unknown in this happy district, where industry is wealth, and virtue nobility. The following statistical information in regard to it, will afford a pleasing picture to our readers, and may be depended on for its accuracy.

The greater part of this township is within the sound of the town clock, and the population amounts to about 1100. In it there is one church, and one meeting house for blacks, but no resident clergyman of any denomination. It cannot boast of either a judge, lawyer, sheriff, sheriff's officer, or clerk of any court. There is but one justice of the peace in the township, and he has held his commission, and performed the requisite duties of his office for eleven years, never having sent one case to court, nor has his judgment ever been appealed from. There is but one constable in Kingessing, and he has other business to support him, or he would starve on the fees of his office. Notwithstanding this peaceable character of the inhabitants, there are five licensed taverns, and unhappily several tipping houses. There lives in this "happy valley," one sexton and grave digger, but no doctor, and there is very little business for either of the latter professions. In this township they have no temperance societies, and very few paupers, the poor tax being but about 200 dollars a year, or less than twenty cents for each resident! There are no manufactories except basket making, which is carried on by families after the fashion of the Connecticut silk raisers, the women and all hands turning to it of "rainy days," and when little else could be attended to.

The principal occupation, and source of independence of the inhabitants is in farming, grazing, dairying and gardening. The majority are descendants of the Swedes and Quakers, who settled here soon after the arrival of William Penn. There is not one person returned as "gentleman" by the assessors, though in this city several of that description of people are on our benefit list at the present moment.

Kingessing has the best gravelled road in the state made at the expense of the township throughout its whole length. The greatest nuisance to which these good *Arcadians* are subject, is the depredation annually committed by cockney sportsmen from the city, who call themselves *gunners*, because they point their arms at the *tom-fits* and make a great noise and smoke, ending in nothing but frightening the small birds from the orchards and gardens, and oftentimes destroying and carrying off the poultry, and leaving the bars down and gates open.

In Kingessing is situated Bartram's Botanic Garden, now under the care and owned by Colonel Carr, to call whom industrious, scientific, polite and accomplished, would only be bandying epithets which our citizens by common consent have agreed to attach to his name. He raises pine apples and cabbages, grapes in sufficient profusion to make wine, and has altogether just such a green house and establishment as we ourselves design to possess when we have fairly got paid for every newspaper we have published during the last eleven years!

DEATH.—It is doubtless hard to die; but it is agreeable to hope we shall not live here forever, and that a better life will put an end to the troubles of this.—If we were offered immortality on earth, who is there would accept so melancholy a gift?—What resource, what hope, what consolation would then be left us against the rigour of fortune, and the injustice of man?

Written for the Casket.

A Tale of St. Domingo.

There seems to me to be a striking resemblance between slave-holding and volcanic countries. Though the inhabitants may be blessed with every enjoyment depending upon soil and climate, yet in the very bowels of the land there are constantly the elements of destruction. Even while we are most happy and secure, the volcano may be upon the point of bursting forth with overwhelming ruin, which no foresight can anticipate, and no prudence avert. Such was the state of St. Domingo, at the opening of my tale; on the eve of that fearful insurrection which consigned so many unsuspecting beings to premature death, or drove them from their homes and kindred, to struggle with want in the loneliness of a foreign land.

The hot glaring day had passed, and was succeeded by the soft splendor of a West Indian evening. Monsieur L—, a large proprietor of land and slaves, was sitting at a table in his saloon, looking over some newspapers, which he had just received from a neighboring town. At the other end of the table his wife was engaged in preparations for the evening meal. Before an open window in the same apartment, sat their only daughter, Theresa, with her cousin and accepted lover, Eugene M—.

Eugene was an orphan. At the very beginning of his course through life, he had encountered misfortunes and difficulties, which only his own talents and energy had enabled him to surmount. He had met with wrongs and treachery enough from the world to make him prize, at their full value, the purity and single-minded love of Theresa. Young as he was, he had seen much of mankind. With an ardent disposition and a heart formed for universal love, the fraud and ingratitude of all whom he had trusted had changed his naturally frank bearing to one of haughty coldness. But to Theresa he looked as the only being whom he might love, without danger and reserve. His eyes were now fixed upon hers, with a mixture of pride and affection which was not very far removed from idolatry. The window at which they were seated, was covered with a luxuriant vine, trained under Theresa's direction. The chequered moonlight streamed through it, and the evening breeze rustled among its leaves. With all the congenial beauties of a tropical night around them, the lovers were enjoying that interchange of romantic feeling, which it is so much the fashion to ridicule in this matter of fact country of ours; but which I consider the single green spot, and single sparkling fountain, in the dreary waste of a sordid and selfish world. What they were talking of heaven only knows. Chance has once or twice made me an unintentional listener to the conversation of lovers. Much as I was interested at the time, I could not afterwards recollect a word that had passed. And I am inclined to think, that their intercourse consists in the exchange of kind words and tones rather than ideas.

The opening of a door, and the entrance of a tall athletic negro, belonging to M. L—, drew for a moment the attention of all parties. The

circumstance in itself was of little importance. It was usual for the negroes after their daily task was completed, to go to the dwelling house of their masters, and complain of any petty grievance, or ask for little privileges. There was, however, about this man an air of apprehension and uncertainty, which had just fixed Eugene's attention, when he rushed upon his master and buried in his bosom a large knife, which he had held unobserved in his hand. The unhappy L— fell from his chair without a groan, and the next instant Eugene was standing over his body. With his right hand he had caught a knife from the table, and in his left he held a chair, with which he parried a blow aimed at him by the slave. Afraid to contend singly against such resistance, and confounded perhaps by his own success in the attempt upon his master's life, the negro turned and retreated through the door at which he had entered. A single glance into the portico showed Eugene that it was filled with negroes, and the truth flashed at once upon his mind. To lock and barricade the door, to snatch a candle from the table, and hurry his aunt and cousin up the staircase which ascended from the saloon, was to Eugene but the work of a moment. There was a small closet at the head of the stairs, which Mons. L— had devoted to his collection of arms, for which he had a singular fondness. It was no time to search for keys. With the wild energy of despair, Eugene threw himself against the door. It gave way, and he was precipitated headlong into the closet among rattling pistols and fowling pieces, and flasks and bags of ammunition. He selected two double barrel guns, and a musket, which, by its large calibre, was peculiarly fitted for his purpose. He loaded them heavily with swan shot, and took a position from which he could command a view of the whole stairs.

The negroes in the mean time had not been idle. They had broken down the door with axes, and were now spreading themselves through the lower apartments of the building. Eugene could hear their muttered threats, which gradually swelled into oaths and shouts, as they met with no resistance, and were unable to find their victims. The light in the upper story at length caught their attention. "They are there! they are there!" was shouted from one to another, and immediately their heavy steps were heard upon the stairs. His heart throbbing with intense anxiety, but not with fear, Eugene watched their advance. He waited till they reached the first landing place; and then, while the foremost were crowded together by the turn of the stairs, he fired into the thick mass of woolly heads, with both barrels of his fowling piece. The deafening reverberations of the report, and the thick volumes of smoke, prevented Eugene from ascertaining at once the effect of his fire. Luckily there was an open window in front of the staircase, through which a fresh breeze was now blowing. The smoke dispersed almost immediately, and discovered the negroes crowded upon the stairs in the wildest disorder. Some were endeavoring to support and assist the wounded; some were struggling to force their way down through those below them; and others were looking upward, in a state of confusion and dismay,

which prevented them from advancing and retreating. Another volley from Eugene sent the dying, wounded and unhurt, headlong together down the stairs.

There was for some time a comparative stillness in the house. Some of the wounded were dragged from the stairs, and others were left to perish where they had fallen. Their groans were now almost the only noise that was heard. The spirit of the negroes seemed for the present to be completely quelled. They moved as if afraid of the noise of their own steps, and spoke only in whispers. They seemed at length to collect themselves into a room in which there was a case of liquors. A noise was heard, which Eugene conceived to be the wrenching open of locks. "The madness of intoxication" thought he, "will now be added to the brutal passions of these wretches."

We have said, that in his intercourse with the world, there was about Eugene an air of reserve, which might almost have been taken for listless indifference to what was passing around him. But his manner was now changed. The latent enthusiasm of his character was completely roused. As the night wind blew aside the dark hair from his lofty forehead, its lines spoke of one whose element was danger. His eyes flashed from under his brow, but their fire was that of collectedness and resolution. He was fully alive to all the perils of his situation, and prepared to use every human means to avert them. There was a flush upon his cheek, and a proud curl upon his lips, which almost amounted to a smile. But for his anxious glances towards Theresa, it might have been supposed from his countenance alone, that he was in a state of positive enjoyment; far happier than when engaged in the rustic fetes of the island, silent and lonely and indifferent to the noisy folly and childish revelry of those around them.

In person as well as character, Theresa was strikingly alike her lover. Her mother had buried her face in the bed of the room in which Eugene had placed them, and was apparently stupefied by terror. But Theresa stood near the open door and gazed upon Eugene. Her hands were clasped, and she was pale and motionless as a statue. But there was firmness and self-possession in her countenance; and a proud glance of her eye showed that even in that hour of fearful peril, she could sympathize with the spirit of her lover.

The negroes in the mean time had been preparing themselves, by intoxication, for another attack. Their silence had gradually yielded to a confused mixture of voices, which was now swelled into a riotous tumult. They were evidently again approaching, with imprecations of vengeance, upon Eugene. They paused a moment at the foot of the stairs, and were heard encouraging each other to be foremost in the attack. They again rushed forward in a tumultuous body, but they were only half reassured. They paused voluntarily before reaching the fatal landing place, and a single fire from Eugene was sufficient to drive them back. In this attempt, however, their loss was trifling, and they still remained assembled at the foot of the

stairs. One of them now called to Eugene, and demanded a parley. It was their apparent leader; the same who had murdered Mons. L—. He ascended the stairs until he reached the first landing. "Stop," said Eugene, "you are near enough; let me hear what you have to propose." The negro was about half intoxicated. He had little to say, except reiterated threats of vengeance against Eugene, if he should persevere in his resistance. "We will fire the house," he added, finally, "if we cannot subdue you in any other way."

"We are determined to perish in the flames," replied Eugene, "rather than trust ourselves in your hands. And remember," he added, "that we are in sight of the town of ——. A fire must alarm the inhabitants, and bring down a body of troops upon you."

The negro seemed struck by this reasoning, and was silent. "If you will give up the women," he at length resumed.

"I will fire upon the messenger who dares to name such terms to me again," interrupted Eugene, involuntarily raising his gun. The negro retreated hastily to his companions.

There was now an affectation of stillness and secrecy in their movements, which led Eugene to apprehend some new mode of attack. He was not disappointed. In a few moments, their leader was seen springing up the stairs; the main body of the negroes following at a short distance. It was obviously their aim to distract Eugene's attention. "I must keep back the crowd," thought he, "and cope with the single negro as well as I may." What we have taken so long to explain, was conveyed to Eugene by a single glance and a single thought. With the rapidity of lightning he fired both of his double barrels into the main body, and the next instant their leader was upon him. Eugene had caught up his musket, but there was no time to fire. He succeeded in partly parrying a blow aimed at him by the slave, with a scythe. The weapon, however, entered his left side and glanced against his ribs. Before the stroke could be repeated, the negro received a heavy blow upon his head from the butt of Eugene's musket. He was stunned for an instant, and fell with his body across the balustrade of the staircase. He was struggling to recover himself, when Eugene, by another blow, hurled him from his precarious situation. He fell heavily to the lower floor, and lay without motion. The main body of the negroes had been driven back by Eugene's fire, and had patiently awaited the result of his single combat with their leader.

"I have broken my best gun," was the first thought of Eugene, as he looked at the fragment of the musket, which he still held in his hand. "I am wounded, too," he added, as he now felt for the first time, the smarting pain of the gash in his side. "God grant that I may not be seriously hurt; I shall need all my strength to bear me through this fearful night."

"I must borrow your scarf, Theresa," he said, stepping into the room in which she stood.

"Are you much hurt?" inquired Theresa, glancing at his bloody vest, and raising her eyes anxiously to his face.

"Very slightly," replied Eugene, drawing the

scarf around his body. "I am only afraid of being weakened by the loss of blood."

"Let me bind it for you," said Theresa, taking the ends of the scarf from his hands, "you can reload your gun."

The wound was soon bound, and the guns reloaded. Eugene stationed himself once more at the head of the stairs. All was now still. The negroes had not been heard of since the fall of their leader. With an anxious heart Eugene remained at his post. Hour after hour passed away, and still no sound was heard, but the faint groans of the wounded, and the slow, measured dropping of blood from the staircase, which struck upon Eugene's ear like the ticking of a death-watch. His strength was exhausted, and his spirit almost broken by anxiety and fatigue, joined to the sick faintness and burning thirst produced by his wound. He felt repeatedly that he was upon the point of swooning. By a powerful exertion of the will, like that with which a drowsy man arouses himself from slumber, he succeeded in rallying his faculties and preserving himself from falling. At length the sound of steps was heard once more in the saloon. A single figure ascended the stairs, and looked anxiously upward. "They are white men!" exclaimed Eugene, and fell senseless to the floor. When he recovered he was lying upon a bed, and Louis L—, the brother of Theresa, was leaning over him. This young man resided in the neighboring town, for the more convenient prosecution of his studies. The insurrection had extended alike to town and country, and Louis had escaped with difficulty. He had hurried to his father's house, where the first object that met his eyes was his father's corpse.

"Are you able to travel," said he to Eugene, as the latter raised himself upon the bed.

Eugene replied in the affirmative.

"Shall we make for the mountain or sea shore?"

"The sea shore, by all means," replied Eugene, "we may get on board of a vessel, and reach the United States."

"We are going to a land of strangers," said Theresa, "let me get my own and my mother's jewels."

While they were making their preparations, Eugene removed the body of Theresa's father to an adjoining room. They would have been compelled to pass it in leaving the house. The young men bore the females in their arms over the stairs, cumbered as they were with dead bodies, and slippery with blood.

"My father!" exclaimed Theresa, in the thrilling tones of filial grief, as she passed the place where he had fallen.

There were two houses which it was necessary that our party should pass, in order to reach the sea shore. By a small circuit they were able to keep at some distance from the first. It was on fire, and the negroes were dancing around it with the wild gestures of demons. They were compelled to pass immediately in front of the other house. As they approached, they found that it was lighted. Eugene stopped with the females, and Louis went forward to reconnoitre. He advanced to a window of the room, in which the light was burning. All was still within. On the

hearth lay the corpse of an infant. Its fractured skull, and the revolting stains upon the chimney piece, showed too plainly the mode of its death. Near the centre of the room lay the corpse of a girl of eighteen. "Poor Maria!" thought Louis, as he recognized his partner at the last fete. Near to the door was the body of Maria's father. He moved while Louis was looking into the room. He made an effort to raise himself upon his elbow, but failed; another, and he succeeded. He passed his hand across his bloody face to wipe away the clotted gore from his eyes. The hand of death was upon him, yet he struggled to gain a view of the objects before him. Apparently he succeeded, for he sunk back with a groan, and moved no more. Louis hastened to his companions, and they reached the sea shore in safety.

There is a huge cliff in this part of St. Domingo, which hangs over the sea with a small margin of sand between its base and the water. In the face of the rock, Eugene and Louis in one of their fowling expeditions had discovered a cave; small at its entrance; but increasing in size, and extending to some distance in the body of the rock. In this cave the whole party was safely concealed, just at the dawn of day.

My tale is nearly told. The increasing light discovered to Eugene several vessels in view. He was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the nearest of them, which proved to be bound for New York.

Eugene and Theresa were married of course, soon after they reached the United States. They may still be found, by any one who will take the trouble to search for them, living in honored old age in one of the fairest valleys of our western country. B. B.

From the Saturday Evening Post

HOPE.

Hope is a bright and beaming star,
That lights the wanderer on his way;
In brilliance glit'ring from afar,
Joy emanates from ev'ry ray;
It cheers and guides his lonely course,
It soothes his mind and lulls his care;
Nor sorrow's pang, nor keen remorse,
With him their stings eavenomed share.

Hope fills his heart with gratitude,
It wafts on high to heaven his prayer!
Hope beams upon his solitude,
And sheds its bright effulgence there!
If launched upon the billowy deep,
The mountain torrent's foaming rage,
In its wild course his bark should sweep,
Still will its power his thoughts engage.

When his frail tenement of clay
Is call'd to close its short career,
Hope bids his troubled spirit say,
"Diemies thy cares—be of good cheer."
He gazes on its beams divine,
Fix'd in the firmament afar;
Where it for ever bright will shine,
The wanderer's guide—his polar star.

Frankford.

Written for the Casket.

LINES

Written upon reading a description of the burning of the Richmond Theatre.

Oh! why when beauty's smile is sweetest,
Is sorrow's footstep often fleetest?
Oh! why when beauty's smile is lending
A magic charm to all around her,
Is there a fearful doom impending,
To snap the cord to earth that bound her?
How oft when man believes him blest,
When hopes and joys are bright before him;
While sorrow's banished from his breast,
Is misery's cloud just bursting o'er him!

Ah me! it was a fearful sight -
Was witness'd on that awful night!
A night so calm and so serene
Was little mete for such a scene;
For there was youth and beauty there,
And many a form so bright and fair,
So buoyant then with happy glee,
The morning sun no more should see.
For suddenly there rose a cry,
A shout, a scream, a fearful scream,
And bursting on the startled eye,
A lurid flame, a vivid gleam.

Wo to the lover whose faithful heart
Will burst, if forced from his love to part!
He sees her tresses wildly flowing,
He sees the flame around her glowing—
'Tis but to see his love expire,
Enveloped in a robe of fire!
Amid this wild and fearful flying,
Amid the dead, amid the dying,
There stands a form like angel bright,*
Gazing upon that awful sight.
Her snow-white robe is wildly flowing,
Unfettered is her auburn hair,
Around her fast the flame is glowing,
Ah me! must she too perish there?
No, no—her form has caught the eye
Of one who must not see her die.
Oh, see him now, he's madly rushing
To where the flame is wildly rushing!
Borne on the wings of love he flies,
"Not yet too late, thank heaven," he cries;
Then swiftly on, o'er dying and dead,
His way through that house of fire he sped,
He heeds not the flame around him glowing,
But his ample cloak o'er his burthen throwing,
He bears her on with a step as light
As ever trod through a festival night.
And are they safe? Alas! alas! oh why
Bursts that thrilling death-like cry?
Ah, see! the way through which they came
Is now one glowing sheet of flame!
And there they stand, and with mute despair
Gaze on the fire's fearful glare!
No aid is there, no help is nigh,
Lover and lady both must die!

The lady knelt, but her prayer to heaven
Was scarcely said, ere her soul was given
To Him who formed the fairy flower,
And who snatch'd it off in that awful hour!
There was heard no shriek, and scarce a groan
Told of the death of that lovely one;
And her lover too, in his manly pride,
Was wedded by death to his lovely bride!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

In the summer of 1829 I visited Boston, in company with a few of my friends; one of them a native of Massachusetts, whose acquaintance with Boston and its vicinity was highly useful to us who were strangers, as were his company and conversation pleasing and instructive. We spent about three weeks there; and during that time we made several very pleasant excursions to the neighboring towns and villages. Among others we visited Lexington and Concord.

Lexington is about eleven miles distant from Boston, in a north-west direction. The village itself, containing about 1500 inhabitants, is pleasantly situated; but the chief attraction which it presents to visitors is, its being the spot upon which was spilt the first blood in that great struggle of freedom with tyranny, which resulted in the independence of these United States. We stopped here a considerable space of time, to see and take a sketch of the monument erected to the memory of the men who lost their lives in the battle with the British troops, which here took place on the 19th of April, 1775. The monument is plain and simple; but the view of it, leading to reflection on the event it commemorates, is calculated to excite, in the breast of an American, feelings of glory, gratitude, and joy.

He calls to mind the many insults and injuries, the oppressive taxes and grievous burdens, imposed upon his ancestors by their mother country. He sees them despising and refusing the luxuries which render life agreeable and pleasant—preferring to live on simple fare, and dress in mean attire, rather than submit to the unjust demands of their oppressors. He sees the army marching towards them, to wrench from them those means of defence which they had with care laid up for a time of need. He sees the small but noble band of patriotic spirits—aged sires and sprightly youths. Here stood they firm; and here they resolved to meet their enemies and drive them back, or perish in the attempt. And now the hostile legion approaches. Its haughty leader thinking—mistaken man!—that they, like coward slaves, his mandates will obey, rides forward, and with an imperious voice tells them that they are rebels; and commands them to throw down their arms and to disperse. They heed him not; and he, enraged, orders his mercenary troops to begin the attack—to hew them down. On they rush; but our little band firmly maintains its ground, and is ready to receive them. Now they join in deadly conflict. Heaven protect the right!—Much blood is spilt, and many a death-blow is dealt. But see, they yield! Oh, heaven! our party yields. Overpowered by numbers they fall back, step by step contending. And now they have reached the bridge. The object for which they have contended is in view.

* Miss Conyers, the pride of Richmond, and upon the eve of her marriage with Lieut. Gibbon, who also perished in a vain endeavor to rescue her from the flames.

Here they stop. See! they turn upon their pursuers, and tell them they shall go no further: and see, too, there come their brethren to assist them. Now again they join in conflict: and look! the hostile army turns and flees. Our countrymen pursue, and drive them back to whence they came. One long, loud shout—the victory is ours!

Now comes the sad and mournful task of consigning to their graves those who have lost their lives in this severe and glorious struggle. They dug one grave—they made it deep and wide—and placed them in it, and over it raised this mound. Their sons have raised this simple monument to commemorate their names.

The battle of Lexington, though the numbers engaged in it, was not large; though rivers of blood were not spilt, though hundreds of souls were not hurried by it unprepared into eternity, and hundreds of widows and orphans left to mourn their loss—and though, on this account, it may not be worthy to be recorded in military annals, as a brilliant and remarkable achievement, was productive of important consequences. The immediate cause which led to the engagement was, as has been already hinted, an attempt on the part of the British troops to take possession of some military stores, which the colonists had laid up at Concord. The oppressive acts of the mother country had already entirely alienated their affections; and now, when it appeared to be the design of the British to deprive them of the means of defence, which they had with care and difficulty provided, they resolved that they would no longer submit in silence, and determined to resist. Accordingly, when the British troops arrived at Lexington, they found a small party of men, about seventy in number, drawn up across the road, and prepared to resist their passage. Thinking that the sight of overwhelming numbers, or his mere command, would be sufficient to frighten them from their position, the British leader ordered them to disperse. They maintained their ground; and the soldiers fired upon them. Eight were killed and several wounded. After a considerable resistance, the colonists were obliged to yield to superior numbers, and fled in disorder. The British army pursued their march to Concord. But when they reached the bridge thrown across a small stream at the entrance of that town, they found that the colonists had rallied and gained possession of the bridge. All attempts to dislodge them and pass the bridge, proved unsuccessful, and they were obliged to retreat. The little band of patriots who had so bravely withstood their attack, hung on their rear and severely harassed them. Nor was this all. From behind every barn and every fence along the road, the people fired upon them as they passed, and thinned their ranks. When they reached Boston, they found their number considerably diminished. They who survived were brow-beaten and ashamed.

Such was the first battle fought in the American Revolution. The success with which it was attended, aroused the energies of the people, made them feel their strength, and to resolve no longer to submit to oppression. The battle of Bunker Hill soon followed; in which the Americans, though repulsed, were not defeated, and

the advantage of the British was most dearly purchased. A spirit of patriotism was enkindled through all the land. The people saw and felt that they were able to resist; and they resolved that they would not live slaves. The result of their resistance is well known; the wisdom of their resolution needs no better proof than the present prosperous state of that country for which they fought and bled.

Who that considers the circumstances connected with our revolution and our country, can fail to perceive the hand of an Almighty and Omniscient God, overruling and directing the affairs of the world, and raising, as it were, a mighty empire in the midst of the wilderness? He suffered our forefathers to be oppressed in their native land, that they might flee to this for safety and repose. Here they imbibed or cherished those principles of republicanism and independence, for which they long contended, and which their posterity enjoy. Again Almighty God suffered them to be oppressed and borne down by grievous burdens, imposed by Great Britain, whose heart he suffered to become hardened as he did that of Pharaoh of old; and as he led the children of Israel out from Pharaoh's bondage, so was he with our forefathers, and delivered them from their oppressors. When their burdens became too grievous longer to be endured, he inspired them with a spirit of resistance. And when at length force was used to compel them to obedience, then was he with them. He presided over their councils. He assisted them in their first battle, that they might by their success be inspired with courage to resist all future attacks. Through every stage of the revolution, and in all our transactions subsequent to that great event, the wisdom and goodness of Almighty God have been our chief aid and support. He has made our country what it now is, a great and wide spreading empire, prosperous at home and respected abroad. To him are we indebted for all our blessings, and to him is our praise and gratitude due. May he continue to prosper our country; to preserve it from discord, anarchy, and confusion; and may the people strive to become worthy of his blessing.

J. F.

In his last moments, Sir John Mason thus addressed the family: "Lo, I have lived to see five Princes, and have been privy councillor to four of them. I have seen the most remarkable things in foreign parts; and I have been present in most State transactions for thirty years at home. After so much experience, I have learned that seriousness is the greatest wisdom; temperance the best physician; and a good conscience the best estate; and were I to live again, I would change the court for a cloister, my privy councillor's bustle for the retirement of a hermit; and my whole life in the palace, for an hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things now forsake me, except my God, my duty, and my prayers.

The malicious censures of our enemies if we make a right use of them, may prove of greater advantage to us than the civilities and flatteries of our friends.

From the Religious Souvenir, 1833.

PARENTAL REGARD.

Lament not thus—'tis selfish to repine

That God recalls the treasure he hath given,
Rather rejoice that one sweet babe of thine
Now triumphs with the glorious hosts of heaven.

Gently, most gently, the afflictive rod
Is laid upon thee—thou wilt shortly see,
And humbly own, He is a gracious God
Who hath in loving kindness chastened thee.

For what he doth, although thou knowest not now,
Ere thou shalt know hereafter—deep in dust,
With holy resignation learn to bow,
And own His dealings merciful as just.

He hath called thy happy infant's soul
From a bleak world, where sin and sorrow reign,
Where strong temptation's stormy billows roll,
Seldom, alas, assailing us in vain.

Beyond the trials of this wintry clime,
Ere yet life's thorny paths his feet hath trod,
His joyous spirit, yet unstained by crime,
Is borne in triumph to the throne of God.

And wouldst thou the sweet acroph's flight restrain
From those pure realms of never fading bliss,
Where God the Father, God the Saviour reign,
To bind him down to such a world as this?

Of such Christ forms his kingdoms—oh believe
The blessed truth his hallowed lips declared,
"Ear hath not heard," nor hath the heart conceived,
What God for those he loveth hath prepared!

Then yield submission to the sovereign will
Of Him who cannot err, and kiss the rod—
Commune with thine own spirit, and be still!
And know that he is God—a faithful God.

Aye, bend in gratitude to heaven's behest,
For not e'en in the joyful hour when thou
Didst clasp first to thy maternal breast,
Hadst thou such cause for thankfulness as now.

Then with unwavering faith to earth entrust
The faded relics of this lovely flower,
Assured that e'en this perishable dust,
Now sown in weakness, shall be raised in power.

In this, the Christian's blessed hope, resign
To God the treasure by his mercy given,
And bless his name that one sweet babe of thine,
Is now a glorious habitant of heaven.

J. Newport, R. I.

S. S. C.

PARTIES.—The following is in the life and times of Frederick Reynolds:

"Through life, I have observed that there is no superfluous civility that brings more dissatisfaction to its donor than parties; those that are not invited become his enemies, while those that are, receive the intended compliment only as their due, and depart ridiculing the inadequacy of his efforts.

"It is even worse with those who are concerned in a political party. They make substantial enemies, who never forget them, and acquire friends—who will always forget—to remember them."

Written for the Casket.

First and Last Ticket.

From the manuscript of a Condemned Criminal.

"Curse the ticket," was my first exclamation on leaving a lottery office, into which I had entered to learn the fate of my *first ticket*. Would that it had been the last! would that in cursing I had forsaken them entirely! Had I done so, now, perhaps, I should not have been here; my loving and lovely wife, my angelic Amanda, and my prattling David, would not have been mouldering in the charnal house. I might have enjoyed perfect bliss, have been unstained by the blood of my fellow creatures. Oh! well may I curse the ticket—even a death curse.

My first ticket was a blank. I was persuaded by a friend to buy it, who tempted me by holding up to view the glittering prize, and exciting my hopes of obtaining it. I was not disappointed at the result of my purchase, although a curse involuntarily burst from my lips when I first learnt it. I hardly thought of drawing a higher prize, yet the possibility of being so fortunate, kept my mind in a constant, burning excitement. I was a young man then, and could ill afford to lose the cost of a ticket. However, I comforted myself with the reflection, that experience must be paid for. I also made a solemn resolve, never to be guilty of such a foolish act again. I kept this resolution unbroken for the space of six months; yet "*try again, you may be more fortunate.*" It was the whisperings of my evil genius. I obeyed it. I bought—drew—and was unsuccessful. Previous to this time, I was in good circumstances; and having every prospect of doing well in this sublimary world, I solicited the hand of a Miss Amanda Berton, a young lady who long had possessed the tender affections of my heart. She was one—no, I will not, cannot speak of her as she *was*. Enough will be said, when I say, she granted my petition, and soon we had our vows made obligatory at the hymenal altar. I was much elated with my success, and my happiness seemed consummated. It was in this felicitous state that I spurned with contempt the repeated and almost extorting solicitations, to try *once more* my fate in the hazardous of a lottery ticket. But the sweet smiles of my lovely Amanda—the delightful pleasures of my domestic fireside—nor the warning voice of my past experience, could finally deter me from again trying my fortune. One evening I left my home, with the intention of visiting a friend, and of returning in about an hour. My path to my friend's house was past a lottery office. It was brilliantly lighted up, and in the window were temptingly displayed schemes of chance and invitations to purchasers. As I passed by the office window, my eye caught the following, in illuminated letters and figures:—"£10,000 prize will be heard from to-night—Tickets \$5." I hesitated a moment, then walked on. "Who knows but I might get it," internally said I. I stopped, turned about, still hesitating. "Try again," I heard; and retracing my steps, and with trembling limbs entered the office. There I found many of my old associates, swiftly passing around the full bowls. It was not long before I was presented with a ticket, to

pay the sum demanded, and try my luck. I did so, and was for one time out of many, fortunate. I left the office that evening one thousand dollars better off than when I entered. But wherefore? For home? No—for a *tavern*! All went for a treat. At midnight I returned home to my anxious and sleepless wife, in a state of *intoxication*. This was her first experience. * *

A week passed, and Amanda began to smile again. The excitement I was in that night, she admitted as an excuse for my conduct. But she tenderly advised me—nay, in her prayers, in the stillness of our chamber, she implored God to have me in his keeping, to preserve me from temptation. A guilty conscience goaded me, and once more I resolved to shun the lottery office. My wife was herself again. Months passed away; a charge was introduced to my keeping—a holy charge. I was presented with a son. He took his father's name. Thank God! he will not bear his sorrows—his shame! It was then that I was happy as man could needs be. Business prospered; I enjoyed good health, and was blessed with a home where all was peace. I said I was happy; I was at times. But there was a secret thirst within me for riches—for the filthy lucre of the world; and yet I was not avaricious, nor was I parsimonious. But the desire had been awakened; the hope—deluded hope—had been encouraged, that by venturing little, much might be had; and throughout my lottery gambling, a burning thought of gain—of gain by lotteries—agitated my mind by day and by night. In the day time, when pursuing my occupation, the thought that by venturing a few dollars I might render myself independent of labor—to allow me to live at ease—was first in my mind. I strove to banish such unholy desires, but they haunted me like an evil spirit.

About eighteen months after taking my oath, a *grand scheme* was advertised to be drawn in my own village, at a day not far distant. I felt a strong propensity to try my luck again. I was importuned by friends to buy tickets, the scheme was so grand, the chance of success so great; but I thought of the oath I had taken, and was firm and resolute in my denial. The day of drawing drew nigh. The vender who sold me the prize urged me to take a few tickets; I was also importuned by others to buy, even in the presence of my wife. But I resisted. She was silent, she said not a word; she knew my oath was pledged; she knew that I remembered it, and she had confidence in my keeping it sacred. She only gave a glance of pleasure, it may be triumph, as she heard me refuse my friends' invitations. That night I dreamed that a certain number would be a fortunate one; I purchased it, and it came out to be the high prize. When I arose in the morning, my firmness was a little shaken. It was the day of drawing. A friend came into my store in the forenoon, and showed me a number of tickets; and among these, the number of my *dream*! He offered them to me; I forgot myself; I mocked my God—I broke my oath! I did not stay in the house at noon any longer than to hurry through with dinner. My wife's presence was a burden to me; her happy smiles discomfited me, and her cheerful tones went to my heart like a reproach. From that

day her presence was a curse to me; not that I loved her less, nor that she had changed—but how could I stand before her, perjured as I was, and she not doubting my innocence; how could I, without feeling the keenest pangs of remorse? A thousand times that forenoon did I resolve to seek my friend and return him the ticket, and as often break them. Conscience smote heavily. But the prize, thought I, will check it. Fool that I was, to think that paltry gold would reconcile an offended God—would buy off punishment! The lottery was drawn that afternoon. That evening I sat alone with my wife in her room. She talked of the folly of men, in not being contented with what they possessed, and for being ever in search of more. "How many hearts have been agitated, wound up to the highest pitch, this evening, in hopes of drawing a prize," said she. What could I do? I was there, and had to listen, although each word seemed like a burning coal at my heart. She continued, "and how many have spent that which should have gone for bread and clothing for their families—and for what? A piece of colored paper! And think you, my husband, there has been no vows violated—no oaths broken this afternoon?" Heavens, how this tortured me! I made no answer, and she proceeded, "if there are any such, and if they have been unfortunate, how keen must be their disappointment, and how doubly keen their remorse! Are you not, David, better pleased with not buying tickets—allowing you had not pledged your oath to touch not, handle not, the forbidden thing—than you would have been, had you purchased money by it?" Thus did Amanda talk to me, as though I was as pure and guiltless as herself. Innocent one! She knew not, that that very moment, her words were like daggers to my heart—that at every motion of her lips my soul withered in agony; she knew not that my pocketbook was crammed with the tickets—*blank tickets*! And when she poured out her soul in prayer that night, she knew not that he for whom she so devoutly prayed, dared not to listen to her words, but shut his ears. So it was. * * * *

"Do, my dear husband, stay at home one evening this week! you shall read to me, or I will read to you; come, keep me company this evening. Thus spoke my wife as she took me affectionately by the arm one evening, a tear at the same time filling her eye. Brute that I was! I shook her off repulsively, scarcely deigning her a reply as I went out. I was an altered man; my innocence had departed from me; I had perjured myself. Having once broken my oath, I still continued to break it. Not a lottery was drawn but I had some chance in it. Ill luck attended me—blanks, blanks were my portion. Still I kept on. Most of my hours were spent in lottery houses; I neglected my business; debts accumulated; want came upon me; and I had nothing to satisfy them with but a *hope*—a hope that at the next drawing I should be lucky. As cares increased, I went to the tavern for relief. Remorse gnawed at my heart like a worm. It had drank up all my happiness. When I broke my oath, I thought gold would still my conscience. Gold I had none, so I attempted to ease it by strong drink. Rum burnt my tender

feelings, my better nature; but it only added to the quenchless fire that was raging at my heart. It was not uncommon for me at this stage, to get intoxicated every night. Oft have I staggered home to my patient, dying Amanda—for my conduct was making sad inroads upon a constitution naturally delicate, and without a shadow of cause began abusing her. Merciful God, forgive me. Even while she was on her knees at prayer—*praying for me!* What insult and misery has that woman not endured! and all brought on by me, her husband, her protector! About this time our child died. I dare not think of his death, how it was brought on! The poor child *might* have lived longer—perhaps he might—but he complained of being cold, for want of clothes; and sometimes his cry for bread was vain. It was a great shock to my wife; and her gradual failing, day by day, sobered me and made me thoughtful. But what had I to do with reflection? The past was made up of sharp points, and when I turned to it I was pierced; and the future—ha! ha! what, what could I *anticipate*? What was then in store for me? So I closed my ears, shut my heart to the starving condition of Amanda, and became—a brute again! * *

It was in the evening of a midsummer cloudy day, that I sallied forth from my boarding hovel to shame and sin, to learn the fate of my *last* ticket. The woman with whom I boarded was clamorous for payment. That night I told her I expected to realize something. This was my *last* ticket. To obtain which, I had to dispose of a *Bible*, which belonged to my late wife, my Amanda, and which was the dying gift of her mother. It was the last thing I held which was once hers. One by one had I disposed of what few things were left at her decease, to gratify my passion for drinking and gambling. I had lost all compunctions of shame. My wife had been dead for two years. During her life, for her sake I was not entirely shunned; for her sake, some respect was shown me. But when she was taken away, and when *her* friends—for friends I had none—saw that I did not reform, they abandoned me to my fate, and I truly became an outcast—an outcast from the society of the virtuous. I blame none, the fault alone was mine. I was advised, admonished, and urged by all that was dear in life, by the prayer of my dying Amanda, by the hopes and fears of an unending eternity of bliss or woe, to restrain my vicious propensities, and to walk in the path of upright virtue. But I turned a deaf ear; I would not hear; I laughed them to scorn. So they left me to my stubbornness.

The ticket I now had was to seal my fate. I had fasted more than a day, to obtain the means to purchase it; nay, I had even stinted my propensity to drink, that the stronger and more fiendish passion of gambling might be gratified. Well, I went to the lottery office, and called for the prize list. At a glance I saw my hopes were frustrated; and crushing the list convulsively in my hand, I muttered a deep oath, and walked out of the office. That ticket indeed sealed my fate. "The world owes me a living, and a living I will have;" I said to myself, as I turned away with despairing heart, and walked up the street. My mind was suddenly made up to a

strong purpose. "There is money," I said, between my teeth, as I sauntered along, meditating some desperate deed. I knew not the time of night; it was late, however, for the faintest glimmerings of a candle could not be seen, when a man brushed by me. As he passed I saw it was the vender of the tickets—the man who sold me the *first* and *last* ticket!—the man to whom I had paid dollar after dollar until all was gone. As he had a trunk in his hand, the thought presented itself, that as he had received from me, even to the last farthing, I should be justifiable in compelling him to return at least part—I should, by all means, make him give me enough to relieve my misery, to keep me from starving. Such were my inconsistent cogitations, as I slowly followed after him. Before reaching his home, he had to pass over a lonely space where there were no houses, and at that time as silent as eternity. He had gone over about half this space, when I stepped quickly and warily behind him; and grasping with one hand his collar, and with the other the trunk, in a gruff tone demanded his money. The words were scarcely uttered, when I was grappled by the throat. He was a strong man, and had a dangerous hold! I put forth all my strength to shake off his grasp, at the same time striking him in the face and breast; but without avail, his hold was firm. Finding that something must be done, for it was with the greatest difficulty that I could breathe, I clasped him around the waist, and giving a sudden jerk, we both fell; I fell underneath, and he had me in his power. I struggled in vain to extricate myself. He still held me by the throat, and began to call aloud for assistance. What was to be done? I had a jack-knife in my pocket, my left hand was free, it was the work of a moment, the hot blood spirted full in my face. His hold relaxed, and giving a terrible groan, he rolled on the ground in the agony of death. I sprang upon my feet, and snatched the trunk; as I moved away in the deep gloom of night, the death rattle in the throat of my victim came fearfully to my ears.

What followed, until I found myself chained in this dungeon, I knew not; I have a faint recollection of flying from the spot where lay the dying man, of being aroused in the morning by the officers of justice, of a court room, where were displayed the trunk found in my possession, and a knife taken from the breast of the person who was killed, with my name on the handle. I have a more distinct recollection of an after trial, and of a condemnation; and soon, the jailer tells me, I am to die—to be publicly executed. I acknowledge the justness of my punishment; I deserve death; may God show mercy to one who showed no mercy—to one whose cardinal virtue was duplicity. * * * *

By tracing back the life of this condemned man, we find his present condition is the effect of this simple cause—a *lottery ticket*. From this foolish act, he was led to perjury, from perjury to intemperance, from intemperance to beggary, and lastly, from beggary to *murder*. Reader, shall such be your fate?

Seneca has very elegantly said that "malice drinks one half of its own poison."

Form the Saturday Evening Post.

TO A COMET.

Where doth thy journey lead, eccentric star!
 When o'er the earth no longer thou dost beam?
 Then, dost thou fly, mid mighty worlds afar,
 Of what man's mind hath never had a dream?
 If so—what are they? doth mortality
 There chain the spirit in her vile control?
 Or, are they mansions of the pure and free,
 Unclogged with matter; or do they still roll
 Throughout the universe, no dwelling for a soul?
 Strange child of Heaven! pass did many a year,
 Ere to thy starting post thou didst return!
 What could detain thee?—By thy fast career,
 Urged headlong forth, thy fiery train did burn
 Too near, perchance, where flew some other world,
 Till thou didst meet it with so dread a shock,
 As made creation quake, and downward hurried
 The ponderous, molten, boiling mass of rock,
 Shook from its former seat, as though for thee to mock.
 Thou art, perhaps, a messenger from God,
 To strike existence from some luckless sphere;
 To lash some planet with thy flaming rod;
 Or be a beacon of distress that's near!
 Such wast thou deemed of old.—beneath thy ray
 Nations grew pale,—dark bodings of their lot—
 Of death, destruction, and a bloody day—
 Came, like a whirlwind, o'er the troubled thought,
 Instilling fears, that now, are almost all forgot.
 Or dost thou idly take thy wondrous way,
 Searching Jehovah through the depths of space:—
 Oh! what a volume would thy book display,
 That records of thy pilgrimage could trace!
 Poor child of clay! how vain thy vanity!
 What is thy boasted wisdom? what is all
 Thy mental power—thy proud philosophy?—
 Merely from seas of truth a drop to call—
 To be possessed of more, forbid by human thrall.
 Would I could with thee to that furthest verge,
 Where through infinite mazes thou dost roam!—
 Sing, mortals! sing, for me thy fun'ral dirge,
 If on his wing he made for me a home,
 Cleaving the boundless ether, mounting o'er
 Ten thousand worlds, all glorious, to leap
 Around th' Almighty's throne, and there adore!
 Humanity! The soul wily wilt thou keep,
 Still in her sepulchre, cold, dreary, dark and deep?
 When will her heav'nly resurrection be,
 Rising from clods of flesh that wall her round,—
 A thing all glorious—with wings to flee
 To native regions fast, and all unbound?
 But she a little while must strive with grief,
 And sunk-eyed care; yet immortality
 Doth, sunlike, rise, strengthening of hope the leaf,
 And shines around, O Comet! even thee,
 To show the deathless spirit yet may with thee be.

H. G. B.

A life of duty is the only cheerful life—for all joy springs from the affections; and it is the great law of Nature, that without good deeds, all good affection dies, and the heart becomes utterly desolate. The external world then loses all its beauty; poetry fades away from the earth; for what is poetry, but the reflection of all pure and sweet, all high and holy thoughts?

GLEANINGS.

"All is vanity among men, their joy as well as their sorrow: it is better, however, that the scapbubble should glitter with gold, or wear an azure tint, than be overcast with clouds, or what painters of nature call a dim obscurity."

"Calumny is like the wasp that tesses, and against which you must not attempt to defend yourself, unless you are certain to destroy it; otherwise it returns to the charge more furious than ever."

"If you wish to please in this world, you should muster resolution sufficient to allow yourself to be taught many things which you know, by persons who know nothing about them."

"Love, which lives in storms and often increases in the midst of treachery, cannot always resist the calm of fidelity."

"Vices are more frequently habits than they are passions."

When we think of Bacon, who at the commencement of the sixteenth century, indicated to the human mind the plan to be pursued in order to reconstruct the edifice of the sciences, we can hardly feel admiration for those great men who have succeeded him; such as Boyle, Locke, &c. He lays out the ground for them, or marks the spots that are to be cultivated or taken possession of, like Cæsar, who, being master of the world, after the battle of Pharsalia, gave away kingdoms and provinces to his partisans or to his favorites."

"R. says that he has been acquainted with women from every country in Europe: the Italian thinks she is beloved only when her lover is capable of committing a crime for her; the English woman, when he is ready to perform a rash act, the French woman, a silly one."

"Proverbs are the fruit of the experience of every nation, the good sense of every age reduced to recipies."

"Little minds triumph over the errors of men of genius, as the owl rejoices at an eclipse of the sun."

"Man passes this life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future."

"Our ignorance! this word will undoubtedly shock, for we have the pride of an ancient people: we think we know every thing, have exhausted every thing. Yes, we have exhausted every thing; but in what? In futile sciences, in frivolous arts, in modes, in luxury, in the art of pleasing women, and the relaxation of morals. We go through elegant courses of chemistry; we make charming experiments, verses, strangers at home, little informed of any thing abroad; this is what we are—that is we know everything except that which is proper for us to know. This assertion will, perhaps, be thought severe or false by persons who fancy that we excel in physics and the exact sciences. But, in granting this, is it the description or science to which a reflecting man ought to devote his time? Does not the study of his social and civil state concern him more nearly? Ought not this to interest him more than the number of stars, or the order of chemical affinities? It is, however, the science of which we think the least. We are passionately fond of poetry; we dispute seriously about music—that is, we have a great regard for playthings, and make playthings of our most important concerns."

"Paris, a city of pleasure, amusement, &c. in which four-fifths of the inhabitants die broken-hearted."

"I have noticed, when reading the Bible, that, in several passages, where mankind are reproached with crimes and abominations, the sacred writer calls them the children of men; when folly and weakness are described, they are called the children of women."

Spend your time in establishing a good name—and if you desire fortune, learn contentment.

Coquetry is the daughter of Gaiety and the mother of Mortification.

Every thing gets old and out of fashion in this nether world—excepting good manners.

FORGIVENESS.—The brave only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at.—Towards have done good and kind actions,—towards have even fought, nay, sometimes even conquered; but a coward never forgave.—It is not his nature: the power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul, conscious of its own force and above the little temptations of resenting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness.

THE YANKEE RACER.

The following story, extracted from the forthcoming work of "*A Yankee among the Nullifiers*," purports to be told to the author by a South Carolinian:—

The Yankees, as I said before, are apt to be too cute for us in every thing except horse flesh, and even sometimes in that. It was this day three years ago, and on this very spot, that I entered my horse *Southron* for a purse of two thousand dollars. He had won a like sum the year before with all ease. In short he was the best horse at that time in all Carolina. There were to be sure two other horses, and very fine ones too, entered against him; but they were no touch to *Southron*, and I was as sure of winning as I am of sitting here at this moment—when who should come along but a d—d Yankee with a tin cart! He had the shabbiest, worst looking horse you ever set eyes on. He was a lean, slab-sided, crooked-legged, rough haired milk-and-molasses-colored son of a gun as ever went on four legs. He stood all the time as if he was asleep—in fact, his owner called him *Sleepy David*. In short, sir, he was such a horse as would not have brought twenty dollars.

It was near the hour of starting, when the pedlar, whose exterior corresponded marvelously with that of his horse, and who said his name was Zadock Barker, to the astonishment of all, intimated a wish to enter his horse along with the rest.

"Your horse?" exclaimed I—"what, that sleepy looking devil there? You'd better enter him for the turkey-buzzards."

"Not 'y'ou know on, Mister," returned the Yankee, with some show of spirit. "To be sure the critter looks rather sleepy as he stands, and on that account I call him *Sleepy David*; but he's a jo-fired smart horse for all that. He's like a singed cat, a darn sight better than he looks. I should like tarnation well to try him against some of your South Carolina horses. To be sure I didn't come all the way from home on purpose; but as I was coming out this way with a load of tin and other notions, I thought I might time it so as to kill two birds with one stone; for, thinks I to myself, if I can win the purse and peddle of my notions at the same time, I shall make a plaguy good speck. But I had to hurry on like the nation, to get here in season; and that's one reason my horse looks so kind of shabby; and out of kilter this morning. But for all that he'll perform like days you tell 'y'ou."

Supposing he had no idea of running his horse, and that all he said was merely to gratify his propensity for talking, I bade him be gone, and not trouble me with his d—d Yankee palaver.

"Why, Mister," said he, "this is a free country, and a man has a right to talk, or let it alone, just as he can afford. Now I've taken a good deal of pains to get here this morning in order to run *Sleepy David* against some of your Southern horses. I aint a joking, sir; I'm in earnest. I understand there is a purse of two thousand dollars, and I should like amazingly to pick it up."

"You talk of picking up a purse of two thousand dollars with that bit of a carrion of yours! Away with you, and don't trouble us any further."

"Well, if I can't run, then I spose I can't; but it's darned hard any how for a man to take so much pains as I have to come to the races, and then can't be allowed to run arter all."

"It's too late now; by the rules of the course the horse should have been entered yesterday; however, if you'll plunk the entrance money, perhaps you may get in yet."

I said this by way of getting rid of the fellow, having no idea he could command a fourth part of the sum required.

"How much might the entrance money be?" drawing out a purse containing a few shillings in silver and a few pence in copper. "If it aint more'n a quarter of a dollar or so, I'll plunk it on the nail."

"It is two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed the Yankee.—"By gawdy, what a price! Why they axed me only a quarter of a dollar to see the elephant and the whole Caravan in New York. Two hundred dollars! Why you must be joking now. Bless me! my whole load of tin ware, hoes, wagon and all wouldn't fetch that. But, Mister, don't you think I could get in for ten dollars?"

"Nothing short of two hundred; and that must be paid in the short space of five minutes."

We now thought we had fairly got rid of the fellow;

but he returned to the charge, and asked if fifty dollars wouldn't do, then seventy-five, then a hundred, and finding he could not make a bargain for less than the regular sum, he engaged to give it, provided he could find any one to loan him the money, for which he offered to pawn his wagon load of notions and *Sleepy David* to boot. He asked one, then another, to accommodate him with the loan—declaring that as soon as ever he took the purse, the money should be returned, and he would give a dozen of tin whistles into the bargain. He, however, got more curses than coppers, until some wag, who had plenty of cash, and liked to see the sport go on, lent him the two hundred dollars out of sheer malice. Though, as it afterwards turned out, the Yankee had money enough about him, and was merely playing the 'possum all the while.

His next object was to borrow a saddle. Here also, he was accommodated; and taking *Sleepy David* from the tin-cart he scrambled upon his back, and took his station on the course. You never saw a fellow sit on a horse so awkwardly in all your life. Every body said he would fall before he had gone a hundred yards; and some out of compassion urged him to withdraw.

"Not by a darned sight," exclaimed he, "why do you think I'm such a darned fool as to pay two hundred dollars, and then not run arter all?"

Others, who wanted to see the sport, though it should cost some broken bones, encouraged him to proceed—saying, as they laughed aloud, that they had no doubt but he would carry off the purse.

"That's what I mean to do," said he, "I haint come here for nothing, I can tell you. Wake up *Sleepy David*, and look about you; you must have your eyes open to-day; it's no time to be enoosin when there is money at stake."

The horse, as if he understood what his master was saying, opened his eyes, pricked up his ears, and actually showed some signs of life.

The signal was now given to start. Away sprang *Southron*, with the speed of lightning, and away sprang the other Southern horses, leaving *Sleepy David* far in the rear, and the pedlar verging from side to side, as if he was just ready to fall off. The horse went pawing along with his tail clinging close to his haunches, and his nose stuck out straight before him; and you never beheld so queer a figure cut by any man and horse as this singular pair made.

But they improved as they proceeded; the pedlar sat more jocky-like, and the horse evidently gained upon the others. But it would not do. He came in at least half a mile behind *Southron*, and a little less behind the others.

It was now thought the Yankee had got enough of the race, and would withdraw before the next heat. Contrary to all expectation, however, he persevered; and even offered to bet a thousand dollars on the issue of the race.

"The fellow's a fool!" said one.

"He don't know which side his bread is buttered," said another, "or else he wouldn't risk any more money at so desperate a stake."

"He's safe enough there," said a third, "for he has no more to risk."

Here, however, every body was mistaken again, for the pedlar hauled out an old greasy pocketbook, and plunked the thousand dollars. It was covered of course. But I confess I now began to be staggered, and to suspect the Yankee was after all more knave than fool. I had no fears, however, for the purse. *Southron* was not a horse to be distanced in one day, and especially by such a miserable looking devil as *Sleepy David*.

The second heat was now commenced; and if I had before felt confident in the entire superiority of my noble horse *Southron*, that superiority was strengthened, as I again saw him coming in ahead of the rest. I considered the purse now as my own property. In imagination I had grasped it, and was about putting it safely in my pocket, when—lo and behold! the pedlar's horse, which was behind all the rest, suddenly shot forward as if the devil kicked him on end; and stretching his neck like a crane, won the heat by a head.

Every body was astonished. "That horse must be the devil himself," said one. "At least, he has the devil to back him," said a third; "I was sure he would play you some Yankee trick before he had got through." Such were the observations that passed from mouth to mouth.

The Yankee in the mean time, offered to plunk another

thousand dollars; but nobody would take the bet. And it was well they didn't; for at the third heat, Sleepy David not only distanced every horse, but even came in a full quarter of a mile ahead of Southron himself.

"There, by gawdy," said the Yankee, as he dismounted, "I'll take that little purse, if you please, and the other cool thousand!" I knew well enough that your Southern horses couldn't hold a candle to Sleepy David."

THE STOLEN KISS:

OR THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATRIMONY.

The following anecdote, related of a highly respectable and talented clergyman, now preaching within the vicinity of Lynn, Mass., is from the Messenger, published in that town. It appears that this clergyman had been settled for some time, and had got pretty well along in years, when he became conscious that, in reference to worldly matters, there yet remained one thing needful, to give him that weight of character which it was desirable he should possess, and also to embrace if not to perfect his earthly felicity, viz.: an help mate. Immediately on the conception of this idea, he began anxiously to look about; but having neglected this important matter so long, as might have been expected, he imbibed many of those strange and unaccountable notions, so peculiar to the single blessed of either sex, after they had attained a certain age; and these operated to his disadvantage in such wise, that he found it extremely difficult to select one at whose side he thought he could, without any "fearful forebodings," stand before the altar of Hymen.

Now it became known to the damsels round about here how Mr. — was then circumstanced, and many there were who would fain have relieved his embarrassment. Some joined his church; and many more were seen to blush like the first rose of summer, if, in the progress of his dispensation from the pulpit, he should drop his eye toward the pew in which they were seated—though of course they dare not acknowledge even to themselves any thing in particular, because of the great doubt relative to the vice versa of the case.

But to make a short story shorter:—Travelling into town one night about dusk, parson — had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner, who among other worldly possessions, had two or three as fine daughters as ever graced the county of Essex. He had scarce knocked at the door, when it was hastily opened by one of these blooming maidens, who as quick as thought threw her arm round his neck, and before he had time to say, "O! don't," brought her warm, delicate lips to his, and gave him as sweet a kiss as ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment, the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when—"O mercy, mercy! Mr. —, is this you?" exclaimed the damsel, "why I thought as much as could be, it was my brother Henry." "Pshaw, pshaw," thought the celebrate, "you didn't think any such thing." But taking her hand, he said, in a forgiving tone, "there is no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness—though you ought to be a little more careful." After this gentle reproof, he was ushered into the parlor, by the maiden, who as she came to the light, could not conceal the deep blush that glowed on her cheek—and the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom (for all this happened in summer) shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he arose to depart, it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door; and it may be added, that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject it is not for us to say.

As the warm hearted pastor plodded homeward, he argued with himself in this wise: "If Miss — knew it to be me who knocked at the door, and I verily believe she did, else how should she know me in the dark, before I had time to speak? and is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? she must be desperately in—pshaw! pshaw!—But supposing she did think me to be her brother?—why, if she loves a brother at that rate, how much must she love her husband—for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life."

We have only to add—that it was not long after this, that Mr. — had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn as well as pleasant duties attached to the sacred office—and that the lovely Miss — above spoken of, thereupon be-

came Mrs. —; whom we doubt not, many of our readers well know, though perhaps they never before heard the above anecdote.

A PARAGRAPH FOR THE LADIES.—Dr. Mussey states that greater numbers annually die among the female sex by the use of the corset, than are destroyed among the other sex by the use of spirituous liquors in the same time! It has been estimated that more than fifty thousand men die in the United States every year in consequence of the immoderate use of ardent spirits. For fear of being accused of exaggerating upon this fearful subject, let it be stated that 30,000 females die in this country every year in consequence of wearing corsets. This is doubtless below the number which should be set down; but it makes enough to excite the attention of every head of the family and of every well-wisher of the human race. Thirty thousand per year, makes eighty-four for every day in the year, sacrificed to the cruel altar of fashion. This we venture to say is a sacrifice of life which knows no parallel.—*State Herald.*

A DANGEROUS TAX GATHERER.—There are a great many elephants in the woods, in this part of India, but they are not so much esteemed as those which come from a warmer latitude; we have not met with any, although they are to be seen frequently enough, and have been known to come down and attack the tame ones. When they are met in herds they are not prone to mischief; but a solitary one, driven perhaps for some breach of law from its associates, is generally ready to offend. It is somewhat appalling, when not quite prepared for the onset, to hear the crackling of the wood, as a wild herd rushes through it. In travelling through Assam, I have heard that this is frequently experienced. And in the interior of Ceylon, I have listened myself with astonishment at the tremendous sound. The elephants sometimes display a great deal of humor in their attacks. After having routed the party, who generally leave their goods behind, they amuse themselves by a most minute examination of them, and take real pleasure in their destruction. I remember a narrow pass in the kingdom of Kandy being a long time guarded by one elephant, who determined to allow no one to go through it without paying him a tribute. On his first appearing at the mouth of it, he had frightened a coolly laden with jag, gray, a preparation of sugar; the fellow throwing his burden down, ran away. The elephant picked it up, and finding it excellent, resolved upon levying a similar tax on all future travellers. As the pass was on the highway to Kandy, he could not have chosen a better position for his purpose; and "no trust," altho' not written on his gate, was distinctly enough notified to all passengers. The circumstances soon became generally known, and no coolly ventured to pass that way without having prepared a sop for the Cerberus who guarded it.—*Excursions in India.*

BARKING OF DOGS.—Dogs in a state of nature never bark, they simply whine, howl, and growl; this explosive noise is only found among those which are domesticated. Son-nini speaks of the shepherds' dogs in the wilds of Egypt as not having this faculty; and Columbus found the dogs which he had previously carried to America, to have lost their propensity to barking. The ancients were aware of this circumstance. Isaiah compares the blind watchman of Israel to these animals; "they are dumb, they cannot bark." But on the contrary, David compares the noise of his enemies to the "dogs round about the city." Hence the barking of a dog is an acquired faculty, an effort to speak which he derives from his associating with man. It cannot be doubted that dogs in this country bark more and fight less than formerly. This may be accounted for by the civilization of the lower orders, who have gained a higher taste in their sports and pastimes than badger-baitings and dog-fights; and it may with truth be asserted, that the march of intellect has had its influence even upon the canine race, in destroying that natural ferocity for war, which (happily for the world) is now spent more in words than blows.—*Music of Nature.*

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

THE HOOSHEROONS.

The good citizens of our young sister Indiana, are pretty generally known, throughout the West, by the singular appellation of *Hoosers*. The following rhymes, from a young Hoosheroon, conveys a very graphical picture of Hoosher life on the frontiers of Indiana. In our perambulations through that state, we have often partaken the welcome hospitality of a "buck-eye cabin," while our gallant steed stood by the "sapling" and the "sugar-trough" for the night.

Suppose, in riding through the West,
A stranger found a "Hoosher's nest,"
In other words, a buck-eye cabin,
Just big enough to hold Queen Mab in;
Its situation, low and airy,
Was on the borders of a prairie;
And fearing he might be benighted,
He hailed the house, and then alighted.
The "Hoosher" met him at the door,
Their salutations soon were o'er;
He took the stranger's horse aside
And to a sturdy sapling tied,
Then having stripped the saddle off,
He fed him in a sugar-trough.
The stranger stooped to enter in,
The entrance closing with a pin,
And manifested strong desire
To seat him by the log-heap fire,
Where half a dozen *Hoosheroons*,
With mush and milk, tin cups and spoons,
White heads, bare feet, and dirty faces,
Seemed much inclined to keep their places.
But Madam, anxious to display
Her rough and undisputed away,
Her offspring to the ladder led,
And cuffed the youngsters up to bed.
Invited shortly to partake
Of venison, milk, and Johnny cake,
The stranger made a hearty meal.
And glances round the room would steal.
One side was lined with divers garments,
The other spread with skins of "varments;"
Dried pumpkins overhead were strung,
Where venison hams in plenty hung;
Two rifles placed above the door,
Three dogs lay stretched upon the floor—
In short, the domicil was rife
With specimens of "Hoosher" life.
The Host, who centred his affections
On game, and *ravage*, and quarter sections,
Discussed his weary guests for hours,
Till Somnus' ever potent powers,
Of sublunary cares bereft 'em.

Now matter how the story ended—
The application I intended
Is from the famous Scottish poet,
Who seemed to feel as well as know it,
That "bairdly chieles and clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

NO FRIEND TO CELIBACY.

"If you are for *pleasure*—Marry!
If you prize *roy health*—Marry!
And even if *money* be your object—Marry!

"A good wife is 'Heaven's last best gift to man,' his angel and minister of graces innumerable; his *Sol Poly-chresium* or *gem of many virtues*; his *Pandora*, or casket of jewels; her presence forms his best company; her voice, his sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his innocence; her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy, his safest steward; her lips, his faithfullest counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest, the advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head!"—*Jeremie Taylor*.

EPIGRAM, BY LORD BYRON.

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

WOMAN, Dr.

Oh the woes that woman brings!
Source of sorrow, grief and pain!
All our evils have their spring
In the first of female train.

Eve by eating, led poor Adam
Out of Eden and astray;
Look for sorrow still, where Madam,
Pert and proud, directs the way.

Courtship is a slavish pleasure,
Soothing a coquetish train;
Wedded—what the mighty treasure!
Doom'd to drag a golden chain.

Noisy clack and constant brawling,
Discord and domestic strife;
Empty cup-board, children bawling,
Scolding woman made a wife.

Gaudy dress and haughty carriage,
Love's fond balance fled and gone;
These the bitter fruits of marriage!
He that's wise should live alone!

CONTRA, Cr.

Oh what joys from woman spring,
Source of bliss and purest peace,
Eden could not comfort bring,
Till fair woman showed her face.

When she came, good honest Adam
Grasp'd the gift with open arms,
He left Eden for his Madam,
So our parent priz'd her charms.

Courtship thrills the soul with pleasure!
Virtue's blush on beauty's cheek:
Happy prelude to a treasure,
Kings have left their crowns to seek!

Lovely looks and constant courting,
Sweet'ning all the toils of life;
Cheerful children, harmless sporting,
Lovely woman made a wife!

Modest dress and gentle carriage,
Love triumphant on his throne;
These the blissful fruits of marriage,
None but fools would live alone.

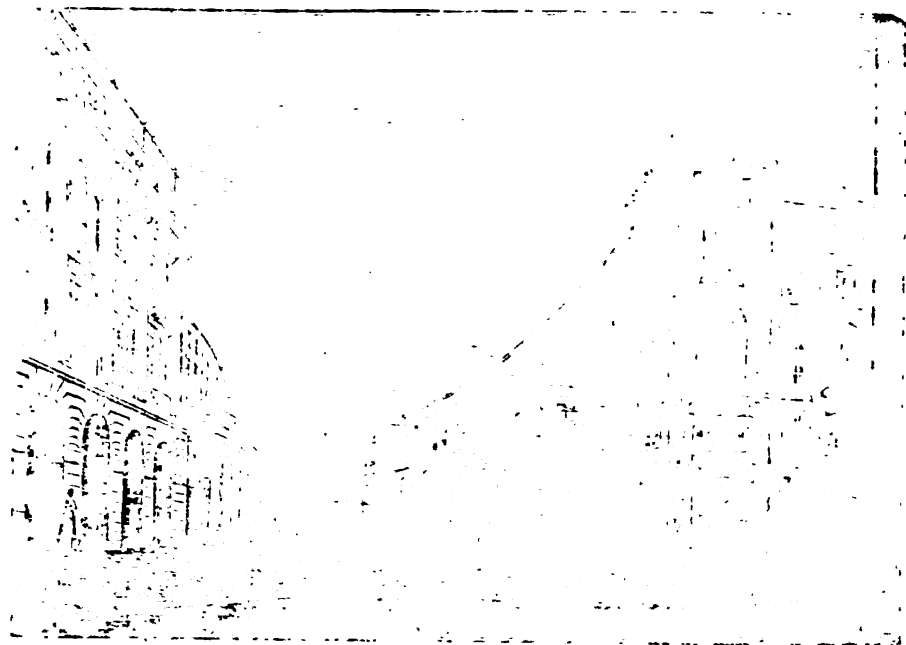
On an Assembly of People called Quakers, at a Week-day Meeting.

Written extempore by a dissipated young man who
happend to be there.

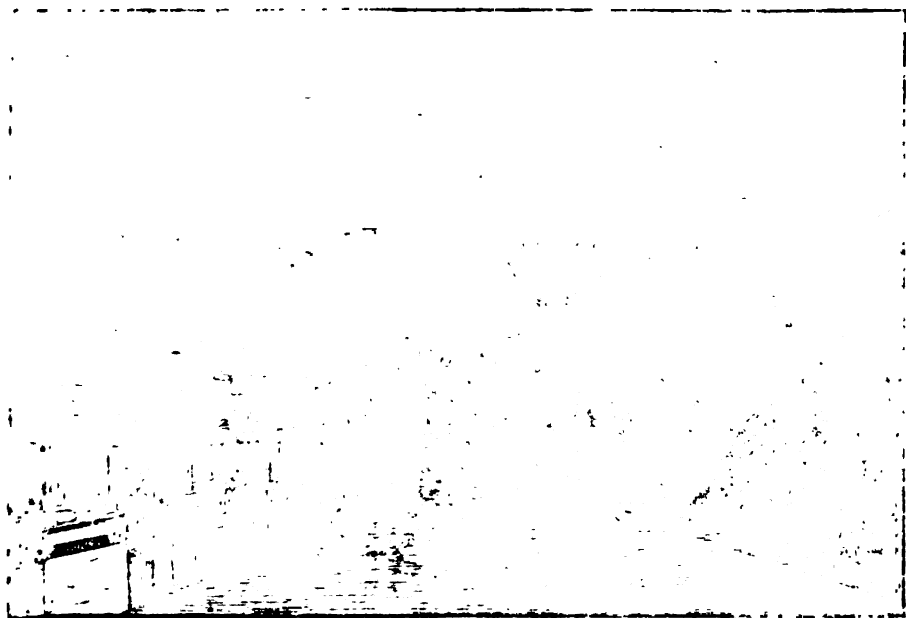
Friend in each virtue, moral and divine,
See in the decent crowd what native beauty shine;
No air unseemly, no indecent nod,
Their hearts in heaven, their thoughts are fix'd on God;
Whose modest garb their tenets well express,
That true religion wears no tinsel dress;
Distinguish'd only but by real good,
By those abandoned and by those pursued;
Meek, unadorn'd, by every merit joined,
Lodged in the soul and treasur'd in the mind.

MALAM.

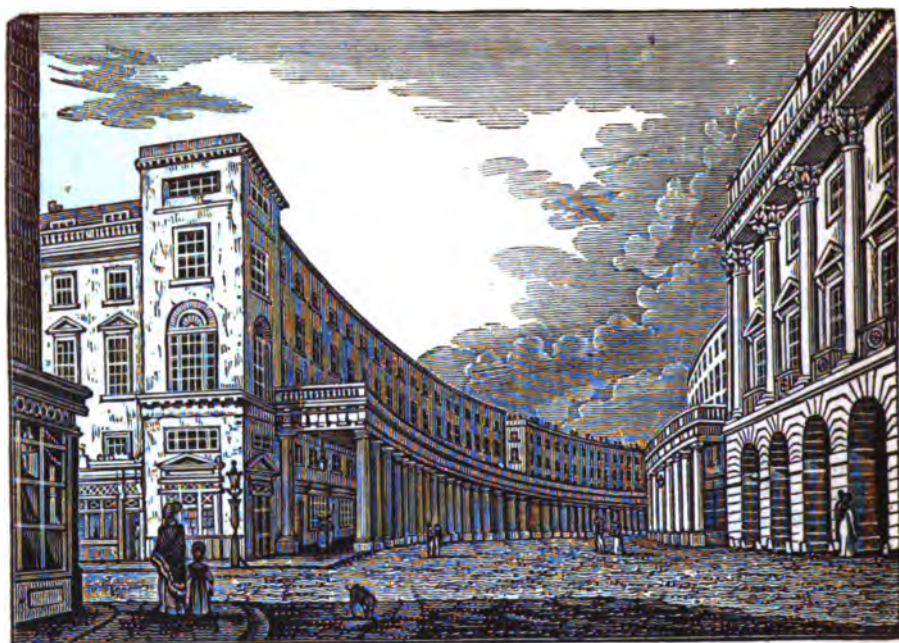
KEEP QUIET, if you wish to live to an old age; if not, be unquiet; and you can shake out the sands of existence in half the time. We have a gentleman in our eye, (we can't call him old, for there has been no shadow of change in his index for twenty years,) who is an irrefragable proof of our position. He suffers nothing to excite him. He is fond of chess. But the first piece his adversary wins in advance, he quits the game—gives it up—calls it a beat. He won't be excited. No crickets are allowed to chirp in the house; no cats to caterwaul in the neighborhood. He won't be excited. If there was only a little quicksilver behind his equanimity, we could dress and shave by it; but it produces no reflection! *Boston Evening Post*.



The Church at Port Jervis



Fairmount Water Works, Philadelphia



The Quadrant, London.



Fairmount Water Works, Philadelphia.

THE QUADRANT.

LONDON.

The view on the opposite page represents a new street in London, called the Regent's Quadrant, in a style of architecture which we think might be successfully and usefully imitated in this country, and thus do away with the too great uniformity of our streets, which to strangers seem to be all alike, more particularly in Philadelphia, where however we never expect to see the curve line very popular. The two last reigns of the Georges, third and fourth, have witnessed a great extension of the splendor, comforts and elegancies of social life in London. The north of the metropolis has become covered with spacious streets, squares, churches, and public buildings. Blackfriars, Southwark and Waterloo Bridges, Somerset House, Manchester Square, the Quadrant, and other squares at the West End, have been erected, and the vast parish of Marylebone almost covered with buildings, so that London is emphatically said to have gone out of town, and the vast Babel increases so rapidly that credulity itself is startled at the annual amount of buildings erected.

All these new streets are paved with great regularity. The carriage road is laid with cubes of granite, accurately joined and embedded in clay, or else macadamized. Macadamizing is greatly in vogue, in the squares and wider outlets of the West End; but it seems to have failed in the narrower, and more cart trodden streets of the city. It is said that the dust from macadamized streets is injurious to carpets, cutting them in the same manner as moths, unless they are regularly watered every day.

The number, variety, and magnificence of the squares in London, deserve a cursory notice. The largest square in London is Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, its area being computed equal to 770 square feet; but the tide of fashion having long set westward, this square is chiefly occupied by members of the legal profession. Russel Square is nearly equilateral, each side being 670 feet long. The houses are spacious and magnificent. Belgrave Square, begun on the *farm* of Earl Grosvenor, at Pimlico, in 1825, is one of the most splendid in architectural decoration. The squares chiefly distinguished by residences of the nobility, are Berkely, Cavendish, Grosvenor, Hanover, St. James, Manchester, and Portman Squares.

FAIRMOUNT WATER WORKS.

PHILADELPHIA.

We have frequently taken occasion to present our readers with views of the Fairmount Water Works, justly the pride of our city, and to which every succeeding year adds new attractions. The view on the opposite page is drawn from the head of the basin, showing the sheet of water as part of it enters to turn the wheels which are to force the balance to the top of the hill. The two swans, recently presented by a sea captain to the city, occupy a conspicuous place in the foreground; they are very popular pets, and are daily fed by the numerous visitors with crumbs of cake, &c.

The view also exhibits the steps, and the sum-

mer house near the top; on the summit of the latter is a figure of Mercury, beckoning with his hand pointed to the Schuylkill above the dam. From this point, as beautiful and picturesque view is presented to the eye as can be found in our vicinity. To the east our opulent city, and on the opposite side of the river the Schuylkill locks, with boats loaded with coal descending, and others ascending filled with costly goods for the interior.

Having previously given estimates of the quantity of water pumped by each wheel, it is only necessary to say here, that two wheels are sufficient to supply the city; four are alternately in operation, and if a demand exists there is space for several others.

Some misunderstanding at presents exists between the city authorities and the Schuylkill Navigation Company; by the former it is contended that the latter have only a right to sufficient water for one set of locks. The Navigation Company contend that they have a right to as much as they want, and they are now constructing a second set, which it is feared will in time be further increased, and that then we shall be in want of water for city purposes. A suit has been instituted by the city to ascertain their rights, which we hope will soon be decided. In the mean time, the controversy is carried on with some animosity. For ourselves, we are happy in believing an ample supply of water exists to accommodate all parties, at least for the present generation.

ORIGINAL.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEITY.

Ye winds, ye waves, ye subterranean fires—
Dire elements of strife—say, whence ye came?
Who leads your armies forth? your rage inspires,
Hurls the dread bolt, and guides the living flame?
Ye barren deserts—lonely, wild, and vast—
Ye foaming cat'raets, and ye forests gay,
From the dark shades of time-crown'd ages past,
Can ye recall your own primeval day?
Ye hoary mountains, whiten'd o'er with snow,
Whose towering fronts defy the withering blast;
Ye storm cleft-rocks, that be'ling frown below,
Can ye recall the deeds of ages past?
Who from dark chaos rais'd your ponderous frames
The mighty Architect—His name unfold?
Look on yon starry heavens, yon page of flames,
Alpha, Omega, read in burning gold.
Oh! power almighty, boundless, unexpressed,
Great beyond all that men or angels know;
How shall my tongue find utterance, or my breast
Vent the wrapt thoughts that in my bosom glow.
While with admiring wonder I adore
Thine awful presence and thy power divine,
Mid the wild surge, the whirlwind's deaf'ning roar,
The lightning flash and thundering peal sublime.
Is there among created beings, one
Who doubts thy dread reality, great God?
And has he reasoning powers? the lost, undone!
Or is this heart as senseless as the sod?
Oh! place the atheist on yon sea-girt rock,
In midnight hour, then let the storm sweep by;
Ask him in thunder—Recreant, canst thou mock?
With faltering voice, he'll answer—"God is nigh!"

Written for the Casket.

A MIDNIGHT SCENE,

During the Revolution.

The following incident is strictly a fact. I have but arranged in regular form those circumstances which I heard from the lips of the actors in the scene, and in doing so I am very conscious that I have deprived them of much that added deep interest to the event. But the glance, the tone, the gesture, the rapid utterance, or the pause of emotion, must be imagined by the reader; my pen claims no merit save that of decorating truth with the mellowed recollections of friendship—for I knew and loved those of whom I am about to speak, and there are still some living who could instantly give to my story "a local habitation and a name."

Fertile as each of the "Old Thirteen" may be in harrowing and romantic incidents, connected with the War of the Revolution, none can offer a fairer field to the imagination, or to the feelings, than South Carolina. Many causes combined to make her situation at that period very interesting; and not the least striking, was the peculiar nature of the population. The noble independence, and high-toned sense of honor, the polished manners and accomplished education of her aristocracy, were painfully contrasted by the ignorance and passive obedience of her numerous slaves; and between these extremes, there was to be found a *middle rank*, which seemed occasionally to exhibit the sterling characteristics of the one, and the degraded vices of the other. Good sense, strict probity, enduring patriotism, were prominent traits; but among those, especially, who adhered to the ancient order of things, and whose passions and fears were constantly excited by the threats of change and the dread of danger, there was sometimes found too a ferocity—an eagerness for plunder—a readiness to engage in scenes of violence—which scattered terror over many a neighborhood that else would have known war only in its milder forms. But at the period I speak of, South Carolina was also a prey to civil discord; all the ties of brotherhood were broken, and as success crowned either party, the patriot triumphed with a taunting and reproachful joy, or the tory exulted in the prospect of such a return to the *good old days*, as would make the word *treason* a shield and sword to him. In the mean time, according to the depth of the moral character, feelings of aversion and hatred, or of open and manly disunion, were silently nourished or boldly avowed.

Such characters were numerous in a southern district of South Carolina, which lies very near the beautiful river that separates it from Georgia. The year 1780 was one of gloom and sorrow to the hearts of its patriots; Charleston was in the possession of the British; the whole state at the mercy of the royalists, and the gallant spirits who had thrown life and property into the perilous stake, were in general obliged to abandon the one and seek safety for the other in the depths of their swamps and the solitudes of their pine barrens. There were some, however, who still remained at their homes, and in bitterness of heart tried, by a voluntary retirement, to avoid

that expression of feeling which could only bring ruin to their helpless families.

Among this class was a planter whose name was P——. He possessed a fine estate on one of the narrow and winding waters which empty into Broad river; was young, intelligent, ardent and enthusiastic, and devoted to the cause in which his country was struggling. Such a character was exactly calculated to secure strong friendships and excite strong enmities, in a time that tried men's souls. Whilst freedom of speech was permitted to him, he avowed his sentiments, with a careless frankness, a bold independence, which alternately galled and enraged those who adhered to the ungracious course pursued by the "mother land;" and unfortunately there was a regular channel for the outpouring of his triumph, or his wrath, in a kind of weekly meeting at a favorite spot where the neighborhood, in every direction, sent forth its little groups, to spend an evening in comparing news, or debating upon the results of the engrossing events of the day. The demon of discord bailed these meetings as its own. The passions, whether noble or base, were all aroused; and had they needed stimulant, they would have found it in those deep and frequent draughts which were tendered and accepted as the pledge of good fellowship; it was very visible, ere long, to Mr. P——'s friends, that he had given great disgust to some low characters whom he had treated with a scornful contempt. He was warned, as affairs on the American side became more gloomy, to be on his guard; but he laughed at the idea of having given serious offence to them, as they still doffed their hats and bowed obsequiously; and when at last, conscious of his own impetuosity, he withdrew entirely from those meetings. He little dreamed that scenes and sayings which had passed from his own memory with the flush they had excited on his brow, had sunk deeply into the hearts of some whom he called, and, in all singleness of spirit, looked upon as *neighbors*, in the primitive sense of that word.

He had married about a twelve-month before this period, a very young creature—an orphan, and almost friendless, though not portionless; and very recently she had given birth to a lovely boy. His wife was a being of quiet and gentle mood—best suited, perhaps, to the bold and vehement character of him she called lord. His thoughts, his hopes, his fears, were faithfully reflected on the placid stream of her feelings; it resisted only the shadows of bitterness which sometimes passed over his spirit; and when they came to trouble the fountains of her happiness, the tear in her dark eye, and its imploring look, dispersed them when holier influences failed. To his wife, who had found cause for constant anxiety in this trait of his character, the change in his habits was a blessed one. She no longer watched the setting sun in sadness and in loneliness, dreading lest he should have been embroiled with some of his rude companions; yet trying to conceal her real cause of solicitude under the plea of fear lest he should be exposed to the heavy dews of the season. She no longer saw him return exhausted by excitement, or irritated by opposition. It was grievous to know

that the patriots were, even for a time, crushed in Carolina; but she deemed all safe who no longer offended by word or deed, and her husband avoided intercourse with any save a few tried friends; and although serious, he was calm, and always with her now, and Mary asked no more.

"I think, dear Edward," said she, as they sat one lonely evening in the piazza which embraced the whole front of their mansion, "I really think we were never so happy as at present—for our days of courtship, as they are called, were days of anxiety and alarm, and even our bridal was so hurried and so private that it could scarcely be called a season of joy. You know how restless you were just at that time, under the uncertainty that attended the plans against Savannah; and I am sure I wearied of D'Estant's name—then when you brought me here, for many, many months, you were constantly on the wing. I seemed scarcely to pass a quiet day at your side. But now you are no longer truant; you are taking care of home, instead of seeking care abroad, and are literally what our good old Rector told you you must be—the *houseband*—encircling all things by your vigilance and love; and you are going to set a charming example to my sweet George," added she, playfully, as she laid her infant in its father's arms, and pressed her own soft lips to his polished forehead.

Mr. P—— looked up and smiled; for how could even an absorbed politician resist the sweet tone and innocent caress of his young wife. For a few moments, he forgot all beyond the treasures which his arm encircled; but only for a few moments. He sighed, as he said, "My dear Mary, I hope that we shall yet see even happier days than these. Dark as is the prospect for our country, I look for the cloud to roll away even as that gorgeous one is doing from the glorious sun; and then, love, the domestic habits for which you gave me such sweet credit will, I trust, be of choice, not necessity. I shall not then be obliged to limit my rides to my cotton field, lest I should be ordered off the road—or to bite my lips when I chance to meet a neighbor, lest the sentiments of a freeborn American should offend his loyal ears. Those fellows!—(she put her hand gently on his mouth,)—well, then," said he, checking the rising warmth. "Those royalists will then no longer lord it over bower and hall, and that worthless fellow, Gilford, will have better employment, I trust, than abusing me—harmless man as I am!—or tampering with my negroes."

"Nay, Edward, do not believe such tales. He can bear no ill-will towards you; idle and worthless he is, but I am sure he is not malignant, and I hope he is not ungrateful. He cannot have forgotten all he owes to your kindness, during the sad distress of his family last autumn." Mary said this earnestly, for she knew her husband was not prone to suspicion.

He shook his head. "I have not a particle of faith, my wife, in his good feeling towards us; you may judge of it when he has been trying to induce even our faithful Cyrus to desert us, and join the British."

"And only Cyrus?"

"Oh! he tempted them all; and I have no

doubt some of them will yield to the booty he promises them."

"Booty!" Mrs. P—— turned pale. "He surely wished them to depart peaceably," said she, gasping, for that was a fearful cord to touch.

Her husband saw her alarm, and with assumed carelessness smiled, as he answered, "Nay, Mary, even I have so much charity as to be willing to think that he desires nothing more than *my ruin*. He will urge these poor devils to join the British, and then take especial heed to secure a good part of their wages; and he will care little for *their sufferings*, or *my distress*. But come, let us go in; the evening has grown chill. I must retire early, for I shall arise with the dawn."

"If it pleases God to protect us from evil during the night, my dear Edward," said his wife, in a low and solemn tone.

"True," replied he, bending his head with reverence, "if it pleases God!"

At an early hour they retired to their chamber; and wearied by a day of bodily toil, and with a mind oppressed by apprehensions which he had only ventured to hint to his wife, Mr. P—— soon sunk into an unrefreshing sleep. But to Mary there was no rest. Her heart was aroused; and what charm can lull the mother and the wife, when she trembles for the objects of her love. She could not sleep; she sat with her infant in her arms, until sheer fatigue compelled her to lay his soft cheek on his pillow. She watched by his little couch until her husband awoke from a troubled dream, and then to convince him that she was not indisposed, she trimmed the lamp, committed herself, and those who were more dear than self, to Him who "neither slumbers nor sleeps," and tried to repose. But even on her pillow fancy was busy around her. She started at every sound; strange noises seemed to ring in her ears; she thought she heard shouts; wild cries; then that she distinguished low murmurs, as of whisperings beneath her windows. Again and again she started from a momentary slumber, to say, "is it the night that has no morrow?" At length, about midnight, she was thoroughly roused by a sound in which imagination had no share. She distinctly heard the rapid and regular advance of horsemen. She listened, and just when they must have reached a spot where the road was forked, the sound died away. Breathless, yet relieved, she was about again to recline her head, when it returned; but gently, and as if fearing to alarm, she grasped her husband's arm, and called upon him to arise; and ere he had hastily dressed himself, a rough voice hailed "the house," and in a few moments the front door was furiously struck by impatient hands. Mr. P—— implored his wife to remain where she was; and taking a light, had only reached the door which led into his parlor, when an entrance was forced by his rude visitors, and with a shout of triumph he was seized and hurried into the room. He found himself in the midst of a party of armed men, carefully wearing *crape over their faces*, and from their noisy and tumultuous manner it was very evident that they were under the influence of liquor. Whilst an eager and important debate apparently occupied a part of the number,

and completely drowned his attempts to be heard, he was calm enough to scan the forms and listen to the tones of those who were near him, and in spite of the disguise something every now and then escaped that was familiar to his eye or ear. He turned to look on him who had seized and held him in his grasp as a tiger would his prey; he started; he could not be mistaken—it was Gilford; and from his loud and frequent curses on their folly and delay, it was evident he was their leader, and that his life was in the hands of a personal enemy. For a moment Mr. P—— closed his eyes in despair—for a moment he determined to address the wretch by name—but the impulse was mercifully checked; and ere the temptation could be repeated he was suddenly placed in the middle of the room, and the party formed a close circle around him.

The leader deliberately cocked his pistol, and taking Mr. P——'s watch from his side and handing it to a comrade, said, "Offer up a prayer, as you are fond of the business; you have *five minutes* allowed you—when they pass, you die."

A wild shriek of agony rang through the room as he closed the brutal address, and by a sudden movement of the circle the poor victim saw in a corner of the room his wretched wife, on her knees, and holding up, as if in appeal, his sleeping infant. She had thrown around herself and her babe a large scarlet cloak, and following her husband, had hitherto in silent horror witnessed the whole scene. A mist seemed to blind Mr. P——, as his eye rested on her—a faintness to pass over him which might well be termed the agony of death. But he had a dauntless spirit, and he rallied when he thought his enemy would triumph in his weakness. He looked steadily upon him, as he said, "I know not why or wherefore you are about to murder; but since I am to die, if not already prepared for the hour, assuredly it is not *here* that I can pray. Fire."

The wretch obeyed. He was a perfect marksman; but either he was embarrassed by the noble bearing of his victim, or some slight movement eluded his eye, for he did not *kill*. Mr. P—— had involuntarily raised his left arm as he spoke, and the motion saved his life. The bullet shattered his hand, and passing through it grazed his temple. He stood covered with blood; the sight of this "certain mark of crime" softened instantly those around him. The scene had all passed in a moment, and until the flash of the pistol, they perhaps never dreamed that Gilford meant more than to insult and terrify. They now fiercely protested against farther violence, and insisted on being led to seek the booty he had promised them. He sullenly submitted. Every part of the house was ransacked, and all that was valuable secured; and then, dreading lest an alarm should reach some of his friends in the neighborhood, they hastily retreated with their "spoils from the rebel."

By that time Mr. P—— had become weak and faint from loss of blood. He had never moved, but with stern composure stood and supported his shattered hand until the last of the band rode furiously from the door. Then he turned, and called upon his wife. But she did

not heed him—her eyes were fixed with a horrid glare; one hand was held up as if to shield them from some fearful sight; her lips were apart as if struggling to utter a sound; but she uttered none, and her whole appearance would have served as a personification of approaching madness. Mr. P—— tottered towards her, and sunk at her side. "My wife," said he, "rouse yourself and aid me, for if you do not I must die." And he held up his bleeding hand.

The sight acted on her as he hoped. She gazed slowly and fearfully round the room, as if to see that the murderers were gone; and then, with a burst of mingled anguish and joy, she threw her arms around him and wept bitterly. Mr. P—— permitted her tears to flow in silence, and when with uplifted hands and eyes she had returned thanks to a merciful God for his preservation from a cruel death, she by degrees became composed, and placing her infant by his side, she went to seek for aid in binding up his wound. But not a domestic was to be found; and believing that they had indeed all deserted, she was endeavoring, weak and trembling as she was, to drag a mattress to the parlor, when Cyrus cautiously peeped in at the door. His cabin was at some distance, and he told her that on hearing the alarm, he had immediately run towards the dwelling, but seeing it filled with armed men and terrified by her shriek, he had withdrawn, and watched at a distance until he beheld them departing, with many of his fellow servants in company. Then dreading lest they should seek for *him*, he had actually concealed himself in a deep dry ditch so long as he heard even the faintest sound of the retreating hoofs. The faithful creature uttered a thousand simple but affecting expressions of sorrow and pity for his wounded master, but busied himself in arranging the mattress; kindled a cheerful blaze, (for the night air was cold,) and seeing that the blood still flowed through all the bandages and applications his mistress had wrapped around the wound, he begged her to let him try "something which the old people said the Indians always put on *fresh* wounds," and she gladly consented. Her husband passively submitted to all the directions which Cyrus gave, whilst with a trembling hand she unwound the bloody folds, and he then sunk faint and exhausted on his pallet. Mary hastened to prepare a safe and refreshing cordial in a strong cup of coffee, and strengthened by the beverage, and soothed by the judicious surgery of Cyrus, he was ere long able to talk of the future.

"My love, when day dawns, we will go to our kind friend, Mrs. S——. She is skilful in the treatment of most diseases, and I dare say can manage even this wound; at all events she will do as much as even a surgeon could just now, were I nearer one than twenty miles; for I am sensible that already my hand is so swollen that the bones could not possibly be set."

The plan was a most grateful one to his wife, for no words could express the horrible dread which hung over her as she looked upon him in his helpless state. "They will return and complete their work; Gilford will never be satisfied until he murders him before my eyes." And every leaf that fell with the rising breeze, seem-

ed to her painfully acute ear, the heavy tramp of a horseman.

With the first faint streak of day, Cyrus was despatched to the stable. He found an old and gentle animal grazing near the door, the only one which the marauders had left. He tried to equip it with his own old saddle and bridle, and made up a kind of pillion for his mistress. Mr. P——'s arm was carefully secured in a sling; his wife, with her infant, rode behind him; and Cyrus, their trusty guard, walked briskly by the side of the horse, until they reached the residence of her who was truly the Lady Bountiful of the neighborhood—the hope of the distressed, the comfort of the unhappy, the refuge of the poor. She received them with a woman's tenderness, and a woman's tear; but her sympathy was ever an active principle. She exerted all her skill, and finally effected a perfect cure, although the hand was dreadfully disfigured; and she did not permit her young friends to return to their own residence, until happier days had dawned on South Carolina.

It was in 180— that, with the bride of that lady's son, I visited the hospitable mansion of Mr. P——. He was then an old man, and surrounded by a large and most engaging family; the light and active form had shrunk, the keen blue eye was dim, and the brown locks which his Mary used to twine with so much pride around her slender fingers, were ringlets still, but silver ones; yet still as carefully arranged by the same kind hand, for she was living too, and enjoying with him a green old age. I became a favorite with them both, and loved to induce them to talk of former days; those were necessarily the days of our Revolutionary War, and I was struck by the excessive bitterness which the old gentleman displayed, whenever the royalists of that period, (or Tories, as he called them,) were subjects of discourse. I ventured one evening to tax him with want of charity, and urged him, as the Scotch say, to "let by-gones be by-gones." He laid on the table before me his mutilated hand, and asked, "whether it could be so easy to forget the times, or the men, who had left him such a memorial as that." I had often remarked the terrible scar, but as he had never named it, of course I had asked no questions; but now I learned from Mrs. P—— and himself the particulars of the trying scene which I have related. From other sources, I afterwards gathered the sketch which I have given of their youthful characters. As I listened to the details of the cruel outrage, I ceased to wonder at its influence on a man of Mr. P——'s deep feeling; and I saw that if ever he forgave it would not be the voice of reason that would effect the change.

"And you are sure, sir," said I, "that you were not mistaken? that it was really Gilford?"

"As sure, madam, as if I had seen every feature of his face. The villain betrays it now by his cowardly conduct."

"Now! What, is he living, and do you meet?"

He smiled. "I can scarcely say that we meet; the first time I saw him after that night was, to use a homely phrase, when the tables were fairly turned. I suspect he had dreaded my vengeance, and fled the country for a time. My

friends here even had studiously avoided naming him as the chief actor in the murderous scene, and Mary's tears and entreaties had sealed even my lips until all danger was past, so that, concluding he was unknown, the scoundrel actually approached me in a crowd, and offered his hand. I did not kill him, madam. I pray you give me credit, I did not even sell him to the earth. But I taxed him with his crime; I proclaimed to those around him, that he was a thief and a murderer; and I swore, by all which I held sacred, that if ever he *intentionally* crossed my path again, or remained one instant where we could breathe even the same atmosphere, I would crush him as I would a viper. He was glad to escape on such terms. My son—(turning to him whose flashing eyes bore witness to his father's assertions,)—my son longs to get hold of him; but he keeps carefully out of our way; and I tell my children that in two senses of the word we are *old* enemies, and I choose to keep the issue in my own hands."

During my stay in Carolina we often spoke of the event, and when I bade them farewell I could only hope that the kind hearted old gentleman was a little undecided as to his course, if ever he should chance to meet his enemy again.

I returned to the north, and some few years afterwards, having preserved my intercourse with the family, I received a message from Mr. P——. "Tell her, that like David of old, the life of him who sought mine, has been in my power; and that, like him, I have been enabled, too, to forgive the pursuer of blood, and to let him depart in peace." His daughter added, that the sudden death of her beloved mother had seemed at once to quench the fiery spirit which nourished his inveteracy, and he ceased even to allude to Gilford. Having consented to attend a parish meeting where the site of a new church was to be selected, he left his son to attend to the equipment of his pony, and seated himself at his little table, with that sacred volume, which, under his Mary's gentle influence, had long been the source whence he drew strength for the trials of every day. The first sentence that caught his eye, was the solemn warning, "He that *hateth* his brother is a *murderer*." He paused. "Do I not in word and deed show that I *hate* Gilford?" He shuddered. "What, am I then, in the sight of God, on a par with him?"

Filled with these solemn thoughts, he in silence pursued his way to the place of meeting, and had scarcely exchanged greetings with his neighbors, when the wretched man accidentally approached it also. His impetuous son fiercely ordered him off, and seeing him hesitate, raised his whip to enforce the command; but his father caught his arm, and calmly, yet firmly, said, "Stop, on your obedience harm not a hair of his head." He then, to the amazement of all present, turned towards the dogged wretch, who still cowered under young P——'s fiery tone and manner, and extending his hand, said, with dignity, "Gilford, it is time to put an end to such scenes as this; we are both on the brink of the grave; we must both stand before Him who will judge the heart as well as the actions. May He in that hour forgive me my offences, as with sincerity I tell you that I forgive yours. I offer

you my hand as a pledge that you shall never be visited for your conduct, by injury from me or mine."

Gilford touched—yet scarcely touched—the withered hand which was extended to him; but his lip quivered, and tears stood in his eyes. Mr. P—— turned from him with emotion, and as he left the spot the perfect silence of the group was only broken by low tones of admiration and astonishment, at the triumph of the Christian principle. The old men shook their heads, and said, that such a change, in such a man, was but preparatory to a greater.

And they were right. In a few months Mr. P—— was called from earth, and the mortal remains of the once bold patriot, and of his gentle Mary, repose in peace; and few are now living to bear witness of this simple record of even one event in their lives—this "Midnight Scene" of violence and bloodshed.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MISS BROWN.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Children, wearied with their play;

For the stars of night are peeping,

And the sun hath sunk away;

As the dew upon the blossoms

Blows them on their slender stem,

So, as light as their own bosoms,

Bakyn sleep hath conquered them!

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Mortals compassed round with woe;

Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,

Close for every weakness now;

And that short relief from sorrow,

Harrassed nature shall sustain,

Till they wake again to-morrow,

Strengthened to contend with pain!

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Captives in their gloomy cells;

Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping

With their many coloured spells:

All they love—again they clasp them!

Feel again their long lost joys;

But the haste with which they grasp them,

Every fairy form destroys.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Misera, by their hoarded gold;

And in fancy now are heaping

Gems and pearls of price untold;

Golden chains their limbs encumber,

Diamonds seem before them strown!

But they waken from their slumber,

And the splendid dream has flown.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Pause a moment—softly tread;

Anxious friends are fondly keeping

Vigils by the sleeper's bed!

Other hopes have all forsaken;

One remains that slumbers deep;

Speak not, lest the slumberer waken

From that sweet—that saving sleep.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?

Thousands who have passed away,

From a world of woe and weeping

To the regions of decay!

Safe they rest, the green turf under:

Sighing breeze, or music's breath,

Winter's wind or summer's thunder,

Cannot break the sleep of death.

ORIGINAL.

Taken from the Manuscript of a Traveller.

Who shall befriend when our best friends decay,

Who will stand by when mothers turn away?

Where is the heart that e'er will constant prove,

When those who gave us life shall cease to love?

Where old Circassia spreads her plains along,

There beauty blooms, there wealthy buyers throng;

There mothers trade their daughters off for gold,

As cattle are for speculation sold.

Why all this crowd, what do these waiters here?

Does combat rage, or kings in state appear?

Do mountains flame or *Allah* stoop below,

T' impress the heart with pity?—No!

But cast your eye in yonder market place,

See beauty weeping by that haggard face;

See them exposed, with charms of heavenly power,

To public sale, creation's fairest flower!

The bid goes round, the price is quickly given,

A weeping virgin from her home is driven!

With soul elate the mother gives the prize,

With heart o'rfloving and with weeping eyes.

No lily opening in the morning sun

E'er yet excelled this fair, this charming one;

Or as it peeps from the o'erwhelming dew,

She lifts her eyes to take a parting view;

Stay, mother, stay—thou who didst give me birth,

And now hast doomed me to despair on earth;

Is there no tender feeling in thy heart,

Not one soft place that grief can cause to smart?

Is there the heart that would its offspring sell,

And send it hence where hungry monsters yell?

Let hunger press, and dangers throng around,

To thee more constant I will still be found.

Behold a mother sell her helpless child,

To rove with strangers o'er a boundless wild;

Led as a lamb to scenes unknown before,

Where vice prevails and virtue lives no more;

Doomed but to bear the chains of servitude and strife,

To grieve unpitied through a wretched life.

Now when deep sorrow o'er thy mind shall hang,

Think on thy daughter and the savage gang;

Whene'er the sun doth meet thy aged eyes,

Know that thy daughter still in sorrow sighs!

Or when that star I viewed so oft at night,

Shall through thy window shed its paler light,

Know that thy daughter sees the planet still,

With tears descending as the lonely rill.

When darkness shrouds the spacious world in night,

And old Aurora hides her glittering light,

Transparent gleams illumine all the sky,

Know then thy daughter keeps a wakeful eye.

Be still this heart, be still this murmuring tongue,

For all my hopes on other worlds are hung;

Farewell, my mother, now since part we must,

May bliss crown all thy days, and peace thy dust.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.

MICHIGAN.

The vast increase in the population of Michigan has made it apparent that her application to Congress to be admitted as the twenty-fifth member of the confederated states, can be but little longer delayed. A territory of such extent and importance deserves, from the editors of newspapers and others, some notice, and we shall devote some little space to introducing the *bride elect* to her future spouses.

In length Michigan is 250 miles, and in breadth 135—being the same length as Indiana, and only 15 miles less in breadth; and having within 6000 as many square miles as Pennsylvania. Situated, as it is, between the west, the south, and the east, with greater facilities for extensive inland water communication than any other country of the globe, with a fertile soil, of which millions of acres are fit for the plough, with a healthful climate, and with a concurrence of circumstances inviting northern population, no doubt exists of immense future, and in fact early and rapid prosperity. It is destined to rival most of the western states. Its boundaries at once exhibit its local advantages—north by the Straits of Michilimackinac; east by the lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie, and their waters; south by Ohio and Indiana; and west by Lake Michigan. It is a large peninsula, something like a triangle, with its base resting on Ohio and Indiana, three quarters of its extent being surrounded by the great lakes Michigan and Huron.

It is generally a level country, has no mountains, and but few elevations deserving the name of even hills. The centre is table land, elevated not many feet above the level of the lakes, and sloping in every direction to them. Though thus level in its surface, there is less swampy and wet land than in the northern belt of Ohio, adjoining the lakes. The country is divided into nearly equal proportions of grass prairie, like those of Indiana and Ohio, subdivided into wet and dry. The timber, too, is nearly the same, except that here and there occur a few of the white and yellow pine.

A belt of land along the southern shore of Lake Michigan is sandy and sterile, being so swept by the bleak gales of the lake, as not to promise much to the cultivator. But the great bulk of the lands are of excellent quality, the productions being much the same as those of New York; orchards flourish remarkably, and this will undoubtedly become a great fruit country.

Michigan is watered by almost innumerable rivers and branches, and from the level nature of the country, they are generally boatable to their sources. They abound in the fine fish of the lakes, supplying no inconsiderable portion of the food of the settlers. Grand River is the largest that enters Lake Michigan; it courses through forests and prairies abounding with wild fowl. Small boats reach its source in the south-east angle of the territory, and by this and Huron river perigees pass from Lake Michigan to Lake Erie. It has been under consideration to connect it by a canal with the Saginaw of Lake Huron, the advantages of which will be perceived by a glance at a good map. The St. Joseph river heads in Indiana, and interlocks with Black river, St. Joseph's of the Miami, Eel river, and Tippecanoe of the Wabash. It has a strong current, and is full of islands, is boatable 150 miles, and is 200 yards wide at its entrance into the lake. There are most abundant fisheries on it. The Raisin river derives its name from the immense quantities of grapes which grow upon its banks. Black river, Marame, Barbue, White, Rocky, Beauvais, St. Nicholas, Marguerite, Monistic, Aux Sables, Lasierte,

Grand Traverse, Thunder, Sandy, Saginaw, St. Clair, Belle, and Huron, are considerable rivers emptying into the lakes, which, like those of the Gulf of Mexico, before disembodying, expand into large basins, caused by the conflict between their currents and the surf of the lakes, meeting in a level and sandy soil.

Many Indians are still residents of Michigan; but the tide of emigration is rapidly producing its usual effects, by thinning their ranks, and adding twenty where but one subsisted before. The Strait of St. Clair, connecting that lake with Lake Huron, is 26 miles long. It runs through a country partly prairie and partly forest, and deep groves of white pine are found along its banks. The Strait of Detroit, connecting lakes Erie and St. Clair, is 24 miles; it is navigable for large vessels, is studded with islands, and one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the world. Its current is about three miles an hour, receiving in its course the rivers Rouge, Ecorse, Maguagua, and Brownstown; five miles above the mouth of the first named is a ship-yard.

Raisin derives its importance from the fact that it is more settled than any river in the country, except Detroit, and has also obtained a melancholy celebrity from the events of the late war. The French settlements on this and Detroit rivers exhibit the aspect of a continued village. They are laid out in the usual manner, two or three arpens in front by from 40 to 100 arpens deep. The mansions have that foreign and interesting aspect, that French buildings and establishments naturally have to an American eye. They are embowered in ancient and beautiful orchards, all of them having the appearance of comfort, and some of them of splendor and opulence. There are few landscapes more interesting, few water excursions more delightful than that from the Detroit to the lakes; along this broad, cool, and transparent rivers, studded with islands, and alive with fish, and in view of this continuous line of French houses and orchards, on both banks. The French here have their customary national manners, living in ease and abundance, and we regret to add, taking very little thought about education or intellectual improvement. Every thing, however, has changed in this region since it became subject to the free institutions of the United States. A corporate body styled "The University of Michigan" has been formed, which has power to institute Colleges, Academies, and Schools. The march of improvement in this, and all respects, is rapid. In Detroit respectable schools are in full operation, and libraries begun.

Michilimackinac island is in the north-west angle of Lake Huron, and is considered among the most impregnable fortresses on the northern frontier. The British gained possession of it during the late war; its name is derived from an Indian word, implying "the back of a tortoise," which, in its form of rising from the lake, it resembles. This island is nine miles in circumference; the fort and town are among the most remote settlements in the United States, and the whole population exceeds 1,000. In the interior of Michigan are great numbers of small lakes and ponds, from which the rivers have their sources. The Lac des Illinois is subject to a tide which has sensible fluxes and refluxes.

The climate, in consequence of its being level, and peninsular, and surrounded on all sides but the south by such immense bodies of water, is more temperate and mild than could be expected from its latitude. The southern parts have mild winters, but the position of the northern section subjects it to the Canadian temperature. Wheat, Indian corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, potatoes, turnips, peas, apples, pears, plums, cherries, and peaches are raised easily, and in abundance. It is more favorable to cultivated grasses than

the western country generally, and in short, is every way adapted to northern farmers. No inland country, according to its age of settlement and circumstances, has a greater trade, which employs a number of steamboats and lake vessels. The amount of foreign exports, long as back as 1821, was 53,200 dollars.

The town of Detroit is the political metropolis, and is on the western bank of the river of the same name, eighteen miles above the town of Malden, in Canada, and six below the outlet of Lake St. Clair. The banks are twenty feet above the highest waters of the river. The plain on which it is built is beautiful, and the position altogether delightful and romantic; the streets are wide, and the houses of stone, brick, or frame, many of which make a showy appearance. Several wharves project into the river, that called the United States is 140 feet long, and a vessel of 400 tons burden can load at its head. The public buildings are a Council House, State House, United States Store, Churches, &c. This town exhibits marks of rapid increase and improvement. It was almost entirely consumed by fire in 1806, and has risen from its ashes much improved. This place is of great and constant resort by the Indians, and here the greatest numbers and fairest sample of the northern tribes are seen. It is the chief depot of the shipping of the lakes, and a steamboat plies between it and Buffalo. The operation of the Erie Canal has had a favorable influence on the business and importance of this town, which is destined to become a very large place. The finishing of the Ohio Canal is this season to exert a still further influence on its welfare, as well as on the whole country.

The lakes of America are among its most remarkable features. A line drawn through their whole course, beginning with Ontario, and ending with the Lake of the Woods, would not be far short of a line that would measure the Atlantic!! These inland seas every where exhibit marks of having been once much higher than they now are, and vast alluvial tracts, beyond their present limits, indicate, that their waters covered a much greater extent of country than at present. It scarcely admits a doubt, that by the Illinois and other tributaries of the Mississippi, the lakes discharged from the western extremity of Lake Michigan into the Gulf of Mexico. Even now, as we have already remarked a few feet of excavation would empty them anew into the Illinois. Boundless forests encircle the lakes—their vast extent, the fierce and untamed character of the wandering tribes that have hunted, fought and fished around them for unknown ages, the terror of the winters that rule those regions of ice and storms for so great a part the year, the remoteness of their extent beyond fixed human habitations, and almost beyond the sketch of the imagination, have connected with them associated ideas of loneliness, grandeur, and desolation. Their waters are uniformly deep, cold, pure, and transparent, and have great abundance of fish. For a faithful account of these dreary regions, see the narrative of Major Long's second expedition.

When the lakes sleep, the fish can be seen sporting at immense depths below the surface. The lower strata of the water never gain the temperature of summer; a bottle sunk a hundred feet in Lake Superior, and filled at that depth, feels, when it comes up, as if it contained ice water. Situated as they are in a climate generally remarkable for the dryness of its atmosphere, they must evaporate inconceivable quantities of water, and it is generally supposed, that the Niagara, their only visible drain, does not discharge a tenth part of the waters and melted snows which they receive.

The Rideau Canal now connects Lake Ontario with the river Otawas and Quebec. The number of vessels employed on the lakes Erie, Huron, and Michi-

gan, must now be very considerable, besides numerous steamboats. The Welland Canal is another outlet for the trade of the lake country. It connects Lake Erie, by schooner navigation, with Lake Ontario—is thirty-eight miles long and ten feet deep, with thirty locks overcoming 360 feet.

But we must not trespass on variety, while discussing these interesting themes. We have merely abridged, in order to turn attention to the great features of our western world. Those who desire to pursue our track further, may consult with advantage Flint's Geography and his "Valley of the Mississippi," Schoolcraft's Tour, Lewis and Clarke, Major Long, Pike's Expedition, &c., and the subject will better reward the American reader than any other in the whole range of the interesting study of geography.

KENTUCKY.

For beauty of landscape, excellence of the soil, for beauty of forest, the number of clear streams and fine rivers, health, and the finest development of the human form, and patriarchal simplicity of rural opulence, Kentucky unquestionably is equal to any state in the Union. It is 400 miles long, and averages 150 in breadth. The eastern and southern front touches on the Allegheny Mountains, whose spurs descend some distance into it. The centre of the state contains a tract of country 100 miles by 50, which for beauty of surface, the delightful aspect of its open groves, and the extreme fertility of its soil, exceeds perhaps, any other tract of country of the same extent. So much dissolved lime is mixed with the soil, as to impart to it a warm and forcing quality, which imparts an inexpressible freshness and vigor to the vegetation. The woods, in which the green sward presents the appearance of the English landscape, have a charming aspect, as if arranged for a pleasure ground. Grape vines of prodigious size climb the trees, and spread their branches and leaves over all the other verdure. In the first settlement of the country, it was covered with a thick cane brake, which has disappeared, and has been replaced by a beautiful green covering of the finest grass. The trees generally are not large, but tall, straight and tapered; and have the appearance of having been transplanted to the places they occupy. Innumerable streams wind among those copest, and from the declivities burst out springs of pure limestone water. This section is the garden of the Mississippi Valley—a real Arcadia.

That part of the state bordering on Tennessee and Virginia, resembles the land in the latter and the vicinity of the Alleghenies, highly picturesque and sometimes grand. Between the Rolling Fork of Salt River and Green River, is an extensive tract called "barrens," the soil of which is not of the very first quality, but the country is covered with grass like a prairie and affords a fine range for cattle. Between Green and Cumberland Rivers is a still larger tract of "barrens;" and spread over this section are an immense number of "knobs," covered with shrubbery and stump oaks. In 1800 the Legislature made a gratuitous grant of 400 acres to every man disposed to become an actual settler in this district, and a great number availed themselves of it. The country proved very healthy; tobacco grows well, and the "barrens" now present a prosperous and agreeable aspect.

At the time of its first settlement, Kentucky displayed a most inviting landscape. The wilderness exhibited an extended tuft of blossoms. A single man could kill game enough in an hour to supply the wants of a month, and even so lately as 1819, we remember overtaking a traveller not very far from Russellville, who had shot three bucks before breakfast, on the high road. The aged settlers look back to the infancy of the state as the golden age, and to them, such indeed it must have been.

Of the rivers of this state we shall only enumerate the most prominent. The Ohio is unquestionably the most important, though its description has been too often attempted to require a notice from us. The Kentucky is an important stream, and is navigable 150 miles. It has a rapid current and high banks for great part of its course, flowing in a deep chasm, cut from perpendicular banks of limestone. Nothing can be more singular than the sensation arising from floating down this stream, and looking up the high parapet at the sun and sky from the dark chasm. Big Sandy rises in the Allegheny Mountains, and forms the eastern boundary of the state for nearly 200 miles. Cumberland River rises in the south-east corner of Kentucky, in which it runs 80 miles, then crosses into Tennessee, runs 40 miles in that state, and makes a curve by which it returns to its first jurisdiction. It once more enters Tennessee after a course of 50 miles, and winds through it 200 miles, passing Nashville, and again returning to Kentucky. It enters the Ohio by a mouth 300 yards wide, and is navigable by steamboats to Nashville, and of late they have ascended considerably higher up. It is a broad, deep, and beautiful river, and uncommonly favorable to navigation. The Tennessee, a noble river, enters the Ohio in this state.

In Cumberland county, in boring for salt water, at the depth of 180 feet, a fountain of petroleum, or mineral oil, was struck, and when the augur was withdrawn, the oil was thrown up in a continued stream more than twelve feet above the surface of the earth. Although in quantity somewhat abated, after the discharge of the first few minutes, during which it was supposed to emit 75 gallons a minute, it still continued to flow in a stream which found its way to the Cumberland River, for a long distance covering its surface. It is so penetrating as to be difficult to confine in a wooden vessel; it ignites freely, produces a flame as brilliant as gas, and is an article of commerce with the eastern states, where it is sold for medical purposes, being used for the swellings of horses' legs, &c., and is an ingredient in the famous quack medicine called British Oil.

Kentucky boasts several mineral springs of celebrity and virtue. The Olympian Springs, 47 miles east of Lexington, are in a romantic situation. Big Bone Lick is 20 miles below Cincinnati, on the Kentucky River. The spring most frequented is that near Harrodsburg, where are fine accommodations for invalids, and where we have met a sociable company, equal in intelligence and polish to any in the Union. The waters are useful in complaints of the liver, and dyspeptic and chronic complaints.

Kentucky, from her first settlement, has had, and deserved the reputation of being among the most fertile of the western states. The astonishing productions of her good lands, the extent of her cultivation, the multitude of boats she loads for New Orleans, &c. justify the conclusion. All the grains and fruits of the temperate climates flourish in abundance, and in wheat she is surpassed by none. There are many great gardeners in the state—the markets are well supplied with all the variety of vegetables, while grapes of the cultivated varieties are raised for table fruit in many places, and there are several vineyards where wine is made. Cotton is raised for domestic uses, but hemp and tobacco are the staples.

Though the bulk of the produce of Kentucky descends to New Orleans, she exports considerable to Pittsburgh for our market. In addition to hemp, tobacco, and manufactured articles, she sends off immense quantities of flour, lard, butter, cheese, pork, beef, Indian corn and meal, whiskey to a great extent, cider, cedar-royal, fruit fresh and dried.

Horses are raised in large numbers and of the best blood; a really fine horse is the pride of a Kentuckian,

and some farmers keep from forty to fifty. Great numbers are sent over the mountains for sale. Still greater droves of the finest cattle and hogs are driven from this state to Virginia, Pennsylvania, &c. In 1828, the value of cattle, horses and swine, driven out of the state, numbered and valued at one point of passage, the Cumberland Ford, was a million of dollars; and in 1829, imperfect returns of the exports, agricultural and manufactured, gave \$2,780,000!!

Frankfort is the political metropolis, on the north bank of the Kentucky, 60 miles from its mouth. The environs are beautiful. A bridge crosses the river, unites North and South Frankfort; the river flows between banks 4 or 500 feet in height. The statehouse is entirely of marble, with a front presenting a portico supported by Ionic columns, the whole having an appearance of great magnificence. There are also other fine public buildings—large manufactories of cotton bagging, a rope walk, cotton factories, &c. It is the head of steamboat navigation, and a place of much commercial enterprise, as well as show and gaiety. The private dwellings are very neat, many being built of the beautiful marble furnished by the banks of the river. Sea vessels are sometimes built here and floated to New Orleans.

We shall soon insert an engraving of the statehouse, kindly furnished by a lady of the place.

Lexington, long called the commercial capital, is one of the most ancient towns, and was for some time the political metropolis, and the most important town in the west. Transylvania University has fair claims to precedence among western collegiate institutions.—It has twelve professors and tutors and near 400 students. Its libraries number 15,000 volumes, and it has deservedly a very high standing. The United States Branch Bank has a large banking house, in which business is annually transacted to the amount of near \$2,000,000. Bale rope and cotton bagging are largely manufactured. Few towns in the west are more delightfully situated, and it wears an air of neatness and opulence. A rail-road, now nearly complete, connecting it with the Ohio River, will exert a very favorable influence on its prosperity. It is in the centre of a proverbially rich and beautiful country, in which the continual recurrence of handsome mansions, imparts the impression of vicinity to an opulent metropolis.—The inhabitants are cheerful, intelligent, conversable, and noted for their hospitality to strangers; the tone of society is fashionable, pleasant, and polished. When last there, we were delighted to find a reading room well supplied with London and American magazines and newspapers.

Louisville, at the Falls of Ohio, is a commercial point of view, is the most important town in the state. The main street, more than a mile in length, is as noble, as compact, and has as much the air of a maritime town as any street in the western country. It has a Branch of the United States Bank, Marine Hospital, and numerous public buildings. It is said to contain over 12,000 inhabitants, having doubled its population in the last ten years. The greatest fall of the Ohio is just below this city; round them is just finished the Louisville and Portland Canal, recently injured by having a lock blown up with gunpowder. It overcomes an ascent of 22 feet by five locks, is two miles in length and 40 feet in depth, part of which is cut in solid limestone. It is on a scale to admit steamboats of the largest size, and is supposed by some likely to injure the prosperity of the town, by taking away the important and lucrative business of factorage, drying goods round the falls, &c. But it has advantages which must always render it an important point. No one can have an idea of the bustle of its streets without seeing them. We have dined at a hotel there in company with four hundred strangers and boarders.

Maysville is the next town in commercial importance, being the principal place of importation for the north-east part of the state. Glass is manufactured here, and it has a number of other factories. It is a thriving, active town, and a place for the building of steamboats. Washington, three miles south, is a considerable village, as well as Paris, situated on a beautiful hill, and the capital of Bourbon county. Some of its houses have the appearance of magnificence. The scenery between this place and Lexington we shall always remember for its unsurpassed beauty. Georgetown is a neat brick town, in the centre of a rich tract, of which travellers always speak in high praise. Danville, Stamford, Somerset, Monticello, Versailles, Shelbyville, Augusta, Newport, Covington, &c., are thriving towns, of which we regret our limits restrict us to the mere mention. Cynthia, the county town of Harrison county, contains more than 100 houses and a number of respectable public buildings. It is on a wide and fertile bottom, in the midst of a rich, intelligent and populous settlement. There are a great number of water mills near the town, which carries on an extensive trade. We have been promised some further statistics of Harrison county, by an esteemed friend residing there.

Russellville, in Logan county, has 160 to 200 private buildings, and a college. Salt Licks abound near the town; we remember seeing a landlord there refuse to give fifty cents for a fresh saddle of venison, because it was too dear! Prices no doubt have altered since 1819. There are 50 or 60 more fine villages, which we cannot even enumerate in a newspaper article.

This state abounds in limestone caves. The great Mammoth Cave is said to have been penetrated fourteen miles, and it is something to tell, that we have been in it with a party six miles, submerged in darkness except the light afforded by lamps filled with lard; and overhead hung millions of bats, which, if disturbed, threatened to leave us without even our poor lights.—The famous Grotto of Antiparos sinks into insignificance in comparison. It and other caves supplied during the late war, 400,000 pounds of crude nitre, and probably as great an amount of gunpowder.

The people of Kentucky are scions from a noble stock, the descendants of affluent planters from North Carolina and Virginia. They have a distinct and striking physiognomy, an enthusiasm, vivacity and ardor of character, courage, frankness and generosity, which have been developed by their peculiar circumstances. They have a delightful frankness of hospitality, which renders a sojourn with them exceedingly pleasant to a stranger. Their bravery has been evinced in field and forest, from Louisiana to Canada. Wherever the Kentuckian travels, he ardently remembers his native hills and plains. He invokes the genius of his country in trouble, in danger and solitude; it is to him the home of plenty, beauty, greatness, and every thing that he desires or respects; this nationality never deserts him; no country will bear a comparison with his country, no people with his people. The English are said to go into battle with a song about roast beef in their mouths; when the Kentuckian encounters dangers of flood or field, his last exclamation is, "hurrah for old Kentucky."

Religion, in some form, is generally respected in this state; and there is scarcely a village, or settlement, that has not one or more favorite preachers. It would be difficult to say which is the predominant sect, that of baptists, methodists, or presbyterians. Notwithstanding the marked enthusiasm of the character of this people, notwithstanding they are much addicted to bitter political disputation, notwithstanding all the collisions from opposing parties and clans—as a state, the people have uniformly distinguished themselves for religious order, quiet and tolerance.

We find, on looking over our article, we have not said half of what we should wish to publish, but its length admonishes us not to extend our notice further, and with the acknowledgments to Mr. Flint's volumes, Darby's "View" &c., in addition to some personal observation, we here take leave for to-day, of a bright gem in our political constellation, to know the inhabitants of which, as it has been our good fortune to know many, is to esteem them, and to regret that so many miles should separate us from frequent interchanges of the right hand of good fellowship and feeling.

ORIGINAL.

REFLECTIONS.

Though scenes of purest pleasure bright,
Through which I've loved to stray;
And scenes of cheerful, gay delight,
Have flown from me away:
Though now neglected I am cast
Upon this world's wide sphere,
Whilst round me blows misfortune's blast,
With bitterness severe.

Though torn and lost, my path I tread
With fainting steps and slow;
With naught to stay the pang of dread,
Or sooth the pangs of woe:
Without a friend my steps to guide,
A friend to give relief;
Unnumbered woes my course betide,
But still "there's joy in grief."

There still remains a hopeful ray,
'Midst keenest sorrow here:
A charm to sooth my lonely way,
My lonely course to cheer:
The spell which pleasure once had spread
May glow as bright again;
And joys, that now, alas! seem fled,
May yet resume their reign.

Then let me not 'midst grief repine,
Nor yield to dark despair;
A brighter day may yet be mine,
And joy I yet may share.
My shattered hopes may I retrieve,
And gain some short relief;
It ne'er will do for me to grieve,
I'll triumph over grief.

ALBERTUS.

HINTS FOR WIVES.—Obedience is a very small part of conjugal duty, and, in most cases, easily performed. Much of the comfort of a married life depends upon the lady; a great deal more, perhaps, than she is aware of. She scarcely knows her own influence; how much she may do by persuasion—how much by sympathy—how much by unremitted kindness and little attentions. To acquire and retain such influence, she must, however, make her conjugal duties her first object. She must not think that any thing will do for her husband—that any wine is good enough for her husband—that it is not worth while to be agreeable when there is only her husband by—that she may close her piano, or lay aside her brush, for why should she play or paint merely to amuse her husband?—No—she must consider all these little arts of pleasing, chiefly valuable on his account—as means of perpetuating her attractions, and giving permanence to his affection.—She must remember that her duty consists not so much in great and solitary acts—in displays of the sublime virtues to which she will only be occasionally called; but in trifles—in a cheerful smile, or a minute attention naturally rendered, and proceeding from a heart full of kindness, and a temper full of amiability.

LITERARY.

Extracts from the new Memoirs of Hortense Beauharnais, Ex Queen of Holland and Duchess of St Leu, translated from French.

Josephine in Prison, Death of Robespierre.

Josephine, becoming in her turn an object of suspicion, was also confined. Up to this time she had scarcely bestowed a thought upon the fortune-teller of Martinique; but now, by a common inconsistency of human nature, the prediction recurred to her remembrance amid the gloom of a prison. Her mind became accustomed to dwell upon its promises, and she ended by a firm belief in its easy accomplishment.

One morning the jailor entered the cell, which she occupied in common with the Duchess of Aiguillon, (afterwards Madame Louis de Girardin), and two other ladies, and announced abruptly, that he came to remove her bed, which was wanted for another prisoner. "Of course," said Madame D'Aiguillon, with vivacity, "Madame de Beauharnais is to be provided with a better." The keeper answered savagely, "There will be little need of that, as she is to go at once to the Conciergerie, and thence to the guillotine." This cruel warning drew loud shrieks from her companions in misfortune, but Josephine attempted the task of consolation. At length she begged them earnestly to calm all their fears, as she was assured, not only of present safety, but of living and reigning the queen of France. "It is a pity you don't appoint your attendants," cried Madame D'Aiguillon, angrily. "Ah! that is very true—I had forgotten. Well, my dear, you shall be one of my ladies of honour: come—you have my promise." At these words her companions burst into tears; for they could account for the ill timed pleasantry only by supposing that she had lost her senses.

Madame D'Aiguillon was much overcome. Josephine led her towards a window, which she threw open to give her air. A woman of ordinary appearance was noticed below, who seemed to be making some extraordinary signals. She shook her dress (*robe*) violently, a gesture which at first was inexplicable. At length Josephine cried out "Robe," the woman nodded, and immediately seized a pebble (*pietre*) recommenced her gestures; Josephine again cried "Pierre," and the woman, apparently much gratified, again expressed assent. Then placing her gown and the pebble together, she represented the motion of cutting a throat, dancing and clapping her hands at the same time, with great glee. It would be impossible to describe the joy with which the captives ventured to hope that the death of Robespierre was thus announced to them.

While they were still divided between hope and fear, a disturbance in the gallery attracted their attention, and they presently distinguished the rough voice of their turnkey, who was kicking his dog and crying out, "Get along, you damned Robespierre!" This energetic expression assured our ladies that there was little to apprehend, and that France was saved. In fact, a short time afterwards, their companions in misfortune burst into the cell to communicate the

tidings of the great events of the 9th Thermidor. "Well," said Josephine, as her bed was returned, you see I am not destined to be guillotined, I shall certainly be queen of France."

Louis Bonaparte.

The newly married couple treated their union as the work of compulsion, and their little asperities, instead of being smoothed by gentle friction, were in constant collision. Louis had some romance in his disposition, but it was that kind of romance which leads its possessor rather to write a book than to enact the hero. The *Contract Social* of Rousseau was the favourite study of one, whose duty it became to assist in the overthrow of his country's liberties, and who was doomed one day to be a king. Louis was enthusiastically devoted to visions of universal peace, and yet fate had condemned him to be a soldier. He hated ceremony, and yet his life was spent in a court, and his motions were a perpetual pageant. Preferring retirement and speculative reflection, he was hurried along by the whirlwind of his brother's genius.

Hortense's personal appearance.

In her appearance, Hortense united the fine figure, noble mien and graceful manners of her mother, to the peculiar charms of the beauties of the Netherlands—their soft blue eyes—profusion of fair hair—and dazzling complexion. Her conversation displayed the elegance of a Frenchwoman, in the vivacity, sprightliness, and appropriate turn of her least expressions. During her residence at the Hague, that sober capital presented an appearance as gay as it was unexpected, in a constant succession of public balls and entertainments, at which the most distinguished youth contended for superiority in dress and accomplishments. The dancing of the queen was perfection, and she promoted this delightful amusement, with that true condescension, which produces in every mind the forgiveness, but never the forgetfulness of superior rank.

The Court of Holland, Louis as a King.

An outline of the court of Holland may not be inappropriate. M. D'Arjous held the post of grand chamberlain: Auguste Caulaincourt that of grand equerry. M. De Villeneuve was first chamberlain to the queen; his wife, the daughter of M. Guibert—a lady celebrated for her wit and her fine person—was *dame du palais*. M. de Saugras, chief master of the ceremonies, did the honours of the palace in an extremely agreeable manner.

M. de Girardin tells us, that a chamberlain introduced him into the cabinet of the king, who was dressed in the uniform of the guard, white, with crimson facings. "The pleasure of seeing him after a long absence, was diminished by my sorrow at observing his sallow complexion, an aspect of general languor, and the extreme difficulty he experienced in walking, and especially in standing. He looked so much like a man on whom death had set his seal, that I found it impossible to retain the feelings of sadness with which his appearance oppressed me. My emotion became so strong that it was noticed by his majesty, and drew from him several remarks, though I sincerely hope that he was unable to di-

vine the cause. It is impossible to know the king and not to love him: he is gifted with all the inestimable qualities that belong to an upright man. I was the bearer of two letters: one from the king of Naples and the other from his mother. He conversed with us a long time, and expressed great pleasure at seeing us again. I mentioned that a passage in his letter to the queen of Naples, had given rise to my journey.

'Be assured,' was his reply, 'that I shall use every exertion in my power to be useful to Joseph: whatever belongs to me is at his disposal. I am already endeavoring to raise money, though it will be a difficult business; for this country would never lend, even to Napoleon. However, I do not despair, and shall do my best.' All this was said in that open, frank manner, which no dissimulation, however practised, can pretend to imitate. 'Your majesty,' said I, 'has just opened a loan, which, I understand, is filling up rapidly. It is a splendid reward of your exertions, and the most flattering testimony of the popularity of your administration. Posterity will ever remember with gratitude, your constant opposition to a national bankruptcy.' 'I take the more credit to myself,' said the king, 'for this opposition, because the measure was particularly pressed upon me by the emperor. I found it impossible to persuade him, that in declaring bankruptcy, I declared the destruction of Holland. All its capital would have immediately sought refuge in England, where much of it is collected already. The force of circumstances has set on foot a contraband trade, which I find it impracticable to suppress.

This nation is so industrious, that with a population of not more than eighteen hundred thousand souls, it pays one hundred and ten millions. Its debt is sixty millions, and there is scarcely enough remaining for state expenses. There is not a French soldier in the kingdom, yet I am obliged to supply a corps of twenty thousand Dutch troops for the grand army. Peace! peace! that must be the grand object of conquest. This hard work ruins my health, Girardin; you must find me very much changed. I can scarcely write: I walk with great difficulty.'—He was continually rubbing his legs and hands during the whole interview.—'The climate of this country is killing me. Its humidity is very unwholesome for my constitution. I am sorry for it: it is the country of good faith. There is no need here of superintending the administration: a man, on receiving an appointment, swears that he will fulfil its duties to the best of his ability, and keeps his word. Their customhouse oaths are never examined, and are never false. It is a nation of true republicans, but deeply tinged with party spirit: this prevents them from forming a proper estimate of each other. . . . I require a hot climate, and the baths of the south of France.'

"On taking leave of his majesty, we were informed by M. Boucheberone, prefect of the palace, that the king desired us to lodge in no other house than his own, and that we were to reside in the palace: this intelligence was afterwards confirmed by M. de Saugras. Just as we were about sitting down to table, we were invited to dine with the queen. The company

consisted of an *aid-de-camp* of Jerome, Madame de Bouber, and the little Prince Louis.

"The queen was agreeable and amiable as ever. I delivered her the letters from the empress and the queen. 'I always like to receive letters,' said she, 'and to be remembered. My friends would be ungrateful if they forgot me, for I never forget any one. My brother Joseph ought certainly to be pleased with me; for, while I was at Mayence, I wrote to him frequently, and sent him a great quantity of trifling news, which absence alone renders of the least consequence.'

"After dinner, we went into the queen's drawing room. Her apartments are furnished with great simplicity. Nothing could be more gracious than our reception, and on leaving her, she invited us to prolong our visit to this country, and to pay our respects to her every evening. Before going to bed, we made a round of visits to all the ministers, and returned to hotel at ten o'clock at night, heartily tired. All the French about the king's person are loud in their complaints of the climate: Caulaincourt, whose health is indifferent, is quite unable to stand its effects.

"Next day, the king received us in his cabinet. He was in the midst of a circle of the great civil and military officers. He quitted his place for the purpose of addressing a few words in an obliging manner to the different members of the diplomatic corps, and the various individuals who had the honour of being admitted to the audience.

"The court presents an extremely brilliant spectacle. The dresses of the public ministers and the civil functionaries are superbly embroidered: it seems as if they intended to make up for the long prohibition of embroidery in this country. The great officers of state wear a green dress, laced with gold: the pattern of the trimming is the same as that of the imperial household. The chamberlains are dressed in red and gold: the equestrian and prefect in blue and gold. The diplomatic costume of Holland is remarkably rich and elegant: it is a shade of very light blue, with silver lace. The decoration of the Order of Holland has been very extensively distributed: there are three classes—knight, commanders, and grand crosses. This sort of distinction has become quite an object of ambition, in a country where it was previously wholly unknown. Wherever men are united in society, vanity, adroitly flattered, is one of the most potent instruments of the sway of the ruler.

"The king generally rides with a single pair of horses to his carriage: it is only on very rare occasions that he uses a coach and six. Whenever he goes out, the equestrian on duty mounts his horse, and takes his place near the door."

Promises was the ready money that was first coined and made current by the law of nature, to support that society and commerce that was necessary for the comfort, and security of mankind.—*Lord Clarendon.*

As it is barbarous in others to rally a man for natural defects, it is extremely agreeable when he can jest upon himself for them.

Written for the Casket.

ESSAY.

IS POVERTY FAVORABLE TO GENIUS?

What is genius? It is an intellectual thirsting for knowledge; it is the unfolding of a mind of deep and intense thought, gained by application, and concentrated by close and unremitting communion with itself. It is not the meteoric flash, that brightens, illumines, and disappears, while the plaudits of an admiring multitude are sounding long and loud: It is the rising sun, whose splendors we can scarcely trace, in the faint beams of morning twilight, but whose progress onward and upwards, can only reveal its living beauties. For genius such as we have described—its home is no chosen spot; it will flourish beside the Alpine flower; it will breathe in the atmosphere of despotism; its hallowed influence is felt on the heights of Parnassus, and on the sunny soil of the tropics;—but we think the absence of luxury, and many of those comforts which gladden the path of life, instead of extinguishing the fires of genius, tend rather to make them glow with more fervent heat.

In the web of life, the mind and body are strangely and intimately interwoven with each other, and a reciprocal influence is constantly exerted. The system acts upon the mind, and the mind upon the system. If such be the fact, and such we see it, the influence of luxury in enervating the human frame, does not rest upon matter alone; it is felt in its breadth and extent, upon the intellectual part of our being. Luxury gratifies every appetite; but gratification only awakens and creates others, which in their turn crave to be satisfied, until the constitution at length is undermined by excess, and its vigor and strength are sapped at their foundations.—Riches bring a plenitude of pleasures, which riches alone can purchase; pleasures touching the passions and kindling the imagination. The mind becomes fascinated and excited; but it is a thrilling excitement, playing upon the feelings, without producing in the end the charms of rational enjoyment. Objects, new and novel, are continually presented to the senses, dividing the attention by their beauty and variety;—no restraints are placed to repress the ardor of youthful feeling; the gush of opening passion, until the vigor of thought and strength of the understanding are wasted away, upon vain and frivolous objects, and the activity sinks into sluggish indifference—though young in years, the beautiful fabric of the mind will become the dwelling of wayward fancies and unhallowed thoughts, incapacitated for those high intellectual delights which need perseverance to attain, and discipline to appreciate.

Place that mind early amid discouragements and danger; separate it from worldly comforts; compass it with adversity. There lie coiled in the human heart, energies which need a powerful stimulus to draw them forth; energies which become better fitted for action, the more they are called into exercise—let these energies be once awaked by genius; in the sphere where this mind is placed, it will find no illusive delights, no flattering charms to attract and draw it away, and thus all its hopes and aspirations will be tend-

ing to one single point. We are told, if one or some of the senses be wanting, all those slight suggestions which we re unnoticed, when all the organs were in beautiful play, have then a character and reality; even so when other sources of emolument and enjoy-ment be denied us, our energies are directed to one with tenfold earnestness. Obstacles will oppose the progress of knowledge; but, instead of discouraging, they nerve the spirit to greater diligence—it matters not how great they may be, for an ardent aspiring mind; they call for perseverance, for intenser application, and these become that discipline which will tune it for knowledge, as the harp is tuned to receive the rising breeze.

What is common is lightly estimated; advantages within our grasp, or which seem ours by right, are too often perverted and misimproved, but when effort *must* be used to attain them, far greater is the value with which they are appreciated; they bring with them a responsibility that such privileges *must* not pass unimproved; and if attainments *are* to be made, the time will admit *no* delay, no procrastination; and such a consciousness as *this* will kindle life, and energy, and action. The price of labor in the moral, as well as the physical world, is never given to indolence; and though the vast spires of science and wisdom lay out in rich profusion, unwearied perseverance will alone render them ours.

That mind will arrive to maturity, vitiated by no excesses, debased by no indulged appetites, which are too frequent, though not necessarily the concomitants of wealth, and which arise from the unlimited gratification of those social feelings and love of pleasure, that are innate in our constitution: but that person will arrive to maturity, with an understanding invigorated, passion subdued, and an intellect "mating with the pure essences of heaven."

There is something like majesty in a mind, overcoming the obstacles of circumstances and situation in search of truth and wisdom, and knowledge; they are bright examples of human capacity, worthy of admiration and worthy of imitation.

HELEN C. CROSS.

A DRUNKARD'S THIRST.

It is a remark of Bishop Tillotson, that no man is born with a swearing constitution. It may be added that no man is born with a thirsty constitution; or a constitution requiring the use of intoxicating liquors. There is nothing constitutional about it. It is the result of habit. The more the tippler drinks, the more he thirsts. And after he has become a habitual drinker, so that he cannot do without it, where can language be found to describe his thirst? We have seen men under its influence, who love rum better than their wives or children—better than reputation or life—better than earthly happiness or the joys of Heaven. Those who are temperate have no conception of it. It is intolerable, insupportable, beyond the powers of description.

Before its withering influence every social affection droops and dies. Before its scorching, its burning presence, innocence, health, happiness, prosperity, decency, honor, reputation, and every virtue which ennobles and elevates man, is prostrated in the dust.

CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

Eli Moore, Esq. delivered an admirable oration at New York, on the 22d of February last, in which he happily introduced the following description of the Crossing the Delaware by Washington and his troops. We have on sale at this office, a large and elegant engraving of the scene, forming a suitable ornament for the parlor. We refer our readers to the advertisement.

"In no one instance, perhaps, was Washington's influence with the army so strikingly exemplified, as in his attack on the enemy at Trenton.—O'er and o'er have I listened with intense anxiety, in the days of my boyhood, whilst my now departed sire, who fought and bled on that proud field, recited with thrilling interest all that related to the enterprise. It was on a December night (would he say) when our little heart-broken army halted on the banks of the Delaware.—That night was dark—cheerless—tempestuous—and bore a strong resemblance to our country's fortunes! It seemed as if Heaven and Earth conspired for our destruction. The clouds lowered—darkness and the storm came on apace.—The snow and the hail descended, beating with unmitigated violence upon the superfluous, half-clad, shivering soldier—and in the roaring of the flood and the wailings of the storm, was heard, by fancy's ear, the knell of our hopes and the dirge of liberty! The impetuous river was filled with floating ice—an attempt to cross it at that time, and under such circumstances, seemed a desperate enterprise—yet it was undertaken, and thanks be to God and Washington, was successfully accomplished.

"From where we landed, on the Jersey shore, to Trenton was about nine miles, and on the whole line of march there was scarcely a word uttered, save by the officers when giving some order. We were well nigh exhausted, said he—many of us frost bitten—and the majority of us so badly shod that the blood gushed from our frozen and lacerated feet at every tread—yet we unbraided not, complained not—but marched steadily and firmly, though mournfully onward, resolved to persevere to the uttermost;—not for our country—our country, alas! we had given up for lost. *Not for ourselves*—life for us no longer wore a charm—but because *such was the will of our beloved Chief*—'twas for Washington alone, we were willing to make the sacrifice.—When we arrived within sight of the enemy's encampments, we were ordered to form a line, when Washington reviewed us. Pale and emaciated—dispirited and exhausted—we presented a most unwelcome and melancholy aspect. The paternal eye of our chief was quick to discover the extent of our sufferings, and acknowledge them with his tears: but suddenly checking his emotions, he reminded us that our country and all that we held dear was staked upon the coming battle. As he spoke we began to gather ourselves up and rally our energies; every man grasped his arms more firmly—and the clenched hand—and the compressed lip—and the steadfast look—and the knit brow,—told the soul's resolve. Washington observed us well; then did he exhort us with all the fervor of his soul, 'On yonder field to conquer, or die the death of the brave.'

"At that instant the glorious sun, as if in pro-

phetic token of our success, burst forth in all his splendour, bathing in liquid light the blue hills of Jersey. The faces which but a few moments before were blanched with despair, glowed with martial fire and animation. Our chief with exultation hailed the scene; then casting his doubts to the winds, and calling on the "God of battle" and his faithful soldiers, led on the charge. The conflict was fierce and bloody. For more than twenty minutes not a gun was fired—the sabre and the bayonet did the work of destruction; it was a hurricane of fire, and steel, and death. There did we stand, (would he say) there did we stand, 'foot to foot, and hilt to hilt,' with the serried foe! and where we stood we die or conquered. Such was that terrific scene.

"The result of that action, gentleman, is known to you all—as is also its bearings upon the fortunes of America. Had defeat attended our arms at this trying crisis, our cause was lost, forever lost—and freedom had found a grave on the plains of Trenton! But the wisdom and prudence of Washington secured us the victory—and consequently our liberty.

"How great our obligation then, and how much it behoves us at this time, to show our gratitude by erecting to his memory a monument, that shall tell to after ages, not only that Washington was great, but that *we were grateful!* Let it no longer be delayed. To pause is to invite defeat—to persevere, to insure success."

The word **FAST** is as great a contradiction as we have in the language. The Delaware was **FAST**, because the ice was immovable; and the ice disappeared very **FAST**, for the contrary reason—it was loose. A clock is called **FAST**, when it goes quicker than time; but a man is told to stand **FAST**, when he is desired to remain stationary. People **FAST** when they have nothing to eat, and eat **FAST**, consequently, when opportunity offers. The precept "make haste slowly," involves a kind of contradiction; but we suppose that it means if you wish to go fast, in an uncertain path, take **FAST** hold of every assistance.

THE FAMOUS SAYINGS OF JEMSHREED.—The first was: God has no partner in his wisdom; doubt not, therefore, though thou understandest not. The 2d: Greatness followeth no man, but goeth before him; and he that is assiduous shall overtake fortune. The 3d was written: Hope is always as much better than fear, as courage is superior to cowardice. The 4th was: Seek not so much to know thy enemies as friends; for where one man has fallen by foes, a hundred have been ruined by acquaintance. The 5th: he that telleth thee that thou art always wrong may be deceived; but he that saith that thou art always right, is surely a liar. The 6th: Justice came from God's wisdom, but mercy from his love; therefore, as thou hast not wisdom, be pitiful to merit his affection. The 7th: Man is mixed of virtues and of vices; love his virtues in others, but abhor his vices in thyself. The 8th: Seek not for faults, but seek diligently for beauties; for the thorns are easily found after the roses are faded.—*James's String of Pearls.*

DEATH PREFERABLE TO LIFE.

I could not live always, away from my home.—How many pleasing associations, and tender recollections, are awakened by the mention of home. Around what place do the affections linger with such strong attachment, or what spot looks bright and happy, when the rest of the world appears dark and cheerless, but that characterized by the expressive word home! Where do the skies wear a peculiar brightness, and Nature present peculiar cheerfulness, and loveliness but at home?

Home is a place of *Friendship*. There the youthful affections are first called into exercise, and the kindness with which they are reciprocated, awakens attachments that will long be cherished and perpetuated.

It is a place of *security*. Living in friendship, the inmates of home are secure from the mutual attacks of slander and misrepresentation. It is secure from that false invective, which embitters so much of the intercourse with a censorious and misjudging world.

It is a place of *confidence*. Bound together by common interests, and secure of each other's friendship, among the inmates of home, what room can there be for distrust.

It is a place of *peace*. Where affection presides, peace is her certain attendant, and will make home.

The place of *happiness*. That place cannot be miserable where friendship, security, confidence and peace are found to dwell.

The mention of home will awaken the recollection of the honored father, who counselled and supported; of the kind mother, who consoled and cherished; and of the society and sweet converse of brothers and sisters.

But Heaven is the Christian's home. Here, he is a stranger and a sojourner; but he is travelling to a city which hath foundations, the abode of friendship and peace. *Divine love* is the sacred principle that animates all hearts in the regions of bliss, from the "rapt seraph" to him who has "washed his robes in the blood of the Lamb."—It unites the inhabitants of Heaven in an indissoluble band of harmony, and attaches them to God himself.

Security is also there. Security from the influence of unholy affections. Into heaven sinful passions, which here make the human bosom the abode of wretchedness, can never intrude. There will be security from the temptations and hostility of wicked men, and from the enmity and malice of the great spiritual foe. With the Prince of Peace, *peace* shall ever reign, and from the right hand of God shall flow the river of his *pleasures* for ever more.

I could not live always separated from my pious friends, in whose sacred society, and holy friendship, I found such delight and profit, but who have preceded me in their entrance into glory. For in Heaven the pious friendship of this world shall be renewed and perpetuated.

In heaven will be enjoyed the society of the pious and holy of all ages—of Adam, the first and great father of the human family; of Noah, the progenitor of a new world; of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people, and the father of the faithful of all nations; of Moses, who talked

with God, face to face; of David, the sweet singer of Israel; of a host of prophets and apostles, of whom were we to speak, time would fail us; of Paul, who labored in the cause of his master, more abundantly than all others, and who now wears a richer crown; of those holy martyrs of the primitive church; of that multitude of Christian worthies, of whom the world was not worthy; of the heroic reformers from the corruptions of popery, who counted not their lives dear to themselves; of the devoted modern missionaries, of the cross, who have given an example of apostolic zeal and heroism; of Brainard, the early apostle to the neglected and abused aborigines of this country; and of Marlyn and Heber, names which will long be embalmed in the endeared recollection of Christians. And could the Heavens be spread, and our faith lost in sight, we should see them clothed in robes of light, and hear them, with hearts of love, and tongues of fire, singing hallelujah, hallelujah to the Lamb!

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

All preach humility, none practice it. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servants; the worldings for the clergy; and the clergy for their congregations.

The difference between happiness and wisdom is, that the man who thinks himself most happy is so, while he who believes himself most wise is generally the very reverse.

Reproach not thy wife with bitterness, if she give sustenance to thy son, lest he should swallow with her milk the tears of his mother.

Death opens the door to fame, and closes it to envy; it breaks the chain of the captive, and places the destiny of the slave in the hands of a new master.

There is nothing farther or nearer, more hidden or revealed, than God.

An army understands better the idea of glory, than of liberty.

Happiness is a plant, which only flourishes in the temperate zone of the passions.

Military government unites in itself all the vices of despotism and all the dangers of anarchy.

POMPOUS LANGUAGE.—A person who kept a ferry on the Potomac river, was fond of pompous language; and in common discourse used it to such degree that few people could understand the meaning. A gentleman inquiring his father's health, he answered as follows:—

"Sir, the intense frigidity of the circumambient atmosphere has so congealed the pellicid aqueous fluid, of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reductive, I was constrained to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the palatine province of Maryland, for the medical, chemical, and galenical coadjutancy and co-operation of a distinguished sensitive son of Esculapius, until the peccot deleterious matter of the athritis had pervaded the craneum, into which it had ascended and penetrated from the inferior pedestral major digit of my parental relative in consanguinity, whereby his morbosity was magnified so exorbitantly an absolute extinguishment of vivification."

Written for the Casket.
A SONG OF MAY.

Respectfully inscribed to my friend —. —. —.

The Spring is here! and round her way
The gifts of earth profusely lie,
Beneath the universal ray,
That glitters through the boundless sky;
Gay multitudes of living things
Are sporting round the joyous woods;
And every nodding blossom flings
Its fragrance o'er the fields and floods.

A soft and sunny radiance falls
Upon the woodland's early green;
A voice of heavenly music calls,
And saith to Man—"Behold the scene!"
"Behold! and let thy heart be mov'd
With thoughts of kindling gratitude,
While objects, beauteous and belov'd
Surround thee thus, with life imbued!"

The Spring is here!—the vault on high,
That rears its endless waste of blue,
Beyond the reach of human eye,—
Saith, as it smiles,—the year is new!
And, as they bask them in the stream
Of light descending from above,
The birds, like seraphs in a dream,
Pour on the ear their hymns of love.

Those simple notes!—a power they have
Which bears my spirit back to youth,
When Hope her thousand pictures gave,
And every one seem'd clothed in truth:
When gladness murmured in the wave,
And all the young leaves seem'd to play,
As if the melancholy grave
Could take no earthly friend away.

The Spring is here,—but oh,—no more
The glorious thoughts she used to bring;
The cheering hopes that rose, to soar
As on the exulting Eagle's wing;
The fearless spirit's mounting fire,—
The bosom warm—the open brow—
The slumber light,—the warm desire—
Alas, my heart—they are not now!

Ay, like the honors of the year,
When Autumn-tempests vex the air,
And on their pinions, wan and ere
The leaves are rustling here and there—
Oh thus, the transports of the past,
Upon the blasts of Destiny,
Faded, and cold, and dead, were cast,
To bloom on earth, no more for me!

The Spring is here! and round my path,
I see the young and happy play,
And then my heart a Sabbath bath,
To mark their vernal holiday:
I love to read the eye of light,—
The laughing brow—the cheek of rose—
They bring me back the visions bright
That lulled my childhood to repose.

And thus, with strength renew'd, the heart
Its bitter lesson still can learn,

That when our early days depart,
Naught but their memory can return:
Though each revolving year can bring
Bright May, with all her smiling train,
Yet man hath but one golden spring—
One May—that never comes again!

May, 1833.

MORDAUNT.

[We copy the following from the Portland Daily Advertiser, though from its position in the paper, we conclude it is not original there.]

"WESTERN WOMEN.—I saw there a couple of splendid western beauties. The south produces elegant women, and the valley of the Mississippi splendid ones. There is an originality—a raciness—among the women of the west, which is eminently attractive. They touch the confines of civilization and barbarism with such a daring grace, that the precise petits maîtres of the Atlantic are thunder-struck or turned into gaping statues at their fascinating wildness and enchanting audacity. A western or southern belle fresh from the woods, is a sealed book to an Atlantic dandy. He cannot understand her; he has not the key; she is beyond his vision. To know them properly; to estimate them accurately, we must have been lost on the Alleghanies; shipwrecked in a foreign coast, drank sherbet with the Turk; tasted the river Jordan, or been killed and eaten by pirates. It is quite distressing to see the Atlantic belles pick their way through a crowded drawing room. They sometimes stand on the outward edge of the crowd, and look despairingly to a friend at the other end of the room, as one would look upon the spires of Cincinnati from the binnacles of the Alleghanies, or a traveller look across the Arabian deserts. A western belle dashes through the crowd as she would through the river mounted on horseback. Nothing impedes her. She makes manners, and controls the rulers of society as she marches through it—throwing dandies aside as a ship does the billows—The southern fine lady glides like a sylph; full of feeling, and passion which give edge to her conversation and fire to her eyes."

CIRCASSIAN FEMALES.—MARKET OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Circassians and Georgians who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their mercenary parents for the merchants. If born Mahometan, they remain so; if born christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eye, painted in glowing colours, and so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anana, or Poti, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness as a parlour boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where, in the hours of business—between nine and twelve—they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such delicate ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty before hundreds of eyes. Of course the merchant give his warranty, on which, and the proceeding data, the bargain is closed. The common price of a tolerable looking maid is about 100*l*. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by the Kislar Aga. A coarser article (!) from Nubia and Abyssinia, is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white toothed, plump cheeked; merry eyed set I seldom witnessed, with a smile and a gibe for every one; and often an audible 'Buy me.' They are sold easily and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inscription suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare footed, and bare headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her in a Turke, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about 2*l* 6*s*.—*Slade*

From the Saturday Evening Post.

One Hundred Chinese Precepts of Health.

These wise and excellent maxims, are extracted from *Chang-seng*, (meaning the Art of Health) a Chinese book, written about seven hundred years ago, by Ping-lo, a celebrated Chinese physician. This book was translated by the Jesuit missionaries, as one of the best medical books of China, available any where; but their translation is copious and desultory: the following precepts extracted from it, are, in fact, a kind of analysis of the whole, containing the pith of it, and whatever may be generally useful. It is stated as a further recommendation, that the author had been spoiled by his parents, who had ruined his constitution by improper indulgence, and was not expected to live long, yet by applying himself to the art of health, becoming a physician, with due care and attention to these precepts, he lived to a very old age.

The book and these maxims are divided into three parts: 1st, Diet; 2d, Actions; 3d, Affections; forming as many subjects.

PART I. OF DIET.

1. Let hunger regulate your food, and never eat too much at once. Excessive eating tires the stomach, and produces many diseases.
2. Never think of drinking unless you are dry, and then merely quench your thirst; too much drink spoils the blood and may cause drowsy.
3. Rise early and take some food as soon as you are out of bed, a cracker, a cake, a little rice, or sugar.
4. Take an early breakfast, and do not go out of doors fasting, particularly when the air is hot or foul.
5. Let your breakfast be moderate, do not overload your stomach with meats in the morning.
6. Make a hearty meal about noon, and upon plain wholesome food, neither too salt, nor pungent, nor sour.
7. Avoid salted meat or fish, and any other salted food; they injure the blood, the heart and lungs; besides, causing unnatural thirst and need of too much liquids.
8. Beware of pungent food; it burns the palate, the stomach and bowels.
9. Sour food is very improper, it produces crudities, acidity, cholics, and indigestion.
10. Eat only hot meat; when cold, it is of heavy digestion, producing crudities and gripings.
11. Fat meat is bad even when hot, but when cold it is worse still, very heavy, and it spoils the blood.
12. Eat slowly and chew your meat very well. To eat in a hurry is to eat like a wolf or a dog.
13. Do seldom gratify your appetite to its full extent, else you may overload your stomach and impair its functions by degrees.
14. Eat no meat of hard digestion; avoid above all, those that are half raw, or not well cooked.
15. Avoid always also, very fat meat, or such drest with much pepper and spices.
16. Take care that your meat be tender and well done; if it be hard and tough it cannot be easily chewed nor digested, and is of little profit to the body.

17. Regulate your food by your inclination, and the quantity by your way of life and strength.

18. Let rice be your staple food, it is healthy and nourishing, easily digested and friendly to the bowels.

19. Fish is less nourishing than meat or rice; but it is not unhealthy, and very easy to digest.

20. Let the rice, flesh, fish, roots and herbs, that may form your food, be always thoroughly done, and thus made quite tender. Every tender food is friendly to the stomach.

21. Cook every thing slow. Stewed food is the best, boiled the next; roasted food is not so good; the worst is food fried in fat.

22. Sup betimes and sparingly. Three meals in the day are enough; but in the middle of summer four are allowable.

23. Transgress but seldom your usual habits, but never at supper, when temperance is most needful.

24. Do not sleep before two hours after your meals and supper. Sleep retards the digestion of food.

25. Begin your meals with fluids, soups or tea, to moisten the throat and stomach.

26. Soups are very friendly to health. Broths afford as much nourishment as meat. They are indispensable in debilities, sickness and convalescence.

27. Close your meals with some water or tea, to wash your mouth and teeth; and to settle your stomach.

28. Do not use too much tea or liquids, the stomach must not be drenched with fluids.

29. Use wine with moderation, it refreshes and revives the whole body. By it we vivify the blood.

30. But do not drink much wine; in excess it produces fermentations and obstructions or inflames the blood.

PART II. OF ACTIONS.

31. Do not labor beyond your strength.

32. Do not despise trifles; many inconveniences arise from trifles; attend therefore carefully to every thing.

33. In general, our life depends on the regular motions of our mental and vital functions.

34. Avoid intense and constant application of the mind, because it impairs all our functions.

35. Avoid all immoderate use of sensual pleasures, which enervate the body.

36. Whatever puzzles and tires the mind, impairs the body; avoid, therefore, deep researches beyond your capacity.

37. Whenever your mind feels heavy and dull, take a walk or ramble in a garden.

38. But never walk too long at one time, because it tires the muscles and exhausts the nerves.

39. Whenever your body feels heavy and exhausted, take a warm bath: it will restore your strength.

40. Avoid spitting and hawking, it is tiresome and injurious to health.

41. Swallow your saliva, it is required to moisten the throat, and help the functions of the stomach.

42. Neither stand nor sit too long, it hurts the bones and flesh. Vary often your motions.

43. Do not lie down too long, the blood becomes stagnant by it, and may lose its fluidity.

44. Keep cool in summer and warm in winter; but do not keep yourself cold in summer, nor too hot in winter.

45. Avoid wind and draft of air; many diseases are caused by cold winds or blasts of air.

46. Avoid it above all when you are in a perspiration, or coming out of a hot bath, lest your pores be suddenly closed.

47. Do not pull off your clothes when heated, unless you are in a warm place.

48. In damp weather, even in summer, it is well to light a fire in our rooms to dry the air.

49. Do not expose yourself needlessly to fogs, dampness, rain and storms.

50. If ever you get wet, change your clothes speedily; to keep them on may produce pains and rheumatism.

51. Burn common oil rather than train oil; the vapor of this last is pernicious to the eyes and lungs.

52. Avoid smoke and snow; both are injurious to the eyes. Avoid dust also, which injures the lungs as well as the eyes.

53. Wash your mouth and clean your teeth before going to bed. Rub, besides, the soles of your feet with your hands; it makes you sleep well and easy.

54. Do not busy yourself with any thing striking before going to bed, else your sleep will be broken by bad dreams.

55. Drive off all thoughts as soon as in bed, to prevent uneasiness and promote sleep.

56. Lie down on either side, but never on the back, nor with the hands on the breast.

57. Whenever you awake in your sleep stretch yourself.

58. Sleep not in the air, nor in the dew, nor upon cold stones, nor in damp beds, nor exposed to the sun: else you may injure your health.

59. On arising stretch your limbs, and rub well your breast with your hands.

60. Wash your face as soon as risen, and shut your eyes whilst you wash it.

61. Exercise is always needful, but above all, in the spring, when the blood must be put in motion, having been stagnant by the sedentary life of winter.

62. Do not leave off your winter clothing too soon, nor at the first fair days, lest sudden cold weather should return.

63. We must adapt our clothing to the season, wear wool in winter and cotton in summer. Silk may be worn at all times, but we must increase it in winter.

64. Furs may be dispensed with, or only used in very cold places; but heavy furs and hot fires must be avoided at all times.

65. Keep your head and feet warm, even in summer, and wear boots and caps in winter.

66. Above all, keep your loins warm, and girdle them with a sash even in summer.

67. In summer we evaporate in water and sweat, and must therefore drink more water and fluids.

68. In winter we may rise later than in summer, but in summer we may take an afternoon nap.

69. We need not stir out in winter except in

case of need, and must wear cloaks to keep us warm.

70. If your feet get cold in travelling in winter, bathe and chaff them in tepid water.

71. In travelling do not drink foul or chilly water.

72. Use pills of comfrey and ginseng in travelling, if you require strength and fortitude.

73. Do not pamper and spoil your children with excessive food, caresses or indulgence, if you value their health and welfare.

74. Form your habits according to your inclination and situation in life, but avoid all baneful habits.

PART III. AFFECTIONS.

75. Practice virtue, moderation and equity in every station and on all occasions. This will make your mind easy and content.

76. Obey your parents and the magistrates, you shall thereby be happy and avoid troubles.

77. Make your virtue and prudence beneficial to others besides yourself; that happiness may surround you.

78. Reflect often on your actions, and dwell only on those commendable. Forget those painful to remember.

79. Forbear from whatever may be prejudicial to yourself or others.

80. Keep your heart in peace and your face will ever be bright and joyful.

81. Avoid anger, sorrow, grief, envy, hatred, and disputes, which spoil the peace of mind.

82. Bear disappointments with serenity and forget them as soon as you can.

83. Do not allow vexation and pain of mind to prey on you; they are very injurious to bodily health.

84. Anger and grief cause disorders of the blood, liver, lungs and stomach, ending in indigestion, obstructions and inflammations.

85. Reflect often on the happiness of your condition; he is happy who knows his own happiness!

86. Think how many are worse than yourself and be comforted. Think of the sailors, soldiers, indigent, bedridden, prisoners, and other unfortunates, whenever you dream yourself unhappy.

87. Let no trifles disturb your serenity, prosperity, and placid mind.

88. Bear your crosses and the clouds of life with patience; it will enhance the value of your quiet life.

89. Set bounds to your desires, else you will always be wretched, or live in anxiety and trouble.

90. If you rise in life, think of what you have instead of what you have not. If you fall, say what is left is sufficient, and make it so.

91. When you enjoy a good state of health, know the value of it and study to preserve it.

92. If miseries and infirmities assail you, reflect that you might have been still worse.

93. If you are born or become lame, deaf or blind, think of the worse fate of the cripple, palsied, the dying or dead.

94. Attend to the state of your mind with as much care as the body; both influence each other.

95. Feed your mind with knowledge and wisdom; they are as needful to it as good food to the body.

96. Acquire a cheerful temper; it is the brother of health.

97. The greatest banes of health are intemperance and sensuality; avoid them by all means.

98. In youth, lay the foundation of a good constitution by care and moderation in all things.

99. At fifty, prepare for old age, and increase in moderation, prudence and wisdom.

100. In old age be always prudent and wise; reflect on your past health and happiness, and try to preserve them unimpaired as long as you can.

Written for the Casket.

TO CHARLOTTE—THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECT.

By J. N. McJilton.

When Moses on mount Nebo stood,
And gaz'd upon the promis'd land,
Divided only by the flood
Of Jordan, from the pilgrim band—

He saw the hills of Judah rise,
And saw the their tops in living light;
That poured like glory from the skies,
In golden volumes, pure and bright.

The prophet view'd the blest abode,
The home of Israel's tired race;
A land of refuge rear'd by God,
For Abram's seed a resting place.

Engeddi's pleasant fields he saw,
And gaz'd until his eye grew dim;
He knew, in heaven's holy law,
That home was not prepar'd for him.

Two hallow'd homes, the high seer view'd,
One on the earth for Israel blest;
While o'er another Jordan* stood,
The Canaan of eternal rest.

For far beyond the dark dream's wave,
Mount Zion's towers he saw arise;
While deathless spirits sought to lave
Their forms amid the flaming skies.

He by prophetic light survey'd,
The glories of his future home;
And while upon the mount he stayed,
He read the record of his doom.

The Jordan stream that roll'd ahead,
The Hebrew host prepar'd to meet;
In heaven's unerring book he read,
Should never wet his hallow'd feet.

The aged seer, the heav'nly theme
Acknowledged, and resign'd his breath;
'Twas done! the only Jordan stream,
O'er which the prophet pass'd, was death.

The patriarch's face in brightness shone,
While kneeling by his maker's side;
He rais'd his eyes up to his throne,
And gazing on his glory—died.

Who would not climb a Nebo too?
And from its summit tow'ring high,
The promis'd land, like Moses, view—
Like Moses, on that Nebo die.

* The Jordan of death.—*Bible.*

What though, o'er earthly Jordan's tide,
He saw a land of greenest bloom;
And fields of perfume, spreading wide,
And knew that *there* was not his home.

By faith, a treasure richer far,
He claim'd o'er heav'n's unmeasur'd height;
And died to meet the glory there,
Of heaven's uncreated light.

Who would not leave the world behind,
And seek a Jordan and a grave;
Plunge fearless in the flood to find,
A land of rest beyond its wave?

ORIGINAL.

JACKSON'S ADDRESS

To his army before the Battle of New Orleans.

By THE REV. LEANDER KERR.

Stand, my heroes, bravely stand!
Firm unite in heart and hand,
Now our lov'd, our native land,
Calls her chivalry.

Wo to him who'd be a slave!
Death to him who'd be a knave!
Nerve each arm, my gallants brave,
To strike for liberty.

See the troops of Wellington!
Like a war-cloud rolling on,
They for pillage hither come,
And with them slavery.

Hear ye not the war-drum's sound,
Roll its echoes round and round?
Gallants, stand! or 'twill be found
The knell of liberty.

See yon red cross waving high!
Streaming on the morning sky!
It proclaims the foe-man nigh—
Proud England's chivalry.

But our banner floats as proud,
Freedom's band around it crowd,
Guard it safe, or be your shroud
The flag of liberty.

Look behind you, what is there?
Mothers chaste, and virgins fair!
Will you leave them to despair—
To woe and infamy?

Vengeance hurl upon the foe!
Deal them death in ev'ry blow!
Is it fame we fight for? No—
Our homes and liberty.

VOCAL MACHINERY OF BIRDS.—It is difficult to account for so small a creature as a bird making a tone as loud as some animals a thousand times its size; but a recent discovery has shown that, in birds, the lungs have several openings communicating with corresponding airbags or cells, which fill the whole cavity of the body, from the neck downwards, and into which the air passes and re-passes in the progress of breathing. This is not all—the very bones are hollow, from which air pipes are conveyed to the most solid parts of the body, even into the quills and feathers. The air being rarified by the heat of their body, adds to their levity. By forcing the air out of their body, they can dart down from the greatest heights with astonishing velocity. No doubt the same machinery forms the basis of their vocal powers, and at once solves the mystery.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

THE BROOK IS PURLING ON ITS WAY.

A BALLAD.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEORGE HARGREAVES.

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics 'The brook is purling on its way, A - mid a thousand flowers; It' are written below the notes. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment, also in treble clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is the bass line, in bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

The brook is purling on its way, A - mid a thousand flowers; It

The second system of the musical score continues the melody. It includes the lyrics 'seems not night, but paler day, So clear the moonlight hours.' The tempo marking 'Ad. lib.' is placed above the staff. The piano accompaniment features a 'Svato' (Svato) marking above a section of the music. The bottom staff continues the bass line.

seems not night, but paler day, So clear the moonlight hours.

Ad. lib.

Svato

The third system of the musical score continues the melody. It includes the lyrics 'It seems not night, but paler day, So'. The tempo marking 'loco.' is placed above the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The bottom staff continues the bass line.

It seems not night, but paler day, So

loco.

Ad. lib.

clear the moonlight hours. And many a light step treads the green, And music now begins, And

Sva.

many a light step treads the green, And music now begins. The tinkling of the light guitar, The

loco.

Ad. lib.

sound of mandolins! The tink - ling of the light guitar, The sound of man - dolins.

Come forth my love and I will weave
A garland for thy brow,
The brightest roses kiss'd by eve
Are shining brighter now.

The moonlight loses half its charms
However bright for me,
If 'tis not shar'd with thee, my love,
If 'tis not shar'd with thee.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A correspondent has sent us, says the editor of *Frazer's Magazine*, the following lackadaisical lines, which we print for his own comfort and the edification of our readers:—

Where's the maiden that can vie a
Single moment with Sophia?
She has left me, and I'll sigh a
Mighty deal for kind Sophia.
Knew I where she was, I'd fly a
Million miles to find Sophia.
Where's the man that would deny a
Flood of tears for lost Sophia?
I, in fact, could weep and cry a
Whole long year for young Sophia.
All the earth could not supply a
Husband worthy of Sophia.
I wonder much if in the sky a
-N angel lives to match Sophia.
There's not I'm sure, in low or high, a
Girl so sweet as dear Sophia.

"THE KIVERLID," OR YANKEE NEATNESS.—A Green Horn from the interior, recently went to visit a rich cousin in the city of Boston. Being introduced into the sitting room by the servant, he stopped at the door, and gazing for a moment, with astonishment, upon the rich carpet on the floor, he at last observed a narrow space next the wall of the room, which it did not cover, and with long strides, marched over it opposite the fire-place; here, being obliged to cross the carpet to reach his friends, (who began to be as much surprised as he was,) in reaching the hearth, he could not avoid stepping on it—and, turning with much apparent mortification to his cousin, he exclaimed—"There, Polly, I have trod on *vow Kiverlid* arter all,"—*Low. Mer.*

EQUIVOCAL PREMISES.—"It seems to me your leaves are all of the same weight," muttered a fault-finding housewife to a baker, as she poised a couple of loaves from his basket—"do you 'spose you can cheat me?" "I don't want to cheat you," replied the man of bread, not relishing such an insinuation; "I know the loaves were weighed—every soul of them—and one weighs just as much as t'other, by gracious—and more too, I dare say, if the truth was known!"

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—What was the subject of Mr. A's last lecture, said a young man to a gentleman who professed to be much attached to lectures, and had generally attended all the lectures on Natural Philosophy for a number of winters. It was "specific gravity," and a very interesting lecture it was too. Specific gravity—I do not exactly understand what that is, said the inquirer; what is it?—Why it is difficult to describe; but it is a round piece of silver or tin, a little larger than a dollar, and having a hole through it. Mr. A. had one in his hand, and described it very accurately. It is a very ingenious invention and every mechanic ought to understand how to use it.

AN EWAISIVE ANSWER.—"Well, Mr. M.," asked an acquaintance of a celebrated horse-dealer, who was leaving Long Pole Wellesey the other day, "have you been paid your bill?" "No," replied the hero of the manger, "I always gets an ewaisive answer, when I axes for it." "What was his excuse to-day?" asked the inquirer. "Vy, he said he'd see me hung first," replied M.—*Lon. paper.*

NINE POINTS IN THE LAW.—"To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite:—In the first place, a good deal of money—secondly, a good deal of patience—thirdly, a good cause—fourthly, a good Attorney—fifthly, a good Council—sixthly, good evidence—seventhly, a good Jury—eightly, a good Judge—and ninthly, good luck."

This world is becoming so refined and polished, that one can scarce stay in it, without *stepping*. We overheard a gentleman of colour a few days ago, inform another sable exquisite, that he had unfortunately ruptured his 'ex-prosables, but that *for his smiling*, they would be mended straight off."—*Mer. Adv.*

PADDY VS. FIG.—The risibles of the dwellers on Central St. were the other day strongly excited by a foot race between a Paddy and a Fig. Chucky ran for his life, and Patrick ran for his dinner. Twice, yea thrice did Patrick make a grasp at him, but with a grunt and a bound, the swine escaped his pursuer. "By J—s," said the Hibernian, "the baste is like the Oregon settlement, the nearer you get to him, the further he is off—I'll catch him no more, bad luck to him!"—*Lowell Com.*

AN INTERESTING SHIP'S COMPANY.—The Providence Journal relates the following anecdote:—Some dozen or fourteen years ago, a brig arrived at Liverpool from Boston. The captain went to the Custom House with his papers, to enter his vessel. From these papers the Collector ascertained that her name was the *Mary Scudder*; that she was owned and freighted by Messrs. Horace Scudder & Co. of Boston, and consigned to Silas B. Scudder, supercargo on board—that her crew consisted of Isaiah Scudder, Master, George W. Scudder, first mate, Enoch Scudder, second mate, Zerubbabel Scudder, Jonathan Scudder, Samuel Scudder, Josiah Scudder, Ezra Scudder, seamen, Hannibal Scudder, cook, Cato Scudder, steward, Isaiah Scudder, Jr. boy, Mrs. Elizabeth Scudder, and two little infant Scudders, passengers. "For mercy's sake," exclaimed the astonished collector, throwing down his pen, "are there any more Scudders left in—New England, or have you brought them all with you?"

It is a current story, that a doctor, having purchased his diploma, in the course of riding through Aberdeen, desired his man John, when waiting at dinner, not to forget his new dignity, whenever he addressed him. "Noa maister," replied John, "if so be as how you don't forget mine," showing him at the same time his doctor's degree, which he had purchased in imitation of his master.

SYMPTOMS.—"I'll bet a sheep," said an old Meredith to his other half, "that our boy Ocho is going crazy.—For he is grinning at the plough, and he is grinning at the barn, and he is grinning at the table, and he is grinning to himself wherever he goes." "Poh," replied the old woman, "don't you know he got a *love letter* this morning."

REPLY COURTEOUSLY.—Mr. H., of the town of —, in his young days attended school with two young ladies, by the name of Mary Ann and Patience. One day H. was much puzzled in performing his sums. He went frequently to the master for assistance, until the master, disliking the frequent interruptions, said to him sternly, "You must have patience." "Why not Mary Ann?" was the instant reply of H.—He took Mary Ann, but has since taken unto himself Patience also, whether in conformity with the order of the schoolmaster, we pretend not to say.

A certain eminent leading counsel is celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness: "Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive, remember, you will answer as you please, and remember, I don't care a rush what you answer," &c. &c. The learned lord now on the woolstack, somewhat weary of the monotony of his perorations, one day accosted him in the street:—"Ha! is it you, C—? Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive. Remember you will answer as you please, and remember I don't care a rush what you answer. *How are you?*"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—A miller of A—had his neighbor arrested, under the charge of stealing wheat from his mill. But being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make acknowledgment to the accused. "Well," says he "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it!"

The following letter from an Irish soldier on duty at the Tower, London, was written to the warden:—"My wife is very ill, prays your honor's worship to let me sleep out at night, promising most faithfully never to go out till after the gates are locked up at night, and always to come in before they are open in the morning; for which your petitioner shall ever pray."

The following anecdote is related in the London New Monthly Magazine for last month:

"In that inglorious attack on Buenos Ayres where our brave soldiers were disgraced by a recreant general, the negroes, slaves as they were, joined the inhabitants to expel their invaders. On this signal occasion, the city decreed a public expression of their gratitude to the negroes, in a sort of triumph, and at the same time awarded the freedom of eighty of their leaders. One of them having shown his claims to the boon, declaring that to obtain his freedom had all his days formed the proud object of his wishes, his claim was indisputable; yet, now, however, to the amazement of the judges, he refused his proffered freedom! The reason he alleged was a singular refinement of heartfelt sensibility:—'My kind mistress,' said the negro, 'once wealthy, has fallen into misfortunes in her infirm old age. I work to maintain her, and at intervals of leisure she leans on my arm to take the evening air. I will not be tempted to abandon her, and I renounce the hope of freedom that she may know she possesses a slave who will never quit her side.'"

A POPULAR PREACHER.—A short time ago one of the self-elected class of Divines, who are not in common excessively College-bred, was holding forth to his congregation upon a subject well calculated to arouse the attention of incorrigible hearts. After blazing away with his subject, until he had rendered Pandemonium as hot as Vesuvius, and as black as Milton's Satan, he rounded a sublime peroration with the following sentence:—"Now hearken ye sinners! I tell ye that ye'll all go to h—l, as sure as I'll catch that fly on the Bible!" at the same time making a determined swoop with his palm across the sacred page, to capture the talismanic insect. He then proceeded to open his clenched fist, finger by finger, until the last digit was relaxed, but behold the poor fly had eluded his grasp. Looking surprised and disappointed for a few moments, the Minister at length exclaimed, "By the hoky, I've miss'd him!—there's a chance for you yet, ye sinful raggamuffins!"

FREE-MAIL INFLUENCE.—One day a bouncing country lass stepped into a post office in a neighboring town, and inquired if there was a letter for her. The P. M. overhauled his stock and produced one bearing her name, and told her it was ten cents. "Ten cents," said she, "why, I got a good deal bigger one t'other day for four-pence; can't you take less?" "O, no ma'am," said the man of letters, "that's Uncle Sam's price, and we cannot vary from it in the least." "Well, where's your uncle?" said the other, "I wish you'd be good enough to call him. I don't believe but what he'd take three cents for such a little mite as that are is!"—*Dedham Ad.*

THE LATE KING FERDINAND, of Naples, was a wit, in his way, and said many droll things. After his last return from Sicily, when Joachim Murat had been driven out of the kingdom of Naples by the Austrians, General Nugent, the Minister of War, waited on Ferdinand one day, with some cuirasses as specimens of the armor with which the General thought of furnishing one of the regiments of the new Neapolitan army he was then organizing. The King approved of the specimens, but asked, smiling, what part of the soldier's bodies they were meant to cover. The General replied, of course the breast. "Then they are no use to my brave macaroni eaters!" cried the King; "my soldiers are not likely to expose their fronts—no, no! General! reverse them! put them behind; put them behind!" And then he roared with laughter at his own witticism, and the notorious cowardice of his troops.

ANECDOTE OF BLACKBEARD.—About a century ago, this dauntless pirate reigned master of the whole coast of North-America. All the rivers, from Georgia to New-Hampshire, were his own. He amassed great treasures, and buried them for safety under ground, as some of the people say; and many nocturnal spectators sweat themselves in quest of them to this day, though to little purpose. Poor Blackbeard, imagining himself in perfect safety, ventured once to send most of his crew ashore, to gather provisions on the banks of Potomac river. Unluckily for him, his evil star presided at that moment.—A British ship of war arrived. The Commander, informed of matters, sends his lieutenant up the river after him, in a well manned barge. They approach warily; with the hope of surprising him. Their hopes succeed.—They board him sword and pistol in hand—find but few on the deck—all their own. But the lieutenant, a brave Scotsman, well acquainted with his Andra Ferrara, wished to give Blackbeard a chance for his life, and generously challenged him out to a single combat. The old man stood ready on the quarter deck. They engaged, and for some time the contest was doubtful; but at length the good genius and better address of the lieutenant prevailing, poor Blackbeard received a severe stroke on the shoulder—*"hah, cried he, that's well struck, brother soldier!"*—*"Weel, cried the lieutenant, gin ye like it, ye sail ha more on't,"* and the very next stroke severed his black head from his shoulders, and instantly putting it into a boiling pot of water, ordered his men to clean it perfectly; and when done, had it tipped with silver, and presented to a friend, the keeper of a public house, as a cup to drink punch out of.

NEWSPAPERS.—I never derive more benefit, or see more pleasure for the time, says Dr. Johnson, than reading a newspaper which has lately issued from the press. I do really believe that nothing adds so much to the glory of my country as newspapers. Liberty is stamped legibly upon its pages, and even the fold is marked with freedom. Do you want to know how your country thrives, I point you to the press! There you shall find a piece, perhaps, under the head of legislative! Are you fond of miscellany, look there! What book can furnish such good accounts of murder, robbery, accidents, marriages, anecdotes, and many other such things. Such good, as well as bad accounts from the Russians, Turks, Dutch, &c. Under all these considerations, who is there in this land of freedom, that will not attend to an object so worthy of his regard?

Some years since, a Scots regiment happened to be in Nottingham, a general muster was one day ordered, when each man was to produce the whole of his kit, or in other words, the whole of his necessaries, including brushes, &c. It was found that one man had disposed of several articles, and upon being questioned for his reason for so doing, "Sir," said the soldier, "they were my own." "Own, mon!" vociferated an old Scots officer, "ye've nought o' yer own; yer clothes are yer kintry's; yer body's the King's, and yer soul's the de'il's; mon, ye've nought o' yer own!"

A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in the act of patching an old garment with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin: "You, sir, are no man and I can prove it by the highest authority." "How so," replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity, "I should like to hear the evidence for your assertion." "You shall be accommodated, sir," says the wag, asking him at the same moment, if he recollected of ever having read the passage in the New Testament which declares that "no man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment." The tailor laughed heartily at the jest, and insisted upon quaffing a pint of Old Sicily with the wag, at his own expense.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

I don't care three-and-sixpence now
For any thing in life;
My days of fun are over now,
I'm married to a wife—
I'm married to a wife, by boys,
And that, by Jove's no joke!
I've eat the white of this world's egg,
And now I've got the yolk.

I'm sick of sending marriage cake,
Of eating marriage dinners,
And all the fuss that people make
With newly-wed beginners;
I care not now for white champagne,
I never cared for red;
Blue coats are all blue bores to me,
And Limerick gloves or kid.

And as for posting up and down,
It adds to all my ills;
At every paltry country town
I wish you saw the bills;
They know me for a married man,
Their smirking says they do,
And charge me as the Scots Greys charged:
The French at Waterloo.

I've grown too, quite an idle rogue,
I only eat and drink;
Reading with me is not in vogue,
I can't be plagued to think;
When breakfast's over, I begin
To wish 'twere dinner-time
And those are all the changes now
In my life's pantomime.

I wonder if this state be what
Folks call the honey-moon
If so, upon my word I hope
It will be over soon;
For too much honey is to me
Much worse than too much salt.
I'd rather read from end to end,
The works of Mr. Galt.

Oh! when I was a bachelor
I was as brisk as any bee,
But now I lie on ottomans
And languidly sip tea;
Or read a little paragraph
In any evening paper,
Then think it time to go to sleep,
And light my bedroom taper.

O! when I was a bachelor
I always had some plan
To win myself a loving wife,
And be a married man;
And now that I am so at last,
My plans are at an end,
I scarcely know one thing to do,
My time I cannot spend.

O! when I was a bachelor,
My spirits never flagg'd,
I walk'd as if a pair of wings
Had to my feet been tapp'd;
But I walk much more slowly now,
As married people should,
Were I to walk six miles an hour,
My wife might think it rude.

Yet, after all I must confess,
This easy sort of way
Of getting o'er life's joking road,
Is what I can't gain say;
I might have been a bachelor
Until my dying day,
Which would have been to err at least
As far the other way.

The first dandy of the present day was lately accosted by a beggar with "God bless your honor, pray give me one cent." "I never saw a cent—I have heard of the coin."

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.
MY TAILOR.

Who made this moving piece of clay
As bright, and beautiful, and gay,
As though life were one holiday?
My tailor!

Whose magic shears, and cloth, and tape,
Give to my ugly neck a nape,
And brought my bow-legs into shape?
My tailor!

Who all deformity effaced,
And beautified, and stuffed, and laced,
And stamped Adonis on my waist?
My tailor!

Who made the coat, the pantaloons,
That in the gay and bright saloon,
Won me a spouse and honey-moon?
My tailor!

Reverse the picture. Who was it
That taught me wisdom was unfit
A beau, a gentleman, and wit?
My tailor!

Whose magic shears, and cloth, and tape,
Made me in bearing, form and shape,
The very mockery of an ape?
My tailor!

Who bound me to a worthless wife,
Whose vanity, and spleen, and strife,
Will be the night-mare of my life?
My tailor!

Who passes me with threatening looks?
Who's got me deepest in his books?
Who'll nab me yet? Why, Mr. Snooks,
My tailor!

MEAN.

At ten a child, at twenty wild,
At thirty tame, if ever;
At forty wise, at fifty rich,
At sixty good, or never.

AN EPIGRAM.

Whatever doubt about the proper place
Of other features in our heads may enter,
None can deny the middle of the face—
Belongeth to the nose—for that's the scander.

NINE.

The word explains itself, without the Nine,
And the letters speak, from whence comes nine:
From North, East, West, South, the solution's made,
Each quarter give accounts of war and trade.

TEN.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,
So wit, is by politeness, sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pain us least, when exquisitely keen.

PRETTY PROMISES FOR DEPARTURE.

He steals a kiss from my sweet Miss,
Before she can forbid it!
She sighs to find it was the wind,
And not her lover did it!

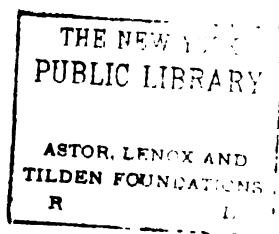
Chimney sweepers always persecute witches and fortune-tellers, because they like to have a brush at the black art.

A very tall Gentleman asked a smart servant, "how far is it from here to yonder?" "About three lengths of a Fool," said he; "suppose you measure it."

Bonnets worn at a theatre, when they intercept the view of the stage, give much offence to those that are prevented by them from seeing, and who often declare such bonnets should be cap-sized.

An hypochondriac will sometimes conjure up to his imagination the most frightful forms. To subdue such a melancholy propensity, may be said, in one sense, to raise the spirits.

A Nabob, in a severe fit of the gout, said his physician had suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "what, sir, directly."



F. 113 E. 2



THE NICHOLSON'S MOUNTAIN.

Published by S. C. Atkinson for the Castles.



And gently with thy rich perfume
 The zephyr loads his wing.
 Though other flowers may vainly boast
 Of brighter hues than thine,
 Yet Innocence will prize thee most,
 And with thy semblance twine.

CORDELIA.

Not unlike the chainless deep,

AVON BARD.

The poet Shelley you are aware was drowned in Italy,
 and buried at night by the sea shore; Byron was present;
 before burial they reduced the body to ashes on account
 of decomposition





OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee;
His wee-bit ingle blinkin bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wife's smile,
The lispin infant prattlin on his knee,
Does a' his weary kinaug and care beguile,
And makes him quire forget his labour and his toil.

No. 6.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JUNE.

[1833.]

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

When the morning sun is breaking
In a pure and cloudless sky,
And the sleeping world is waking
With a burst of melody;
Then we leave our humble dwelling,
Put our little bark to sea,
And though angry waves be swelling,
Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

When the storm is madly roaring,
And Death walks upon the wave,
Then we think of friends deploring
Lest we find a watery grave:
Think then of our lowly dwelling,
While the winds pipe drearily,
Like wild dirges o'er us swelling,
Still we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

But our toils and dangers over,
'Then the faggots brightly burn;
Soon the festive board they cover,
And to welcome our return,
See the good wife blandly smiling
With a child on either knee,
And the bowl our cares beguiling,
Then we sing, O, merrily,
Merrily, O, merrily.

Written for the Casket.
TO THE SWEET-SCENTED VIOLET.

Early and sweet thy modest bloom
Wakes on the budding spring,
And gently with thy rich perfume
The zephyr loads his wing.

Though other flowers may vainly boast
Of brighter hues than thine,
Yet Innocence will prize thee most,
And with thy semblance twine.

CORDELIA.

ORIGINAL.

THE FUNERAL OF SHELLEY.

"Peace, peace to his ashes! they sleep by the wave."

To a funeral pile they bore
The breathless child of song,
Made beside the sounding shore
That billows swept along.
At the solemn hour of night
They journeyed with the dead,
And the torch unearthly light
On the sad procession shed.

Dark and starless was the sky,
And the murmur of the surge,
Blended with the sea mew's cry
Seemed a melancholy dirge
For him they brought to sleep,
In a cold and sandy grave,
Where the blue wave of the deep,
Might his form forever lave.

On boughs of mountain pine
The sleeping bard they laid:
Did the spectral moonbeams shine
Though the forest's dim arcade?
No! the torch they have applied
To the poet's funeral bed,
And far off upon the tide,
It doth a radiance shed.

Of his requiem will be sung,
When the sighing sea-gales blow,
And where rests his harp unstrung
Will the water lily grow.
Far from the noise and strife
Of this world his ashes sleep,
For his spirit was in life
Not unlike the chainless deep.

AVON BARB.

The poet Shelley you are aware was drowned in Italy,
and buried at night by the sea shore; Byron was present;
and buried! 'ey reduced the body to ashes on account
of decomposition

Written for the Casket.

THE DESERTER.

"Maafred's heart was capable of being touched. He forgot his anger in his astonishment. He even doubted whether this discovery was not a contrivance of the friar to save the youth."—*Castle of Otranto*.

Travelling leisurely along the road from Philadelphia to the Yellow Springs, in Chester county, on foot as usual; the sun was throwing his last rays on the tops of the distant hills, and richly decorating a long and dense bank of clouds which hung over the landscape down the Schuylkill. My intention was to lodge that night in the old tavern, called "*The Bull's Head*," near Valley Forge, let the accommodations be what they might. Nights beyond my power to number, had I slept in the western forests, with a block of wood for a pillow, and the foliage of the trees for covering, "and surely," said I to myself, "it will be delightful to spend a night in the Bull's Head—classic ground." But before I could reach my intended caravansera, my eye glancing down a valley towards the Schuylkill, caught the view of a white farm house amid rich meadows, and only seen in part through the luxurious growth of ornamental trees by which it was overshadowed and enveloped. Full half a mile from the road, it appeared a retreat, over which peace had thrown her mantle, not to conceal but to protect natural and moral beauty.

"Hospitality dwells in that mansion," whispered a voice, coming from my own heart; "perhaps to-morrow night will do just as well as this, to lodge at the Bull's Head." My steps had led me some distance down the lane, before the friendly advice was concluded. On a nearer approach, the picture became more inviting. In an opposite direction, coming from the river, the deepening shades of evening; and their noisy mirth, discovered a group of young persons advancing to the house. In the piazza were seated a man and woman, both rather past the meridian of life, and both genteely dressed. At some distance from them sate a man white with years, but with that attractive and indescribable exterior which so strongly and distinctively depicts the aged remnants of the American Revolutionary War. A fine house dog, with a bark which seemed a kind of welcome, announced my approach; and I was met at a wicket-gate by the younger man, who was holding, the gate open when I approached.

"Your house, friend," said I, "has lured me from the road." And I briefly related the advice I had received, to put off my visit to the Bull's Head.

"Some friend of my household gave the advice," said he, smiling, as he most cordially led me into the piazza, at the moment when it was entered also by the noisy group I had seen coming across the meadow. In a few minutes I felt myself at home. There are more, and much more expressive modes of welcome than by words.

Night had closed, and we were sitting down to a very decent supper, when my eye caught an uncommonly fine picture in embroidery.

The human faces, done in water colors, were remarkably striking. The most prominent figures were, an elderly military officer of very commanding appearance; at his right stood another man little less imposing, but less aged, and in the full costume of a member of the society of Friends; before them stood a very young and most beautiful woman, with a child in her arms; behind the general and the Quaker stood a group of military officers; whilst to the left of the general, and behind the woman, stood a very young and interesting man, over whose head appeared the figure of Hope issuing from a splendid cirrus. Strong agitation seemed to be the prevailing expression of the piece. The general evinced hesitation; the old Quaker was pointing to the child rather than to the mother. The countenance of the latter showed at once the conflict of fear, hope, and every emotion which could contend in the heart of a mother and wife. Every eye in the whole group around him was fixed on the face of the general, with the utmost stretch of anxiety, as if life and death hung upon the words he seemed ready to pronounce.

I could not keep my eye from the canvass; and from the position in which I sat, the light fell advantageously on the figures. I know not whether during the supper, or before retiring to rest, my deep attention to the picture had been particularly noticed; but in the ensuing morning, according to custom, I was early up, and as the rays of the rising sun fell direct upon them, I was surprised by the old patriot looking man, as I was again intently examining the embroidered group.

"You have told us," said the old gentleman, "that you are one of those travellers who seek amongst the works of nature the still more interesting works of man, and the yet still more important workings of the human heart. You seem to be struck with that picture."

"It is in an extraordinary manner well executed," I replied. "If not an improper curiosity, I would be glad to be made acquainted with the subject."

"On one condition," replied the old man, "your curiosity can be gratified."

"Name it," I interrupted hastily.

Without directly replying, the old gentleman opened a reading desk, from which producing a printed pamphlet, and handing it to me, he then observed, "You have expressed an intention to ramble over the hills about Valley Forge and the Bull's Head. If you will accept a companion, these sheets will inform you who the characters were who are represented by those figures."

As soon as breakfast was over, the old gentleman putting on a white broad brimmed and low crowned hat, seized a messy cravat, and we sallied forth to enjoy one of the finest series of landscapes in Pennsylvania. From every swelling eminence the views changed, and in succession lay before us, the valley of Schuylkill in both directions, and the not less changing and romantic valley of Perkiomen. We had ranged over the spot where General Washington, with the forlorn hope of human liberty, spent the dreadful winter of 1777-78, exposed to every deprivation and every hardship; whilst the British

army, under Howe, was enjoying the luxury of a city in Philadelphia. With the local situations and events I found my guide a perfect master; and hours passed for minutes, until we at length reached a very retired spot in a small wood between contiguous farms, with a fine pure fountain.

"This is not the first time I have sat down at this spring, with worse fare," said my old friend, as he drew from his pockets a small bottle of wine, with some ham and biscuits; "and here we must rest and refresh ourselves; and also, I must read to you the history of the family picture, which seemed to give you so strong an interest."

To this arrangement I most willingly consented, and our wine and provisions being disposed of, my friend, seating himself on a rock, with a tree for the back of his chair, displayed his chronicle, and commenced reading.

The diamond is hard to cut; but the imprint once made, is as difficult to efface; the motto and gem are only to be destroyed together. There are hearts of such composition, that like the diamond every impression endures with the existence of the bosom in which its pulses beat. There are again minds, which, however strong in other respects, cannot or will not, if once deluded in any pursuit, risk their happiness or peace on a road which they have found beset with snares. Those beings are cast amongst their fellow men as mariners from a wreck, but they are strangers in a strange land. Their thoughts are afar on the ocean, which conceals in its mighty and fearful bosom their forever lost treasure. Such a man was Laban Hillman.

Some years before the opening of the American Revolutionary War, came to Chester county a member of the Society of Friends. He was an Englishman, about thirty years of age, of rather robust frame. He was without family, but was wealthy, and purchased a farm. In demeanor, he was grave; indeed, rather sad in his looks. He neither avoided nor sought society, but pursued the business of his farm as if he had never known other modes of life. Many gossips, of both sexes, thought him a mysterious being; and so he was to all but one, and from that one the following notes on his history were obtained.

The family of Laban Hillman, if not noble, reached the margin of aristocracy; were wealthy, and also respectable. In the words of the man himself, "This might be said, without vanity, as we cannot choose our own ancestors. The titles which the world bestows on us, it is equal folly to conceal or display. The humble appellation chosen by my father for his own family, was taken from an old family estate in Essex, England. I was educated to be a nuisance on earth—a soldier."

Col. Raburn Hillman was a very distinguished officer in the seven years war, and served under the Marquis of Granby in Germany. He had left a young and sorrowing wife in England, with two infant children. On his return to his fine estate, Hillman House was in mourning; he was a widower, and his son and daughter had lost their angel mother. The desolate appearance of his once joyous mansion, the loss of a

woman he adored, and his two bereaved children, struck a damp on the mind of Col. Hillman. Mirth, joy, and gladness, were for a time banished; but with a naturally ardent mind, and with the habits of a wealthy officer, the gloom gradually wore away from the mind and house of Hillman. In the second year of his widowhood, he was restored to the head of his table, and all the intrinsic follies of fashionable life were again introduced. His guests were, to use the absurd cant of the day, select—that is, they were gay and cold hearted; they flattered, expressed admiration, and hated each other.

His fame as an officer, his fine urbane manners, his mature years, and perhaps more than all, his wealth and wine, gave Col. Hillman great standing in his country. His son Laban, at every vacation in his studies, was brought into this dangerous atmosphere, where the trappings of war dazzled the eye, and the constant rehearsal of battles seduced the mind. The high sounding German names of fields whereon, in two wars, the British name had been illustrated, were daily echoed in the hall of Hillman House. It was the poetry of history, the flashing colours of romance, made up in a honeyed mixture, and presented to the lips of youth—a chalice of poison to moral nature. The total absence of all rational object in either war—and their consequences, murder, hunger, poverty, and death, amid ruin, were lost in shading. Happily the British nation was not then in war, and as he often affirmed himself, "Thank God! Laban Hillman did not become a scourge to his species."

The peace of 1763 transferred the evils of war from the fields, villages, and cities of Germany, to the houses and families of Great Britain. Bands of reckless officers, poor in purse and morals, spread themselves over the nation. Many of these men, whom nature intended for better purposes, were personal acquaintances of the owner, and made themselves welcome at Hillman House—a house which better deserved the title of a splendid barrack, than that of a private gentleman's seat.

In this drama of idle gaiety, young Cæsar Brentwood was conspicuous in person and rank. Raised by family influence, at the age of twenty-two, to a regiment, and in full possession of an ample fortune, was, after Col. Hillman himself, the most prominent character at Hillman House. Laban Hillman, young as he was, perceived that Col. Brentwood, under an exterior of the most perfect polish and apparent candor, was cool amid revel, and reflective when others thought him careless to boyish excess. Artful in gaining the secrets of others, whilst extremely reserved on his own side. At the card table he almost uniformly lost in the early part of the evening, and almost invariably left the table a winner. Profuse in lavishing small sums, he evaded, under various pretences, ever lending money to any considerable amount, except under very safe security. Himself and equipage were splendid, and as an individual, an uncommonly fine person gave him great advantage. With such passports, afforded by fortune, and an understanding, if not well cultivated, not entirely neglected, he shone in society; and for so

young a man, he had seen much and observed maturely: but there was one want, that of moral principle. He was a gambler, duellist, and seducer. He had gained, without any very solid proofs of their reality, a reputation for bravery in battle and liberality in peace. In a word, his character was brilliant and deceptive—an epitome of that of the time in which he lived—with some splendid exceptions.

To Col. Brentwood might be contrasted another inmate of Hillman House, Capt. John Marsham, a gentleman and soldier in the true intent of the terms. Grave, sedate, and unpretending, Capt. Marsham had risen to the command of a company in Col. Hillman's regiment. The son of a respectable clergyman, his education was sound; and having passed the meridian of life, his experience, well stored understanding, and dignity of manner, made him a most invaluable friend to a young man so dangerously placed as was young Laban Hillman. The son, however, of a dissenting minister, though a tried and accomplished officer, twenty years of service left Capt. John Marsham on half pay for support. As he neither gambled nor drank to excess, on any occasion, he made both ends meet; never incurred a debt, and though never splendidly, always decently dressed. He boarded with a clergyman, a cousin of his own; and though a most sincere friendship existed between them, Capt. Marsham rarely visited Col. Hillman. The day that Maria Hillman reached her eighteenth year was an exception, and on that day Marsham made one of a numerous assembly at Hillman House.

In the midst of the tumult of dancing, music, play, and small talk, as Laban was passing the observing veteran, the latter seized him by the arm, demanding with a smile, "What is the object of haste, Laban?"

"No object at present," replied Laban, "excites my haste. I am running from room to room because I see nothing to keep me in one place."

"Then take this seat," continued the captain. As Laban was seating himself, Marsham observed, with a something on his countenance between a moral remark and a sarcasm, "In one respect a ball and a battle have great resemblance."

"In what," rather hastily interrupted Laban, "can an assembly met for hilarity and friendship, resemble two hostile bodies met for mutual destruction?"

"Wisely distinguished," answered Marsham. "Why, my boy, there is more of hostility now in these rooms, if numbers are compared, than there was on the field of Minden. In truth, the strong resemblance lies in the fact, that the parties, in both cases, seek the mutual destruction of each other with perfect indifference." Now seeing Laban ready to speak, laid his hand on his mouth, and drily demanded, "whether or not he had ever learned the use of the small or back sword—or whether he could or not thread a marble spike ten steps with a pistol?"

Young Hillman, utterly at a loss to surmise the drift of his friend, sat in wondering silence.

"Ah! you are confounded at my seeming inconsistency, are you?" again replied Marsham.

"For what purpose do you put on your great coat, when intending to ride, on a stormy or cold day?"

"To defend myself from the inclemency of the weather," replied young Hillman.

"To defend your body; yes, you are right; but do you comprehend?—But you will ere long," continued Marsham, not giving Laban time to reply; and quickly continued by asking, in rather an abstracted tone, "what do you think, young gentleman, of a ride with old Jack Marsham, to-morrow, to Rayleigh?"

"The very name," replied Laban, "recalls sublime and melancholy reflections, and as I have never been there, I will accompany you with great pleasure."

Next day, after an early breakfast, the two friends broke from the hall, and were on their way. On horseback Marsham was at home, and by his instructions Laban had been made, at nineteen, also a passable horseman. Galloping over the plain of Chelmsford, they were both, but the elder in particular, in high spirits.

"Now you are to know, young man," said Marsham, "for what purpose I have dragged you into rationality; did you ever hear of me fighting a duel?"

With some surprise at the question, replied Laban, "I have not."

"But I have put a stopper on an impudent mouth more than once," exclaimed Marsham, "though I have never shed blood in a duel. It is my opinion that in these days, while the military mania lasts, a young gentleman ought to learn to sling stones to a hair's breadth, as he may meet a Goliath?"

Too young, and too much prepossessed with the mania, the old captain himself was laboring under, while declaiming against it, Laban assented with a very approving nod, and the old soldier continued.

"Yes, Laban, they have taught you arithmetic far enough to tell how many fingers and toes there ought to be on ten persons; they have taught you to write, so as not to be very easily read, and driven you far enough into the classics to set you at defiance ever to read your way out again; and they have, with the assistance of your tailor, enabled you to dress so as not to be laughed at. But after all, the only accomplishment you possess, to any purpose, is to sit on a horse, without danger of being laid in the rubbish at his feet. The useful part of your education you got from me; but I have not finished my work, you must handle a sword, Laban, and a pistol, boy; so that if any ruffian should give occasion—why, that the innocent may not suffer in place of the guilty."

Laban Hillman, like every other young gentleman of his time, who had any pretension to high life, had received lessons on both the weapons named by Capt. Marsham, but neither seemed willing to rest with such common-place skill. Laban, who would have abhorred the idea of being compelled to use the ability when acquired, would have been very much rejoiced to equal with the sword the admirable Crichton, or General Dixwell, therefore most warmly entered into the plan. It was arranged that, without any other person being made a confidant,

every opportunity should be seized in their exercises. Two years then passed on, at the end of which period, Marsham pronounced Laban an excellent shot and a far better swordsman.

With that inconsistency, which Capt. Marsham shared with weak and bad men, he was in practice most powerfully fostering the spirit, whilst he was by precept declaiming against all war, public and private. "You can now, my gallant boy," said he to Laban, with sparkling eyes, "thrust an insult down the throat of any desperado that offers it; you can send, if necessary, a highwayman to his account; and better than all, if our dear country should be soon engaged in a war, which, thanks to the madness of ministers, may happen, then his majesty and the kingdom may thank old Jack Marsham for rough hewing the block of an excellent officer."

Time advanced with Marsham and his *élève*, as it did with Col. Hillman, and his daughter, the lovely and beloved Maria. At an early age the effects of long and severe military service, became apparent on Col. Hillman—effects not left alone; he was verging towards the grave, under the double pressure of premature decline and apprehensions of ruin to his children. His days and once ample fortune were passing away together.

Maria Hillman was beloved by her brother more as their years increased, and at nineteen she was the admired beauty of Essex. Many, and some of them very advantageous, offers were made for her hand; which offers, as she was left to her own choice by her father and brother, she rejected. There was, on that subject, a melancholy reserve in her manner at variance with her character. The certain change in their fortunes the son suspected and dreaded, on account of his parent and sister. It was a subject on which, it is probable, Maria never bestowed a thought; and thus stood affairs when her twentieth birth day came with the rolling years. Always on an anniversary, the old Hillman House was again fitted up; all who ought, and many who ought not to be, were invited. All was again bustle, revelry, and unjoyous confusion. Col. Hillman seemed revived by the recollections of by-gone years; but amid apparent gaiety, marks of deep care were visible to the eye of his son. In the crowded rooms there were two who could not sustain even the semblance of enjoyment; these were Laban and Maria Hillman. The music—excellent as it was, and enthusiastic as young Hillman was in favor of good music—had lost its charm. Beauty floated before him without being scarcely seen, and the most heart moving strains fell as discord on his ear.

Maria, though queen of the day and night, had a most bitter task to perform. Ever desirous to give, not diminish happiness, the devoted girl made an effort too great for nature to sustain; and in the midst of general noise, if not hilarity, was borne from the rooms to her own apartment, under severe illness.

The indisposition of the mistress of the revels broke the bubble, and the company dispersed. In the retirement of her own room, and there with the kind assiduity of her attendants, she soon recovered her spirits, so much as to re-

ceive her father and brother. As to the *scène* being interrupted, the event would have been hailed by Laban Hillman, if produced by a less serious accident; but both father and brother saw at once, that something worse than common illness was preying on her mind. This suspicion was confirmed by her refusing the interference of a physician, and requiring to be left alone with her parent and brother; even her second mother, her old servant Bertha, was dismissed.

A dreadful silence of several minutes was broken by the distracted young woman exclaiming, "No! no! I do not deserve such a heaven on earth."

"My God, my child," sobbed Col. Hillman, "what can all this mean?" And he clasped his daughter to his bosom.

"My father, my brother, do not—do not look so kindly. Oh! I cannot bear"—in broken accents fell from her lips, as the sufferer attempted to sink to her knees—"your Maria is lost—ruined!"

"No, my sister!" fervently exclaimed Laban, as he replaced her on her father's breast, "whatever may be the secret, horrid cause of your despair, there are two who will not, cannot desert you."

These expressions seemed to her the voice of God. She raised her streaming eyes, and with a smile playing on her wan features—such a smile as must beam from a repentant spirit, when forgiven and received at the footstool of Eternal Mercy—she unburthened her oppressed heart to her two best earthly friends. She was, indeed, a fallen, ruined being—and Cæsar Brentwood was the destroyer. The disclosure was made, but not until the sister had obtained a promise to do no act of rashness. The father was indeed far beyond the power of revenging the injury done his family; his mind was sunk and broken, and the effect of despair was mistaken for resignation by both his children.

"The soul of thy sainted mother is pleading for thee, my daughter," said the feeble, but tender father, as he embraced his wretched daughter, and bade her adieu. "Rest in the goodness of Him who sees thy broken heart," he repeated, as he returned, and again pressed a father's kiss upon lips that never before had given him pain. He was then led to his room by his son.

Very different were the impressions made upon the mind of the son. "My sinless, my innocent, my precious sister, shall not fall alone," said he to his own breast. "Do no act of rashness. That promise shall be kept sacredly. It is no act of rashness to rid the world of a villain." This was indeed the sophistry of indignation; but the language of nature; it was the expression of a determination not to be changed.

Without retiring to his own apartment, Laban returned to that of Maria, and tapping gently at the door, it was opened by Bertha, and he entered. His sister, now composed, thanked him with a smile, as he sat down by her bedside, and taking one of her hands, observed, "My dear Maria, do you think you could bear to set out with me to-morrow, for the seat of our aunt in Gloucestershire?"

"To fly with you, Laban, to the ends of the earth."

held their hands on the hilts of their swords, observed in a mild voice, "Col. Brentwood, would it not be more just and honorable to fulfil a sacred promise to one member of a family?"

"More convenient to you and your sister," sneeringly replied Brentwood. But he had no time to say more, the sword of Hillman flashed, and they rushed to mortal strife. Hillman was younger and more active, and with an equal skill, had a most decided advantage, which was rendered still more decisive by being underrated by his antagonist, and at the second pass Brentwood's sword was wrenched from his grasp and thrown to several yards distance, and himself laid prostrate at the feet of Hillman. The latter stepped backwards, and with the most cutting contempt observed, "Rise, Colonel, and pick up your weapon."

Blinded by rage and mortification, Brentwood did resume his sword, but with no better success. In an instant he was again disarmed, and grovelling in the dust. The term of mercy was drawing to a close, and Hillman now presented his naked point to the breast of his fallen enemy, observing, "Col. Brentwood, your word of honor or your life this moment."

Humbled and terrified, as both Marsham and Hillman supposed, Brentwood gave the required pledge, and they returned to England together. From the termination of the duel, the whole conduct of Brentwood changed. He became complaisant, and apparently frank and confiding as if nothing sinister had occurred, and he was, in due time, united to Maria Hillman, with all the solemnities of the English Church. * * *

The more discerning and practised Marsham was not entirely without suspicion; but Hillman so anxiously desired to see his only sister restored to her deserved rank and reputation, that the suggestions of his friend were disregarded. The marriage of Maria and Brentwood, however, so entirely changed the relations and authority of the parties as to open the eyes of Hillman too late. Clothed with the legal powers of a husband, Brentwood used them to terrible effect. From the day of his marriage, his conduct became abstracted and thoughtful, though not morose. Maria was too weak to be removed, until she had given birth to a son. At the sight of his child, the heart of Brentwood seemed to relent, and a dawn of happiness rose before the long tearful view of his wife. Such is human nature. It is probable that his mind floated between the best and worst passions of man. Maria recovered rapidly; and in a few months the bloom and infantile smiles returned to her countenance, which beamed with the gladness of her pure heart, as she gazed alternately on her husband, child, aunt, and brother. In the sunshine of this deceitful calm, one morning Brentwood entered the breakfast room in high spirits, observing, "You must pardon me for a little deception, but I have been actively engaged, through my steward and agent, in having my house arranged for the reception of this dear pair. It is time to see how my girl will appear in her own house."

A pang seemed to pass through the heart of Maria; she looked at her babe and husband, and joy predominated. She felt the pride of a

wife and mother. A few weeks more, and Hillman saw his sister installed in her new character. Capt. Marsham had returned from his residence to share the restored prosperity of one he regarded as a daughter. All was splendor and magnificence around her. The mansion and estate was a marriage portion, bestowed by her brother. Brentwood, if not kind, was respectful, and her little boy began to bloom in love and intelligence. Maria was far from feeling felicity, but the storm she had passed reconciled her to her lot, and she was resigned.

The morning of separation from her brother came, as a bitter trial to both. A gloomy sadness sat upon the hearts of each—reason could not tell why—but they seemed to cling to each other as if never again to meet. Brentwood was, on the contrary, buoyant, and rallied his "dear wife and brother" on their reluctance to part, for as he jocularly observed, "for a week, a month at most; for," said he, "I should consider it very unkind if our brother did not visit us every week or two."

The parting was finally effected, and Laban Hillman was returning to his own house with Marsham. The latter in a few days took his leave, and set out on his journey homewards. Hillman found some relief to a preying anxiety in regulating his too immense property, and on several visits to the Brentwood family all seemed prosperous and happy.

Sitting down to his supper, after a very fatiguing day, but with more tranquillity of mind than he had enjoyed for many months, Hillman sat in rather pleasing reflections than in discussing the food before him. From this half reverie he was roused by a servant entering with a black-sealed letter. It was hastily opened, and the contents were to inform him, that his once faithful and sincere friend, Capt. John Marsham, was no more. The blow was terrible. A few days before they had parted in full health—they were not again to meet on earth. Hillman paced his room the far greater part of the night, and at early dawn was on his way to Brentwood Hall. "Poor Maria must learn our loss from me," said he, mentally; but a far more dreadful blow awaited him. On his arrival, where he expected to meet his Maria, he found the doors and windows closed. On his approach up the avenue, in front of the mansion, he met a rather vulgar looking man, from whom he learned with equal grief and astonishment, that Brentwood and his family were gone; and he learned more, that the estate was sold, and the worthy before him the steward and agent of the new owner. A frightful presentiment now pressed upon his heart, as Hillman, on further inquiry, found the evasion of Brentwood confirmed, but from no person could he learn the slightest trace in what direction, or to what place he had retired.

The truth now flashed terrible conviction to the mind of Hillman. Two years of incessant search left him as it found him, utterly ignorant of the fate of his sister. Sickened to the soul with the world, and more with the artificial world of Europe, Hillman determined to leave the theatre of selfishness, casuistry, ignorance, and slavery, and in the society of Friends and in the woods of Pennsylvania find a retreat. A

something seemed to whisper to him, that his sister and her child, if not destroyed, were concealed in the English colonies;—this again strengthened his resolution, and houses, lands, and tenements were sold. The money, in part, was applied to charitable purposes, but enough for independence retained; and Laban Hillman, as far as the weakness of his nature would admit, adopted the religion and followed the precepts of William Penn; and in Chester county his residence was chosen. In America inquiries after the lost Maria were as fruitless as they had been in Europe, and Laban Hillman yielded the remnant of hope so long fondly cherished, and sunk into despair rather than resignation.

Such was the now Quaker, with broad-brimmed, white and low crowned hat, and coat drab colored, and coarse overcoat, who was seated in a corner of the bar room of a tavern on the road from Philadelphia to Lancaster, in the evening of a most inclement night of January, 1778. He had been on business to Lancaster and was returning, when the approach of night, inclement weather, and no alternative, forced Laban Hillman into a situation he would very willingly have avoided. The landlord of the inn was a captain of militia, and on the previous day one of these idle alarms then so common, had called the company together. The decent part had retired to their homes; but a half intoxicated and boisterous set remained, and amongst the most noisy, and not least inebriated, was the rude, raw-boned and insolent Boniface; who, to add to his consequence, retained a long swinging sword by his side. Hillman found the bar room the most comfortable part of the house, as no room was private; but protected from personal annoyance by his garb, sat quietly looking on the scene before him, his chin resting on a substantial crab-stick. Amidst the howling winds mingled sleet and rain, and the clamor of the orgies in the house, was heard the plaintive voice of a woman in distress, interrupted by accents of anger in an opposite room. Hillman rose, and throwing his great coat over the back of his chair, stepped into the common hall of the tavern. The first objects which met his eye, was a very young woman with an infant in her arms; her cloak open, and from which the water was dripping; her under clothes showing that she had reached the den on foot. There were now three persons in the room, who, under ordinary circumstances would have commanded respect—a helpless infant, a beautiful woman in distress, and a well dressed member of the society of Friends. The political texture of the time deprived the latter of much of that influence which has been, and ever must be, the attendant on the persons of men whose very appearance speaks peace; and in the present case, Laban Hillman was left to the natural authority which coolness and humanity ever did and ever will possess. As he entered, the first distinct words which reached his ear, fell in an almost suffocated voice from the woman.

"Oh, for God's sake, is there no means.—Oh! I must be at Valley Forge to-morrow morning."

"Where must you be, young madam?" roared the swaggering landlord. "By —, cant you

trudge away? Do you suppose my stage must set out?"

Here a scream from the almost exhausted woman burst as Hillman gently took her arm, and led her to a chair near the fire-place. She looked up to his face, and her expression was, as if an angel had appeared to her. "Be of good comfort, damsel," said Hillman, "no harm shall reach thee here."

"And who may you be?" shouted the landlord, in a voice of great wrath, "who pretends to command here?"

"I am," replied Hillman, "what thou ought to be—a Man!"

"And dare you say," vociferated the landlord, "that I am not a man?"

"It is of little consequence what thou art," replied Hillman, turning his left side towards the fire place, so as to screen the woman and child, and grasping firmly his crab-stick. Though nothing of the kind was intended, this attitude was regarded by the publican captain as a menace, who, with unexpected deliberation, unbuckled his sword, swearing he would see who was master at "The Bear." The first flourish he made, however, by some mischance, his scabbarded blade came in contact with Hillman's crab-stick, and was broken into three pieces; his elbow also received a touch which went far to sober his brain.

The distress of his charge, and the comic figure of his assailant, silenced all wrath, if any arose in the breast of Hillman; who from some cause not known or regarded by him, was soon alone with the young mother, from whom he learned, in a few but broken sentences, that her husband, the father of her babe, was under sentence of death for desertion, and was to be executed next day; that the scoundrel who kept the house had a kind of public hack on the road, in which she had taken passage, and about five miles before she reached his house her pocket was picked, and she was left by the varlet who drove the vehicle to find her way as she could.

All the new religious principles imbibed by Hillman were called into requisition, as he caught the simple statement of the wretched woman; but his resolution was taken to conduct her to her destination. "I have never seen General Washington," said Hillman, soothingly, "but from all I have heard, you have much to hope. His heart may be also moved by Him who moveth in this tempest."

It was in the midst of the same tempest, and in the night, that Laban Hillman ordered out his carriage, and left the humbled master of "The Bear" to ruminate on a parting promise. "Friend, I'll see thee again," pointedly said Hillman, as his voice and the noise of his vehicle mixed with the howling breath of the north-west wind.

With all the speed that two good horses could be urged over the deep and almost impassable roads, it was eleven in the morning before the anxious little party drove into the camp. The first particular object which met their attention was a body of troops, marching in slow and solemn step, the drums and fifes echoing the fearful dead march. The feeble child—for she was, though a mother, yet a child—seemed to gain a

supernatural strength the instant the terrible truth was before her. She saw her husband in bonds, and with a rapidity which mocked interference, she was in the arms of the father of her infant. So instantaneous was the act, and of so extraordinary a character, that the procession stopped as if officers and men had been turned to statues.

"Isabel, my love, my wife," came convulsively from the unhappy man, as he was clasped in the arms of his wife.

"They cannot, they shall not harm my Henry," energetically exclaimed the frantic woman.

The commanding officer rode up to Hillman, who, himself petrified with astonishment, still sat with the child on his lap. "What is the meaning of this?" demanded the officer, in a mild tone.

"You see," replied Hillman, "the wife of your prisoner." And he then in a few words as possible explained how she was conducted to the camp. "There is something very extraordinary in her story," he continued, "and if it is possible, it might be well to stay the performance of what thou mayest think duty, until General Washington is made acquainted with the circumstance."

The officer drew out his watch, paused, and looking first at the husband and wife, then at Hillman and the child, observed, in an under-voice, "It is unusual; but there is still half an hour." He ordered the procession back to the guard house, and hastened to inform the commander in chief of the cause of delay.

"You have done well," replied the general, in his usual unimpassioned, but impressive manner, "stay the execution until further orders, and as soon as she can be introduced, bring the young woman and her friend, the Quaker gentleman, to my quarters."

During the whole revolutionary war, there was no other period when the sufferings of the United States troops were so intolerable, as during the winter of 1777-8. Every deprivation at Valley Forge gives really more lustre to the American name, in the eyes of sense and reason, than the achievements in the field or on the ocean; but it is not in human nature, for men, suffering to the extreme of physical endurance, to view with other feelings than those of exasperation, any one of their fellows who deserted their colors. Every one who suffered, endured, and hoped, expected the same constancy to the common cause in others. Under such circumstances, deserters, particularly those from the regular army, had but little sympathy to expect if retaken. The continental army had another source of difficulty to encounter; that was secret disaffection. No cause, however sacred, has ever secured universal fidelity.

The very young man, whose fate was impending, and who has been introduced to the reader, lay under the double charge of desertion and disaffection; still, his youth, his steady and connected denial of guilt, under either charge, and the fact, which was known in the camp, that though so young, he was a husband and a father, excited a strong sentiment in his favor. Yet, on trial, the proofs against him were so

convincing to the Court Martial, that sentence of death was the consequence; and that sentence was advancing to its fatal termination, when arrested in the singular manner already related.

"Be of good cheer, my daughter," said Laban Hillman, to his trembling charge, as they were entering the presence of him on whose lips hung her fate, and that of her child and husband. Is not there placed a strengthening cord in the human heart, which extreme danger draws to a tension above being any further moved? In a virtuous cause, there is no doubt of the affirmative; and accounts for instances of heroism almost superhuman, and acted by persons least expected to be capable of such powerful moral force: and behold an instance.

There is something in misfortune which secures respect and levels rank. The pallid yet expressive face of Isabel, her infant on her arm, the direful circumstances of her case, and his own still more awful responsibility, moved the inmost soul of the man on whom the rights of nations depended, and he approached kindly towards the suppliant. A moment before trembling as an aspen leaf, the words of her guide, the face of the general, and no doubt an assurance more efficacious than either, and she was the modest but unshaken heroine amid strangers.

"Speak, and without fear, my child," said the general, in a most parental tone.

"My husband," commenced Isabel, in a modest but firm voice, "can be guilty of no crime."

"The proofs against him, I am sorry to say," replied the general, "are very strong. He is charged with desertion, and was taken beyond our lines, and within those of our enemies, and on the road to Philadelphia."

"Did he himself give no explanation?"

"Yes," replied the general, "but against himself; he asserted that he was urged to the deed to meet a dying wife, and it was proven that you were in the very opposite direction."

"By whom was my place of residence proven?" demanded Isabel.

"By a man now in the camp," mildly answered the general.

"Can I see that man?" very pointedly said Isabel.

"You shall see him and in my presence." An order was sent to Col. Stanwood to attend at the Head Quarters, but in a few moments the non-commissioned officer reported that Stanwood had left the camp. "He shall soon return," said the general, and four well mounted men were in a few moments in pursuit.

The whole transactions, which we have related as resulting from the appearance of Hillman and Isabel, passed in little more time than requisite to put the recital on paper; it may excite, therefore, no wonder that Stanwood had so little time to escape, that in half an hour he was in the presence of General Washington. His appearance was that of a middle aged man, embrowned by a southern sun—of a man who had been habituated to society of high rank; but of a man whose person and morals were alike prematurely broken, by indulgence of the worst nature.

The instant that Stanwood entered into a pre-

sence he would most willingly have avoided, Isabel rose to her feet, and with that overwhelming manner, which it is no impiety to say is inspiration, and pointing her finger to him, said, "Thou murderer!"

The effect was terrible, and for several minutes a death-like silence reigned over the Headquarters of General Washington. "I am but a child," at length said Isabel, "but will General Washington hear me a few words?"

"Speak on," said the general.

"My husband," then commenced Isabel, "and myself were raised from children together, and are near of an age. When a mere child, my Henry was sold to my father by the captain of a trading vessel in the Delaware, who gave him out as the child of a man and woman who had died on the voyage over the Atlantic. Henry has often told me, that he faintly remembered his mother, but of his father he could recollect nothing. He was bred to my father's trade—a cabinet maker. We loved each other as brother and sister, and too soon for him we felt a stronger tie. My parents disapproved of our union, and Henry and myself were driven to the open road. Our refuge was in Philadelphia—we were poor, labored hard, and were contented. That man, who sought poor Henry's life, became our pretended protector, involved us in debt. I need say no more than that, by his means, Henry was compelled to fly from Philadelphia, and in despair became a soldier. A poor woman with whom I was acquainted, took me with her into Lancaster county. By what means Henry was led to the step he took I cannot conjecture, as he knew where I resided."

During this artless and convincing statement, the attention of the general was turned alternately from the young woman and child to Stanwood, whose cadaverous visage stood a monument of terror—a powerful, muscular frame of a man, shrinking before an uneducated, but innocent, mechanic's daughter.

On Stanwood another eye was fixed. Hillman, who had thus far acted as a spectator, now stepped forth, and very respectfully demanded a moment's private conversation with Gen. Washington. This was granted, but they were but a moment absent when they returned, and the general gave orders that Henry Starks should be brought before him. Intense anxiety awaited the arrival of the prisoner, which was heightened by his introduction. An observation made by some member of the Court Martial was repeated, in a murmur, amongst the officers, that there was a remarkable resemblance between the accuser, Stanwood, and the prisoner. "It is," observed one voice, "the resemblance of a demon to an angel." But their conjectures were cut short by Hillman, who requested Henry to bare his right arm, on which, near the shoulder, appeared a large flesh mark, having a rude resemblance to the letter T.

"You see I am right, General Washington," said Hillman.

"All powerful Providence," exclaimed the general, "thy ways are just!"

"And will bring the sinner to judgment, if not to repentance," responded Hillman. Then turning to Stanwood, observed, in a voice which

made even the Father of his country shudder, "Stanwood, as thou callest thyself, thou man of blood! where is thy wife, Maria Hillman?" But Stanwood stood transfixed, gazing with horror on the face before him. "Brentwood, thou double murderer, where is my sister?" But no answer was obtained.

"Fly," continued Hillman, in a more subdued tone, "the mark of Cain is on thee. But stay one moment, and know that the blood thou sought to shed is thy own—that young man is thy son."

The last appeal was too much for human nature, and Brentwood fell to the floor as if blasted by the lightning of heaven. * * *

We may draw a veil over the scene that followed. The clouds of forgetfulness ought to forever conceal the meeting of a father and son under such circumstances. In a few words, it may be stated, that surgical assistance restored Brentwood to life and light—life and light which he abhorred. By the interference of Hillman, he was saved from encountering a world where an accuser and judge would have met him in every human face. The fallen and crushed victim before him disarmed Hillman, in their first interview after the terrible scene in the American camp.

"My soul, loaded as it is—is—oh! it is bloodless," exclaimed Brentwood.

"My sister?" demanded Hillman.

"You ought to know all," faintly replied Brentwood. "Oh! guilt—guilt—my unkindness destroyed one who would have been my guardian angel; but I did not, could not, do an act of personal violence to one so sweet, so unoffending; but I hated thee—I hated her—and my child—fell hate rankled in my breast; and after being two years in our place of concealment, I was determined on separation. Poor old Bertha died suddenly the same last day thou passed with Maria. The houses and lands were then sold. When my final purpose was taken, I sought and found a villain in a shipmaster. Maria trembled for her child, and yielded herself unresisting. A passage to the colonies was secured. Maria was deceived; we were all on board, and the vessel, as she thought, under sail. That day I treated her kindly, and we were seated in the cabin, she was too weak to be on deck; she looked in my face, the tears in her expressive eyes, and though too full-hearted to speak, she threw her left arm over my shoulder, and held her boy at her knee. My soul was struck with horror at the part I was acting, but the demon was too strong. I shook her off, ran on deck as if something had occurred to my mind which had been forgotten, called to the captain, and, as previously concerted, was sent in a boat to shore. I saw Maria no more."

At this part of his confession, something in the looks of Hillman shook his frame. But starting with horror, exclaimed, "I am not a murderer; Maria died a natural death, on the passage. Maddened as I was, this knowledge relieved my soul from a burning fire. She and my child were no sooner gone, than, haunted by furies, I flew from place to place—plunged into one scene of dissipation after another—sometimes reduced and at others affluent, gambling was my resource

for means, and I rather rushed forward than travelled. I passed over without seeing the earth, which seemed to spurn me as an outcast. At length I reached Philadelphia, where, in a gambling house, I overheard between two drunken masters of vessels, the following mixed imprecations, as they were in a violent quarrel over their cups and cards. One who had formerly been the mate of the other, roared out, in a voice of rage—

“Blood and thunder, Captain Long, what a pity I did not fulfil your orders, and throw that boy overboard, and now turn king’s evidence!”

“You lie, you villain, you know I took the rascally husband’s money, treated the wife kindly. She died, poor thing—how could I help that?”

“God had not abandoned entirely either of those wretches, for a pang seemed to pass through their hearts, which in great part sobered them both. The first speaker, seizing Capt. Long by the hand, observed, with a sailor’s manner—“Thank God, Jack—many a time, when the wind rolled us to our beam’s end, have I remembered that woman and boy; and, by my timbers, Jack, this very day I saw a young landlubber, in the street, which looked so like the scoundrel father!”

“I could bear no more. I saw in Capt. Long the accomplice. But what a mountain was removed from my soul—removed for a moment—virtue beamed one bright flame, and again all was darkness. To escape remorse, I again plunged into dissipation of every kind. Met and sought the ruin of my own son.”

“Did you suspect Henry to be your son?” demanded Hillman.

“As I am before an All-seeing eye, I did not,” replied Brentwood, “my guilt is not thus blackened. If he had reached Philadelphia, he would!”

The miserable man could proceed no further. It appears that the plan was so deeply laid, that the innocent young man was to meet the same charges, and fall into like toils. But an unseen hand entangled the destroyer in his own net.

Here the old man folded up the pamphlet, and looking me earnestly in the face, observed, “It is time to tell thee, I am Laban Hillman, and the family with whom thou sojourned last night, is mine. Henry took my name, and is my son indeed. The eyes of my lost Maria seemed to look down from heaven, and implore mercy for the father of her son. His son would never see him—could I desire he should? Far otherwise. Brentwood died in my house, and rests in a lone copee on the banks of yonder river. Henry Hillman is what his mother would have desired, and the name of Brentwood is no more heard amongst those who would have blessed his memory, if he himself chose a blessing, and not a curse.”

Written for the Casket.

NAPOLEON'S CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA.

BY L. W. TRASK.

Ambition fired the conqueror's eye,
And banners floated to the sky—
Bright groves of steel o'erspread the plain,
And glory urged the warlike train.

“Arouse, surpass the glorious dead,
View Austerlitz,” the conqueror said,
“And all those fields, where battle's fire
Gave fame to us, that worlds admire.”

“Soldiers, defend our glorious fame,
The valor of our arms proclaim;
And may no Frenchman meet his grave
Unknown as bravest of the brave!”

Nor did those veteran warriors yield,
From Wilna to Smolensko's field;
And there the sun of conflict set,
And saw Napoleon victor yet.

But Borodino's field of gore,
Where brave men bled at every pore,
Revealed, that there the cannon's breath
Decided Moscow's life or death.

Oh! awful on that field of fight,
Strong heroes perished in their might,
And men and horse, and sword, and shell,
In one promiscuous ruin fell.

Swift cannon shot, in whirling force,
Divided armies in their course;
And blood, and smoke, and shout and cry,
Defiled the earth and filled the sky.

The wheels of carnage onward rolled,
The Sun withdrew his flaming gold,
And then the cannon's blazing light,
Shone brilliant in the shades of night.

The horrid work of strife had ceased
Ere morning glimmer'd in the east—
The Russian host afar retired,
And left the field the French desired.

Soon Moscow met the raptured gaze,
Bathed in the hue of solar rays;
In all the charms that arts provide,
She stood, the Russian's song and pride.

But oh! what conflagration gleamed,
When wrapt in flames, fair Moscow seemed
An awful sea of vivid fire,
That levelled every lofty spire.

That fearful and disastrous hour,
Deprived the conqueror of his power;
To hosts, that never knew retreat,
The elements proclaimed defeat.

And that retreat, in winter's ice,
Deprived of food, of rest and fire,
Laid generals, heroes, soldiers low,
In shrouds of dense and freezing snow.

Of all that great aspiring band,
But few reviewed their native land,
The rest resigned their hope and breath,
And pressed the clammy arms of death.

O ye, that urge to war and strife,
To spoil the peace of human life—
To bathe in blood a battle plain—
To ruin empires for your gain—
Beware, lest Providence defeat,
Nor prosper better your retreat.

Written for the Casket.

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.

He who dedicates his talents to the service of virtue, is, of all others, the most worthy of honor. The hero may display his crimson laurels, and the statesman his civic wreath—the monarch may boast his extended dominions, and the miser his exhaustless treasures—the man of letters may point to you the high achievement of intellectual greatness, and congratulate himself upon the extent of his literary fame; but in all these, if there is not real virtue, there is no real value. The virtuous man alone is entitled to respect, and I hold him to be unworthy of respect who has no virtue. If the hand of heaven had impressed upon him the stamp of greatness—if his mental endowments are of the most exalted order, so much more contemptible is he, if he be destitute of moral principle.

What assimilates man to the beings of a purer world? In what respect is he “a little lower than the angels,” and by what authority does he claim precedence and ascendancy in the scale of beings? Is it the beauty of his form—“the human face divine,” or, the mere possession of intellect? No, it is his virtue—his virtue alone. It is this that gives him a title to the power which he exerts—to the happiness which he enjoys; and if he can be said to have any claim to them, it is this that gives him that claim to the blessings which Providence is continually showering upon him.

What assimilates him, in many cases, to the “beasts of the forest or the reptiles of the dust? Is it mental inferiority? Is it that his body is deformed, or his constitution incapable of enduring the care and turmoil of life? No! far from it; it is the prostitution of the powers of that mind.—It is the vice which covers his heart with poisonous and gnawing corruptions, which benumbs his sensibility and paralyzes his strength. When a man has lost his virtue, then—and then alone, has he lost his claim to respect. Is he in distress—by what authority does he invoke our aid? Is he naked, or hungry, or sick, or in prison, what claim has he to the commiseration and assistance of his fellow men? We may pity him—we may assist him—we may take him by the hand and support his tottering frame, but he deserves no such kindness. The ties which bind him to the human family is dissolved; the claim which all men have in common to the affections of their fellow creatures, when their conduct is honorable and virtuous, is forfeited; and the man thus degraded should be abhorred and despised. Administer to his necessities if you please, but in so doing you do not pay a debt—you discharge no duty. When a man voluntarily divests himself of the prerogatives of humanity with respect to himself, we are to be governed then by no law but such as directs us not to tread carelessly upon a worm.

I care not what may be a man's talents—what his wealth—what his achievements, if he has no virtue he merits no praise, no honor.

Upon these broad principles, sanctioned alike by the laws of our nature, and by the dictates and requirements of the holy religion of Christ, I shall be supported by the conviction of every candid reader, when I say, that he who does not exert his might in the cause of virtue—who does

not consider it his duty to go all lengths consistent with his situation in life, and his social obligations, in advancing the happiness and the temporal and moral welfare of the whole human family, is a foe to his race, and as such should be considered. Let him be an outcast from society. On the other hand, I shall be believed when I say, that he who has the interests of mankind at heart, whose ardent desire is the promotion of morality and benevolence; whose prayer at the rising of the sun and at the going down thereof, is for the welfare of mankind, without regard to sect, to color, or to clime; and whose highest aspirations are to accomplish the great and glorious object; such a man I say is deserving of honor. His orisons are acceptable at the throne of Grace—his destiny is identified with humanity. It is seldom, very seldom indeed, that the world is blessed with a Kyril, a Clarkson, a Howard, or a Washington. It is seldom that we hear the eloquent voice of a Wilberforce, or are fascinated with the persuasive accents of a Frelinghuysen,* pleading the cause of the oppressed and the enslaved. But when such men do appear, let them be honored. They are, and should be hailed with acclamations of joy, of praise, and of gratitude. Let those who make the attempt—even if that attempt be unsuccessful—to imitate the example of those illustrious men, who are emulous of their talents and fame, be encouraged.

We may, indeed, admire the productions of talent—we may censure the fatherless offspring of corrupted and prostituted genius—we may weep over a moral tale, written by a brazen-fronted libertine, or admire the sublime sentiments of a discourse, composed by a man who is not permitted to show his face within the sacred pale of polite, or moral, or refined society, but we must despise the fountain.

I have seen men whom I could not respect, but they possessed transcendent talents, and evinced the elements of a noble nature—of exalted capacities. With all the splendor of intellect—with all the beauty of form that it could be desirable to have, they stood in melancholy grandeur, the wonder and the detestation of all beholders. They were condemned by the sentence of the general voice.

How many tears have been shed over the tomb of neglected genius, and how often has the cold-hearted world been reproached because the most brilliant efforts, and the most ardent exertions of aspiring talent, have been unaided and unrequited. How much sublime thought and ingenuous feeling have been poured forth by ill-starred sons of song, without awakening a responsive emotion in the bosoms of any who read or heard. Often, very often, when reflecting on this subject, have we quoted the much admired lines of Gray:

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Ah! these are subjects of fearful reflection and of bitter reproach. But much keener must be

*This gentleman distinguished himself in Congress a few years since, by an eloquent appeal in defence of Indian rights.

that reproach, much more agonizing that reflection, when we consider, that while these amiable and talented masters are pouring forth their sweetest notes unheard and unapplauded, others, more fortunate but not more gifted, have usurped the laurel, and elicited admiration, not by inculcating sentiments of morality, or by exciting devotional and virtuous feeling, but by attacking morality itself, and hurling envenomed shafts at all which is dear to devotion and to virtue. These are they who find in the flower gardens of poetry, a sanctuary for transgressions of moral and social law, who profane their lips with the dialect of hell—who, prodigal of talent, and of fortune, acquire immortality of fame by encouraging and fostering the worst feelings, the most degrading passions. How often are such received with the frown of contempt, or the lightning glance of indignation. True, they are sometimes condemned, but more frequently are they taken to the bosom of favor and nourished.

True greatness consists in the exercise of virtue and in the support of those principles of religion which are calculated to adorn the human character. We never see a great man descending to those low arts, to those degrading employments, of which many who are conspicuous in the world, are not ashamed. We never see a great man submit to the will of unbridled appetite, or become a willing slave to inordinate passions. He diffuses around him a salutary influence; the good honor him, seek his company and court his favor. Vice pays him respect, and envy hangs her head before him. He is honest in his dealing, steady in his attachment, unwavering in faith—to him, undoubtedly, it was that Pope referred, when he said:

"A wit's a feather and a chief's a rod,

An honest man's the noblest work of God."

He is not ashamed to be found acting in the support of virtue, marshalled in the ranks of the followers of the cross, and spending his life in untiring devotion to the welfare of his kind. His "circumnavigations of charity" are frequent; "and he is most happy when engaged in labors of benevolence. He knows the luxury of doing good," and deems that the best employment here of life, and the most blessed in the sight of his Maker, which are employed in charity. C.

Detroit, May, 1832.

From the Journal of Health.

THE NERVOUS FEMALE.

The following remarks which we have translated from the French of a celebrated female writer contains a great deal of truth; and allowance being made for those particulars in which the characters of the French and American ladies differ from each other; which difference was more striking however at the period when this sketch was written than now, our readers of the female sex may derive from it a very useful lesson. The extract forms a scene in a moral tale.

Henry was constant in his attendance at the house of Madame Valmere. The latter having made him her confidant, he soon discovered that she was far from being happy—notwithstanding her ample fortune, the amiability of her hus-

band, her charming children and a circle of relatives and friends whom she respected and admired. But her health was bad; pleasure no longer amused her, and the visits of her friends were to her only a source of fatigue. She was unable to pass her hours pleasantly at home, and she had neither the strength nor the desire to go abroad; her duties even became a burden to her. Henry, uneasy at the state of languor and depression in which Madame Valmere had sunk, consulted privately her physician. She is, replied the latter, in a *crisis* which may yet endure for some time. In a what? exclaimed Henry. I will explain myself, replied the Doctor; The females of Paris follow a mode of life, particularly from their fifteenth year, which tends necessarily to produce in them the same sufferings which Madame Valmere now experiences. Dancing parties, sleighing parties, and the abuse of tea, cause the destruction of a considerable number of them in early youth. But, remarked Henry, dancing is certainly an exercise as healthful as it is agreeable! That is true, replied the physician, when used in moderation. In all things excess is injurious and destructive to health. If it be beneficial to dance in the country, in the open air, and at a proper season, this cannot be the case when the dance is prolonged for the greater part of the night in a crowded and lighted apartment, where the air is impure and stifling. And what have you, doctor, to say against sleighing? That it is an exercise which may be beneficial to females who pass their lives in the country. Why so? Because they are accustomed to exercise daily in the open air, on foot, and in consequence suffer less from the vicissitudes of the weather. While the better class of females in the city are either shut up almost constantly in their apartments, kept always of an equal temperature, or when they do go abroad, enclose themselves in a carriage and permit not a breath of air to blow upon them. Besides, the parties for sleighing in the country are never so brilliant but that one may decline them, if not in perfect health, whilst in the capital, from the moment a party of this kind is made up, there is scarcely a young person who would disappoint herself of the anticipated pleasure, even though labouring under a cold or other slight indisposition. The party sets off and the poor girl returns with her cold considerably augmented. This is still too often neglected for the pleasure of a new excursion, and she is at length confined to her bed with a serious disease of the chest. Thus, for the satisfaction of having traversed the principal streets of Paris, shivering with cold, the eyes filled with tears, and the countenance of a purple hue, amid the discordant sound of a thousand bells, the noise of which scarcely permits any conversation between the individuals of the party, she risks the destruction of her health, perhaps of her life. In regard to tea, its constant and excessive use is generally acknowledged to be highly injurious. Females seem to live upon tea, cream, coffee, cakes and sweetmeats; why should it therefore astonish any one that the health of their stomachs is impaired, their powers of digestion very generally destroyed, their frames debilitated, and that they should be sufferers from various

nervous complaints. In this manner it is that their youth and beauty so early vanish. At twenty-five or twenty-six years of age their constitutions commence very sensibly to decay, and a very large number sink at this period into their graves. At any rate, fashionable life must now be abandoned; dancing and pleasure are at the best a fatigue—the night can no longer be turned into day. If the powers of life are not too far exhausted, repose and moderation will re-establish the health, if there be good sense enough to direct this prudent course. Now sir, you can understand, why the period of twenty-six years is so dangerous for the females of Paris. Madame Valmere is now thirty-six, she is nevertheless at a period of life extremely critical. But on what account, Doctor? Her's is an age at which persons of the least degree of reflection are ordinarily disgusted with the frivolities which the world presents to them as solid pleasures. Impaired health, disgust, ennui and idleness produce depression of spirits and a series of nervous symptoms more or less serious. The female thus afflicted shuts herself up at home; every thing irritates and offends her—without taste for reading and with a mind but little cultivated, life itself becomes a burden. A minute attention to the state of her health—to converse of and enumerate her morbid sensations to every individual that comes near her; the visits of her physician and a daily change of remedies constitute her only pleasure—her entire occupation. In fine, many who can no longer shine in the circles of youth and of beauty—who can no longer command the attention and the admiration of the world of fashion, by their charms, endeavour to interest it, by exhibiting all the symptoms of impaired health. They in consequence affect to keep their chambers, by passing a part of the day in solitude. But this state of things cannot last long; it is absolutely necessary to be healed at last, or to continue for the remainder of their lives valetudinarians.—What resource is left them? Balls, assemblies, parties—no longer present any attraction.—There are several modes by the adoption of which health and cheerfulness may be again restored.—But which to choose is the difficulty.—They all demand exertion of body, and sacrifice of vitiated tastes and long cherished indulgencies. Madame Valmere is in this state of hesitancy—her good sense points out to her the proper choice, but her habitual indolence and her depression of spirits prevent her from at once making it—in the mean time she suffers both in mind and body—and until she summons to her aid sufficient resolution to change her daily habits, she will be an ailing, melancholy woman.—But, Doctor, it seems to me that, considering the nature of her complaints, she might very well dispense with the various medicines which you are in the habit of prescribing for her! You mistake, my young friend—I am persuaded that Madame Valmere is not a proper subject for internal remedies—exercise, cheerful occupation of mind, and a well regulated diet can alone restore her health. But then she is of a different opinion, she believes she is dying—that medicines will aid her, and the morbid state of her mind is such that I dare not oppose her hypo-

chondriacal illusions beyond a certain point. The medicines which I give her are sufficient to amuse her, but I am careful that they are not active. But why not quit her? That would be to inflict upon her a serious injury—she would fly then to the Empiric—and in place of my placebos, while taking which she is willing to a certain extent to adopt a proper regimen, she would be satisfied with merely swallowing nostrum after nostrum, thus constantly aggravating her complaints as well by the active ingredients which they so generally contain, as by the errors in diet and regimen, from which she then would have no judicious counsellor cautiously to guard her. Though I am unable to do all I could desire for your friend, yet, in continuing my attendance upon her, I know that I am still of use to her.

COQUETRY.

FROM THE DESK OF A QUIET MAN.

"If of herself she will not love,

Nothing will make her—

The Devil take her!"

MY DEAR SIR—I am going to make a confession for the benefit of mankind. I will relate a plain tale. Chagrin and grief will lend me words. When I left the university, some time since, some demon possessed me with an ardent desire to encounter a coquette. Among other blessings, heaven had gifted me with a passably good opinion of myself. I was tall, well-built enough, and with a countenance which has not been considered particularly disagreeable by those fair judges who have had it under review. My education (I considered) was complete, my accomplishments not a few. I had a tongue in my head and knew how to use it, and to back these, I had thirty-five thousand dollars in the United States bank, which stood as high in every body's estimation as I did. As for women, (I might flatter myself,) but I did suspect I knew the sex. Boyhood had not passed away altogether unimproved and I thought should a coquette cross my path, she shall have coquetting to her heart's content. With these juvenile views of my own powers, I took apartments in the village of B——, and here "heaven soon granted what the town denied." No one spoke of the society of the place without naming Miss——. She was the theme of every tongue.—Her beauty, her wit, her voice, her eloquence, her education and accomplishments, her fortune, and above all, her desperate flirtations, her audacious conquests, her cruelty, her—"Oh," said one of my informants, stopping a moment for breath, and breaking a chain of descriptive substantives which I began to think endless, "such a tyrant was never before seen. No man approaches her but he goes away with a deadly arrow cleaving to his side, and she laughing at his anguish." "By the blood of the Mirabels," I thought, as I drew on my last pump over a silk stocking, and shook ambrosial fragrance into my snowy handkerchief, which I prepared the next evening to attend a little *fete*, where I knew I should see this dangerous siren, "by the blood of the Mirabels, by the guardian genius who never yet deserted me upon an emergency, I will teach this haughty and cruel tyrant what it is to maltreat my sex. A parcel of illiterate country

ORIGINAL.

THE HEART.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
It hath a thousand strings,
And every wind that sweeps across
A different cadence brings;
It hath a many mirthful voice,
It speaketh many a tone,
But often will its swelling notes,
All vibrate into one.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
It is a curious thing;
It gives an impetus to thought,
And bends the fancy wing;
But hid within its unseen depths,
A motion ever burns;
And hatred—love—with equal sway,
Direct its will by turns.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
It sports with beauty's flower,
And beams upon its fragile stem,
That plaything of an hour.
It nourishes a dream of hope,
It hath a burst of joy;
'Tis strange that it must ever be
So poisoned with alloy.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
Its visions of delight
Are always present in the mind,
And swim before the sight.
But doubt oft casts its shadow o'er—
Its times of sadness come—
And then, in sad loneliness,
Its sighs to upward roam.

The heart, the heart—the human heart—
With weariness grows old;
And then it feels its breath leave faint,
Its quivering pulse grow cold.
Yet, though the hand of death is there,
It cannot all decay;
It loves, regenerated, when
Corruption wastes the clay.

W.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

Full many a flower of love, I wear,
May deck this mimic, sylvan scene;
Pluck'd from the far off flowery isles,
Some gemm'd with tears, some wreath'd with smiles;
Some from the famed Arcadian bowers,
Where blossom love's peculiar flowers;
Buds of a southern hemisphere,
In endless beauty blossom here.
Wreaths of a summer loveliness, since fled,
Bloom here in mockery of the dead;
Leaves that were crush'd in wintry gloom,
Shed here a fragrance from their tomb.
Flowers, buds and leaves, from every clime,
Scorn the stern mandates of old time;
And even in winter's dreariest hour,
Proudly may deck a lady's bower.
Let, from their bright perennial spring,
Lovers their several trophies bring;
I, from an unknown, humble grove,
Bring but one flower—*Forget me not.*

C. H. W.

Written for the Cabinet.

AN ESSAY.

Original laws of Mind—Their coincidence with physical phenomena.

There is a spiritual existence which pervades and controls the human system. The reality of this existence, denominated the mind, is as clearly proved from its own peculiar attributes, perception, thought and volition, as that of matter from its sensible properties. It is not our design, however, to exhibit the proof: but proceeding upon the hypothesis that the existence both of mind and matter is an unquestionable truth, we propose to show some of the laws of mind; and their coincidence with physical nature.

The infant mind has been frequently represented by the simile of an entire blank, on which the images of objects are impressed through the medium of the senses. Those who instituted this comparison have, to show its fitness, proceeded to say that the image of an object impressed on the mind, is an idea, that several images accumulated are a combination of ideas, and that these are so associated as to produce all the phenomena of mind. This theory, although deserving the commendation of ingenuity, is doubtless false; for unless the mind possessed the principle of action, no circumstances whatever could beget action. We know that the seven original colors combined in a certain proportion produce the sensation of white, but what possible combination of passive impressions can account for the simple phenomena of volition.

The mind is an active existence. Constantly exerting its efforts, varying the method and changing the object of its research, it speculates intently on objects of sense; and finally, as a being independent of the material world, pries with interminable scrutiny into the phenomena of its own existence.

The speculations of the mind are not wholly a chaos of wandering thought. There are certain forms of thought and principles of faith originally existing in the mind, which are the basis of all her future deductions, and it is by a suitable reliance on these that we are enabled to arrive at any useful results either in the moral or physical world. We may adduce as an instance to our purpose, the almost universal belief of the immortality of the soul. Were not the consciousness of its own imperishable nature original in the mind, from what source is it derived? Can observation, experience or analogy have taught us any thing on the subject? Who has existed through eternity? To what is eternal existence analogous? Or whose senses have embraced it?

The volume of inspiration contains no direct revelation of this truth, but evidently presumes it to be an original element of the mind. Were not this the case, a truth so fundamental to all its doctrines would doubtless have occupied its first pages as the starting point of Revelation. It is a truth in its very nature, beyond the possibility of proof, we may as well attempt to prove the existence of matter: a belief of the one rests on the same basis with that of the others, and it is not surprising that several distinguished individuals of a past age, who disbe-

lieved the former by the same perversion of original reason, denied the existence of the latter. We have no higher authority to believe in the existence of the common objects of sense, than we have to believe that the soul is immortal. In regard to material existence, the mind is so constituted as to believe whatever the senses communicate. For instance, my organs of vision inform me that there is before me a house, a tree, or whatever object you please; I believe the object to exist, not because any process of reasoning can be instituted to prove its existence, but simply because it is an original law of the mind to believe the senses. It is also original in the mind to believe in immortality; in either case there can be no possible proof, and the only ground for belief is that the unperverted mind possesses an intuitive belief.

We might here show that the leading principles of virtue, a belief in the Supreme being, and indeed many of those great moral truths which regard our present and future happiness, are original in the mind; and only need to be purified from the grosser passions of our fallen nature, in order to shadow forth, in more legible traces, the image of him who is the Father of our spirits: but the limits of this essay admonish us to pass to another part of the subject.

The abstract sciences are undoubtedly a development of original modes of thought. And from this they derive their chief excellence.—They raise the mind above every contingency and liability to error, which on account of the imperfection of the senses are attendant on the observation of external objects to the contemplation of forms purely ideal and absolutely true. It is easy to see that pure mathematics could have no other possible origin than that of original modes of thought.—The forms of natural objects are ever imperfect. Nature in carrying forward her ceaseless changes by solution and redeposition, never produces forms which exhibit mathematical lines and angles. Besides, the senses are so imperfect that, were the universal scenery an aggregate of unchanging forms, perfect as the compass of mental perception when she strikes her ideal curve, they could never transmit to the mind an image, the perception of which would be an idea mathematically precise. Since the senses are incapable of absolute precision, and since the forms with which they are conversant are vague and irregular, the conclusion is unanswerable that the abstract sciences have their origin in the mind.

Nor can it be objected to this conclusion that the forms of nature approximating to precision, produce on the mind the germs of mathematical ideas. However near the approximation unless the mind actually possessed a predisposition to contemplate forms by regular curves and angles; she cannot reasonably be supposed, among an infinity of possible forms, to have reduced her perceptions and reflections to geometrical laws.

There are indeed in nature, a thousand forms approximating to a circle; but the perfect circle, on which are built those beautiful and interesting demonstrations, exist only in the mind.—Nor can it exist in miniature true to the original idea. The geometrician's art united with the painter's skill, cannot sketch with sufficient ac-

curacy to exhibit—to external vision. Nor can the mathematical line, extension without breadth; nor that most simple element of science, the geometrical point, position without extension, exist in miniature. They are nothing less than innate ideas, and they are the axis on which revolves an ideal world—a world in which the man of science, leaving the contingencies of matter, expatiates on pure ideas, on absolute truths.—A world which is, and yet is not matter. A world, the elements of which are the human mind.

Notwithstanding the demonstrations of mathematics are, as we have shown perfectly independent of matter, there is an admirable harmony between them and the phenomena of the physical world. So far as human sagacity can detect, matter obeys the same laws that exist originally in the mind. Acting independently of each other, they act in unison. It is indeed owing to this fact that man has so far succeeded in investigating the laws, in conformity to which the elements act, and by which they may be controlled; as to make the flame propel his chariot, and the lightnings sport harmless round his head.

The electrician first contemplates an abstract ideal law, and then institutes a series of observations to know whether the subtle fluid upon which he experiments, acts in conformity to that law. The philosopher demonstrates, by a course of abstract mental operations, that the increasing velocity of a falling body is in proportion to the square of the time occupied. The demonstration is wholly *a priori*. As independent of matter as though matter never was. Yet having discovered the law in his mind; he finds by observation, so far as the senses can test that matter actually obeys this law. The same is true of the laws of light, heat, magnetism, and indeed of every thing which is the subject of philosophical inquiry.

The science of astronomy is a still more interesting exhibition of the coincidence of the laws of mind and matter. Were it not for this coincidence, the astronomer might have gazed forever on the solar system; alike ignorant of its laws of motion, and of the economy of its changes. Every visible eclipse would have been the portent of a raging pestilence; and every returning comet would have caused fresh anguish, as the ominous portrait of succeeding blood-shed. But the astronomer, having developed in his own mind the abstract demonstrations of the *ellipse*, the *hyperbola* and the *parabola*; by comparing them with the phenomena of the heavens, found himself able to trace those hitherto bewildering orbs in their undeviating pathway and predict their returning phenomena for successive ages.

All this he has accomplished by carefully tracing the coincidence of the laws of mind and matter. But his labours are still incomplete.—His field is infinite space, and the subjects of his inquiry are the innumerable myriads of orbs, that skirt the extremity of human vision, and extend as far as the creative energy of an infinite Creator.

How far he will push his future discoveries we dare not predict. He may perhaps trace out

some still more exquisite ideal law by the help of which, having caught the glimpse of a passing comet which has travelled ever since the creation in her elliptical orbit to arrive within the neighbourhood of our system, he may trace her course through other systems, and computing the revolution of each individual of these respectively, may pass on from system to system, until he shall finally compute the grand revolution of an infinity of systems around one common centre.

THE FOUNDLING.

It was late in the evening of a summer's day, in the year 1756, as an honest mechanic of the city of Philadelphia on his way home, found an infant, which hardly breathed, wrapped up in an old mantle, laying before a door sill. It appeared to be but a few hours old; and while he cursed the hard hearted mother, who had exposed her new born infant, he took the poor creature in his arms, and concluded to do all that was in his power for it; he nursed it as one of his own children, and called it after his name, and had he lived, it would never have felt the want of a father. But he died while it was a helpless infant, and it became dependant upon the overseer for its future support. Frederick (for so he was called) was, when he arrived at a proper age, bound to an unfeeling master. He already, in his early days, showed traces of a deceitful and ungovernable genius; and he lived so disagreeably with his master, that in the twelfth year of his age he ran away, and went on board of a ship.

After experiencing the various vicissitudes of fortune for nine years, he was at last found a soldier in the British army. The history of his early days was deeply impressed on his mind. He knew that from his birth he had been abandoned by his parents: he recollected his unfeeling master, and he swore to revenge himself against the hand which gave him birth; he now sought for his revenge under the flag of the British, who were at that time at war with America.

In a dark and rainy night, shortly after the battle of Brandywine, he accompanied a scout-party, which directed its course towards Schuylkill. After he and his companions had waded through a deep mire, which was overgrown with bushes, they suddenly came to a lonely house, at the margin of the wood; they forced themselves in and found an American officer, whose fresh wounds a handsome and weeping girl was binding up, while an old woman held the candle—a scene of pain and trouble. The soldiers began to plunder the house, as no officer was with them; they found plenty of liquor there, and drank until they were all intoxicated. Several of them even abused the wounded officer, who appeared to take no notice of what was passing before him until Fredrick took hold of the young woman and attempted to kiss her. This was an insult of another kind, and the American officer sprang from the bed, whereon he had lain, and collared him. The report of a pistol followed like lightning, and the officer fell dead on the floor. The girl cried out: "Oh my brother! he has murdered my brother!" and she fell in a swoon at the side of her murdered brother; while the weak old woman, in a frantic fit,

staggered from one end of the room to the other, calling for help. It was as terrible an act as can be imagined.

But that was not the end. That innocent, tender and amiable girl, that numbered but sixteen years, and whose heart was almost broken at the death of her brother, with soft blue eyes, full of unutterable pain; without a hand to succour her; without a soul to comfort her, was that night an offering to these inhuman soldiers.

Human beings, with the most susceptible hearts, most tender feelings, and most delicate frames, must sometimes suffer long and bitterly, before the heart-strings of mercy break. The unfortunate girl was notwithstanding preserved from this. Two days afterwards, as the British army marched forward, she was found a corpse, and buried with her brother.

The unfortunate mother applied to the English officers for justice, and Frederick was brought forth to be examined. I talked with one who was a witness of the whole examination. Murder, robbery and rape were proven against him. But when the defendant related the history of his life, she heard him with despair to the end, and then fell, with terrible convulsions, from her seat. She had recognised him; he was her first born, her oldest son; the fruit of a forbidden intercourse with the man she had afterwards married, and made the father of her children, whom the eldest, banished son precipitated, bloody and dishonoured, into the grave.

In this manner, at last, the curse of the crime fell upon the accuser—Fredrick was executed,—and the distressed mother died in the desperation of an awakened conscience, in a frantic convulsion.

I was well acquainted, for many years, with the place at Schuylkill. The spot where they are all buried, used to be pointed out, about half a mile from the road leading to Darby.

PHILOSOPHICAL ANALYSIS OF DANCING.—Sir, said Mr. J, I have examined this matter with some diligence, but I really scarcely know what to say. Almost any other theme would have furnished me with something to contribute to the discussion, but what can one say on this? After all my labor, the sum and substance of the matter seems to me to be only this. A party of ladies and gentlemen (who elsewhere pass for intelligent and rational beings) assemble at the ball room. Soon they array themselves in opposing lines. Presently, a young lady jumps up from the floor, shakes one foot and comes down again. Again she springs up and the other foot quivers. Then she turns round in her place, springs up and shakes both her feet. Her intelligent partner opposite, performs the same operations.—Then both rush forward, and seize each others hand, jump up again, shake their feet, turn round, return to their places jump up again, then shake their feet and stand still. The next lady and gentleman very rationally and soberly follow the example just set them, jumping, shaking and turning, and so on to the end. And all for no other reason, that I can perceive, than because black cuffee sits in the corner yonder, drawing a horse hair across a catgut.

PAPER-MAKING.

After the art of writing was introduced, it was a natural suggestion, what substance should be invented to write upon. The inner bark of the birch tree presented itself as the most convenient natural resource. This bark was for a long time used, and cut into round or square pieces, and afterwards strung upon a string, in their proper consecutive order, which formed a volume or a book. After this, plates of lead and steel were made use of, on which they wrote with a sharp instrument.

The Egyptians invented a substance called *Papyrus*, from which our word paper is derived. The papyrus was a reed which grew on the banks of the Nile. The manufacture of paper was performed by taking off the outer covering of this reed, which was thick, coarse, and unfit for use, then carefully separating the internal membrane, with the point of a knife or needle. These membranes were spread parallel to each other on a table, in sufficient numbers to form a sheet; a second course or layer, was thrown over these, the whole was then showered with water, and pressed between two polished surfaces. After drying, the mass was found to present a smooth and uniform sheet. This was the principal substance on which men wrote, for a long series of years.

Parchment was next invented, which was considered far superior to all other substances before that of paper was discovered. It was made then as it is now, from the dressed skins of calves. Many thousand volumes have been written on parchment. Paper was discovered in the East Indies and some other places, sometime before the Christian era. It was then made wholly of silk rags. Paper made from cotton and linen, was not manufactured till the latter part of the sixteenth century. This was made in the continent of Europe, and it was not until the year 1690, that writing or printing paper was made in England.

We are so accustomed to the use of paper and printing that they have become as familiar as household words, and we enjoy the benefits of them, little thinking of the disadvantages under which we should labor, had we never realized their worth. Without these there would be no effectual means of correspondence between individuals or nations—no account of the wonderful progress of events in various parts of the world, and no means of obtaining useful knowledge. Arts would not flourish, ignorance would prevail, and the world would very soon degenerate into a scene of thick palpable darkness. The man of business would of necessity confine the sphere of his operations, and the fond lover must vent his sighs to himself, nor solace his loneliness, by the hope of communicating his feelings to his beloved mistress.

ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER.

We find the subjoined account of a most extraordinary adventure that occurred some time since at a Tiger hunt, in a late number of the *Bengal Hurkaru* newspaper, taken from the journal of an officer in the service of the British East India Company:—

"On the march of detachment from Louton

to Bulbrompore, to join General Wood, we arrived at our first ground of encampment, about eight A. M. Soon after our arrival, the Zumeendar of the village came to us to complain, that a Tiger had taken up his quarters in that vicinity, and committed daily ravages amongst the cattle; he had also killed several villagers, and had that morning wounded the son of the Zumeendar. On this information, Lieut. Colnett, Captain Robertson, and Dr. Hamilton, mounted their elephants, and proceeded to dislodge the animal. They soon discovered the object of their search; Lieut. Colnett's elephant being a little in advance, was attacked by him; the other elephants turned round and ran off a short distance. The tiger had sprung upon the shoulders of Lieut. Colnett's Elephant, who in that situation fired at him, and he fell. Conceiving him to be disabled, Lieut. C. descended from the Elephant, for the purpose of despatching him with his pistols, but in alighting, he came in contact with the tiger, which had only crouched for a second spring, and which, having caught hold of him by the thigh, dragged him some distance, along the ground. Having succeeded in drawing one of a brace of pistols from his belt, Lieut. C. fired and lodged a ball in the body of the tiger, when the beast becoming enraged, shook him violently without letting go his hold, and made off towards the thickest part of the jungle, with his prey. In the struggle to free himself from the clutches of the animal, Colnett caught hold of him by both ears, and succeeded after some time, in throwing the beast upon his side, when he availed himself of his momentary release to draw forth the remaining pistol, and clapping the muzzle to the breast of the tiger, shot him through the heart. He then returned to his Elephant, which he mounted without assistance, feeling at the moment little pain from his wounds, of which he had received no fewer than five and twenty, between the knee and the groin, many of them severe. I understand, he has ever since continued to suffer from the consequence of the conflict, and that he has lost the motion of that knee, which was the seat of the principal injury.

TOLERATION.—*An Anecdote.*—A late dignitary of the established church was once chaplain of a British factory. A Protestant, who belonged to it, happening to die at a village a few miles distant, his friends, on account of his difference in the faith, found every argument with the parish priest, to permit his interment, of no weight. The chaplain of the factory waited upon him in person, and after mentioning his quality and his business, related the following circumstance:—"When I was a curate in London, I was interring a corpse on a Sunday afternoon, and had not gone half through the ceremony, when a woman pressed through the crowd, pulled me by the sleeve. 'Sir,' said she, 'I must speak to you!'—'Speak to me, woman!' said I, 'you must stay till I have finished the ceremony.'—'No, sir,' replied she, 'you must hear me immediately. Do you not know that you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox by the side of my poor husband, who never had it?'—The priest felt the force of the anecdote, and immediately consented to the interment, *gle*

ANECDOTE OF AN INDIAN WOMAN.—After ascending the Atahipio for five miles, Humboldt and Bonpland entered the Rio Temi. Agranitic rock on the western bank of the former river attracted their attention. It is called the Piedra de la Guahibo or Piedra de la Madre, and commemorates one of those acts of oppression of which the Europeans are guilty in all countries, whenever they come into contact with savages. In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his people to the banks of Rio Guaviare on a hostile excursion. In an Indian hut they found a Guahibo woman, with three children, occupied in preparing cassava-flour. She and her little ones attempted to escape, but were seized and carried away. The unhappy female repeatedly fled with her children from the village, but was always traced by her Christian countrymen. At length the friar, after causing her to be severely beaten, resolved to separate her from her family, and sent her up the Atahipio towards the missions of the Rio Negro. Ignorant of the fate intended for her, but judging by the direction of the sun that her persecutors were carrying her far from her native country, she burst her fetters, leaped from the boat and swam to the left bank of the river. She landed on a rock; but the president of the establishment ordered the Indians to row to the shore and lay hands on her. She was brought back in the evening, stretched upon the bare stone, (the Piedra de la Madre) scourged with straps of mantee leather, which are the ordinary whips of the country, and then dragged to the mission of Javita, her hands bound behind her back. It was the rainy season, the night was excessively dark; forests believed to be impenetrable stretched from that station of San Fernando over an extent of 86 miles, and the only communication between these places was by the river; yet the Guahibo mother, breaking her bonds, and eluding the vigilance of her guards, escaped under night, and on the fourth morning was seen at the village, hovering around the hut which contained her children. On this journey she must have undergone hardships from which the most robust man would have shrunk; was forced to live upon ants, to swim numerous streams, and to make her way through thickets and thorny lianas. And the reward of all this courage and devotion was—her removal to one of the missions of the Upper Orinoco, where, despairing of ever seeing her beloved children, and refusing all kind of nourishment, she died a victim to the bigotry and barbarity of wretches blasphemously calling themselves the Ministers of a religion which inculcates universal benevolence.—*Researches of Baron Humboldt.*

From the Journal of Health.

FEEDING ON SMELLS.—The odorous effluvia emitted from aliments were considered anciently to possess nutritive properties. This arose probably, in a great measure, from the well known effects produced by savory and disgusting odours upon the appetite. It is impossible that a sufficiency of the matter given off in the form of effluvia, even admitting this to be nutritive, can be absorbed in the system, to account for the apparent satiety induced by the smell of certain viands. The fact can only be explained

by the effect produced upon the nervous system, impressions upon which, influence very powerfully the appetite, as we see daily exemplified in the operation of various mental emotions. The very first perception of a nauseous or disagreeable odour, or even one otherwise agreeable, when the stomach is laboring under certain states of derangement, will frequently quell, in an instant, the keenest appetite, or convert it into loathing. The ancients nevertheless believed, that life might be sustained for some time by simply smelling nutritious substances. Democritus is said to have lived three days on the vapour of hot bread; and Bacon refers to a man, who supported an abstinence of several days, by inhaling the odour of a mixture of aromatic and alliaceous herbs. Two hundred years ago these notions were entertained to a great extent, and they afforded the basis for the vaticum, suggested for travellers proceeding to the moon, according to the plan proposed by Dr. John Wilkins, bishop of Chester. This learned prelate published a work, in 1638, entitled "*The discovery of a New World, or a discourse tending to prove there may be another habitable world in the Moon, with a discourse concerning the probability of a passage thither.*" In which he remarks: "If we must needs feed upon something, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India, that lived only upon pleasing odours, and it is the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits."

FASHION.—Fashion rules the world; and a most tyrannical mistress she is,—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable, for fashion's sake.

She pinches our feet with tight shoes, or chokes us with a tight neckerchief, or squeezes the breath out of our body by tight lacing. She makes people sit up by night, when they ought to be in bed; and keeps them in bed in the morning, when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self, and genteel to live idle and useless. She makes people visit when they had rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry and drink when they are not thirsty.

She invades our pleasure and interrupts our business.

She compels people to dress gaily, whether upon their own property or that of others, whether agreeable to the word of God, or the dictate of pride.

She ruins health, and produces sickness; destroys life and occasions premature death.

She makes fools of parents, invalids of children, and servants of all.

She is a tormentor of conscience, a despoiler of mortality, and an enemy of religion; and no one can be her companion and enjoy either.

She is a despot of the highest grade, full of intrigue and cunning, and yet husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and servants, black and white, have voluntarily become her obedient subjects and slaves; and vie with one another to see who shall be most obsequious.

From the American Traveller.

SHARKS.—All who have seen or heard of sharks have a natural antipathy to them; this is not to be wondered at—for my own part, whenever I hear the name of Shark, it causes a universal shudder. The true man-eater is of a bluish grey color; has several rows of sharp-pointed teeth, set in different parts of two enormous jaws, and woe unto any thing that has life that comes within his range!—The full-grown Shark, of the species above-mentioned, is generally from ten to fourteen feet in length, and his jaws are sufficiently large to admit the body of a man. The eye is small in proportion to the body, but sharp and piercing when in the water, and rather dull when out of this element. Whenever I have observed a school of sharks alongside our vessel in a perfect calm, so that I could have a distinct view of them, which is very easy, as they swim near the surface of the water, they reminded me of so many foul spirits seeking for their prey. Their voracity is so astonishing, that they devour anything thrown overboard, without any discrimination whatever.

While we were at Yoree, on the coast of Africa, several negro boys were bathing one morning in the waters of the beach, when a piercing shriek was heard for a moment from one of them, who had ventured too far from the shore—an enormous shark had warily approached him before he was aware of his danger, and actually bit him in two!

We had a man taken sick off Cape Palmas on the coast, where the natives said they had not seen any sharks for a long time, for they are so dexterous in attacking them even in their own element, (as I have been informed,) that in this particular place they are seldom seen. However this may be, the sick man died, on the third morning after he was attacked, of the yellow fever. We were not more than two miles from the beach, which the waters of the broad Atlantic laved;—still, we dared not venture ashore, although the sea was calm, and smooth as a mirror. We did not know the character of the natives, so we concluded to bury the remains of our departed seaman in the bosom of the deep.

We sewed him up as well as we could in a hammock, and after the usual services on such an occasion, we launched him from the side of the vessel into the deep blue ocean. As soon as the waters had closed over him, and while the surface was still agitated by the deposit we had made of as noble a fellow as ever lived, an exclamation of horror burst from the lips of all the crew simultaneously, as the dorsal fin of an enormous shark was seen about a hundred yards from the vessel, and, as it approached nearer, instantly disappeared, without doubt to feast upon the body of our unfortunate seaman.—From this time every one on board had such an inveterate hatred to the shark species, (the captain in particular,) that no opportunity was suffered to escape, which offered itself, to destroy them.—Never shall I forget the time when we were becalmed off Princess Island. Not a breeze agitated the surface of the smooth and mirrored ocean.—Our sails, spars and rigging were as distinctly reflected in the bosom of the deep, as a lady's

head gear in the glass in which she views herself, before going to a ball. I never saw the water of a more beautiful and deeper blue; probably owing to the azure sky being at this time without a single cloud, and reflecting its serenity on the bosom of the ocean. Nothing is more tedious to seamen than a calm. As there was not much to be done on board, some amused themselves by throwing lines overboard to ascertain whether there were any fish; others stowed themselves away in their berths, and took a comfortable snooze. Something was wanting to destroy the monotony, and this was soon offered. The cry of "sharks! sharks!" was uttered by one of the hands, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion. Every thing was devised to destroy them; but the captain hit upon an expedient which promised success—this was by shooting them. A piece of wood, about a foot in length to which a piece of beef was attached, was thrown over the stern by one of the men, at a distance from the vessel, and gradually drawn near enough to have a fair shot. It had scarcely touched the water before an enormous shark made toward it, and, as he turned up to swallow the dainty morsel, he received three musket balls directly through the head; and, in this manner, we presumed we killed several of their number, and for that day, at least, we were not troubled with any more sharks!

J. H. C.

THE PATIENT SHOPKEEPER.—In days of yore, there lived in Chester, in the state of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry-goods store, and was remarkable for his imperturbable disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbors, who was somewhat of a wag, bet five dollars that he could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloths suitable for a coat. One piece was shown to him, and then another; a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves; *this* was too coarse, *the other* was too fine; one was of too dark a color, another too light; still, the old Diogenes continued placid as new-milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety being laid before him, until the very last piece in the shop was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last; *this* is the very thing; I will take a *cent's* worth of this pattern." at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manners; and then, laying the cent on the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the size of the money, and wrapping it carefully up in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and hoped that he would call at his store when he wanted any thing in his line again.

USEFUL HINTS TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.—It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus, if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, a real Amati, be played by the side of a modern fiddler, the latter will sound much the louder of the two; but the sweet brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Doctor Young, on the authority of Derham, states, that at Gibraltar the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice may be heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in an open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout, but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear. The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of music in the human voice," says the author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedral abroad. Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same service had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, and at the greatest distance, are those who, modulating the voice, render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage.—Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourses in the House of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard, "his middle tones were sweet, rich, and beautifully varied;" says a writer, describing the orator, "when he raised his voice to its high pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sound; and the effect was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had spirit stirring notes, which were perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the house sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

SUPERSTITIOUS CURES.—1. A ring made of the hinge of a coffin, will prevent cramp.—[I have hardly ever known it fail.]

2. A halter wherewith any one has been hanged, if tied about the head, will cure the headache. [Tight round the neck is an infallible cure.]

3. Moss growing on a human skull, if dried, powdered, and taken as snuff, will cure the headache.

4. A dead man's hand will dispel wens or

swelled glands—if it be rubbed nine times on the place afflicted. [Recollect nine times, no other number will do.]

5. Touch a dead body—one simple touch, and it will prevent you from dreaming of it.

6. Steal a piece of beef; rub warts with it—then bury it or throw it over the left shoulder, and do not look behind you—when the beef rots, your warts will decay. [I have tried this once, and never knew it fail.]

7. A fragment of a gibbet or gallows, on which one or more individuals have been executed, if worn next the skin, will prevent or cure the ague. [I have never tried this. Ma has, and although she travelled through the low country one summer, she never had the ague.]

8. A stone, with a hole in it, hung at the bed's head, will prevent the nightmare. [I have always had this hanging at my bed's head, and I have never yet had the night mare.]

9. If a tree of any kind be split, and weakly children drawn through it, and afterwards the tree be bound together, so as to make it unite—as the tree heals the child will acquire strength. [Brother Tommy was perfectly cured in this way.]—*Virginia Museum.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.—Mr. Campbell, Missionary to the South of Africa, relates the following instance of the sagacity of cattle in finding water in a desert:—They were obliged to cross one of those sandy wastes, which are so common to the country, and in which it is usual for numbers of cattle to perish by thirst. By making as few short stops as possible, he escaped with the loss of only four out of the hundred and twenty or thirty; which composed his caravan. Besides these, a large drove of sheep and goats followed the party, on which the Hottentots were to subsist. On one occasion, just at break of day, when all were ready to faint with thirst, the oxen made a sudden halt, and sniffed the air around, as if uncertain which way to proceed; while the sheep and goats, taught by instinct or observation to trust to the superior sagacity of the oxen, patiently waited their decision. After a few moments, they all struck off at a brisk gallop towards a small bushy hill at some distance; but when the party arrived they found to their disappointment that the pools had just been emptied. The oxen immediately took a new direction, followed by the whole squadron, and soon came to another pool, into which they plunged, the sheep, goats, Hottentots and the good missionary himself.

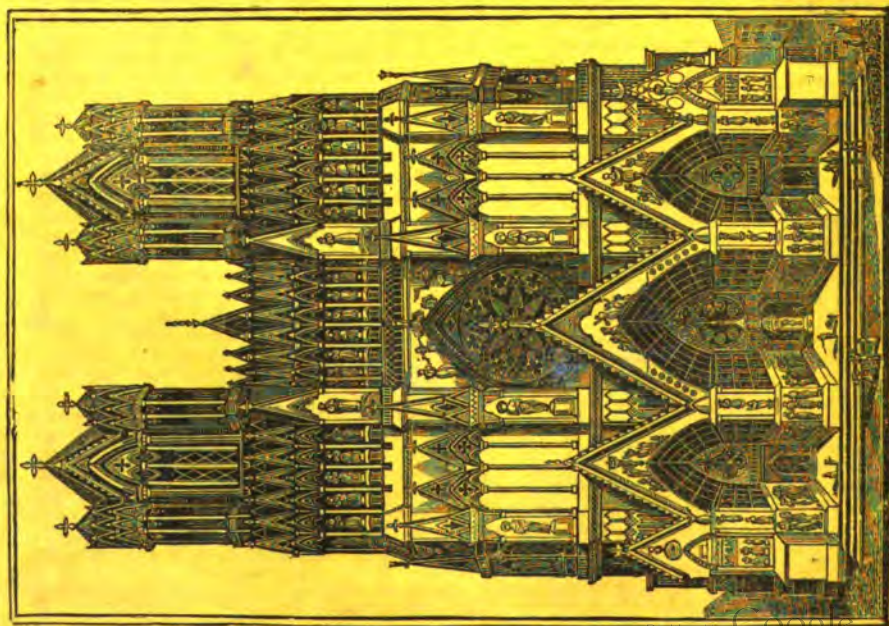
In a Comedy the plot turns on Marriage. In Tragedy it turns on Murder. The whole intrigue in the one, and the other, turns on this grand event; Will they marry? Will they not marry? Will they murder? Will they not murder? There will be a marriage: there will be a murder; and this forms act the first. There will be no marriage: there will be no murder; and this gives birth to act the second. A new mode of marrying and murdering is prepared for the third act. A new difficulty impedes the marriage or the murder, which the fourth act discusses. At last the marriage or the murder are effected for the benefit of the last act.—*Rossetti.*

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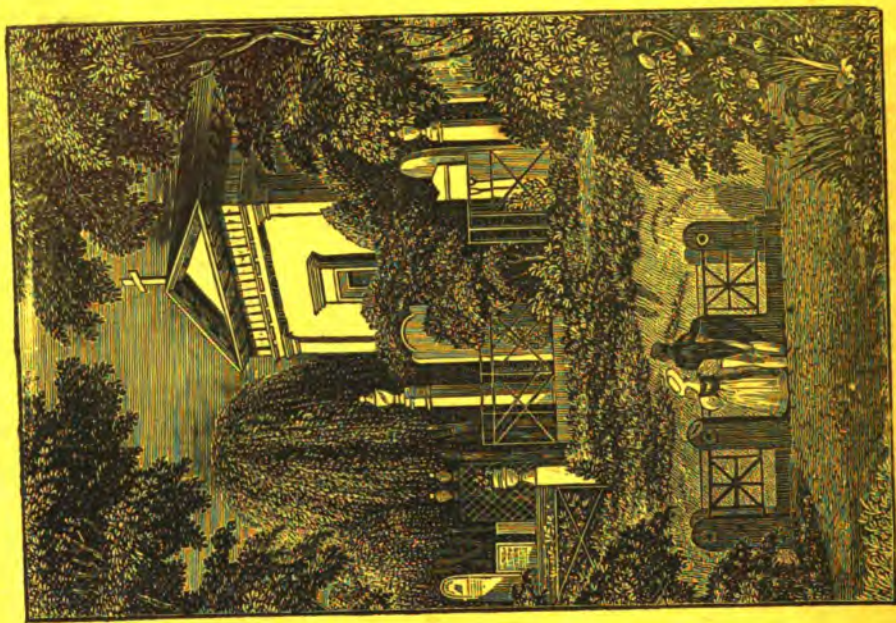
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

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Cathedral at Rheims.



Tonts of Talma and others, Paris.

TOMBS OF TALMA, AND OTHERS,

Pere la Chaise.

None of the picturesque groups of scenery, which abound in the cemetery of Pere le Chaise, seem more happily combined than that which contains the tomb of Talma; nor can we better illustrate our plate than by a slight sketch of his brilliant career.

Francis Joseph Talma, born at Paris, 15th of January, 1766, was educated in that capital, and in London, where his father practised as a dentist. At a very early period of his life he attracted the notice of his late majesty, George IV. by his performance of some of the lighter French comedies at the Hanover Square Rooms; and the late earl of Harcourt is said to have urged his being devoted to the English stage.—A more congenial sphere of action, however, was in reserve for him.

His family returning to France, young Talma was speedily announced in the character of Seide, in Voltaire's *Mabomet*. His debut took place on the 27th of November, 1787, and was strikingly successful. He now attached himself to the higher walks, and obtained the highest honours of the drama, effecting finally a complete reformation in the costume of the French stage. On the breaking out of the revolution he became also a political partizan of considerable zeal and influence, and ranked among his friends Mirabeau, Condorcet, Claviere and Napoleon. On the latter becoming Emperor, our tragedian would have relinquished the intimacy, but Bonaparte ordered admission to be given to him every day at the Court breakfast hour, when the imperial actor is stated to have received lessons from the professional one.

Talma, continuing passionately attached to his art, published a work on its general principles in 1825, which, however, disappointed his admirers. We find no other instance on record of his appearance as an author. In the autumn of the following year his health declined: but, possessing his fine powers of mind unimpaired to the last, he received and recognized all his friends; declared that the physicians were ignorant of his disease; and strongly resisted the importunities of the clergy to abjure his profession as irreligious. Giving directions for his funeral, he exclaimed, "Let there be no priests; all I ask is not to be buried too soon." He died 19th of October, 1826, and is said to have been a Protestant in his religious sentiments. Agreeably to his request no religious ceremony took place at his funeral, but his colleague Lafou and the dramatists Jouy and Arnault delivered orations. A flattering cortege of mourning coaches and private carriages attended, with no fewer than 60,000 persons as spectators. The mausoleum here presented to our readers was erected by public subscription.

INUTILITY OF FORMS.—The forms of good breeding, says M. Dumont, which have been so properly compared to the cotton and other soft materials placed between china vases, to prevent their being broke by collision, too often keep men at a distance from each other, and prevent, as it were, the contact of hearts.

CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS.

Rheims is one of the most ancient cities in France, and in this Cathedral the coronation of its kings has been celebrated for upwards of thirteen centuries. Of the public buildings, the Cathedral is by far the most remarkable, and is an object of admiration to all travellers. This noble structure, of which our engraving presents a very fine view, is an immense gothic pile, erected in the twelfth century, and is one of the finest specimens of that order of architecture in France. The grand entrance is a most elaborate and beautiful specimen of art. Charles X. the dethroned king of France, was crowned at the Cathedral in May, 1825. As the former crown with which so many of the French kings were adorned, was destroyed at the revolution, a new crown was made for Charles X. This splendid bauble is valued at eighteen and a half million of francs, or about three and a half millions of dollars—and forcibly illustrates the improvidence and thoughtlessness of the man whose extravagancies of a political character finally deprived him of his throne. At the ceremony of the coronation, the king was led to the door of his apartment, which communicated with the Cathedral, accompanied by the Dauphin, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, the great officers of the crown, the officers of the household, and others having functions to perform in the ceremony, with the principal chapter of the Cathedral, who knocked at the door. Prince Talleyrand, the high chamberlain, said in a loud voice, "What is it you desire?" The Cardinal answered, "Charles X. whom God has given us for our king." The doors were then opened by his majesty's porters, and the two cardinals approached the king and saluted him. The cardinal presented the holy water to him, and repeated a prayer. The king was then conducted to the foot of the altar, where he knelt down.—The Archbishop of Rheims now produced the holy phial, drew forth a globule of the ointment, mixed it with a little consecrated oil, and after the king's garment had been opened for the purpose, the Archbishop anointed him in the form of a cross, on the crown of the head, saying—"With this hallowed oil I anoint thee king, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." He was then anointed on the stomach, between the shoulders, on the right shoulder, on the left shoulder, at the bends and joints of the right arm, and the same on the left arm. The royal robes were then put on the king, prayers were said, a ring placed on the king's finger, and the sceptre in his hand; the Archbishop then took the crown of Charlemagne, and placed it above the king's head, without touching—the princes put their hands to it to support it. Afterwards he placed the crown on the king's head. The ceremony of the coronation being finished, the king was conducted to the throne. A general obeisance took place, the doors were thrown open, and the people entered in crowds to behold their monarch on his throne, in all the pomp of royalty—the bells rung, and the church resounded with shouts of "Long live the King!"

LEISURE.—It is a sort of eternity for a man to have all his time to himself.

Written for the Casket.

*"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let
my last end be like his."*

O'er purpled stream, and radiant hill,
Each voice is hush'd, each echo still;
No earthly sound is passing by,
To mar the sweet tranquility;
Nor yet a breath of air to wake
The sleeping ripples of the lake.
The tints of Evening's mellow ray,
Seem holier than the blaze of day,
And hill, and vale, and placid stream
Reflect them with as pure a beam.
The angry clouds that roll'd on high
Their thunders thro' the mid-day sky
Have mingled with the silent air,
Or hang in solemn stillness there;
Reflecting like a sin forgiven,
The blessed radiance of Heaven.

'Tis thus the holy, heavenly rest,
Death finds the Christian's tranquil breast,
No storms, by passion rais'd, impart
Their influence to his peaceful heart.
No clouds of doubt are there to roll,
Their horror o'er his constant soul.
While "the dark spots on memory's waste,"
Spots that remorse and guilt had traced,
And the deep night in silence spread,
O'er the cold dwellings of the dead,
Fade from before Faith's steadfast beam,
And as the clouds of parting day,
In Heaven's own sun-beam melt away;
The mortal waits the mortal's doom,
And shrouds his senses for the tomb.
The pulse just beats, the feeble breath
Scarcely struggles in the grasp of death;
Dark grows the sight, and deaf the ear,
There is no sense or feeling there.
Pleasure, nor grief, nor fear, nor pain,
Can touch that mass of clay again.
But as the body yields to death's control,
Now powers inspire th' unconquer'd soul,
And strengthen with increasing sway,
As all that chain'd them here decay.
Thus "o'er Morea's hills the setting sun,"
"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,"
And while sad night "aserts her silent reign,"
Eastward on mountain, minaret and main—
Still in the west dies firmament, and height,
And flood the ocean with a blaze of light,
As there on glittering "Idra's" yellow ale,
"The God of gladness sheds his parting smile."
So on the *Sinner's* eyeball from above,
The *God of mercy* pours redeeming love.
As it deserts its tenement of clay,
That deathless spark of never failing day,
Renews its fires and flickers into flame,
Gentle repose o'ercomes the restless frame—
Ethereal forms around his presence throng,
While heavenly sounds as of Angelic song,
Like distant music, fall upon his ear—
Unearthly courage, conquers mortal fear.
Seraphic rise—as all the spirit seize,
Unbounded longings, and immortal peace.

While white robed Faith, triumphant from on high,
Points and illumines the pathway to the sky;
And saving Grace from her own world of bliss,
Drops dewy balm to sooth his last of this.
Is such thy *triumph* grace, and this thy sting
O Death—thy *victory*? terrific king,
What else betide in life—be mine the Christian's friend,
In death—like his, my latter end.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
THE GRAVE.

Beneath the cold and lifeless sod,
Within the dark and silent tomb,
The *immortal* wafted to its God,
The weary *mortal* finds a home.
The meek, the wise, the vain, the gay,
In the cold grave must mould'ring lie;
Great nature's debt we all must pay,
For 'tis the lot of all to die!

Art thou a child? an orphan too,
And has not grieved thy youthful heart,
When from thy parents fond and true,
Thy brother, sister forced to part?
Art thou a husband? bending near
The fond remains of buried worth,
Without a pang, without a tear
For her who shared thy bliss on earth.

Art thou a lover? and behold
The form of innocence so sweet
Upon its lowly bed so cold,
Within the grave beneath thy feet?
Will not thy heart in anguish move
For the departed being there?
Ah, yes! the grave of buried woe
Will melt the harden'd soul to prayer.

The grave! the grave! 'tis but a span
To its dark mansion from our birth;
When in its bosom mortal man
Returns unto his kindred earth;
Whilst the immortal spirit free,
Is wafted to the realms on high,
To dwell through all eternity
In bliss beyond the azure sky.

T. W. D.

ORIGINAL.**ACROSTIC ON WASHINGTON.**

Great in his country's cause the hero stood,
Ever kind, ever brave, illustrious and good;
Open his heart, to sympathise with grief—
Ready to comfort and to give relief.
Glorious and great!—to all his aid did lend,
E'en enemies were forced to call him friend.

When he beheld his country was oppress'd,
And struggling for her rights, he did not rest.
Soon was he fighting—more than brave was he—
He fought until this happy land was free.
In every land his praises loud proclaim,
Now sound abroad his everlasting fame;
Great as his works—so let the honor be,
That's paid to him who thus our land did free.
O sound his name—the praise of him that's gone,
Now and forevermore, the illustrious WASHINGTON.

E. C. J.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.**TENNESSEE.**

When we take a glance at the vast country which is called by the general title of "Valley of the Mississippi," the mind is lost in wonder at the sudden and surprising changes which a few years have produced. It seems but yesterday that the discovery was made of the effect of steam in stemming the powerful rivers which have proved of such immense importance—and lo! what wonders do we behold. States which elsewhere would be kingdoms and empires, rise up in succession to astonish by their wealth and population, and to delight the moralist by their exhibition of those qualities which render the social compact desirable, and effective for the general good.

Great as was the stride produced by steam, the Canal and Rail-road System has already presented the resources of our great country in an entirely new aspect. But their united effects are but begun. Let a good rail-road once get into full operation, from the Atlantic coast to the banks of the Ohio, and a new race for power will commence between the states, similar to that which was produced by witnessing the wonders of the New York Canal. The western states will then be as near us, for the purposes of commerce and intercourse, as Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, was to Philadelphia before a turnpike was completed. A thousand miles of rail-road dwindles to a hundred of muddy hills and mountains. Great changes are rapid in their progress in America, and we venture to predict that another as great era is soon to commence, as that which followed the introduction of steam on the Mississippi. Waggoning over the mountains bears the same relation on land, as the old poling and warping system on the water. Nothing but physical impossibilities are beyond the sober hopes of a great and growing people, whose national wealth is accumulating, and whose physical resources are constantly developing by new discoveries of the materials necessary to bring those resources into play.

In any general view of the great West, the state of Tennessee must be considered a very important part of the Union. She has availed herself of her seniority and importance, by leaving a respectable impress of her character on the states and territories beyond her. No state shared a prouder part in the late war. She has already given a President to the Union. Her march since she has become a state, has been uniformly patriotic and prosperous, and she has attained to a high relative rank in the general confederacy.

The medium length of the state is 400 miles, and the breadth 150. It was originally included in the state of North Carolina, from which it was separated and admitted into the Union in 1796. The face of the country is more diversified than any other in the western country. The Cumberland Mountains range through it in an oblique direction, dividing it into two distinct sections, East and West Tennessee. In East Tennessee the Alleghanies branch out into a great number of ridges, all having a dip towards the west. There can be nothing grand and imposing in scenery, nothing striking and picturesque, says Mr. Flint, nothing romantic and delightful in deep and sheltered valleys, through which wind clear streams, which is not found in this state. The mountains and hills subside, as they reach the Mississippi. Some of the great valleys are rich, beyond any of the same description elsewhere in the western country, and as great a proportion of the cultivable land is first rate. In East Tennessee the soil contains an uncommon proportion of dissolved lime. In the southern parts of the state are immense banks of oyster shells; some of the shells weigh three or four pounds. Beautiful white, gray,

and red marbles are frequent, while inexhaustible quarries of gypsum, of the finest quality, abound in East Tennessee, in positions favorable to be transported to the boatable waters. Burr mill stones are quarried from some of the Cumberland Mountains. One or two mines of lead have been worked, and iron ore is no where more abundant. Salt-springs abound, and nitrous earth is very frequent in the various salt petre caves, in many parts of the state.

These caves are among the most astonishing curiosities—one has been descended 400 feet; another has a perpendicular descent, the bottom of which has never been sounded. The circumstance of the frequency of these subterranean curiosities prevents their being explored, or even mentioned to travellers, who thus frequently pass them without knowing it. The most remarkable cave in Tennessee has been traced ten miles.

The climate of this medial region, between the northern and southern extremities of the Union, is delightful—being a better temperature than Kentucky generally. In West Tennessee, great quantities of cotton are raised, and the growing of that article is the staple of agriculture. Apples, pears, and plums, which are properly northern fruits, are raised abundantly. In elevated and favorable position, no part of the United States is more healthy. Cotton, indigo, corn, whiskey, horses, cattle, flour, gunpowder, salt petre, poultry, bacon, lard, butter, apples, pork, coarse linen, tobacco, and various other articles, constitute the loading of boats that course down the Cumberland and Tennessee, and which are produced in great abundance. We have seen enormous and frequent droves of the finest hogs on the road to North Carolina and Georgia, and this branch of business is an important one to Tennessee, where the abundance of *mast* in the woods makes the rearing of swine easy. Cotton of a certain description is known by the name of Tennessee cotton, wherever American commerce has reached. In sheltered situations figs may be raised to perfection. When good canals shall connect the waters of Tennessee with those of Alabama, and Mobile in particular, the route to the Gulf of Mexico will be shortened to one-third of its present distance. A glance at the map will best exhibit the course of the rivers, descriptions of which are not likely to convey to our readers much information. No part of the western country is better watered; it is a country of hills and mountains, and mountain streams and beautiful valleys. All the fruits of the United States, with the exception of oranges, grow luxuriantly here.

In East Tennessee considerable attention is paid to raising horses and cattle, which are driven over the mountains to the Atlantic States. In 1820, the amount of articles manufactured was estimated at near five millions of dollars; the principal articles were iron, hemp, cotton, and cordage.

Murfreesborough was, until recently, the political metropolis of the state; it is thirty-two miles southeast of Nashville, and contains not far from 2000 inhabitants. It is central to the two divisions of the state, and in the midst of a delightful and thriving country. Nashville is the present capitol of the state, and the largest town in it. It is very pleasantly situated on a high bank, on the south side of the Cumberland river. Steamboats can ordinarily ascend to this place, as long as they can descend from the mouth of the Cumberland to the mouth of the Ohio. It is based on a solid rock, from which the cellars are blown out with gunpowder, forming the finest places imaginable for keeping wine and provisions. Scarcely any town of the west has advanced with more rapid strides. A branch of the United States Bank has been fixed here, and has greatly favored the growth of the town. A splendid hotel adorns one corner of the great hollow square in the centre of the town, where every accom-

modation that the traveller usually expects in an Atlantic city, is met with. There is a remarkably fine market house, a university in high repute, a number of churches, a lyceum, and many handsome buildings. It issues four or five gazettes, and arrangements are at this moment making in Philadelphia to transport thither one of the finest kind of power printing presses, most probably the first ever transported over the mountains. The citizens of Nashville generally evince an encouraging interest in the advancement of literature, science, and taste; it has already produced more than one author of whom the country may justly be proud. Few towns impart more pleasant impressions of general hospitality and urbanity to strangers. It is 714 miles south-west from Washington, 594 north-east from New Orleans, and 937 south-west from New York.

Knoxville, the chief town of East Tennessee, contains near 4000 inhabitants, has growing manufactures, a respectable seminary of learning, and is a pleasant and thriving place. Knoxville College is one of the oldest seminaries in the state; there are also Greenville College, and a theological institution at Marysville. An enumeration of merely the respectable sized towns in this state, would occupy more space in our paper than would comport with our usual variety.

One of the most awful storms recorded in the annals of our country, occurred in May, 1830, in a district of which Carthage and Shelbyville, Tennessee, were the centre. It was mingled with wind, thunder, lightning, and rain. Trees, houses, and every thing on the surface were prostrated. Five persons were killed, and many wounded, and property destroyed to the amount of 80,000 dollars.

Memphis occupies the former site of Fort Pickering, and stands on one of the noblest bluffs of the Mississippi, proudly elevated above that river, and its fine opposite bottom lands. A beautiful rolling country surrounds it in the rear, where resides a remnant of the Chickasaw nation. The original inhabitants were mostly of mixed blood. It has now an intelligent class of merchants, who find the position an important one for business, being the stopping point for travellers going to the vast regions on the Arkansas, Washita, and Red River. It is one of the places on the Mississippi, which passing steamboats generally honor with the discharge of their cannon as they ascend, and many stop to wood and water, and take in fresh provisions.

Mr. Flint asserts that on some spurs of the Cumberland Mountains, called the Enchanted Mountains, are marked, in the solid limestone, footsteps of men, horses, and other animals, as fresh as though recently made, and as distinct as though impressed upon clay mortar. The state also abounds in petrifications and organic remains; near its southern boundary are three trees entirely petrified, and a nest of eggs of the wild turkey were dug up in a state of petrification. Huge bones of some enormous extinct animal are often met with. Jugs, vases, and idols, of moulded clay, have been found in so many places as hardly to be deemed curiosities. Walls of faced stone, and even walled wells have been found, at such depths as to preclude the idea of their having been made by the whites of the present day, or the past generation. Here as well as in Missouri burying grounds have been found, in which the skeletons seem to have belonged to pygmies. The graves in which the bodies have been deposited, are seldom more than two and a half feet in length. The wisdom teeth being developed, they must have belonged to persons of mature age. Among its other curiosities there are several remarkable cascades from 200 to 300 feet high.

Tennessee has already sent abroad thousands of her sons, to people the states of Missouri, Illinois,

Mississippi, and Louisiana, the territories of Arkansas and Florida, and even Texas in Mexico; yet the census of 1830 has presented her in the commanding attitude of numbering nearly 700,000 inhabitants, being the second most populous western state, and the only one of the slave states which has shown an increase commensurate with the free states. Its legislature has evinced a spirit of munificence and enterprise, in regard to literature and public institutions, highly creditable. It has recently appropriated 25,000 dollars for the erection of a penitentiary, and 150,000 dollars for internal improvements. It is supposed by an easy improvement of the navigation of the Tennessee and Heilston rivers, the state will save 150,000 annually, in the transport of the single article of salt.

With respect to polish and refinement, there exists in Tennessee great numbers of persons whose habits would bear a comparison with the most courtly of any of the states; and the intercourse we have had personally with many has left favorable impressions never to be effaced.

ALABAMA.

This important State was originally a part of the Mississippi Territory. It has acquired population very rapidly, and already far exceeds in numbers, the State from which it was taken, and it is said, that no part of the western country has had a more rapid growth. In 1800, that portion of the present State of Mississippi, which is now Alabama, had only 2,000 inhabitants! In 1810, it contained 10,000; and when the writer of this visited it to attend a land sale, in the winter of 1820, it numbered 127,000! By the census of 1830, 199,221 free whites, 112,625 slaves; total, 311,846! This rapid increase was partly owing to the fame of its good lands and superior salubrity, its contiguity to Georgia and the Carolinas, to which, in its productions and soil, it bears a strong resemblance. Emigrants from the land of pine and cypress forests, are pleased to see these trees in the new regions to which they transplant themselves; and the *rust* which was made to it by the Georgians and Carolinians, was so great, that to be believed, it must have been seen. The route was through the Cherokee nation, and never shall we forget the scene which presented itself on the whole line of the turnpike road, which the Indians constructed through their country, and kept in tolerable repair. Encampments of emigrants, of more or less wealth, were met with every morning before breakfast, having their all with them, and big with hope for the land of promise. One family struck us particularly. A North Carolinian, hearing "talk" of *Alabam*, had geared up his shingle cart and one horse, and was wending his way across the Chatahoocly River, as our party were passing in an opposite direction. The shingle cart, which was so frail, that a Jerseyman would hardly trust it to carry a load of sand, was piled up with light articles of household goods, and the lean horse wended his weary way as if he had come from the land where pigs hunt in couples, so as to assist each other when they are so fortunate as to find a blade of grass! But the amusing part of the cavalcade was an unique vehiculum, composed after the following fashion. Two rough shafts were fastened to the two ends of a whiskey iron-bound hogshead, with pins, so as to allow the hogshead to revolve. In it was

placed the family bedding, and a lean milch cow acted the horse, while in a trough, above the revolving beds, &c., sat high, dry and airy, the children of the family!

The mother drove the cow—the cask floated over the stream—the children laughed, and the chickens which accompanied them, cackled and crowed in all the animation of travellers. So novel a mode of transport, induced us to take a minute survey. When all was happily got over, the mother took a basin from the cart, milked the cow, and adding some coarse bread, the whole group took a comfortable dinner. We dare say, by this time, the old folks are grandparents, and have a fine cotton plantation—possibly, ere this, so rapid are transformations in America, they have retraversed the same road, in a coach and four, (a favorite mode of travel in Alabama,) on a visit to Ballston and Saratoga.—Be that as it may,

Alabama has furnished thousands of such emigrants with all that they wished. It is much more healthy than the maritime parts of Carolina, and has a soil better adapted to cotton. The general shape of the State is that of a parallelogram, the only undefined line being the southern one. From this line another parallelogram is formed, extending between Florida and the State of Mississippi; it includes Mobile Bay, and was once part of West Florida, but necessary to Alabama, to enable her to communicate with the Gulf of Mexico. In Mobile Bay are the islands Dauphin, Massacre, and Petit Bois. Mobile Bay is a deep and commodious entrance into the harbor. The ship channel is between Dauphin Island and Mobile Point. Taking the State as a whole, the northern parts, near Tennessee, are generally hilly and precipitous. At the northern commencement of this belt, it is mountainous, and a continuation of the Allegheny hills. The State rises by regular belts, or terraces, from the Gulf of Mexico; the lower belt is low, level, and has many swamps and savannahs, the prevailing timber being pine. The northern belt is pleasantly undulating. The central interior region is generally waving hills. Tennessee Valley, so called, though a deep alluvial country, is in fact, high table land, and there are few table countrys which excel this part of the State in fertility, mildness of climate, and pleasantness of position. This valley is separated from that of the Alabama, by hills of such lofty and precipitous character, as generally to merit the name of mountains, some of the peaks towering 3,000 feet above the level of the Gulf.

As we approach within fifty or sixty miles of Florida, the swamps are, for the most part, timbered with cypress and gum trees, and some pines, while the uplands have the long-leaved pine tree in abundance. These pine regions have generally a thin soil, but having a substratum of clay, contain within themselves a principle of fertility, which time will call forth. At present they bear, without manuring, two or three crops of maize, and one or two of small cotton. So much rich land remains, however, that they are little cultivated.

The alluvions on the Alabama and Tombigbee, are wide and productive; some affirm, that they are equal to those of Mississippi. When

these lands came into market, at the land sales, the rash and grasping spirit of land speculation, raised them to an inordinate price, which proved, in many instances, ruinous to the purchasers, some of whom bought at fifty dollars an acre, at first hands!

The French emigrants are sanguine in the belief, that much of the land is suitable for vineyards. Much may be expected, if success should attend the first experiments. Along the southern limits of the State the soil is thin, and the unvarying verdure of the pine, tires by its uniformity. On the head waters of the Escambia and Conecuh, the soil and climate are favorable to the sugar cane; and here are seen groves of orange trees, which had attractions in the eyes of such settlers as we have described, with his beds in a hoghead. We well remember the prospect of an orange orchard, formed a prominent item of his expected happiness.

The people in this State, have a general character for order, quietness, a regard for religion, schools, social and moral institutions. A considerable degree of munificence has been manifested, by suitable appropriations for schools, roads, bridges, canals, and other works, of public utility. An appropriation of five per cent. of the nett proceeds of all the public lands in the State, has been made for these objects. A railroad is now probably completed, to pass the obstructions of the Muscle Shoals, in the River Tennessee. Gen. Jackson's military road runs almost in a right line, 330 miles. If fully completed and kept in repair, it would be of the greatest national utility. Several canals are in contemplation, and when the spirit of internal improvement is once fully awakened, no state will benefit more by it than Alabama. There are many opulent planters with large numbers of slaves, and they possess the characteristic hospitality of the southerners. We shall long remember seeing, not far from Huntsville, a superb yellow gilt coach, belonging to a dweller in a log cabin. He drove the coach to the north every year, expending his cotton crop, and returning to his cabin to raise another, to be similarly disposed of in a little harmless ostentation.

Alabama has three or four good colleges. That at Tuscaloosa, is amply endowed; has a respectable library and philosophical apparatus, and in point of professorships and other appointments, is placed on a footing with the most respectable institutions of the kind.

We have already remarked, that the climate is considered favorable to health compared to the southern country generally, in the same parallels. There can barely be said to be such a season as winter—the middle classes are nearly unprovided for cold; and a man is known to come from "the north," if he shuts a door in December or January. The summers, nevertheless, are not sensibly warmer than they are many degrees more to the north, though the duration of the summer heats is debilitating, and the direct rays of the sun oppressive. Towards Tennessee still water sometimes freezes, but in the southern parts snow and ice are rarities, and the cattle require no shelter in winter. Corn is planted early in March; peas are in pod in the

middle of April, and on table by this time.—Strawberries are ripe while our citizens are out Maying, and by the end of June, roasting corn is abundant.

Cotton is the great staple, and the growing of this article, has increased in even a greater ratio than the ratio of population. Alabama cotton takes a high rank in every market. The county in which Huntsville is situated, astonished every body by the quantity of cotton it turned out, the first few years it was under cultivation. Fortunes were rapidly realized, and the popular coach and four, journeying northward, told a tale, which was not to be misunderstood, and induced emigration. Sugar, rice and tobacco, are also cultivated. Many of the inhabitants round Mobile are shepherds, and have droves of cattle, numbering from 500 to 1,000.—Swine are easily raised. The small breed of Indian horses are ugly, but hardy and strong, and are better for service than the handsome breeds. One, employed by our party to transport our baggage, uniformly battled with the others we rode, when opportunity presented, always coming off victor. He followed like a spaniel, but occasionally gave great trouble when he had been in good quarters at night, by turning short round, after a few miles absence, to return for another meal, and in the chase, a racehorse in company, was generally distanced. The price of a good *tackie*, as they are called, is from thirty to fifty dollars; and we are decidedly of opinion, that they might be introduced here as ladies' horses, for poney phaetons, &c., to advantage.

The country trade of the lower part of the State, is to Mobile, Blakely, and Pensacola, to which descend the great crops of cotton, pitch, tar, and turpentine, for exportation. Mobile has become a great mart for cotton and trade generally. It is so near Havana, that considerable trade with that port is carried on. Sea vessels proceed up the Alabama River a considerable distance to load. The northern parts of the State, are compelled to send their produce by a very circuitous route, down the Tennessee, the Ohio and Mississippi, where it arrives at New Orleans, after a passage of 1,600 miles. At starting, it cannot be more than 500 miles from the Gulf. The intelligent inhabitants of this fertile country, are already turning their attention to making an artificial route between them and the waters of the Alabama River, which will unite them with the Gulf.

Mobile, the chief town in the lower part of the State, is situated on the west side of Mobile Bay, on an elevated plain, considerably above the tide, in a dry and pleasant situation. Under the Spanish and French it only became a military post, but since it has come into our possession, it has received a new impulse of prosperity; it is thronged, during nine months in the year, with square rigged vessels, taking in and discharging freight for and from all parts of the world; no other port of the same size in the United States has, it is believed, an equal export trade, being, after New Orleans and Charleston, the largest cotton port of the Union. It is greatly enlivened too, by the arrival and departure of numerous fine steamboats, that ply on the great rivers above; and in addition to the great number of

packet schooners that sail between this place and New Orleans, there is now a steamboat communication between the two cities, by the way of Lake Ponchartrain. Chiefly destroyed within a few years, by a destructive fire, Mobile has been rapidly and handsomely rebuilt of brick, and has fine public buildings. In 1831, it exported 110,000 bags of cotton. It has the reputation of being sickly, and advantage has been taken of this circumstance, to build the town of Blakely, ten miles distant, on the opposite side of the Bay, which, it was supposed, would eclipse the older rival, but Mobile having "the start," sustains its pre-eminence.

St. Stephens is on the Tombigbee, 120 miles from Mobile, and at the head of schooner navigation; it is a considerable town of stone houses. Cahawba, till recently the political metropolis, is at the junction of the Cahawba and Alabama, has a land office, and a considerable number of handsome houses. Florida, Claiborne, Dumbries, Jackson, Coffeeville, Demopolis and Columbia, are thriving villages.

Tuscaloosa, at the falls of the Black Warrior, is permanently fixed as the political metropolis, and is rapidly increasing; it is 500 miles from Mobile, is elevated, level, and beautiful. It is the seat of the handsome buildings of Alabama College. Good stone is found in the vicinity, and mineral coal of the best quality, abounds in the banks of the river.

Montgomery, in the midst of a flourishing settlement, and a place of commercial importance, is pleasantly situated on the west bank of the Alabama, 200 miles east of Mobile. Washington, Selma, and Claiborne, and other towns on the same river, are improving places, and the same may be said of Kelleysville and Eaglesville.

Huntsville, in the Tennessee Valley, is a handsome, thriving town, only 15 miles from the State line of Tennessee, and 50 from the Muscle Shoals, which are said to be visible on a clear day. The country around is amazingly fertile, and near the town are splendid brick mansions, where hospitality and elegance predominate; some of these can never be obliterated from the writer's memory.

Florence is a place of rising importance. It is at the foot of the Muscle Shoals, and when the river admits, steamboats can come up for the cotton, &c., which is wagoned to it from great distances. It has a great and increasing intercourse with New Orleans. Tusculumbia is five miles from Florence, and rapidly improving.—Russellville is also an important town. Here we must close our imperfect notice of Alabama, which is rapidly taking rank among her sisters, as wealthy, populous, liberal, and enlightened.

When there happens to be any thing ridiculous in a visage, and the owner of it thinks it an object of dignity, he must be of very great quality to be exempt from raillery. The best expedient therefore is to be pleased upon himself.—Steele.

THOUGHT.—The ever active and restless power of thought, if not employed about what is good, will naturally and unavoidably engender evil.

Written for the Casket.

THE WIDOW.

By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

Away, and leave me with my dead—

That heart, once virtue's shrine,
Was pledged to me in joy's bright hour—
Away, 'tis mine, 'tis mine.

And will ye force me from mine own,
And take away my dead!
I'll follow where ye lay him down,
And pillow there my head.

I'll watch him through the weary night,
He is mine own, my own—
Ye shall not tear him from my sight,
I cannot dwell alone.

The grave—and will ye place him there,
For ever from my heart?
Away, ye know not grief's despair,
Or how linked spirits part.

HISTORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

The North American Review for April, contains an article headed "History of Philadelphia," which we have read with much pleasure. It is a review, rather late to be sure, of Watson's *Annals*, in which the author is highly complimented for his exertions in rescuing interesting facts from oblivion. Just compliments are paid to William Penn, and his friend and secretary James Logan. The following extract from the Review will be read with interest:—

When the author approaches the subject of female dress, he seems conscious that the moderns may hold up their heads; but he gives mysterious hints, which we do not pretend to understand, by which he intimates that our boasted simplicity is not unquestioned; that there are extravagances which do not appear; and that it might be found, on examination in the right quarter, that absurd fashions were not confined to ancient times. We can only say that we think it a manifest improvement, if they follow the example of our grave citizens during the French Revolution, who wore the popular cockade, but placed it inside the hat. Here too he betrays circumstances which work against his cause; he shows that our forefathers were grieved in spirit at the excesses of fashion, and resorted to various efforts of practical wagery, to discourage the ambition of their wives and daughters. They wasted no time in words, which they had found by experience were thrown away; they were men of action, and their jokes were of a strictly practical kind.

When the fashion required each lady to have an expensive red cloak, they provided such a dress for a woman who was sentenced to be hanged; she made her appearance in it at the gallows, and the same act of justice put an end both to her and the fashion. On another occasion, they were exercised in mind by an article in dress called a 'trolloppee.' What it was that offended them in this piece of raiment, we are not able to ascertain; but they forthwith procured a dress of the kind, which they presented to the wife of Daniel Pettitoe, formerly mentioned, who, delighted with her bravery, made her ap-

pearance in all places, and put the fashion to flight with great expedition. Little however was gained by these successes; it was but 'stopping one hole in a sieve;' other fashions arose and reigned in their stead. 'The women wore caps, stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side, high heeled shoes, and in many times of winter, clogs, gala shoes or pattens.—Ancient ladies have told me, that they often had their hair tortured for four hours at a sitting; some have had the operation performed the day before it was required, then have slept all night in a sitting posture to prevent the derangement of their frizzle and curls.'

This formidable headwork was succeeded by rollers, over which the hair was combed, above the forehead; these again were superseded by cushions and artificial work, which could be sent to the barber's like a wig. Once they wore the 'skimmer hat,' then the 'horse hair bonnet;' this was succeeded by various others, known by the names of 'bath,' 'muskmelon,' 'whalebone,' 'calash,' and 'wagon' bonnets, while the 'straw-beehive' was generally worn by old people.—One fact is worth noticing; he tells us that the time was, when the plainest among the Friends wore their colored silk aprons, though now they are so averse to fancy colors. In time, white aprons, once so fashionable, were disused by the gentry, and then the Friends left off their colored ones, and used the white. It is amusing to observe with what tenacity sects cling to their slight peculiarities of dress, manner or opinions; it is said that the Quaker dress was originally adopted, because it was the prevailing fashion of the day; but the fashion changed, and the Quaker refused to alter with it, condemning himself forever to a dress, which has no convenience to atone for its want of beauty. And thus it is with respect to opinions; the rank and file of every party, civil and religious, cling with desperate faith to opinions, which the founder of their sect, had he lived, and kept up with the changes of improvement, would long ago have cast away.

It does not appear how our forefathers could, with any decent consistency, have taken umbrage at the dress of ladies, when the fashionable coat had several large plaits in the skirts; wadding like a coverlet, to keep them smooth, large cuffs, reaching up to the elbow, with weights of lead, and the cape low, so as to display the stock buckle at the back of the neck. The shirts had sleeves finely plaited and hand ruffles. The breeches were closely fitted with knee-buckles of stone, paste or silver. Wigs were gray, white or brown; but a blow was given to this fashion after the return of Braddock's army, who, as might be expected, had lost their wigs in the war, and its fate was confirmed by the bold action of the king of England, who in spite of all remonstrances, cast the inconvenient ornament away. Swords were generally worn by men of fashion. Their cocked hats and vests were laced with gold; the vest had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were low in the waistband, because suspenders were a luxury then unknown. Gentlemen carried little woollen muffs, called mufftees, in winter. Watches were very rare; spectacles were worn by the aged,

but never by the young. These however, were 'bridge spectacles,' which were kept in place by nipping the bridge of the nose. One would have thought, that a blade decorated in this way would have done well to hold his peace respecting excesses in female fashion.

We can hardly comprehend how the Friends, with their antipathy to superfluities, could reconcile themselves to the fashion of wigs, on those whom nature had furnished with hair. It is true they were not unanimous on the subject; but the wigs had great authorities in their favor. In 1685, William Penn writes to his steward, to allow the Governor Lloyd to use his wigs; and Jonathan Dickinson, a Friend, writes to London, 'I want for myself and my three sons, each a wig—light good bobbs.' An ancient peruke-maker advertises 'full bottomed wigs, tyes, brigadiers, dress bobs, bags, cues, scratches, cut wigs, and tates and towers for ladies.' In 1722, a servant of the Rev. D. Magill, who had run away, is advertised as 'closed with damask breeches and vest, a broadcloth coat of pepper color, lined and trimmed with black, and black stockings;' and another as having 'laving leather breeches, glass buttons, black stockings and a wig.'

From this and several advertisements of this kind, it would seem that they were worn by all classes, and also that the aristocracy were not so much distinguished by the articles of their dress, as is generally believed. When the circumstances alluded to above had destroyed the reign of wigs, at least for a season, the peruke-makers saw nothing but utter ruin before them; but the transition to absolute simplicity was not so sudden as they apprehended; the hair was still to be dressed by plaiting, queuing, or clubbing, or by gathering it into a silk bag, adorned with a large black rose. But while the hair was so affectionately cherished, some other parts of the system were cruelly neglected. Dentists were unknown, and the only way of cleaning the teeth was rubbing them with snuff or powdered chalk upon a rag; this was the practice of the most genteel; it was generally deemed effeminate to clean them at all. In these respects the moderns certainly have the advantage, both in the knowledge of the tooth brush and the absence of the preposterous wigs, which are now hardly known, except from the grotesque pictures which Hogarth has preserved for the admiration of allcoming time.

INDUSTRY.—Man must have occupation, or be miserable. Toil is the price of sleep and appetite,—of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The whole world does not contain a briar or a thorn which divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility, which we can overcome by industry, than we could have been with spontaneous plenty and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them. The toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure which it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar. No wealth can purchase them, no indolence can taste them. They flow only from the exertions which they repay.

Written for the Casket.

MY ALBUM.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

"Yes, when a few more years have gone, often shall we turn back and think of those who were with us in our walks and rides, at the fireside circle, in the merry dance, and at the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' *Some name*, long since written, will speak volumes to our hearts; *some poetic page*, written by the hand of friendship, will tell of those who have escaped the ills that attend on existence here, and have gone to a better world."

Let those who may, ridicule the custom of collecting a choice selection of pages, from various friends, on the leaves of an album; let them pronounce it the mere flummery of idle love-sick girls, or of more silly and affected men; my album I would not part with for a shkel of gold. It is dear to me as the hearts I cherished in my childhood, and its pages bring back the faded joys of other years, and wrap me in a spell majestic as the spirit of past ages; for as I turn its gilded leaves, I meet the shadows there of those with whom, in earlier days, I held sweet converse. Yea, angels there, before they threw their earthly garb aside, or seized their golden harps, a kind memorial left. And as I read—

"My heart expands

With feelings of strange tumult and soft pain,

And for a moment all things as they were

Flit by me."

'Tis pleasant, as I learn their sentiments upon its leaves recorded, to mark their different characters, and trace their various lots. On its first page I notice the hand writing of one whose life has been a mere history of the heart, and his character a full volume of sentiment and feeling. Its eras have been periods, not events. But he is *now* too much the favorite of my heart, and his destiny too closely linked with mine, for me to tell what he was then, or make his history interesting to the indifferent reader. But I would there were pen to record, in the true spirit of affection and truth, his devious course; for, I repeat it, mine may not perform the task. Yet a wandering nymph, who has scarcely bathed her foot in Helicon, and looked upon Parnassus but in perspective, has, in poetic vision, given me an epitome of his history, all that may be told, for a part is with the grave's secrets, and we may not call it up.

"He could not find his place on earth;"

He sought it mid the city's hum,

There, where the proud one stoopeth not,

And where the mighty lingereth;

There each one proudly standeth up,

In consciousness of his own place—

But 'twas not there; though the rich man

There had his lofty halls, and bathed

In luxury's full drowning tide,

And he who in the last dole pined

Of poverty, and sate and begged

By the way-side for very want

And wretchedness, there had his place,

And knew it there, content with that.

But he who long had sought a home

On earth, and with a weary heart
Despairing turned—it was not there.

And then

He bent him to the sunny south,
And mingled with her merchant men
That passed along the crowded mart,
And gazed upon her ocean waves,
And wandered o'er her far stretched vales.
Then turned and blest its mantling streams.
He climbed the Andes' rifted sides,
And sate beneath her waving palms,
And earnest sought to fix him there;
But there misfortune followed him,
And sickness, with her livid eye,
There sought him out and laid her hand,
Her withering hand, upon his brow,
And made him feel a pilgrim there,
And that his place on earth was not
In that fair sunny land.

He came

And rested on the fertile hills
His country claimed, and sought among
The "cottage homes" of her fair clad
And happy ones, some little spot
To seat him on, but sought in vain,
Its fragrant flowers bloomed not for him.
He wandered far and wide; seaward,
And back to the high mountain's side,
And sought the upland and the vale;
But all were busy round, designed
To fill some mighty orifice,
Or stinted nook in life; yet he,
Amid them, stood as one on whom
The dew of heaven fell not, and seemed
Indeed a wandering thing, "that God
Had made superfluously, and needed not,"
To finish out his mighty plans.
Despair came o'er him, and he sate
Him down a wretched harmless thing!
He could find his place on earth.

On its next page, I find registered the name of one who was linked with me in childhood's gay and happy band, who joined me at the household board, and sate beneath the parent roof—my mother's first-born—elder sister of my heart! Hers, too, was a lot of bitterness and wo. And how much more of sorrow and misfortune do we see in life, than of joy and gladness. Look where we will, and we find wo with its aggregate. And why is it, ah why is it, in a world so decked with beauty and loveliness, that has every thing adapted to the physical wants of man—a world that has its Arabia Felix, its overflowing and fertilizing Nile, its salubrious zones, and fruitful tropics—in such a world, why is it that man cannot be happy? The answer is plain: the spirit of man was fashioned for a wider sphere, a more exalted state of existence; and it cannot be at home, while pent and pinioned by mortality. "This is not our rest," is written before us legibly, emphatically, prophetically as Belshazzar's "mene," wherever we go. And still we grasp at the crumbling, perishing atoms of earth, as though it were but the echo of Baalam's voice. And this is why there is so much of wretchedness on

earth. It is a defect of the heart that we suffer, and not entirely the effect of circumstances. Certainly it was not in the case mentioned above. Yet sickness and sorrow were her companions, playmates of her early years. Life was to her a wearisome load. But here I am not permitted to venture into particulars. I pause. She is now with the multitude that people the vast city of the dead, where all is hushed in deep, unearthly, and unbroken silence. The ills of earth pressed all too heavily upon her spirit, and in the meridian of life, she passed away, in the language of our master poet,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But she has left a withering widowed heart behind, his "house unto him desolate, and blighting orphanage within." Shall I leave her thus? I must—'tis painful—yet I cannot. She was the sister who sported with me in infancy, who frolicked with me and sang me the infant hymn in childhood, and who cherished me with sisterly affection in riper years. But she has gone to that land "where is hushed the sufferer's sigh, and where the weary are at rest." And the page engraven with her own hand, now "stiffened and nerveless in the grave," is not only a touching and affecting memento of herself, but also of her character, her heart; and more than that, it is in language chilling as the gasp of death a *memento mori* to me. I turn to it with hushed and hallowed feelings, and pass it slowly and solemnly, as I would the "city of silence." I have again, on another leaf, the initials of a name dear to me, from childhood dear; but oh, what vicissitude was hers, and how much she needed the encouragement of that holy promise. She copied them with the poet's finishing.

"It shall be well, when spring is bright,
And well mid winter's chilling night."

"She never told her love," might have been engraven on her tomb, and the world had read her history. She was lovely in her childhood, and at the age of sixteen, the world acknowledged her as a beauty, though she was not after its model. Instead of the languishing blue eye, hers was of deep piercing black, and the delicate and symmetrical proportion of features, the standard of beauty to the multitude, was lost in the ill adapted and ill comporting nose, mouth, and eyebrows; and instead of the rose tints combined with the lilly, there was upon her cheek and forehead the tinge of the brunette. Nor did she compare with Circassia's lovely maids; her complexion was far too dark, and her features all too masculine. But in her eye was the expression of mind—of thought, deep, powerful thought—and her features spoke of nobleness of soul. And who does not know, that such a face can strike with awe, and force a deeper and more lasting impression on the heart of the man of sense, than all the simpering languishing beauties of earth. These are like nursery toys, pleasing to the sight and amusing for an hour, "but which no sooner become familiar to the eye than they are beheld with indifference." And therefore it is not so strange, that Mary Monkton was an acknowledged beauty." Her fortune was small, yet she was much admired; and her ad-

mirers were such as any might be proud to gain: yet *she* was not charmed among them all, though destined to become the wife of the proudest of their number. By his talents and education, his gentlemanly address, his family dignity, and his personal rank, and though I mention it last, it was not least with him, his powerful fortune; he had gained the heart of her father, and it availed nothing, now that her's was in a distant country, and her hope given to the winds. Her negative was confounded and lost while her lover was urging his plea, and her father's will, in common phrase, was like the laws of the Medes and Persians. In common matters there was never a more tender or indulgent father; but, I know not why it is, some parents seem to think they have privilege with the power to bind their children to matrimonial alliances, and many a father has thus ruined his daughter and sacrificed her to the grave, with the golden locks of youth untressed upon her forehead, and the girlish lustre of her eye entirely dimmed. Better, like Jephthah, sacrifice her to his gods by eternal celibacy. And do I use too much solemnity with my speech? I am always solemn, however trivial the subject, if it be associated with "the shroud, the mattock, and the grave." But our heroine had no plea to urge against her father's will, but total, absolute indifference; for, foolish girl, she had bestowed her affections on one who had given her nothing in return; he was now distant, and she could not reasonably hope he would ever return to claim her as his own, or, even less, to waste a thought upon her. It was therefore no excuse, she felt it none to her credit that she was completely and wholly another's; and it was therefore buried in her bosom with the bitterness of grief her father's decision had occasioned. I shall never forget her bridal,—its solemn and sepulchral rites; almost every eye was dimmed with tears, and her's were fixed as in the ghastliness of death. She stood there in her robes, sparkling with jewels, like the angel of submission; and her husband, though she had frankly told him he was not the choice of her heart, bent his eye upon her, betraying a love as proud as his who in days of chivalry bore off the Trojan maid; and when they knelt before the altar, you would have thought her a victim for immolation, while he seemed all unconscious that there was a lover between them higher than fabled Atlas. Oh, I could have wept rivers of water for that doomed and destined one; and with less of bitterness I could have fashioned her grave clothes. The ceremony was scarcely finished, when a stranger, clad in travelling garb, suddenly entered the room. Mary raised her head—the vow had passed, though scarcely articulated, and was registered by the recording angel's pen. It was the first time she had appeared to notice aught around her; but the mighty struggle of her feelings was over; she raised her head—her countenance in an instant became bewildered, her features changed as though the spirits of despair had gathered round to tell their orgies; but no word passed her lips, as the only being on earth she adored took his position beside her. What will not native pride and dignity surmount? It inspires and enables us to bear wo and want, bitterness and wrong,

that else were overwhelming to the heart. In a moment she collected her scattered, failing energies, and in her woman's pride broke forth in language the most eloquent, tender and touching, though freed from all effeminate weakness, guarded against any expression of undue fondness or maidenly affection. It was the first time she had seen him for three years, and well might she express joy on his return, the fond associate of her early years, the disinterested—O, yes, *disinterested*—friend of her better days, whose was brotherly tenderness and fraternal love. She had no brother, and therefore, whenever there was a party ride or walk, in the effeminate use of the expression, "she was dependant for a beau," and for some cause or other, perhaps the most indifferent, Henry Blair had made it his business to attend her on all these occasions, until his *place* seemed by her side; and it had indeed become proverbial, through the circle in which they moved, if he were seen on any other spot, that "Henry Blair was not at home;" and many a repeated pun and joke grew from it. Hence she had become intimate with him, and his virtues and his faults became alike familiar to her; and from such intimacy, that most subtle and insinuating of all woman's adversaries, crept in upon her heart and took the sceptre. She was perhaps credulous to a fault, the common place flatteries which even at this day, among gentlemen, are far too unrestrained and unguarded, and the observations of his attention current among their associates, imperceptibly strengthened her passion; and ere she was aware of it, it had reached its full maturity of giant strength, and the proportions of him of Gath. Henry was pleased with her, and might have chosen her for his wife, had the idea of a "better half" ever seriously entered his mind, for he knew she was worthy of the best; but he was in no circumstances to marry at present, and might not be for years; and therefore to think of it was as preposterous and peurile as his cradle dreams. But he did not know the true state of her feelings at the time, the smothered sigh, the half articulated hope or wish in his behalf, which had, to any other, as often as breathed, revealed the heart, to him was but the language of sisterly affection. Yet had he known it, she would have been saved this worse than Hindoo sacrifice, and the vision of her heart brought into full reality; for he would have given his life, (no matter what the motive, whether disinterested friendship, or a tenderer sentiment, more congenial to humanity,) to have made her happy. But just at this crisis, circumstances called him to a distant part of the country. It was an hour to try a maiden heart. Mary had determined on bidding him a cold, formal adieu; for notwithstanding her hopes, no word of love had yet escaped his lips: her spirit began to rise, and she felt she could not "stoop to live on charity, for what but charity is love compelled." The moments hastened on, the parting was done, if not with indifference on her part, certainly not with love, and Blair was soon distinguished in a new and equally polite and respectable circle of companions; and now, for the first time, they met since "that all withering hour." He had secretly felt, during his ab-

sense, that he possessed much, too much, of her heart; and though he had never seriously intended to ask her hand, yet when he saw her now entirely removed from his most distant, secret hope, the rites finished, and she the property of another, that could not be "sold, bargained or conveyed," he seemed for a moment to lose his manly spirit, and bowing to the sensibility of his nature, he felt what all have felt when the most infernal, familiar thing, is removed entirely from us; and despite his manhood's strength and pride, a tear stood trembling on the bearded cheek, though cast in an instant from him with the thoughts he spurned. But this was not a time for explanation, had words of such import been at hand; and especially now that the whole affair had been transacted, only through the medium of thought and countenance; and the bridegroom bore away his "doomed bride," while some rejoiced and more bewailed her. I never saw her again, but after a few years I heard she had escaped the ills of earth, and was laid where all the weary rest.

Let me turn another leaf, and here I have the name of one who needs no varnished tale to tell his history, for already it is familiar to the scholar; age can repeat it and childhood lisp it. He was indeed a star whose rising has been watched by many with deep anxiety and glorious hopes, and its influence will be seen, and felt, and hallowed, till every kindred constellation has gone out beside. He was cradled in Hope; Fame twined a garland for his youth, and ceases not to wreath his manhood's brow. It needs but to mention his gifted pen, and he is recognized—Columbia's bard. His *Thanatopsis* and *Death of Flowers*, convey a truer record, and tell the towering of his genius and his depth of soul, far better than the historian's pen, and where is the man of mind and sentiment who has not drank its beauty?

And in turning a few leaves more, I meet a name that gives another occasion for sober comment. At the time it was registered, he who bore it was a well educated, talented law student, just about to stand up for himself and act upon his own responsibility. But he was soon attacked by *dyspepsia*, that Hydra that has power to undermine the strongest constitution, and unnerve the stoutest frame. There is nothing that so bows and humbles the heart of man, that destroys alike his ambition and his energy as disease; and with him it had its full effect; and indeed, for a time, there seemed to be an end to all his hopes on earth. At length he was in a measure restored, but the star of his prosperity had set for ever, and the deity of ill presided over him. There seems a kind of fatality attending some men's life, pursuing them at every turn, and chasing them up at every corner; and it seemed with him. His profession did not afford him a support, and he was obliged to seek out some other occupation. He had no capital of his own, and if he started any machine through the agency or assistance of some other person, that other was sure to fail and leave him to his fate: or if he laid any plan for his fortune, however fair the prospect, ere it came was half completed, it was undermined by some unforeseen contingency. In

truth, poverty and misfortune seemed entailed to him, decreed upon him; and though of sound judgment and enlarged capacities, he could not avert or escape it. He soon, however, changed his place of residence and passed from my acquaintance. About five years after, I was travelling through a flourishing village in the interior of New York, and was struck by the appearance of a neat little rural dwelling, of Doric order, situated in a retired part of the hamlet; and though it appeared to be occupied, there seemed a kind of melancholy stillness around it. Its shutters were closed, and the woodbine and the honey suckle fell untrained across the threshold, or crept among the tall grass that stood in rank untrodden growth around. All about it had the appearance of ruin and desolation. I felt a curiosity to know who might be the occupant, and on inquiry learned, to my surprise and astonishment, that it was the very man who, ten years before, had registered his name on this leaf of my album. Subscribing to that beautiful sentiment of Brainard, which he most fully verified—

"Feeling dies not with the knife

That cuts at once and kills; its tortured strife
Is with distilled affliction, drop by drop
Oozing its bitterness. That heart is rife
With grief and sorrow; all that we would prop
Or would be propped with falls."

I was told that during his residence in that country, his former ill fortune in pecuniary matters attended him. Yet still he was highly esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He had been there some time, when an intimacy, despite his evil genius, commenced between him and a young lady there, of small fortune, but of proud lineage, and more than royal dignity. She was quite the belle, and known as such throughout that part of the country. As soon as it was known that she bestowed her preference on him, there were others who felt her neglect, and came forward with false claims. That all events are at the direction of One whose plans we cannot control, is undeniable. But in the numerous and complicated affairs of earth, there is no event that seems so directly ordered by an Omnipotent Being who does not account for his purposes, as that common, and in itself considered simple one, of matrimony. We are sometimes obliged to follow up a long train of circumstances, and trace out a most devious course of events, to get at it; and after, trample on broken, bleeding hearts, and see honor and truth vended as toys for childhood's sport. And there have been instances, we know, where we must wade through confusion as deep as that which followed up the efforts of the infidel Voltaire and his coadjutors, to meet the event. At length, upon faded hopes and blasted expectations, their temple of happiness was erected. It was indeed a moment of joy to both, especially to him. Yet, alas! it was but a moment, for he had scarcely called her his own, ere the destroyer came and forced her from his grasp! He had now no hope left. He followed her to the grave, but returned and darkened his windows and closed his doors, and then gave himself up to hermit seclusion. He seemed to forget that as

one of God's creatures, it was his duty still to be active, and that he had no right to despair. For three successive summers the grass had grown untrodden round his door, the flowers had stood in all their beauty blooming untouched, and shedding their petals unobserved. I called upon him—he was seated in an antique chair, with a huge volume in his hand, the portrait likeness of his wife hung directly before him, and her miniature was suspended from his neck by a cord made of her own hair. He instantly recognized me, but he appeared like one starting from a reverie that seethed his element, and as necessary to his being as the very atmosphere about him. In course of conversation I alluded to circumstances of our former intercourse, and among other things to the page in my Album, and remarked I had often looked upon it, and wondered what had been his lot. With a heavy groan, he replied, "Ah, I did not then know I was writing with a prophet's pen, or had engraven my own destiny." I found there was yet too much of the wildness of grief upon him to make any further allusion to former days, and after a few moments I rose to depart. He extended his hand, observing, "well, it is to be hoped I shall shortly change my habitation, but you will only know it by the common record, that registers alike the wretched and the powerful as they pass along the silent halls of death." I could make no reply, for my utterance was choked, and I felt relieved as I escaped his presence. Poor human nature! of what complicated materials is it composed, and by what a variety of sentiments is it moved!

Were I thus to take every name, and comment upon the character that bore it, and tell their history, I should fill a volume, and weary the reader with my words: and I find, on looking them over, that almost all, amid the splendor of their noonday sun, and parched and fainting in its scorching rays, have rested them beneath the cooling shade of death, where sit alike the mighty and the mean. I would I could pursue the subject further; for the present, however, I must leave it, yet I leave many a tale untold, of hope and bliss, of wo and ill, and "want with wo," and love, and scorn, and hatred—ah, many a tale of human nature's weary lot. But my album—I take it as the record of my youth, the register of its visions and its realities, the genii that bring up substance from nothing and can people void.

The following sketch of the celebrated battle of Otterburn—a name which, to this day, resounds along the "wild and willowed shores" of the Scottish border streams—is full of spirit:—

"This conflict deserves a moment's notice, as illustrative of the manners of the times. It arose out of the circumstance of Douglas having seized the pennon of Percy before the walls of Berwick; adding a defiance to its master which he imagined himself bound in honor to accept. Hotspur hastily collected a body of men; overtook his enemy by a forced march; and arriving at their encampment late in a serene evening in August, instantly attacked him. As the battle continued the moon rose; and Percy, and Douglas, who enjoyed the reputation of being the best

soldiers in their respective nations, obstinately refused to be separated. Douglas, a man of great strength and stature, fought with a battle-axe, which he wielded with both hands, cutting a lane into the press of English knights, and, in the excitement and madness of romantic valour, recklessly despising both numbers and danger. Followed only by a few of his men, among whom was Lundie, his chaplain, a gigantic priest, clothed in full armour, he was at last borne to the ground by the irresistible strength of the English spears, and mortally wounded in the head and neck; Lundie, however, who fought by his side, bestrode his dying master, and cleared a small space where he lay. At this moment he was discovered by his kinsman, Sir J. Lindsay, who ran eagerly forward, and embracing him, asked how it fared with him. 'Poorly enough,' said Douglas; 'I am dying, but I thank God it is in my armour, as my fathers have done, and not in by bed; but dear kinsman, if you love me raise my banner; for he who should bear it lies slain behind me; and, I beseech you conceal my death. There in a prophecy in our house that a dead Douglas shall gain a field, and would you but fight a little longer, it might happen that I should be the man.' As he said this Douglas expired; and his heroic injunctions were obeyed. A mantle was thrown over the body; his banner was again raised; and with renewed shouts of 'Douglas! Douglas!' the English were attacked with an overwhelming enthusiasm, that compelled them to break into disorder, and at last concluded in a total rout. Hotspur was made prisoner, and nearly the whole chivalry of Northumberland either slain or taken captive."

LACONICS.—Of all the actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.

To endeavour to forget one is the certain course to think of nothing else. Love has this in common with scorpions, that it is exasperated by the reflections used to free us from it. If it were practicable, there's nothing necessary to weaken our passion, but never to mind it.

You may depend on it, he is a good man, whose friends are all good, and whose enemies have characters decidedly bad.—*Lavater*.

When I see leaves drop from the trees in the beginning of autumn, just such think I, is the friendship of the world. While the sap of maintenance lasts, my friends swarm in abundance, but, in the winter of my need, they leave me naked. He is a happy man that hath a true friend at his need; but he is more truly happy that hath no need of his friends.

It is customary in the canton of Wallis, Switzerland, for those who have found any thing lost; even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the church yard; and there is not an example on record of an object being taken away except by the rightful owner.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortune of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his reins cracked, than for having his head broken.

Written for the Casket.

On the Death of CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton.

Weep not for him! affliction's tear drops shed,
 When even untimely, end their Pilgrimage;
 Not when the soul, hath from its prison fled
 Like a freed warbler, from some time-worn cage.
 Slowly he waned, he—scarcely felt decay,
 And with the leaves of Autumn, pass'd away.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! it was his lot to die,
 When nature like himself, was fading fast,
 When storms were gathering in the gloomy sky,
 When flowers were dying in the chilling blast.
 A fitting time, for one mature in years,
 To quit forever this sad vale of tears.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! the strong, the great in soul!
 Can it be thought, oblivion's stream will hide
 One name affixed, to that immortal scroll
 Which the stern power, of Tyranny defied?
 No! it will live while man shall worship God;
 While freedom's vales, by unchained feet are trod.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! he died by crime unstain'd,
 He lived till life had lost its wonted charms,
 He saw the object of his toils obtained,
 His country mighty both in arts and arms,
 And then of earth, and all its joys took leave,
 Like the sun dying on a breezeless eve.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! he quailed not, when the frown
 Of dark oppression tried the human heart,
 He went to join his comrades in renown,
 Like the lone bird, who see his mates depart
 When winter threatens, to a clime more bland,
 And flies to meet them in that better land.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! your pearly tributes pay
 To those who early, find a dreamless sleep;
 His spotless spirit, from its dome of clay
 Hath fled exulting, its reward to reap
 Where kindred spirits live 'mid joys untold,
 Where saints bring music, from rich harps of gold.
 Weep not for him!

Weep not for him! he left a deathless name,
 Which with a nation's history is allied,
 The lamp of life cast forth a feeble flame,
 Long, long! before the dauntless patriot died.
 He, with co-peers in fame, from earth have pass'd
 Of which immortal band he was the last.
 Weep not for him!

AVON BARD.

The following incident, narrated in the Life of General Macomb, recently published, is an instance of the manner in which the most skillfully laid plans may sometimes work their own defeat.

"Towards the close of the winter of 1812-13, he (Macomb) revived the design of attacking Kingston, principally with the view of destroying the enemy's vessels of war, moored in the ice of that harbor. As some irregularity had taken place along the frontier, disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of either border, he availed himself of that circumstance as a pretext for sending a flag of truce across

the lake, ostensibly to bear a complaint against these marauding parties, and the proposal of an arrangement for putting a stop to such grievances in future; but really to ascertaining whether the ice was sufficiently sound, and free from crevices, in the whole direction to Kingston. This mission was entrusted to Captain (now Col.) Crane of the artillery. The flag was borne on a cariole, which entered the town unobserved, proceeded to the quarters of the British General, and returned without interruption, bringing the desired intelligence. The troops, meanwhile, were duly prepared; and the sailors, under Captain Leonard of the navy were furnished with ladders for scaling the sides of the British ships.

"To cover the design, an alarm was circulated that Sir George Prevost was about to attack Sackett's Harbor, and that he was collecting troops at Kingston for that purpose. The rumor, spreading on the wings of the wind, reached the ears of General Dearborn, at Albany, who taking it for a real alarm, set out forthwith in a sleigh with four horses, and reached Sackett's Harbor in 48 hours. To convince the General that the whole was a mere device to deceive the enemy was impossible. No—he had received credible reports, from various quarters, of the meditated attack. Under this conviction, he ordered all our troops at Plattsburg to hasten to the succour of the threatened post. The deep snow prevented their march on foot, and consequently sleighs were hired or pressed to bring on Chandler's and Pike's brigades, by the St. Lawrence route. Instead of an attack the troops were put on the *défensive*. Thus the incipient project was nipped in the bud; a sore disappointment, not only to Macomb, but the officers of his command, who were panting for victory, and, in imagination, had already reached promotion."

Most navigators have made mention of the extraordinary size of the women in the Sandwich Islands; but the remark is by no means of universal application, and it should be limited to the family of the *Ewa*, including males and females. As it respects the latter, their volume of body, does not arise, as may be generally conceived from mere fat, as it is the case in Peru, and particularly in the province of Arequipa, or amongst us Europeans, but from the enormous size of their bones. With a portly stature, varying from six feet two to six feet five inches, they are gifted with a rotundity of flesh of corresponding proportions. In spite of their copper-colored complexions and super-masculine make, they possess, in many instances, very considerable personal charms; alas! that their hands and feet should be as large again as the largest I ever met with in Europe. It is not a little amusing to see them on horseback cantering over the ground; they sit astride like men, and wear neither stockings or other coverings, but scanty trowsers made of mulberry stripes interwoven. When afflicted with complacency, they grow to such a stupendous size, as to sink under the load, and in this state have no alternative but to drag out existence at "full length." This was particularly observable in the case of the governor's lady, who was, in this respect a perfect monster.—*Athenæum*.

THE MECHANIC.—Is there any situation truly enviable, it is that of an industrious mechanic, who by his own unaided exertions, has established for himself a respectable place in society, who commencing in poverty has been able by his skill and perseverance to overcome every obstacle, vanquish every prejudice, and build up for himself a reputation whose value is enhanced for others. And let it be remembered that this situation is attainable by all, who have health, and practical knowledge of their business. It is a mistaken idea that fortune deals out her favours blindly, and with a reckless hand. Industry and virtuous ambition are seldom exerted in vain.

CHILDREN.—In our early youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But when we enter the world, and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best. How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms; and then, and then only, we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

THE FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

The charming society, the tender friendship it affords. Without a friend, it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Maderia sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table, yet if he have to sit down with him no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas! the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's dinner of herbs where love is, is to be envied.

Let the self-scraping bachelor drive on alone towards Heaven in his solitary sulky; Lord help the poor man, and send him good speed! But that's not my way of traveling. No! give me a sociable, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place; that best devotion, gratitude and love!

Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life is a friend; but where on earth is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife! that generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your society to spend her cheerful days—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the slumber of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship of all others the most perfect and delightful. 'Tis marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests.

Are you poor? like another self she toils and saves the better of your fortune. Are you sick? she is the tenderest of all nurses; she never leaves your bed-side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear and anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion!

Are you prosperous? It multiplies your blessings ten thousand fold, to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company?—Her very presence has the effect of the sweetest conversation, and her looks, though, silent, convey a something to the heart, of which none but happy husbands have any idea. Are you going abroad? She accompanies you to the door—the tender embrace—the fond, lengthened kiss—the last soul melting look—precious evidences of love!—these go along with you—they steal across your delighted memory, soothing your journey—while dear, conjugal love, gives a transport to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return. There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you. Her voice is music—the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes, Heaven's sweetest messengers of love! declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom. Arm in arm she carries you into the smiling habitation where the fire blazing, and the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosom with a joy too big for utterance.

Compared with a life like this, merciful God! how disconsolate is the condition of the old Bachelor! How barren of all joy! Solitary and comfortless at home, he strolls abroad into company. Meeting with no tenderness nor affection to sweeten company, he soon tires, and with

a sigh gets up to go home again. Poor man! his eyes are upon the ground, and his steps are slow; for, alas! home has no attractions. He sees nothing there but gloomy walls and lonesome chambers. Alone he swallows his silent supper—he crawls to his bed, and trembling, coils himself up in cold sheets, sadly remembering, with tomorrow's joyless sun the same dull round begins again.

Translated from an India manuscript.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

The nearest approach thou canst make to happiness on this side of the grave, is to enjoy from Heaven understanding, and health: these blessings if thou possessest, and wouldst preserve to old age, avoid the allurements of *volutuousness*, and fly from her temptations.

When she spreadeth her delicacies on the board, when her wine sparkleth in the cup, when she smileth upon thee, and persuadeth thee to be joyful and happy; then is the hour of danger, and let reason stand firm on her guard: For if thou hearkenest unto the words of her adversary thou art deceived and betrayed. The joy which she promiseth changeth to madness, and her enticements lead on to disease and death. Look round her board, cast thine eyes upon her guests; and observe those who have been allured by her smiles, who have listened to her temptations. Are they not meagre? are they not spiritless and sickly? their short hours of jollity and riot are followed by tedious days of pain and dejection; she hath debauched and pallied their appetites, that they have none no relish for her nicest dainties: Her votaries are become her victims; the just and natural consequence which God hath ordained in the constitution of things, for the punishment of those who abuse his gifts.

But who is she that with graceful steps, and with a lively air trippeth over yonder plain? The rose blusheth on her cheeks, the sweetness of the morning breatheth from her lips; joy, tempered with innocence and modesty, sparkleth, in her eyes; and from the cheerfulness of her heart she singeth as she walketh. Her name is *Health*; she is the daughter of exercise, who begot her on temperance; their sons inhabit the mountains that stretch over the northern regions of San Ton Hoe.

They are brave, active, and lively, and partake of all the beauties, and virtues of their sister. Vigour stratieth their nerves, strength dwelleth in their bones, and labour is their delight all the day long, their employments excite their appetites, and the repast of their mother refresheth them.

To calm but the passions is their delight, to conquer evil habits their glory. Their pleasures are moderate, and therefore they endure: Their repose is short, but sound and undisturbed. Their blood is pure, their minds are serene, and the physician findeth not the way to their habitations.

But safety dwelleth not with the sons of men; neither is security found within their gates. Behold them exposed to new dangers from without, while a traitor within lurketh to betray them. Their health, their strength, their beauty and activity have raised desire in the bosom of

Lascivious Love. She standeth in her bower; she courteth their regard; she spreadeth her temptations. Her limbs are soft and delicate; her attire is loose and inviting; wantonness speaketh in her eyes, and on her bosom sitteth temptation: She beckoneth with her finger, she wooeth them with her looks, and by the smoothness of her tongue she endeavoureth to deceive. Ah! fly from her allurements; stop thy ears to her enchanting words: If thou meetest the languishing of her eyes, If thou hearest the softness of her voice, if she casteth her arms about thee, she bindeth thee in chains forever. Shame followeth, and disease, want and care and repentance. Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened by sloth, strength shall forsake thy limbs, and health thy constitution: Thy day shall be few, and those inglorious; thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassion.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BIBLE.

The idea of the existence of God, and of a future state, cannot owe its origin to any reasoning on the outward appearance of the works of nature. Some notion of an undefined power might arise from this source, but no notion of a Supreme Intelligence and its consequent handmaid, immortality, can arise from simple reasonings. In fact, the external results of every thing around us, and with which the senses come more immediately in contact, exhibit decay and destruction. The bodies of all living creatures, in time, become so entirely changed as to have no resemblance of what they once were; and the same reasoning which indicates the absence of the soul at the death of the body, will apply to all other animated nature as well as man. From whence then would the thought of immortality arise? If the position be true that reason fails to produce it, there must be an innate revelation possessed by all; an "elder Scripture, writ by God's own hand" upon the soul. From no other source could the heathen nations have derived this light, since they were utterly destitute of Scriptural Revelation. This idea is not new—the poet speaks of the "Divinity that stirs within us," and the Apostle of the approving and disapproving monitor.

But without the prime articles of a soul-cheering faith established by innate or internal revelation, there still remains a void. A God without a moral government throws us into the gloom of Atheism, where the celestial spark is smothered if not extinguished. We take shelter among the wild vagaries of a vain philosophy, which, insisting on a natural cause for all things, concludes by declaring that every thing is uncaused—which leaves us in doubt and uncertainty, and shuts from the soul's vision the last ray of that light beyond the grave, which the Psalmist so beautifully describes.

At this point the Bible presents us with the moral precepts of the Supreme Governor of the Universe—with the assurance of the immortality of the soul, and of the resurrection of the body—and although these truths are they which the mind panted after, as the "hart panteth for the

water brook"—yet strange to tell, they are the very truths which the mind is willing to reject, in this embodied form. And why? Are not all the moral rules of the Bible calculated for the happiness of man in this life—no one can deny it. Are not the ten commandments such as every man would wish his neighbour to obey? Most certainly they are—there is not an intelligent being on earth that would not deprecate the breach of the least of them toward himself. The idea of Supreme Governor, becomes now perfectly intelligible, when we see a moral government producing the happiness of man and worthy of the goodness and glory of its authors. We see further, the prospect opened of an immortality, to all who will seek it, of greater blessedness than the soul, in its most sanguine anticipations of joy, could have hoped for. Why then should I reject a book that removes every obstruction in the way of an instructive contemplation of the character of the Deity, and the wonders of the universe?

But the Bible, though abounding in historical, religious, and moral learning, presents sentences, which appear to some unintelligible and absurd.—And shall we reject a book which is unrivalled in historical simplicity, poetic beauty and persuasive eloquence, because a few scattered sentences appear obscure or unmeaning? Do we reason thus concerning Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, or any of our favourite authors? No! Then how can we reject this which contains matter of more importance than language can express, and fail to discard those, which in comparison, are lighter than vanity?

Let us cling, then, to this pilot of our hopes and safeguard of our destiny. Let us endeavor to learn more of Him, who "sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers"—who "bringeth princes to nothing and maketh the judges of the earth as vanity"—nor reject, on slight and trivial grounds, that sacred Revelation on which all our hopes of happiness depends.

SPANISH WOMEN.—They are remarkable for the beauty of their hair. Of this they are very proud, and indeed its luxuriance is only equalled by the attention which they lavish on its culture. I have seen a young girl of fourteen, whose hair reached her feet, and was as glossy as the hair of a contessa. All day long, even the lowest order, are brushing, curling, and arranging it. A fruit woman has her hair dressed with as much care as the Duchess of Ossuna. In the summer, they do not wear their *mantilla* (black silk shawl) over their heads, but show their combs, which are of very great size, and are worn on the back of the head. The fashion of these combs varies constantly. Every two or three months you may observe a new form. It is the part of the costume of which a Spanish woman is most proud. The moment that a new comb appears, even a servant wench will run to the melter's with her old one, and thus, with the cost of a dollar or two, appear the next holiday in the newest style. They are of tortoise shell, and with the very fashionable they are white.—*Contarini Fleming.*

MAUCH CHUNK.



The Coal Landing and town of Mauch Chunk, of which the above is a correct view, is situated on the right bank of the River Lehigh, in Northampton county, twelve miles above the Water Gap, the point where the Lehigh breaks through the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain, and enters the Lehigh Valley. It is 80 miles by land and 127 by canal from Philadelphia, and 96 by land, and 152 by canal from New York. It is 36 miles from Easton, the seat of justice of Northampton county, and 32 by turnpike from the Susquehanna and Pennsylvania canal at Berwick.

The town occupies a small area at the confluence of the Mauch Chunk creek and the Lehigh, and is nearly encircled by a chain of mountains some of which obtain an elevation of a thousand feet. The face of these mountains, although covered with fragments of rocks, and displaying in many places huge precipices of great extent, is scattered over with trees and shrubs, which in the summer season spread their green canopy before the eye obscuring the rough surface of the mountain, and forming a pleasing contrast with the white cluster of buildings which lie buried beneath its shade. Previous to 1818, the spot where the town now stands, was a perfect wilderness, covered with forest trees and under brush, affording a secure retreat and covert for the wild animals common to this mountainous region. It had been known many years previous to this date, that the Mauch Chunk Mountain contained anthracite coal,* but up to this time

every attempt which had been made to work the mines and convey coal to market, had proved abortive.

In the spring of 1818, JOSIAH WHITE and ERSKINE HAZARD, having satisfied themselves of the advantages of anthracite coal as a fuel, by a series of experiments which they had made with it in the manufacture of iron wire at the falls of the Schuylkill, determined on visiting this region, with a view to ascertain the extent of the coal beds, and the facilities which the River Lehigh presented for a slack water navigation. Their exploration was completed in the course of a few weeks, and notwithstanding numerous obstacles presented themselves to the accomplishment of the enterprise which they had in view, such as the elevation of the coal beds, their distance from the Lehigh—the rapidity and turbulence of that stream, foaming and dashing over a confined and rocky bed for many miles, and varying its course to nearly every point of the compass—the general sterility of the country, and the want of a convenient market, they determined on making a trial; and accordingly in the summer of 1818, commenced operations in the immediate vicinity of Mauch Chunk.

From that time to the present, the town, under the auspices of these gentlemen and their associates, protected by an act of incorporation, has continued to increase until it has justly acquired the celebrity of an active business place, as well as become the favorite resort of the wealth and fashion of our populous towns and cities. But the improvements of the town have thus far been marked by the progress and limited by the extent of the trade which first brought it into existence; and few investments have been made in the

* For an interesting narrative of the discovery of the anthracite of this region, see a paper by Dr. James, of Philadelphia, in the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

erection of houses and business establishments, in the anticipation of the future. The houses and shops have all been constructed to accommodate the circumstances of a laboring community, and with less regard to taste and elegance than convenience and economy. With the exception of the Company's offices and store, and the hotel, which are plain but spacious stone buildings, they are generally small, having two rooms on a floor, and two stories high. Some of them are plastered or stuccoed on the outside, which gives them a very uniform and neat appearance.

The town now contains about one hundred and fifty dwellings and shops of every description, and supports a resident population of one thousand inhabitants. It has a place of public worship, four elementary schools, two of which are taught by males and two by females; a resident physician, a post office, a printing office, two stores and one tavern. There are four daily arrivals and departures of the mail by stages—one from the city of Philadelphia, and three from different parts of the country. In addition to the usual trades prosecuted in country towns and villages, this place supports an iron foundry, a manufactory of rail way cars and other cast and wrought iron machinery, and a cast steel axe manufactory; and affords employment to about one hundred and fifty boat builders, sawyers and carpenters. The whole number of men employed in the various branches of the coal trade of Mauch Chunk at the present time, is from six to seven hundred.

The dependencies of the Company's establishment include the village at the great coal quarry or Summit Hill, and the village of Nesquehoning, in the valley of the same name, near the coal mines recently opened at Room Run, and from which a rail-road four miles in length, terminating on the Lehigh at Mauch Chunk, has been completed. These dependencies give employment to about three hundred men, principally miners, which together with their families, will constitute an aggregate population of two thousand souls for Mauch Chunk and its branches.

The Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company have at length, by a steady perseverance in their hazardous enterprise for more than fourteen years, and at an expenditure of two millions and a half of dollars, brought to a conclusion their magnificent scheme of improvement, and are now prepared to meet with a supply of coal the increasing demands of the market. With their accustomed liberality, they have thrown open to public enterprise so much of their property as the public are likely to be interested in, and have recently effected sales to individuals, of several water powers along the line of canal, and of a large proportion of the town plot of Mauch Chunk, improvements upon which, at private cost, and for private purposes, have been commenced and are being prosecuted with great spirit and activity.

Viewing the various advantages which this place presents for individual enterprise as well as combined capital, and looking to the rapid increase of the coal trade, little doubt can be entertained that it will shortly exhibit a scene of

extensive improvement, and ere long become a flourishing and populous business town.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

It is somewhat uncertain at what precise period this noble discovery was made; but it appears pretty evident, that the Mariner's compass was not commonly used in navigation before the year 1420, or only a few years before the invention of Printing. The lodestone, in all ages, was known to have the property of attracting iron; but its tendency to point towards the north and south seem to have been unnoticed till the beginning of the twelfth century. About that time some curious persons seems to have amused themselves by making to swim, in a basin of water, a loadstone suspended to a piece of cork; and to have remarked, that, when left at liberty, one of its extremities pointed to the north. They had also remarked, that, when a piece of iron is rubbed against the loadstone, it acquires also the property of turning towards the north, and of attracting needles and filings of iron. From one experiment to another, they proceeded to lay a needle, touched with the magnet, on two small bits of straw floating on the water, and to observe that the needle invariably turned its point towards the north. The first use they seem to have made of these experiments, was, to impose upon simple people by the appearance of *magic*. For example, a hollow swan, or the figure of a mermaid, was made to swim in a basin of water, and to follow a knife with a bit of bread upon its point which had been previously rubbed upon the loadstone. The experimenter convinced them of his power, by commanding, in this way, a needle layed on the surface of the water, to turn its point from the north to the east, or in any other direction. But some geniuses, of more sublime or reflective powers of mind, seizing upon these hints, at last applied these experiments to the wants of navigation, and constructed an instrument by the help of which the mariner can now direct his course to distant lands through the pathless ocean.

THE BENEVOLENT QUAKER.—Doctor P. a Quaker of Philadelphia, is very kind to the poor. In times of sickness, produced by whatever cause, he is always ready and willing to assist them. His benevolence, in such cases, extends farther than his gratuitous services as a Physician. Of course he is beloved.

Our streets are frequently somewhat crowded with building materials—so much so as often, at particular places, to prevent two vehicles from passing each other, if the driver of either is disposed to be obstinate.

As the Doctor was one day proceeding to visit a patient, his progress was impeded by a dray—the driver of which had stopped his horse in one of those narrow passages. After waiting several minutes, the Doctor requested the drayman to allow him to pass. The latter, who had heard of, but did not know the former, poured forth a volley of the vilest abuse upon the “straight coat,” and swore he would not move till he thought proper.

“Well, friend,” said the Doctor, “all I have to observe is this: If thee should get sick, or if

thy family should ever be in distress, send for Dr. P. and he will do all he can to assist thee."

I need scarcely say that the heart of the drayman was subdued by the kindness of the man he had abused. He was ashamed of his conduct—stammered an apology, and removed the obstruction as speedily as possible.

How true it is, that "a soft tongue breaketh the bone." If the Doctor had cursed the drayman till midnight, he would have received nought but cursing and blows in return. This may be thought a small matter, but it furnishes a useful lesson.—*Christian Messenger.*

Written for the Casket.

MY OWN OPINION.

There are, who say she is not beautiful.
"Her forehead's not well turned," cries one. "The nose Too large." "Her mouth ill chiselled," says a third. With these, I claim no fellowship.—For me,—Tis an odd taste, I know; and, now-a-days, When people *feel by rule*, such taste is thought Exceedingly romantic—yet, tis true! I look not with this mathematic eye, On woman's face—I carry not about The compass, and the square; and, when I'm asked, "Is that face fine?"—draw forth my instruments, And coolly calculate the length of chin, Th' expanse of forehead, and the distance take Twixt eye, and nose, and then twist nose, and mouth, And, if, exactly correspondent, it Should not prove just so much, two and three-eighths, Or one-four-fifths, disgusted turn away, And vow, "Tis vile! There is no beauty in't!" Out, on this mechanic disposition! Look you! That man was born a carpenter, He hath no heart, he hath no soul in him, Who thus insults the "Human Face Divine," And tests its beauty with a vile inch-rule; As he would test the beauty of a box, Or chess-board, or a writing desk! Oh, no! It is not in the Feature's symmetry, (For choose of Earth the most symmetric face, Phidias shall carve as perfect out of stone) That the deep beauty lies! Give me the face That's warm—that lives—that *breathes*!—made radiant, By an Informing Spirit from within! Give me the Face that varies with the Thought! That answers to the Heart! and seems, the while, With such a separate consciousness endued, That, as we gaze, we can almost believe It is itself a Heart, and, of itself, Doth heave, and palpitate! And such is hers. One need but look on, to converse with her! Why I, without one thought of weariness, Have sat and gazed on her for hours!—And oft, As I have listen'd to her voice, and marked The beautiful flash of her fine dark eye, And the eloquent beaming of her face, And the tremulous glow, that, when she spake, Pervaded her whole being.—I have dreamed A Spirit held communion with me there, And could have knelt to worship!

P. H.

LIVE AND ADVENTURES OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT OF WEST TENNESSEE.—This is a rignarole of more than 300 pages, duodecimo, made up principally of the anecdotes and tales of the redoubtable Col. Crockett, that have been going the rounds of the newspapers for several years past.

The annexed is illustrative of the Colonel's electioneering tact:

"In the canvass of the congressional election of 18—, Mr. ***** was the Colonel's opponent—a gentleman of the most pleasing and conciliating manners—who seldom addressed a person or a company without wearing upon his countenance a peculiar good humored smile. The Colonel, to counteract the influence of this winning attribute, thus alluded to it, in a stump speech:

"Yes, gentlemen, he may get some votes by *grinning*, for he can out-grin me, and you know I an't slow—and to prove to you that I am not, I will tell you an anecdote. I was concerned myself, and I was fooled a little of the d—dest. You all know I love hunting. Well, I discovered a long time ago that a 'coon could n't stand my grin. I could bring one tumbling down from the highest tree—I never wasted powder and lead when I wanted one of the creatures. Well, as I was walking out one night, a few hundred yards from my house, looking carelessly about me, I saw a 'coon planted upon one of the highest limbs of an old tree. The night was very moony and clear, and old Ratler was with me; but Ratler won't bark at a 'coon—he's a queer dog in that way. So I thought I'd bring the lark down, in the usual way, *by a grin*. I set myself, and after grinning at the 'coon a reasonable time, found that he didn't come down. I wondered what was the reason. I took another steady grin at him. Still he was there. It made me a little mad; so I felt round, and got an old limb, about five feet long—and, planting one end upon the ground, I placed my chin upon the other, and took a rest. I then grinned my best for about five minutes, but the d—d 'coon hung on. So, finding I could not bring him down by grinning, I determined to have him, for I tho't he must be a droll chap. I went over to the house, got my axe, returned to the tree, saw the 'coon still there, and began to cut away. Down it came, and I run forward; but d—d the 'coon was there to be seen. I saw that what I had taken for one, was a large knot upon a branch of the tree—and upon looking at it closely, I saw that I had grinned all the bark off, and left the knot perfectly smooth.

"Now, fellow-citizens," continued the Colonel, "you must be convinced, that in the *grinning line*, I myself am not slow—yet when I look upon my opponent's countenance, I must admit he is my superior. You must all admit it. Therefore be wide awake, look sharp, and do not let him grin you out of your votes."

FACTS IN PHYSICS.—Gold beaters, by hammering, reduce gold to leaves so thin, that 282,000 must be laid on each other to produce the thickness of an inch. They are so thin, that if formed into a book, 1500, would occupy the space of a single leaf of common paper.

A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color may be perceived; and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years.

A stone which on land requires the strength of two men to lift it, may be lifted in water by one man.

A ship draws less water by one thirty-fifth in the heavy salt water, than in that of a river, and a man may support himself more easily in the sea than in a river.

An immense weight may be raised—a short distance, by first tightening a dry rope between it and a support, and then wetting the rope. The moisture imbibed into the rope by capillary attraction causes it to become shorter.

A rod of iron, which when cold will pass through a certain opening, when heated expands, and becomes too thick to pass. Thus the tire or rim of a coach wheel, when heated goes on loosely, and when cooled it binds the wheel most tightly.

One pint of water converted into steam, fills a space of nearly 3000 pints, and raises the piston of a steam engine with a force of many thousand pounds. It may afterwards be condensed and reappear as a pint of water.

A cubic inch of lead is forty times heavier than the same bulk of cork. Mercury is nearly fourteen times heavier than the same bulk of water.

Sound travels in water about four times quicker, and in solids from ten to twenty times quicker, than in air.

It is difficult to live long and remain in good humor with your species. Hence, benevolence in old age is most to be esteemed.

INTERESTING SNAKE STORY.

A writer in Silliman's Scientific Journal gives an account of an interesting experiment made upon the body of a large Rattle-snake a few years since in the northern part of the State of Ohio where Rattle-snakes are said to be very large and numerous.

The experiment which we are about to relate, was made about thirty years ago by Judge Woodruff in order to test the accuracy of a prevailing notion among the people that the leaves of the White-ash were highly offensive to the rattle-snake, and that this horrid reptile was never found on land where the white-ash grows. It is the uniform practice among the hunters who traverse the forest in summer, to stuff their boots and shoes and pockets with white-ash leaves for the purpose of securing themselves against the bite of the rattle-snake; and it is said that no person was ever bitten who had resorted to this precaution. The account given by Judge Woodruff mentions that he was one of a small party who went to the Mahoning river for the purpose of hunting deer. The party took their station upon an elevated spot, fifteen or twenty yards from the water's edge. Here the men watched for their wished for game about an hour, but instead of a harmless and beautiful deer, they saw a large rattle-snake which had crawled out from among the rocks beneath the men and was slowly making his way across a narrow, smooth sand beach towards the river. Upon hearing the voice of the men the snake halted and lay stretched out with his head near the water. It was determined to try the effect of the ash leaves. Accordingly search was made, and a small white-ash sapling, eight or ten feet long, was procured, and with a view to make the experiment more satisfactory, another sapling of sugar maple was cut. In order to prevent the snake's retreat to his den, the Judge approached him in the rear, and when he had advanced within about eight feet of him, the snake coiled up his body, elevated his head several inches, brandished his tongue and thus signified his readiness for battle. The Judge then presented the white-ash wand, placing the leaves upon the snake. The snake instantly dropped his head upon the ground, unfolded his coil, rolled over upon his back, twitched and twisted his whole body into every form but that of a coil, and gave signs of being in great agony. The white-ash was then laid by, upon which the snake immediately placed himself into a coil and assumed the attitude of defence as before. The sugar maple stick was next used. The snake darted forward in a twinkling, thrust his head into the leaves, "with all the malice of the under-fenda," and the next moment coiled and lanced again, darting his whole length at each effort with the swiftness of an arrow. After repeating this several times, says the Judge, I again changed his fare; and presented him the white-ash. He immediately doused his peak, stretched himself out on his back; and writhed his whole body in the same manner as at the first application. It was then proposed to try what effect might be produced upon his temper and courage by a little flogging with the white-ash. This was administered. But instead of arousing him to resentment, it proved only to increase his troubles. As the flogging grew more severe, the snake frequently struck his head into the sand as far as he could thrust it, seeming desirous to bore his way into the earth and rid himself of his unwelcome visitors.

Being now convinced that the experiment was a satisfactory one, and fairly conducted on both sides, we deemed it ungenerous by taking his life after he had contributed so much to gratify our curiosity; so we took our leave of the rattle-snake, with feelings as friendly at least as those with which we commenced our acquaintance with him, and left him to return at leisure to his den.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

There is no more delicate step in life than the operation designated by the elegant phrase I have selected for the title of my present lubrication. Much winding and caution, and previous sounding is necessary when you have a favor to ask of a great man. It is ten chances to one that he takes it into his head to consider your request exorbitant, and to make this the pretext for shaking off what he naturally considers a cumbersome appendage to his estate—a man who has a claim upon his good offices. But this hazard is nothing in comparison with the risk you run in laying yourself at the mercy of a young gipsy, more fond of fun and frolic than any thing else is life.

Even though she love you with the whole of her little heart, she possesses a flow of spirit and a woman's ready knack of preserving appearances; and though her bosom may heave responsive to your stammering tale, she will lure you on with kind complacent looks, until you have told your "pitiful story," and then laugh in your face for your pains.

It is not this either that I meant to express. Men are not cowards, because they see distinctly the danger that lies before them. When a person has sufficient to appreciate its full extent, he has in general either self-possession enough to back out of the scrape, or, if it is inevitable to march with due resignation to his fate. In like manner, it is not that poor Pillgrick, the lover, has a clear notion [persons in his situation are rarely troubled with clear notions] of what awaits him, but he feels a kind of choking about the neck of his heart, a hang-dog inclination to go backwards instead of forwards; a check, a sudden stop, in all his functions. He knows not how to look, or what to say. His fine plan, arranged with so much happy enthusiasm, when sitting alone in his arm-chair, after a good dinner, and two or three glasses of wine, in the uncertain glimmering of twilight, with his feet upon the fender, proves quite impracticable. Either it has escaped his memory altogether, or the conversation by which he hoped to lead the fair one from different topics to thoughts of a tenderer complexion, and thus, by fine degrees, [he watching all the time how she was affected, in order to be sure of his strength, before he makes the plunge,] to insinuate his confession, just at the moment that he knows it will be well received.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavour to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of the wooing of a noble lord, now no more, narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the verriest slave of bashfulness. Like all timid and quiet men, he was very susceptible and very constant, as long as he was in the habit of seeing the object of his affectionate views. He chanced, at the beginning of an Edinburgh winter, to lose his heart to Miss _____; and as their families were in habits of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedike, but that he had a larger allowance of brain; he followed her everywhere; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civilly at another; and yet, notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affectation, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience, and one day, when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing room, silent, or uttering an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room, and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship, on assaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood, a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss _____ sat bending most assiduously over her needle, a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her, but losing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last, nerving himself like one about to spring a powdermine, he stopped before her—"Miss _____ will you marry me?" "With the greatest pleasure, my lord," was the answer, given in a low, somewhat timid, but unflinching voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.

Francis First, having asked Castellan, Bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction, "Sire," replied he, "Noah had three sons in the ark, I cannot say from which of them I descended."

Among many other evils that attend gaming, are these—loss of time, loss of reputation, loss of health, loss of fortune, loss of temper, ruin of families, defrauding of creditors, and what is often the effect of it, the loss of life itself.

A hackney-coachman has constantly cause to complain of the hardness of his lot, for at the best of times his business is *ad a stand*.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER,

Written by the Rev. W. B. Celiyer—Composed by G. A. Hedson.

Larghetto e con espressione.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *dolce* marking. It features a series of chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a *Cres.* (crescendo) marking and a *p* dynamic.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition. It features a *Cres.* marking followed by a *poco. ritard.* (poco ritardando) marking. The system concludes with a *din.* (diminuendo) marking. The lyrics "O Thou! the help-less or-phan's hope, To whom a-lone my eyes look up, In" are written below the staves.

The third system of the musical score continues the composition. It features a *p* dynamic and a *Espress.* (Espresso) marking. The system concludes with a *Cres.* marking. The lyrics "each dis-tress-ing day: Fa-ther, Fa-ther, for that's the sweet-est name," are written below the staves. The system concludes with a *Ad lib.* (Ad libitum) marking, followed by a *A tempo.* marking, and a *p* dynamic.

That e'er these lips were taught to frame, That e'er these lips

p *Cres.* *p*

were taught to frame, That e'er these lips were tau't to frame, In - struct, in - struct this

p *p Ad lib.* *pp*

heart to pray.

p *Cres.* *pp* *dim.*

SECOND VERSE.

Low in the dust my parents lie,
 And no attentive ear is nigh,
 But thine to mark my woe;
 No hand to wipe away my tears,
 No gentle voice to soothe my fears,
 Remains to me below.

THIRD VERSE.

And if thy wisdom should decree
 An early sepulchre for me,
 Father, thy will be done:
 On thy dear mercy I rely,
 And if I live, or if I die,
 Oh! leave me not alone.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A PARODY.

These girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in seven.

And false's the flash of Beauty's eye,
As fading hues of even—
And love, and laughter, all's a lie;
And hope's awakened but to die,
There's not one true in seven.

Poor mushrooms of a sunny day!
Yet bloom, and be forgiven—
For life's at best a dream—away
Dull, drowsy thought—I'll join the gay,
And romp with all the seven.

A number of military gentlemen, once dined with Col. Gardiner at his own house, when he addressed them with much respect, and begged leave to remind them, that as he was a justice of the peace in that district, he was bound by oath to put the laws against swearing into execution; he therefore entreated them to be on their guard;—only one offended on that day, who immediately paid the penalty, which was given to the poor, with the universal approbation of the company.

ANECDOTE.—An incident in the infancy of Lady Orkney might furnish a hint to a melo-dramatic writer: "The countess, her mother, was deaf and dumb, and was married by signs. Shortly after the birth of her first child, (the lady now deceased,) the nurse, with considerable astonishment, saw the mother cautiously approach the cradle in which the infant was sleeping, evidently full of some deep design. The countess, having perfectly assured herself that the child really slept, lifted an immense stone, which she had concealed under her shawl, and to the horror of the nurse, who like all persons of the lower order in the country, was fully impressed with an idea of the peculiar cunning and malignity of "dumbies," lifted it with an evident intent to fling it down vehemently. Before the nurse could interpose, the countess had flung the stone; not, however, as the servant had apprehended, at the child, but on the floor, where, of course, it made a great noise. The child immediately awoke and cried. The countess, who had looked with maternal eagerness to the result of the experiment, fell on her knees in a transport of joy; she had discovered that her child possessed the sense which was wanting in herself. On many other occasions she exhibited similar proofs of intelligence, but none so interesting."

From the Canton Register, December 20.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.—It is well known that the provinces of Shense and Shansee contain some of the most opulent men in China. The natives say, they have money heaped up like mountains. And the chief money lenders in Canton are from these provinces. During the last years of the late Emperor Keking, a rich widow of the name of Chun, of the district Teayuen-foo, had a son, who went to all lengths in luxury and extravagance. Among other idle pursuits, he was a great chess-player. But chess, on a piece of board, or paper, as the Chinese have it, is a very meagre, though interesting game. Master Chun conceived a new idea. He got a large room painted as a chess board with tables for himself and friend on opposite sides.—For chess-men, he purchased a set of beautiful female slaves, dressed them up in various colours, and made them perform, by a signal, the duty of nights,

pawns, horses, kings, queens, castles, &c. This high chess-player saved himself the trouble of moving the pieces. At a given signal, the pieces taken made their exit at the door.

Of these proceedings the Emperor got intelligence, and probably, offended by a rich subject out doing him in luxury, he affected to be horribly offended—(his own habits gave the lie to this)—at the idea of buying slaves to perform the office of chess-men! He fined master Chun 3,000,000 of taels, and transported him to the black-dragon-river for life, telling him, at the same time, that he ought to be infinitely grateful, that his "brain cup" or (head) was not separated from his shoulders.

[If an Irishman had bought a set of beautiful girls, to be chess men, it would have been called a *bul*.]

While Col. Crockett was at Washington, with his daughter, a young gentleman who had been paying his addresses to her, wrote to him requesting his permission that they might be married.—The reply of the Colonel was in the following laconic style:—

"Washington,

Dear Sir—I received your letter. Go ahead.

DAVID CROCKETT.

JOHN WESLEY.—In the early days of Methodism, to discourage pawning, and aid his poorer disciples, he established a fund, termed the "Lending Stock," from which, on security offered, from two to five pounds might be obtained for a period of three months. Lackington, the celebrated bookseller, and others who rose to great eminence in the commercial world, commenced their mercantile career by loans from this fund.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A Yankee and an English Captain, each in a schooner, tried their speed in Gibraltar bay, when our countryman beat John Bull all hollow. They met on shore the next day, and the Englishman swore he had never been out sailed before. "Just like me," said Jonathan, "for my Jemima, never beat nothing afore."

REVENGE.

A vixen wife who felt the horsewhip's smart, Ran to her father, begg'd he'd take her part;
"What is your fault," said he: "come state the case,"
"I threw some coffee in my husband's face,
For which he beat me!" "Beat you, did he? 'Sife!
He beat my daughter! zounds! I'll beat his wife.
If for such faults he gives my daughter pain,
Come but his wife—I'd beat her home again."

A country gentleman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges. 'You remind me,' said an aged divine, 'of a calf that sucked two cows.' 'What was the consequence?' said a third person. 'Why, sir,' replied the old gentleman, very gravely, 'the consequence was that he was a very great calf.'

A real Jonathan, renowned for his remarkable shrewdness, particularly in taking a hint, being asked why he had relinquished his practice of visiting a certain Miss ———, replied, that the last time he went to see her he was kicked out of the house, "that was hint enough for him."

WOMEN.—The morning star of infancy—the day star of manhood—the evening star of age. Bless our stars! May we always bask in the skyey influence till we are sky-high. [8th of Jan. Toast.

CHANGING SHOES.—A few days ago an Irish laborer went to buy a pair of shoes, at the same time asking the ball of wax what made them run down on the sides. The shoemaker said, the only thing to prevent it, was to change them every morning. Pat left the shop after purchasing a pair, and the following morning returned; asked for a pair of shoes, tried them on, and (leaving the pair he brought the day before) was proceeding out of the shop, without further notice, when the shoemaker called to him to know what he was doing, telling him, at the same time, that he had forgotten to pay for the shoes he had just bought. "And is it what I am doing, you ask? am I not doing what you told me, yesterday—changing my shoes every morning."

WARRANTED GENUINE.—As a worthy clergyman was gravely dispensing the words of life to an attentive audience, he was observed suddenly to laugh. This levity appearing to be an indignity offered to the people, as well as very unbecoming the character and office of the speaker, he was subsequently called to an account. In his defence, he said he was very sorry for the misdemeanor, nevertheless he could not help it—it would laugh. He then stated, that while he was preaching, a man came in who had the misfortune to have his cranium encased in hair of a glowing red colour, and took his seat near the pulpit. Soon after a sailor entered and proceeded leisurely up the aisle, until he came to the bench immediately behind the red haired gentleman, whereon he took his seat. Mistaking, perhaps, the head before him for the open door of a stove, containing a goodly quantity of stone coal, fully ignited, and sending forth its bright and genial rays, and his thoughts absorbed in the eloquence and subject of the speaker, he had not been seated many minutes, before he was observed to be holding his hands both up together, as if in the act of warming them, against the red head of the gentleman before him.—to the no small amusement of those around, and to the complete upsetting of the gravity of the clergyman.

He humbly trusted that the cause of his laughing was a sufficient excuse. Of course it may be readily supposed that he was at once acquitted, after enjoying a hearty laugh together with his accusers.

X. X.

YAKKEZEM.—We extract from the comedy of the "Green Mountain Boy," a small portion of a sprightly dialogue:

Homebred.—Where's the squire?

Wilkins.—Find out? would you have me tell you all I know?

Homebred.—Well, I guess that wouldn't take you long! Wilkins.—You grow unpertinent; if you don't leave I shall kick you, sir.

Homebred.—Kick me, will you? well, talking is talking; but do you think you could *do* it?

Wilkins.—Really this is not to be borne! who are you, sir? and who is your father?

Homebred.—Who is my father? My father was the first inventor of *thrashing machines*. I am the first of his make, and can be set in operation at a very little expense, and at the shortest notice! so look out."

His description of his newly invented machine seemed to tickle his audience amazingly. In this machine, he says, "you drive a hog into the centre of it; set the screws a-going, and it will produce *ready made sausages* from one end, and *patent scrubbing brushes* from the other."

A SYSTEMATIC READER.—A Highlander laird, living in a remote district, but withal a staunch politician, took the London Courier; but, as the post only visited him once a week, he always got six Couriers at a time. He read these papers in regular succession, one every day, but never more, in order that he might thus have the stimulus of a daily newspaper. So rigid was he in this admirable rule that if a debate did not terminate in the paper where it was commenced, he has often been observed to remark that he longed much for next morning, so anxious was he to learn the result of the discussion.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

A French traveller puts us down for the cleanest people upon the face of the earth; for, said he, "their very capital is called *Washingtown*."

ROMANTIC PASSION.—A French gentleman, M. Bussieres de Chabre, lately died at Paris, bequeathing the whole of his large fortune to the celebrated French actress, Made-moiselle Mars. It appears that twelve years since, this lady inspired him with a violent attachment, which he expressed to her in letters that were returned to him without notice. Long silence followed this attempt to open a correspondence, and it seemed to be forgotten, when the gallant gentleman, on alighting one day from his carriage in the Place des Victoires, broke his leg. It would naturally be supposed that he would wish, under such circumstances, to receive surgical assistance as expeditiously as possible, but this was not the case. He forbade any one to touch him, and sent to Mlle. Mars an account of his misfortune, stating that he would be removed and attended only by the medical gentleman of the great actress. The latter, at once astonished and grieved, immediately went to her friend, Baron Dupuytren, briefly related the adventure, and requested him to attend the patient immediately. The doctor hastened to the spot. M. de Chabre was then put on a bed in the coffee house, at the corner of the rue de la Feuillade, where his leg was set, and after being removed to his hotel, he soon recovered. This curious circumstance was followed by a fresh silence on his part, and oblivion on that of Mlle. Mars, which continued until his death. On opening his will, it was discovered that he had bequeathed Mlle. Mars the whole of his fortune.

A wine merchant once left a suspected assistant in his cellar, and said to him, "Now, lest you should drink the wine while I am away, I will chalk your mouth so that I may know it." He then rubbed his nail across the man's lips, and pretended to leave the mark of chalk on them.—The man drank of the wine, and to the even with his master, chalked his mouth, and thus discovered himself.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A professor of Alma Mater having purchased a horse for the purpose of taking a long projected journey into Wales, wishing to give his Buccaphalus a classical name and applied to a friend for a symbolical appellation. "Call him Graphy," said his friend—"Graphy!" exclaimed the astonished professor, "what the devil do you think I am going to write upon his back?" "Pshaw!" replied the collegian, "the name is quite applicable: first, you purchase the horse, and that's the *by*-graphy; secondly, you mount him, and that's the *to*-graphy; and lastly, you make your journey, and that's the *go*-graphy."

A traveller on horseback meeting a spalpeen, asked him, "Am I half-way to—town?" "Please your worship," said the boy, "do I know where you came from?"

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Blackwood's Magazine, speaking of the petty jealousies that exist between the people of this country and those of Great Britain, has the following amusing paragraph—"England and America are two fine women—and not only so, but they are mother and daughter. England is fit, fair, and forty, fit for the arms of a King. America is in her teens, and a morsel for a President. As long as they pursue each her own path, and are proud, each of her own lord or lover, both can bear, without any painful uneasiness, the thought of each other's beauty, and smilingly blow kisses from their hands across the Atlantic. Yet 'twould be too much to expect, that when they speak of each other's charms, they should always select the most seducing; that when they touch on each other's defects, they should point to the least prominent. 'Tis not in nature."

A KNOWING LAD.—A schoolmaster in Connecticut, while examining a boy from Rhode Island, in his catechism, asked the following question:—"How many Gods are there?" The boy, after scratching his head some time, replied, "I don't know how many you've got in Connecticut—but we have none in Rhode Island."

An Irish drummer, whose round and raw cheeks gave notice that he now and then indulged in a mug of *right good poteen*, was accosted by the inspecting general, "What makes your face so red, sir?" "Praise your honour," replied Pat, "I always blushes when I speake to a General officer."

Jonathan's Visit to a Printing Office.

Did you ever go up to the Printers,
And see all them devils to work?
Jussnotchert it beats all to flinters
Mother's fuss when we kill all our pork.

Them fellers they stand right up straight,
And pick little pieces of lead;
Stuck in cubby holes thicker, I'll bate,
Than seeds in our big parsnip bed.

Then they keep such a ducking and bobbing,
I'll be darn'd! like aunt Peggy's old drake
When he's gobbling up corn, or a robin
That stands on one leg on a stake.

How a plague can they find all the letters,
Is more than my gumption can tell;
They call them are workmen type-setters,
And an old shoe, they said that was hell.*

Then they've got too a cast iron press,
It beats father's for cider and cheese;
'Tis tarnation hard work I should guess,
And it gives a confounded tight squeeze.

There's a thumping great roller I saw,
They keep pushing—the Lord knows for what—
And the paper 'twould cover our mow,
Such a whopping great sheet have they got.

How they fill it all up is the wonder,
Where a darn do they find so much news,
As thick as pea blossoms in summer—
What a nation of ink they do use!

By gall! I dont see how they pay
For so many heaps of white paper,
They tell'd me they used every day;
Good Lord—it would ruin Squire Taber.

I'd no notion, I vum, 'twas such tarnal
Hard work to print papers and books;
I'll go right down and scribe for the Jarnal
And go home and tell all the folks.

* The old shoe kept as a receptacle for broken types. The devil, no doubt, imposed upon the simplicity of Jonathan.

A SMALL MATRIMONIAL BREEZE.—"Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye,—just tell me that—for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that Father O' Flannagan sent me home to yer house?" "Swate jewel," replied Pat, not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day when ye're a widow, *wapping* over the could sod that covers me—then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye get along without me, honey."

In the "At Home" of Mr. Matthews, he gives the following anecdote:—Being put on shore in Ireland, on his way to seek an engagement at Dublin, he gave a small trunk to a man to carry, who, on their arrival at the hotel, was not satisfied with the shilling that Mr. M. gave him—"And is this all you're going to give me, Mr. Matthews, for bringing that murdering load?" Mr. M. not a little surprised at the fellow's knowing his name, inquired how it could be. "Och! don't I know you well enough, Mr. Matthews; and don't I know your honor! I'll give another sixpence?"—M. "Well, if you'll tell me how you came to know me, I will give you another sixpence." "Will you though, honor bright?" M. "Yes, I will." "Why then, didn't I read your good looking name on the little brass plate at the top of your honor's trunk—blessings on the Sunday schools for it?"—M. "Well, here's a shilling, give me sixpence back."—"D—n the bit of a sixpence I've got; but I'll run and fetch one, and be back in—"M. "Not got one? why I saw one in your mouth this moment."—"And is that you *mane*? would I, think ye, be giving your honor a sixpence out of my dirty mouth?" M. "Well, keep the shilling." "Ah! good luck and success your honor! has your mother any more of ye?"

Two things are difficult for man to do:
'Tis, to be selfish and be honest too.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION,**Or a Warning to Dram Drinkers.**

The evening was cold and raw;
And by a blazing fire,
To waste his day and puff away
His cares, sat Obediah.

A flaggon on the table stood,
And oft he drained it dry;
And often too, he filled it up—
A bottle standing nigh.

Now Obed was a thinking man,
And soon he quite forgot
The earth below and every thing—
Except his happy lot.

He thought he was in Paradise,
And not the town of Lynn—
He fancied fountains playing punch,
And rivers running gin.

But when he stooped to light his pipe,
Which had by chance expired;
His alcoholic body was
Spontaneously fired.

The flames soon caught the building, and
Were seen for miles around—
And in an hour the old Lynn Inn
Was burnt down to the ground!

The morrow found a sturdy knave
A-raking 'mongst the stones—
But naught was found of Obed, save
His buttons and his bones.

PAUL.

PROPER RESENTMENT.—Farmer Tidd and farmer Gruff were near neighbors. The former was a kind-hearted even-tempered old codger, and all his affairs went on smoothly. The latter, as his name indicates, was possessed of an irascible disposition, and often attempted to wrangle with his worthy neighbor. One day Tidd's cow got into Gruff's corn field; Gruff procured a large cudgel, and went into his enclosure and gave her a severe pounding. Poor old brummie leapt the bars, shaking her head and making a wonderful display of legs and tail. Thinking one *pounding* insufficient, Gruff drove her to pinfold, and left her in confinement to ruminate on her pitiable condition. Having satiated his vengeance on the poor animal, he went to discharge a volley at her owner. "Neighbor Tidd," said he, in a great rage, "I caught your cow in my corn-field this morning, and I gave her a good drubbing, and then drove her to the pound; and I'll do it again, if I catch her there any more, so you'd better take care of her." The other replied very calmly, "Friend Gruff, I found two of your cattle in my garden the other day, and they had destroyed half of my garden sauce; I turned them out, drove them home to your barn yard, and put up the fence, and fastened them in as they should be, and if ever I find them there again, I shall do the same, so you'd better take care of them." Gruff's obduracy was softened, he released old brummie, paid the poundage, and ever after became a better neighbor.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—A FACT.—As a respectable citizen of Heard co. a few days since, was engaged in removing the rubbish from a piece of nearly cleared ground, he discovered a hawk in close pursuit of a partridge—the latter, in the rapidity of its flight, in endeavoring to escape from the talons of the hawk, came suddenly and violently in contact with a sharp splinter of the limb of a tree, which pierced him through the body. The hawk, with great rapidity, closely pursuing his prey, likewise encountered the same splinter, which he also run through his body, and thus clenched himself fast upon the partridge. In this manner they were both taken down by our informant.—*Southern Planter.*

CHARADE.

A consonant and triphthong,
Compose a thing of flame,
That's oft the ladies seen among,
Ye belles, pray tell its name?





NEWEST FASHIONS.

Engraved for the Quaker July 1833 Published by S.C. Atkinson.

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OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Our humble province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
 To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a founce, or add a furbelow."

No. 7.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JULY.

[1833.]

LATEST FASHIONS.

COURT DRESS.—White satin dress embroidered a *tablier*, in gold lama; train and body a *l'antique*, in violet velvet embroidered in gold; sleeves a *pointes*, in velvet fastened with brilliants, blond mantilla and sabots. Plume of ostrich feathers, and blond lappets.

CARRIAGE DRESS.—Pelisse of green *raye* watered silk, trimmed in front, cape of the same with epaulets; frill in plain blond net. Bonnet of mauve satin, with one white ostrich feather.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.—Dress of Pekin, a white ground embroidered with roses and their foliage, in a running pattern. The *corsage* is quite plain, laces behind, and is finished round the top with a blonde edging; the stomacher is marked out with thick green silk cord laid on, which is continued down the front to nearly the bottom of the skirt, in the form of a chain, and is finished by tassels. The sleeves of the dress are very short, but these are covered with long full sleeves of white net or gauze, fastened with bracelets of gold and emeralds, to which a large brooch in the centre of the *corsage* and *ferronniers* on the forehead correspond. Bonnet of rose coloured *velours epingle*, the crown made low, and the peak standing far off from the head on the right side; it is shadowed by a profusion of white ostrich feathers, and one plume is placed under the peak, in the hair, which is arranged plain on the forehead and in ringlets over the temples.—Black crape scarf, with a green embroidered border, and ends of scarlet flowers and foliage. Black satin shoes and white kid gloves.

EVENING DRESS.—Dress of white satin, the skirt made very full except in front. The *corsage* is plain and in the stomacher form. From the bottom of the skirt in front two rows of embroidered flowers and foliage ascend in a zigzag direction to the stomacher, and are continued up the *corsage*; the flowers are roses alternately

red, blue, yellow and white, the latter being of silver. At the top of the *corsage* are several rows of quilled net confined on the shoulders and back by green ribbon, and in front, by a large ornament in gold and white cornelian resembling a Greek cross. The sleeves are of embroidered blonde, made extremely full, and fastened up above the elbow by green ribbon, thus leaving a kind of large ruffle to fall over the lower part of the arm. The hair is dressed in an abundance of curls and ringlets and ornamented with green ribbon, an aigrette of silver, and an old fashioned hair pin of gold and white cornelian. Necklace, ear rings, and *ferronniers* to match the other jewellery. White satin shoes, and long white kid gloves.

BALL DRESS.—Dress of white blonde over a yellow satin slip, the dress being left short, so as to display a row of large puffs with which the bottom of the slip is ornamented. The embroidery of the blonde is in columns of foliage with a rich border. The *corsage* in the stomacher shape, is formed on the top in plaits confined, from distance to distance, by a narrow band.—The sleeves are short and full, and so disposed as to form rows of points. A fall of rich blonde, like a tippet, completes the dress. The hair is dressed in ringlets on the temples, and very high on the top, where it is ornamented with a profusion of feathers, flowers, and strings of pearls. Necklace and ear rings, pearls, amethysts and garnets. White satin shoes and long white kid gloves.

The manners of women have great influence on the manners of men. What propriety, therefore, should attend the actions of the fair sex; and, as many thousands are annually expended by the citizens of the United States, to purchase foreign superfluities of dress, would not the ladies merit much praise should they exert their power to save men from this folly, by curtailing their own taste for extravagant foreign articles, and adopt and use those of their own country.

WE PART FOREVER.

The following touching verses were given to us by a French lady, who received them, if we remember rightly, from an acquaintance of their noble author in Paris. They have never to our knowledge appeared in any of Byron's published works; and the readers of the Casket will be pleased to peruse any thing heretofore unread from the pen of that distinguished poet.

STANZAS,

TO HER WHO CAN BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

Be it so—we part forever!

Let the past be nothing be;
Had I lightly loved thee, never,
Hadst thou been thus dear to me.

Had I loved and thus been slighted,
That I better could have borne:—
Love is quelled when unrequited,
By the rising pulse of scorn.

Pride may cool what passion heated,
Time will tame the wayward will;
But the heart in friendship cheated
Throbs with woe's most maddening thrill.

Had I loved—I now might hate thee,
In that hatred solace seek,
Might exult to execrate thee,
And in words my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow,
Which can find no vent in speech,
Which disdains relief to borrow,
From the heights that song can reach.

Like a clankless chain enthralling,
Like the sleepless dreams that mock,
Like the frigid ice-drop falling,
From the surf-surrounded rock:

Such the cold the sickening feeling,
Thou hast caused this heart to know;
Stabbed the deeper by concealing
From the world its bitter woe!

Once it fondly proudly, deemed thee
All that Fancy's self could paint;
Once it honored and esteemed thee,
As its idol and its saint!

More than woman thou wast too me;
Not as man I looked on thee;—
Why like woman then undo me?
Why heap man's worst curse on me?

Wast thou but a friend, assuming
Friendship's smile and woman's art,
And in borrowed beauty blooming,
Trifling with a trusting heart?

By that eye which once could glisten,
With opposing glance to me;
By that ear which once could listen,
To each tale I told to thee:

By that lip, its smile bestowing
Which could soften sorrow's gush;
By that cheek, once brightly glowing,
With pure friendship's well feigned blush:

By all those false charms united,
Thou hast wrought thy wanton will;
And without compunction blighted,
What thou would'st not kindly kill!

Yet I curse thee not in sadness,
Still I feel how dear thou wert;
Oh! I could not e'en in madness,
Doom thee to thy just desert!

Live! and when my life is over,
Should thine own be lengthened long.
Thou may'st then too late discover,
By thy feelings, all my wrong!

When thy beauties all are faded,
When thy flatterers fawn no more;
Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded
Some regardless reptile's store:

Ere that hour false syren hear me,
Thou may'st feel what I do now;
While my spirit hovering near thee,
Whispers friendship's broken vow:

But tis useless to upbraid thee,
With thy past or present state:
What thou wast, my fancy made thee.
What thou art, I know too late.

Written for the Casket.

STANZAS.

As by the ocean's solemn strand,
One radiant hour in spring I stray'd,
And heard the anthems, wild and grand,
Which the incessant surges made,
Whereon the golden sunlight play'd;
I felt the scene its life impart,
And all its harmonies pervade;
The deep recesses of my heart.

I mark'd the birds, on rainbow wing,
Go, sweeping o'er the azure tide;
I heard their songs of welcoming,
To which the gay green shores replied;
And touch'd with feeling, by the side
Of that unbound and sounding sea,
I felt my meditations glide
Into a thoughtful reverie.

I saw the radiant waves roll on—
I heard their soft and dying fall;
And thought of countless raptures gone,
As bright as they—as musical;
I mused on hopes that once would call
My spirit from its young repose;
To grasp at pleasure's coronal—
To feel the thorns that guard the rose:

And as I mark'd the eventide
Enfold the trembling tides of blue,
While o'er the zenith, far and wide,
Pale night her starry curtain drew;
I thought how death, when life is new,
Overclouds the waves of being's sea,
And sweeps away the lov'd and true,
On time's dark shore no more to see!

Written for the Casket.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.—OLDSWORTH.

The inquiry, "should females receive as complete an education as males?" has been the source of much speculation. It is an inquiry, the settlement of which promises a signal triumph either to reason or bigotry. In former times, when knowledge was less extensively diffused—when every useful and brilliant production of genius lay unknown in the cloisters of ecclesiastical priesthood—when the peans of Sappho and the elegies of Alcaeus were no longer sung—when the voice of Thalia was hushed, and the harp of Clio hung mute and lifeless upon the willow—and when the achievements of the hero and the martyrdom of the Christian, could only be perpetuated by the legends of tradition—woman, lovely woman,

"Was doomed the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the beasts and fettered to the soil."

But when the sun of knowledge began to diffuse his rays over the semi-barbarians of Europe—dissipating the darkness of ignorance which covered them, and the religion of the blessed Saviour began to be more extensively taught—her condition was improved, and the smiles of her hope, her peace, and approaching happiness, began to mingle with those of her beauty.

With what reasoning are the enemies of female education able to satisfy their minds? Some advance as an argument—an objection, carrying prejudice and absurdity on its face—viz.: "The inability of woman—her want of mental strength and influence, which are necessary to ensure success and usefulness." Those who take this position are opposing analogy, past experience—the fountains of experimental, unerring knowledge. Where are the sublime and useful productions of Edgeworth? Where are the trophies of the genius of Opie, of Hemans, of Hamilton, of De Stael and More? To borrow the words of Story, "man can no longer boast of exclusive dominion in authorship. He has rivals or allies in almost every department of science, and they are to be found among those whose elegance of manners and blamelessness of life, command his respect as much as their talents excite his admiration. Who is there that does not contemplate with enthusiasm the precious fragments of Elizabeth Smith, the venerable learning of Elizabeth Carter, the elevated piety of Hannah More, the persuasive sense of Mrs. Barbauld, the elegant memoirs of her accomplished niece, the bewitching pictures of Madame D'Arblay, the vivid, picturesque, and terrific imagery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the glowing poetry of Mrs. Hemans, the matchless wit, the inexhaustible conversations, the fine character painting, the practical instructions of Miss Edgeworth, the great Known, standing in her department by the side of the great Unknown!"

The same objection, which has been answered, might be urged against the general education of males. How many are there among the males

equally destitute of strength of mind and those qualities which are necessary to command admiration! The reason why there are more poets, orators, and philosophers, among men, is because their education is an object of more care and attention. This education, which could be the means of great good, is often, very often, perverted, and applied to the more vicious and baneful uses. There are many, who, carrying with them through life the appellation of *learned*, gain an influence over the minds of their contemporaries, which the glaring absurdity and vicious doctrines with which their writings abound, are unable to erase when the hand of mortality shall have seized them, and their bodies shall have crumbled into dust. This is not the result of female education. Naturally chaste, modest, and unassuming—having been taught when young that the beauty and worth of woman consist in those qualities, improved and strengthened by polite literature, she aspires after no higher honor than to be a source of pleasure and happiness to those with whom she is connected, and a means of enjoyment to man, the partner of her bosom—the author of her cares. She labors not for the fleeting honors of time, but the moral tendency of her writings exhibits that they seek after a crown of glory beyond the grave—"a crown, at the sight of which the diadems of the Cæsars would sink to weeds." Who, then, can deny but what the literary productions of women, (when influenced by such motives,) will be beneficial to the males as well as their own sex? Is it reasonable to believe that Paine would have destroyed his own happiness, with that of many of his fellow creatures, had he been blessed with a mother endowed with these heavenly feelings, and these precious accomplishments. Hume and Voltaire, too, might perhaps (after living long and useful lives) have sunk to the tomb, with the same feelings which accompany the Christian in that trying hour—bearing with them their crowns of bliss, and leaving behind the disciples of their usefulness to pay the last tribute to departed greatness.

The benefit originating from female productions is more plainly seen in the effect they have on the young. The tender and tractable mind is easily influenced by those writings, which are intended not simply to instruct, but also to interest. It is argued by some, that the many vicious and obscene books met with in the higher branches of literature, are calculated to have an injurious effect on the morals of females; and for this reason there are many who even go so far as to say, that their education should be restricted to reading and writing, etc.; or should their education be prolonged or extended, they should be robbed of every literary production not immediately connected with their domestic affairs. That the reading of vicious books is calculated to injure the morals, is what no one will pretend to deny; but that females, with proper care, are much exposed to this evil, is much to be doubted. It is supposed that, in the first place, parents endeavor to keep such books out of the reach of their children; and if this is not the case, the parents neglect the performance of their duty. And if the character of females, when grown, is

not composed of modesty, chastity, affection, and every other virtue, we conclude that the reason is, their parents were themselves destitute of the blessings of polite literature; and had this not been the case, such would not have been the character of their children! Besides, the time is fast approaching when every production calculated to injure the morals, will be excluded from the libraries of the polite and patriotic. Great revolutions have taken place during the last century, in relation to the worth of the productions of mind, as well as the actions of the body. Mental struggles must have an umpire, as well as bodily; and he who aspires after Tully's "*aliquid immensum que infinitum*," in oratory, the "*magister boni*" of Horace, or the "*sana mens in sano corpore*" of Virgil, must consent to submit to the scrutiny of the present, as well as hope for the generosity of futurity. The empire of the mind will be triumphant. It must be obvious, then, to every man, that such objections vanish when considerations like these are fully examined.

One of the greatest pleasures which man enjoys is conversation: and the pleasure of conversation is certainly increased by an increase of knowledge. And why not employ every means which are justifiable for the purpose of increasing the pleasure of those whose cares are great, and whose worth (experience proves) has never been duly appreciated? But, alas! such arguments as these are calculated to have but little influence on those who inherit the cruelty of their fathers, and who are always ready to resort to any means for destroying every vestige, of justice and prostituting every call of humanity. And if it be granted that every pursuit of females should be composed of innocence, virtue, and pleasure, what employment is more applicable than the pursuit of literature? The best way to destroy vice, is to place before it something more fascinating. Lay before females, when young, something worth the application of their strongest faculties—the employment of all their time—and there will be formed a more impenetrable, a more insurmountable barrier against vice, than all the exhortations which may be given by the philosophic tongue in after life. In fact, this is necessary to produce that perfection which Cowper has expressed in a few beautiful lines—

"Her eye is meek and gentle, and a smile
Plays on her lips; and in her speech is heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to her heart
Is to encourage goodness."

But the consideration which ought to have most influence in the examination of this subject, remains yet to be mentioned. It is this—"if females were better educated, the education of males would be improved,"—new lustre would be added to their public and private careers, and new energy to their counsels. Take, for instance, a man of high standing—a prince, a general, or any man whose influence promises to be great—what would be the effect of his influence, if destitute of moral instruction—destitute of maternal admonitions—unacquainted with the solicitations of parental affection, and

deprived of the blessings of learning? He spreads his influence—injurious and destructive—to the most distant corners of his country. Thousands feel this influence; thousands sink beneath the stroke of oppression. The empire of force is fast fading from the face of the earth. The time is rapidly approaching when the chains of tyranny will be broken—broken so that no artist will be found ingenious enough to mend them: and the spirit of free principle, of universal liberty, will be seen ushering from the shades of darkness, the abodes of ministerial oppression! Yes, the time is fast approaching when physical power will be no longer required to lead man to the goal of prosperity. There will be a mental government—a government of reason. All nature proves it.

Why is it, that man will resist to the last gasp the hand of the oppressor? What is that for which man has been toiling from the time when he rose from his cradle in the west, until he reached these last limits of his wanderings? Is it a spirit which is leading him through morasses to the gibbet and the stake? Ask the ruins of Athens—go thunder these questions among the hills where once stood imperial Rome—the land of Brutus, the home of Cassius. Go ask the spirit which hovers over the plains of Marathon; go inquire of those who are still living monuments of our own glorious revolution, and an answer will be received which none can doubt. If, then, this is to be the result of the labors of the good and patriotic, are there not reasons why female education should be improved? We know that the influence of woman is great. To them is left the formation of the character; the turn of mind is always acquired from maternal admonition. It is in the infancy of man, when resting on the knees of the mother, when those principles are implanted in his bosom, which, in after life, are to sway the sceptre of despotism, or lead him to the temple of fame. There are many striking examples of the influence of females over their husbands, and those with whom they may be connected. When Bonaparte had extended his arms over nearly the whole of Southern Europe, and had seen his colors flying triumphantly over the walls of the capitol of Egypt, it was woman—the accomplished Josephine—who added vigor to his arm by her counsels, and infused mercy in his bosom by her affectionate disposition. But though her influence was great, her sufferings were soon disregarded. Such were her qualities, that had her admonitions been listened to, had her sufferings been regarded, the conqueror of conquerors might have died among the "vine hills of his own dear France," exulting in the triumph of liberty, the emancipation of Europe from civil and religious despotism. But, alas! when he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, his honor, his power and happiness faded away like the dew drops of the morning. The influence of the female is strikingly exhibited in the education of our immortal Washington. The instructions which he received, when young, from his mother, were such as to enable him to lead our fathers through the doubtful period of '76—overcome the powers of temptation, and after having lived "the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen," to

sink in peace to the tomb, honored with the appellation of "*Father of his Country*."

Such is the effect of female influence, and such the force of female accomplishments; and without these accomplishments, what would be the result of female trials and female admonition? Here would rise a Cromwell, with hands crimsoned with his country's blood; there would be seen the car of a Caesar, driving swiftly over the "*forbidden Rubicon*." Here a Tiberius, hastening with rapid strides to the goal of power; there a Sylla, trampling on the bodies of his murdered countrymen, and rejoicing at the fall of liberty! With mother and wife, gifted with all the accomplishments which polite literature, a due cultivation of the mind, can afford, how happy is man! But deprived of these—

"Oh, what is man?—a world without a sun."

When we cast our eyes over the chronicles of past ages, and contemplate the treatment which woman has received from man, reflecting, at the same time, on her many charms and accomplishments which are calculated to produce happiness in every circle, we are forced to exclaim with the philosopher of old, "*O homines! O tempora!! O mores!!!*" As she was called into existence for the happiness of man, was such treatment expected? All was sad without her; man himself was sorrowful. Yes, how beautiful has the poet expressed it—

"The world was sad! the garden was a wild!

And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled."

What could have been expected, but that her situation would have called forth the attention of men? But not so! For ages has she been regarded, not as the messenger of glad tidings, but the object of hatred and oppression. Compelled in some countries to toil with unceasing ardor in the bloom of youth, and linger out her latter days in poverty and neglect. But with all this cruelty, she still exclaims—

"Man, with all thy faults I love thee still."

Unceasing in her love, uncorrupted in her morals, charitable in her affection—abroad a friend and comforter, at home a source of pleasure and delight—who can not exclaim, with the genius of Moore:

"Oh, woman! whose form and whose soul,

Are the spell and the light of all we pursue!

Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness too!"

Y. S. R.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE EXCELLENCE OF VIRTUE.

Among all the complexities and multiplicity of experience which go to make up the man who may be said to possess a requisite share of the knowledge of the world, there occurs to my mind one kind of experience which is very prominent in my recollection, and which must necessarily be passed through by every young man, before he can become in a tolerable degree capable of managing with success his pecuniary concerns, in this calculating world of intrigue and self-devotion, or with any degree of exemption from the disgust and disappointment arising from the mistaken anticipations, which the generous and

confiding soul of youth had fondly dreamed of. Just emerging from a state of pupillage and theory, he at once appears upon the broad stage of experiment, full of ardent hope and confident expectation of the glorious success and completion of the noble purposes, which his native magnanimity has dictated. He has been early instructed in all the principles of morality and virtue, and while immediately subject to the salutary instructions of parental affection and care, has been induced to perform all the generous and noble acts which characterize an unsophisticated heart, fixing this noble purpose of doing good, permanently in his mind, and rendering it an established principle; for the accomplishment of this, he has been instructed in the belief that reward is always the consequent result of thinking rightly and acting nobly; none of his worthy actions are suffered to pass unpraised; virtue and vice are pointed out, and defined to him in a manner so decidedly obvious that he requires no hesitation in the choice of the former and in abhorrence of the latter. The distinguishing marks of either, when fairly represented, he does not mistake, and in his heart, from having so plain and pleasing a duty before him, from the faithful performance of which, such ample satisfaction results, he determines at once, to be in his future life, the pattern of all that is magnanimous and worthy, and he wonders in himself, why it is that such odious anomalies as bad and intriguing men are found to exist in this fair world. He has to learn, by dear bought experience, that in general the life of man is a system of policy and circumvention, where all act from some latent principle of self-interest, where appearances are assumed to accomplish some favourite object, and where every one is in masquerade; every one assumes a guise which he thinks gives the most specious semblance of the specific qualities which promise most respect and influence in the character he wishes to bear.

The novice, when first embarked in what he afterwards learns is the capricious and fluctuating sea of life, is delighted with the imagined bright prospects before him, and he joyously promises himself infinite enjoyment in the consummation of those schemes of life which his ingenuousness has suggested. He has been told, 'tis true, that all men are not alike generous, that some are envious, vicious and intriguing, and that we must expect many crosses and disheartening vexations to intervene and obscure the brilliancy of intellectual happiness; but theory is not practice—his reliance on the superior power of virtue and his own honest intentions, is to be encouraged, and to the widest extent commended, as in this are based all practical virtues; but experience alone must teach him that virtue without policy, is insufficient to counteract the ills arising from the officiousness of some, who have acquired the art of counterfeiting virtue so exactly that they are mistaken for what they seem to be; by these means, the confiding spirit of youth becomes obnoxious to all the envy and malignity which can be concentrated in the foul hearts of envious and malicious hypocrites, whose chief ambition seems to consist in sinking virtue into degradation. The youth who still

remains in unshaken belief of the reality of virtue and the honourable principles which he originally started with, and after a succession of such disappointments, has the independence and decision of character to practice them, may be truly said to have been tested by an ordeal, the severity and undermining nature of which, but few have withstood.

Beside the shy attempts of envy and malignity, there are numberless other impediments and contrarieties that conspire to delude the young mind into an unexceptionable condemnation of all that presents the semblance of social virtue and fellowship. From having been so frequently and invariably disappointed in his anticipations of unbounded worth, in the men with whom chance has brought him in contact, such unjust conclusions very naturally arise, and the extremes of misanthropy and avarice too frequently establish their throne where generosity and frankness originally shone as latent principles.

COLLINGWOOD.

Written for the Casket.

TO FERNANDO.

Fernando, there was once a time
When love was warm in thee,
And when you never wrote a rhyme,
But 'twas addressed to me;
But now, Fernando, love is cold,
Thy muse hath ceased to sing,
No tender tales of love are told,
Borne on by fancy's wing.

And once, within my woodbine bow'r,
When all around was mute,
At midnight's lone and silent hour,
I heard thy mellow flute.
Yes, softer than the zephyr's sigh,
Or than the streamlet's voice;
And at its sound the wind would lie,
Or hush its howling noise.

And once, Fernando, when I'd sigh
Thy heart responded too;
And when I'd smile how quick thine eye
Would flash with sparkling hue;
But now I sigh and feel the pain
Of untold silent grief,
But oh! no sympathy again
Comes to my heart's relief.

Fernando, canst thou e'er forget
Her plighted love to thee,
Who still is true and loves thee yet,
Though she forsaken be.
Canst thou be false? 'tis harsh, indeed,
To say thou would'st deceive,
'Twould make a heart of stone to bleed,
And one of iron grieve.

That one, so fair and gentle too,
In blooming years of youth,
A promise ever should break through,
And leap the bounds of truth.
Fernando, go where'er you will,
Perhaps ne'er think of me,
Yet I will love thee truly still,
And love none else but thee.

ELVIRA.

Written for the Casket.

THE CASKET'S GREETING.

"I come, I come—ye have call'd me."—Mrs. WEMANS.

I come, I come to cheer the heart,
And wake the smile of joy,
I come to check the tears that start—
I'm not a glitt'ring toy;
And though the Casket bright appears,
The gems are found within;
And the long lapse of changing years,
Their lustre ne'er shall dim.

These gems were sought at early morn,
In noon-day's radiant heat,
And in the loud and angry storm,
When winds and waters meet;
Were sought at twilight's peaceful hour,
And when the "tears of night"
Fell on the earth with soothing pow'r
They often met the sight.

In search of thee, the mighty soul
Pursued an upward flight,
And made the Pleiades its goal,
And revel'd in their light;
Then scan'd the "chambers of the south,"
And through the realms of space,
With tireless wing pursued its way,
To find their dwelling place.

The unfathom'd deep was meted out,
These precious gems to find;
For these, the eye essay'd to trace
The hidden depths of mind;
For these, the artist's kindling eye
Glow'd with unearthly light;
And while his magic skill he tried,
They met his ravish'd sight.

And now I come, my lady fair,
To meet thy gladsome smile;
Thy kindly glance I come to share,
Thy vacant hours beguile.
But though the Casket fair appears,
The gems are found within;
And the lapse of changing years
Their lustre ne'er shall dim.

Stockbridge, Mass.

A. D. W.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FAREWELL.

Yes, breathe it now, that lingering spell,
That sadly solemn, deep farewell;
Yet breathe it softly, lest the sound
Back on thy heart in echoes bound.
Oh! be it silent as the breath,
The fearful murmurings of death;
Let it be deep, that feeling's swell
Alone may speak—farewell! farewell!
Give it no sound, though 'twere more low
Than a calm streamlet's stillest flow,
More gentle than the air that weaves
Its noiseless way 'mong fallen leaves;
Silent as the descending snow,
That nightly dews the budding flower;
Yes, yes, e'en soundless as they fell,
Be that dread word—farewell! farewell! C. H. W.

Written for the Casket.

THE ITALIAN BRIDE.

In the crowd

They could not deem her one of such; she stood
Among them but not of them—in a shroud
Of thoughts that were not their thoughts.—BYRON.

"Signora Italia Franzoni, portrait and miniature painter, at the Haymarket." Such was the simple card which, inserted daily in the Richmond prints, and backed by letters to persons in the very first world there, drew successive crowds to Pryor's Garden, as the Haymarket used to be styled in familiar parlance, by the good citizens of that town. In those days, the visits of distinguished Europeans to the capital of the Ancient Dominion, fell like those of angels, "few and far between;" even the arrival of a foreign artist of celebrity furnished, therefore, food for curiosity and comment; especially when, as in the present instance, the one advertising was young, unwedded, and a woman! Besides these powerful claims to admiration, and some superb specimens of pictorial skill, exhibited by the Italian, Le Brun, a splendor of personal beauty establishing and illustrating her nationality, was not to be passed over as the least attractive item about her. Her manner, too, was full of the picturesque gesture of her country, blending the extremes of soft and abrupt grace—and alternately delighting or disconcerting her numerous visitors, as pride or politeness predominated: yet, though at times disdainful, abstracted, and even stern in mien and address, these characteristic changes rendered her but the more piquant and interesting, for her speech was still melody—her attitudes always perfect—her *l'air ensemble* as novel as her name and avocation; and taken all in all, she was generally accounted a most rare and fascinating creature, and favored by the ladies patronesses of the place, with a fine chance of being shown about as lioness of the season. But all participation in the fetes and festivity of the gay world, was contemned and avoided by the distant signora, who, devoting herself with a praise-worthy assiduity to her professional labors, repelled, sometimes in scorn, then in sadness, every advance to acquaintance and social intercourse. There was often visible, amid the dignified self-possession and elegant ease marking her ordinary demeanor, a momentary confusion as sudden as it was overwhelming, accompanied by a cast of deep and pensive thought, amounting to absolute melancholy, and softening the natural glow of her animated charms like a tender twilight stealing over the brilliant hues, which emblazon heaven and earth in the glorious sunsets of her own fair and forsaken land—that classic land whose name she bore, and of which, in person and mind and desolate estate, she moved a lovely emblem. An elderly female—obviously of far inferior rank, but cherished by Italia as a sacred relic of country, home, and perished friends—was the sole companion of her wanderings, and solace of her leisure hours; with her she loved to dwell on scenes of lost delight—on vanished times and things in sunny Italy. Nor was this venerable presence less essential to the reputation than to

the comfort of her beautiful nursing, in the publicity attendant on her line of life. The principal part of the company, who thronged the *studio*, being of "the opposite sex," (to adopt the apt distinctive epithet of the "immaculate Fredegonda,") the quiet and respectable appearance of the matronly Monica, who was always kept in waiting, effectually multiplied all attempts at flirtation, and proved her prudent mistress to be quite in earnest in her determination to hinder ought that might tend to interrupt or depart from the proper business before her. This precaution was by no means unnecessary; for though the Americans—to their praise be it written—are of all men most observant of the courteous usage due to every woman of repute, however lowly her degree, still there were not wanting every where some who arrogate to themselves the privilege of a little freedom, towards one dependent on public patronage for bread. But the lofty Italia soon taught them other things: those who came merely to lounge, or to admire and criticise the fair limner and her superior works, were dismissed without a particular regard to ceremony—while the patronising gallantries of such as felt disposed to pay for a portrait by the Signora di Franzoni, the enormous price, which greatly enhanced its value, were at once discouraged by the imposing air of the humble yet haughty girl, who bore in her looks a stamp of native nobility, before which all involuntarily bent. The winter thus wore away; and a busy and profitable one it was to "la bella Italiana," as she was called by her only countryman resident at Richmond, as a teacher of "the true Etrurian." Every body of fashion was eager to be painted by the admirable hand of the radiant stranger; and those to whom the distinction was accorded, accepted it as such, and treasured up the costly counterfeit, as connoisseurs do an original by Raphael or Rubens.

In addition to the worthy towns people, the vernal season brought with it a concourse of strangers to attend the races; several of whom were "ambitious of immortality from her pencil," as, in flattering phrase, they expressed it to the proud Italian painter. Two of these, meditating a call on this famous foreign wonder, sauntered forth, one fair morning, from their quarters at the Eagle Tavern—then, as now, the first house of public entertainment there. It was May-day; the flush spring had arrayed herself in "all the bloom and verdure and breathing sweetness" belonging to that most poetical and pastoral of the twelve months; and the friends, who were junior officers in our navy, strolled their idle way along sundry streets, giving glimpses through the vistas occurring at each corner, of the distant river scenery. At length, after passing through the western suburbs, they stopped on Gamble's Hill, to enjoy the full prospect that expanded around them like a glorious panorama. On their right stretched a dark skirt of woods and sylvan hills, on one of which, standing close to the water's edge that divided it from them, arose the heavy towers of the Penitentiary; before them, the James river, rushing onward to the Falls with a deep, continuous murmur, pleasant to the ear as a fine thorough-bass, rolled in thundering sheets of white foam

over the vast ledge of rocks, which here runs across its ample current; and rippled and boiled and threw up its frothy spray around the islets of emerald green that gem its broad, clear bosom. Along the opposite bank were scattered farm-houses, mills, and the gay village of Man-ehester; while in the prospective, far below, a forest of tall masts, and snowy sails swelling and sporting in the bright sun-beams, indicated the shipping at Rocketts. Between that point and the spot where the young men stood, lay spread the entire town of Richmond, in charming alternation of fair plain, bold acclivities, and verdant garniture of groves and gardens; in the midst, built after the model of the *Maison Carree*, at Nismes, and conspicuous from every approach to the city, the majestic capitol dominated on its high, central hill, like a sovereign enthroned above his vassal court. On no lovelier view, as the commentary discourse of our officers acknowledged, had their eyes ever rested in other lands; Henry Corbin, a promising young midshipman, just through his examination with great credit to himself, compared it to the smiling landscapes that inlay the shores of the silvery Arno; while Lieut. Melven, older and fuller of imaginative sentiment, referred to scenes embalmed in deathless verse—

"By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone"—

or on the embattled cliffs of its mighty German rival. Thus, "holding poetic talk," they loitered down the descent, and crossing the canal by the bridge at its base, near the State Armory, proceeded towards the Haymarket, at that time a public promenade, ornamented with infinite taste and beauty. Its finished garden walks were, however, at that hour empty; and, unwonted circumstance! the area in front of the long, low wooden building, where lodged the object of their visit, was also vacant of carriage or passenger. The lieutenant and his companion, taking advantage of the favorable moment, hastened up the steps and through the wide old-fashioned piazza, and tapping at the street door, were let in by a little negro girl. Preceding them along a short, dark passage, she drew back a richly fringed curtain of crimson silk at the farther end, and announced Mr. Melven and Mr. Corbin; of course, they entered the *studio*. Surrounded by the implements of her creative art, and apparently just risen from a seat beside the easel which supported a magnificent piece on oil, whereon her gaze was fixed in intense and exulting scrutiny, stood the Signora di Franzoni; the natural and harmonious ease of the attitude—the perfect and buoyant form that seemed to spurn the earth—the countenance regu- lent with the inspiration of triumphant genius—all suggested and realized the image of the Muse of Painting, (had ancient fancy consecrated such a deity,) in her first enthusiasm of conscious power. The dress, too, by its novel and picturesque simplicity, confirmed the strong illusion; the white robe, disposed like an antique drapery, in full and graceful folds—the broad black girdle, that clasped a waist as slender and symmetrical as that once held, according to fable, within the cestus of Venus—the pendent rosary and cross of jet, and the long

raven locks, that most feminine attribute almost peculiar to the women of continental Europe, flowing loose in a soft and glossy profusion, unsurpassed by hers, surnamed, in Eastern story, the "Lady of the beautiful Tresses"—these constituted a costume, different to be sure from that of the belles of the day, but in strict keeping with the foreign *tournure* of the bright yet singular being who wore and adorned it. But striking as was the whole animated figure, it was the female "face divine" that rivetted entranced attention; exemplifying that transcendent style of ideal beauty, which "deifies the canvass" of "*La Bella Feronia*," by Leonardo da Vinci; the features, the outlines, and complexion of Italia were as faultless and dazzling—the expression, if possible, more vivid and bewitching. Above all in "her eyes' dark charm" lurked the spell of resistless fascination; large, clear, and lustrous—by turns they melted with tender languishment, or sparkled "with a volley of rays, that seemed to say a thousand things at once."

Sometimes in deep repose she hid
Their rays, beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air,
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

Still, while those adorable eyes, lightened with all the brilliance and passion of genius and of love, an accurate observer might detect at times, in their wild and aerial glance, somewhat of the madness on which genius is said closely to border. But in their present "ambrosial aspect," there was nothing startling or ominous betrayed. The whole countenance glowed with the triumph of concentrated talent and sublime self-applause; and yet even more than womanly softness, and gentle modesty, were sweetly mingled there. The glorious vision, though, proved fleeting as 'twas fair; the wrapt exaltation of feeling and fancy fled, as the entrance of the gentlemen recalled the cold, composed expression of every day life and thought; and she, who, but the instant before, might have been mistaken for a goddess about to soar to the empyrean region, now turned upon them with the calm condescension and haughty quietude of a princess listening to the suit of her slave. Melven, as her first full glance fell upon him started back in a tremor of amazement and transport; the sudden change of that glance, as it met his—the faint blush that suffused her delicate cheek—the transcendent trepidation, uplifting those exquisite hands—told that he was not merely recognized but remembered. Still no word of greeting passed beyond the customary modes of salutation; and, for the first time, the ready and elegant Theodore Melven was glad to have his less polished associate at hand to explain the purpose of their visit. Both had designed to engage the pencil of this celebrated artist; but the sensitive lieutenant felt himself so thoroughly startled and discomposed by the unaccountable apparition before him, that he could with difficulty find utterance to beg that he might be permitted to speak with her on another occasion. To this the agitated Italia assented by a bow—and went on arranging with young Corbin the terms and

hours of his sitting. While they conversed together in English, that "came mended from her tongue," the eyes of the shocked but enraptured Melven, which sought yet shrunk to encounter hers, stole around the paltry apartment of one whom he had known as the inhabitant of a Palladian palazzo. It was small, and plain to the last degree—containing only a bare complement of chairs, one or two common tables, and the apparatus necessary for the exercise of her present profession. There was, however, the true Italian atmosphere rife with ethereal perfumes; for the few masterly paintings, displayed as samples of the signora's pre-eminent skill, were literally embowered amid exotics and odoriferous plants, mantling the walls in such quantities as made the room look like what the French call a cabinet of verdure. In one corner, the sedate Monica sat at an embroidery frame, employed in working tapestry after the manner still practised in convents abroad. The whole scene—the unexpected and mutual recognition—the wonderful, nay, almost impossible, transition in the relative rank of himself and the radiant "lady of his love"—all pressed so painfully and powerfully on the mind of the bewildered, though happy Melven, that his respiration became oppressed, and he seized the first pause to hurry his friend eagerly away. And while the frank and jovial Henry expatiated with rapturous vebement on the charms of the "rare nymph" they had just left, her old acquaintance, who deemed his praises profanation, walked on in taciturn and thoughtful mood, as if he had just emerged from the cave of Trophonius, rather than the *studio* of an accomplished foreign beauty.

In truth an astounding vision had there glared upon him. That the high *dama*, whom, in her own native land, he had beheld looking down on the homage of prince and peasant, was here degraded into a wandering artist, obeying for hire the behest of all who required her proffered services, at one moment, perplexed him like an incredible and preposterous delusion of delirium; then his heart would bound with delight at the blessed fortune, which again brought him near to one, who, though seen but once before, had never disappeared from his enchanted imagination; next his thoughts dwelt on the romantic particulars of that single meeting. During a cruise in the Mediterranean, several years before, the frigate to which Mr. Melven then belonged as second lieutenant, lay for a few days at Leghorn. Our flag had as yet but seldom floated in an Italian harbor, and numbers flocked to survey and praise the American ship as a complete model of naval architecture. Among others came a Roman prince, who being on a tour through that country, with his only daughter—the admiration of all Italy for beauty and talents—made a short sojourn at Florence, that she might study the master-pieces of the Grand Gallery. From the "Etrurian Athens," they drove down, by invitation, to its port, as Leghorn has been termed, on a day, lovely even for lovely Tuscany, to enjoy the sea-air in a sail to our man-of-war. The magnate himself, in all the pomp of stately presence and jewelled dress, and sumptuous retinue, was but a secondary person-

age with the independent republicans; on the gloriously beautiful creature apparently hanging on his arm, but who in reality sustained his feeble steps, they gazed as did the Trojans on the divine Helen: like her,

"She looked a goddess, and she moved a queen."

She spoke, and it was music—she smiled, and the ardent youths, who worshipped at due distance around, fancied that they beheld

"The face of immortality unveiled."

The party, which was numerous, partook of a collation on board, during which the father was seized with a fainting fit, that displaced the company and put an end to the pleasure of the evening. The young lady, whose whole soul seemed absorbed in concern, persisted in having him conveyed to their own yacht, which lay astern; and attended by one or two particular friends, left the rest to betake themselves to the boats, belonging to themselves or to the frigate. As she descended the gang-way, in the hurry and bustle of the sudden removal, one delicate little foot missed a step, and her fall would have been a severe one but for the eager second lieutenant, whose eyes had hung in ecstasy on every movement, and who now sprang hastily forward and saved her. In the confusion of the accident a chain of plaited hair, with a golden cross attached to it, was loosened from her neck and dropped on his arm. Theodore caught up the slight trinket; but while he stood hesitating how to present it, the fair *princessa* was gone, inshrined within the curtains of her barge. He remained, holding the soft tress in his hand, and looking after the elegant pleasure boat as it bore its peerless freight over the crystal waves, till summoned below on duty. How often was the chain contemplated and kissed that night! how was it prized as the passport on which he relied for a second admission into that celestial presence! Despite his reluctance to yield up the precious spoil, it was his only chance of obtaining another interview; so a few days after, he got leave to go on shore, in order to make restitution. All his inquiries after the illustrious Romans proved, however, in vain; they had left Leghorn, where he had understood they meant to make some stay, the very evening of their visit to the frigate—and none knew in what direction they travelled. Young Melven was not exactly in love—but his romantic imagination had been set in a blaze, and his heart in a fair way of sympathizing with it. Long and tenderly did his impressioned nature retain the powerful impression then made upon it—and its braided memorial became a charmed relic to shield him from all other amatory influences. Gradually, however, time wrought his usual work in effacing its efficacy—and the cherished image of the noble Italian beauty faded into a dreamy recollection, awakening, when it recurred only a transient and delicious sigh.

Theodore Melven was the only child of the proudest pair in Virginia, and himself no less proud that within his veins flowed the purest and richest blood of that aristocratic state. His parents being possessed of an immense landed estate, it was not without infinite opposition, and until after his father's death, that he was suffer-

ed to indulge his predilection for the sea. During his boyhood he exercised the habit of a hard student, to which was added a quickness of apprehension, that carried him rapidly, and with much distinction, through his classes and degrees at William and Mary College. But a life of foreign travel and wild adventure, was the passion and purpose of a soul naturally bold and romantic; and having enriched his mind with the various stores of polite learning, he ultimately won over his mother—firm and conscientious as she was on the subject—to agree that he should enter the navy at seventeen; and thus enjoy an opportunity of seeing the world after his own way. Eight years had since gone by; at twenty-five he found himself first lieutenant on board of a seventy-four—and none of the evil consequences to health and morals, so dreaded by his over anxious parent, had resulted from his choice of a profession. Theodore, in common with all young men of spirit, loved pleasure; but he loved and pursued it as a gentleman, not as a *roue* or a sot. His refinement of taste saved him from shameful excesses, while his generous and amiable disposition rendered him popular both as an officer and a man. And yet he was intimate with few of his own standing—a favorite, notwithstanding his nautical ability, which was first-rate, with none of his superiors. A noble pride—the pride of high birth and principle—made him scorn the little deferential arts, which, too often, compete successfully with merit; and a constitutional shyness and reserve of manner—for it invaded not the warm heart—detracted not from the esteem, but from the favor of his open and merry messmates. His talents and accomplishments were more fine than showy; and with his high order of intellect there mingled a vein of sentiment and poetical fancy, utterly variant from the blunt and hearty character of the reckless sailor. Of a person tall, graceful, and commanding, his features were marked and regular, rather than extraordinary; thin, fair, and pale, with a fine expanding brow, bold Roman nose, and lips whose full and exquisite curve reminded one of the enchantment playing about the mouth of a Grecian statue; his face—that great point with the ladies—was generally admired by them, though his quiet and retiring deportment might be less partially considered. Still his great connexions and splendid property made him a prime object with the match-making and match-seeking part of society; and numberless snares were set to catch him, according to technical phrase. Mrs. Melven had long pined to see her son settled at home; but his aversion to marriage after that one encounter with his angel Italian, long baffled her wishes, which were bent on his union with Lucy Aylett, an orphan kinswoman with a fair portion, in whose simple and domestic habits, (to say nothing of her being reckoned the prettiest girl on the Old Soil,) she foresaw the sure guarantee of true matronly dignity and desert. The young officer had ever loved his sweet cousin as a sister—but her whole person and manner were totally opposite to his romantic and prepossessed conception of female grace and beauty. There was nothing grand—nothing ideal about her; she was the

simple Virginia of St. Pierre's romance; he sought a Corinne, to dazzle and enslave by the brilliancy of inward as well as exterior gifts. This longing after supernal excellence had met with nothing of correspondent perfection till that fated hour, when the daughter of the Prince de Verdonalde flashed, like a fairy queen, across his path: from that hour, her image had shown on his soul, as

“The morning-star of memory.”

and increased his distate to the plain yet gentle and lovely country girl, to whom public report, and the strong but secret purpose of his mother, had already betrothed him. As, however, his fond and idolatrous remembrance of the matchless Roman maid decayed under the absence of all hope or further knowledge of her, the indirect, though powerful influence of Mrs. Melven, operated naturally and insensibly on his mind, in swaying it towards one whose modest beauty and virtues he could not deny—and who loved him with that depth of diffident devotion so captivating to the selfish but fastidious vanity of such a man. Thus, though he had never openly addressed Miss Aylett—though no word or bond of alliance had gone between them—their implied engagement began to be felt by the parties themselves; and while certainly in no hurry for the concluding ceremony, Theodore found himself perfectly content under the tacit contract so agreeable to his venerated parent and all their friends. It was with the intention of presenting the picture as a final pledge to his amiable relative, that he went to bespeak it of the fair di Franzoni: that interview overturned the airy dreams and settled plans of years. His Roman divinity had, at last, reappeared to the unexpected but enthusiast votary, and the prostrate altar was raised—the dying flame relumed. The long dormant spell resumed its omnipotent rule; and all that had intervened of other times and things, was discarded in disdain as an idle and unworthy fantasy. In the tumult of contrary sensations, that disturbed the mind of Theodore, there was none paramount or defined—nothing that he would analyze or understand. Passing by all the equivocal palpitations, all the impassioned fancies, and tender reminiscences, conjured up by the bare sight of that beautiful phantom, curiosity, he persuaded himself, prompted his anxiety to see more of her—and to learn the cause of that wonderful vicissitude so favorable, yet in some respects so humiliating to his incipient passion. It was curiosity—simple curiosity—that led him at the same early hour, on the next day, to the lowly abode once sought with views and feelings so different—now become to him an enchanted palace, inshrining a peerless queen. He found the signora disengaged, but not alone; for the eternal Monica was at her usual post; a superb edition of Dante lay open before the princely artist—but her eyes were fixed on vacancy; and her countenance and posture those of profound and melancholy musing. When Mr. Melven was announced, one bright smile of welcome, revealing all the glories of that perfect face, shone on him like a momentary glimpse of heaven—and at once their hearts beat in unison, though their

tongues still discoursed as strangers. The lieutenant had come, as he tried to believe, expressly to prefer a claim to her acquaintance, and to inquire, as far as he durst venture on so nice a question, into the mystery of her fallen fortunes; and yet no syllable on these topics escaped him during their formal conference. It was limited to the few brief sentences, appointing the periods, &c. of his engagement—and granting the permission, which he craved in tones almost unintelligible, for him to accompany his friend at any intermediate time. This boon obtained, Melven—elate with joy, but awed into an embarrassment that fettered not only his speech but his thought—made his hasty exit. Italia stood, during his short stay, full of calm dignity and apparent unconcern; but when the door closed on her dazzled visitor, the emotion, hardly stifled so long, burst forth in a fit of bitter wailing and weeping, that set at naught all her attendant's affectionate attempts at consolation. That day she was denied to all other company.

The following morning was fixed for Mr. Corbin's first *seance*; Theodore, his head full of rose-colored hopes and ideas, co-incidental with infant love, went with him into that magic presence, which reason, reflection, prudence, honor, each should have taught him to fly as from a pestilence. What to the vivacious young midshipman appeared an interminable horror, his enamored friend revelled in as a transient enjoyment of paradise; he gazed and sighed under the delicious and overpowering fascination—and each word of the few breathed by the soft voice of the majestic Italia, enthralled him with a new charm. She never moved her eyes save from the person of her subject to the canvass, whereon she transferred it; not one stray beam travelled in the direction of the fond worshipper, who, as she sat with her face turned on profile from him, feasted at his ease on the inimitable and lovely precision of its outlines. At length, to her relief as well as that of the yawning and restless Henry, the two allotted hours came to a close; and released from durance dull, he thought to indemnify himself by a little desultory chat with the ethereal personage who entertained them. Much to his disappointment, and the delight of his tantalizing companion, who could not himself collect nerve enough to address her, her cold, though polite monosyllables declined any superfluous colloquy, and the young men had nothing left them but to take up their hats and depart.

Day after day thus glided by; never was captivation so instantaneous and complete as Melven's: his mother, Miss Aylett, his duties, his engagement, were all forgotten as things that had never been—a new existence had opened on him—the past and the future were alike surrendered and bound up in the present fatal indulgence. Hitherto his intercourse with her, who to him was still a *princessa*, had been as silent as it was sweet: 'tis true, Henry Corbin, by his frank simplicity, and warm yet respectful devoirs, had won her into a slight degree of sociability; but to his superior she never spoke, save in salutation—and he often found himself unable to reciprocate even that. His turn was now come to occupy at least her professional

attention; desiring to be painted in miniature, Italia was compelled to a closer examination, a more careful study of his expression, than she had bestowed on the lineaments of his lively predecessor; but she soon found herself unequal to the continual encounter of looks such as Endymion might have cast, in his reverential ecstasy, on Diana's silver bow, as it hung in the distant heavens. Pleased, yet impatient at this mute but expressive language, the blushing artist, with difficulty made out to get through the first sitting—which she was strongly tempted to shorten—without violating an habitual taciturnity, well nigh as rigid as that prescribed by the rule of La Trappe. But on the morrow, when seated to undergo the same insupportable trial, her patience fairly sunk under it; and she was driven to take refuge in a confused endeavor at conversation. It had been her wont to frown down without mercy a hundred such offenders; and for the first time in her life she wondered at her strange indisposition thus to punish this most inveterate of them all. Within the unstirred depths of that bosom—proud and cold as her usual demeanor declared it—there, nevertheless, dwelt a more than national capacity of fond and energetic attachment—a fund of empassioned feeling, as yet sleeping tranquil as the waters of a sealed fountain, but ready like them to flow forth in a pure, bright stream, at the liberating touch, that brought it into motion. That bosom had been pierced—the fountain sent out its living waters—and the warmth and sensibility of her Italian nature, rendered her but too prone to imbibe the tender sentiments portrayed in those ardent eyes now brought in such oppressive vicinity to hers. It was not the graces of Melven's person, or the opulence and dignity of his high estate among us, that swayed Italia into toleration, nay almost approval, of that timid and idolatrous gaze. She had seen, had spoken with him in her own loved and long-lost land; his presence was a perpetual and eloquent reference to all that the past held of hallowed and dear, and like the rays of the sun on Memnon's sympathetic lyre, awoke in "that seeming marble breast," the saddest, potent strains of memory: she was, moreover, charmed with the delicacy which had forborne any allusion to former times, or title to her prior notice, and that still in their casual discourse, observed the same kind discretion. At first their interchange went not beyond a few unconnected sentences—for each felt too intensely to speak with freedom; but the ice once broken, Italia, who, like every woman, comprehended by instinct all the danger, the *distress* of silence, was bent on shunning a relapse into its awful awkwardness; and Theodore, encouraged by the unconcealed softness of her manner, and drawing inspiration from those heavenly eyes, unfolded, little by little, his latent powers, and rose as rapidly in her coveted estimation as in his own, by the brilliant display. Even the lofty endowments of his paragon of intellect, no less than of beauty, which had put to shame many a superior scholar abroad, here met and acknowledged their match; or perhaps the dawning partiality of the accomplished *princessa* disarmed her sterner judgment: certain it is, that henceforward she

beheld her lover in a new and commanding aspect, doubly engaging to her admiration and esteem. Their talk still ran on her own Italy—its past and imperishable glories, its present depth of misery and degradation—and above all, on that indestructible and “destructive beauty,” wherein fond nature has dressed out this, her favorite spot, for her boast, and, alas! its bane. But only before witnesses did their mutual fluency dilate on this inexhaustible theme. If, as sometimes happened, the sentinel Monica, (whom the young officer devoutly cursed in secret, for a dragon keeping watch over the Hesperian fruit,) deserted her post for a moment, the unfinished period died away on the tongue—the patriotic eloquence of Italia and Theodore’s animated replies were hushed into instant silence, while she, sinking beneath the earnest intensity of his gaze, would ply her pencil in disordered and fruitless diligence, till the sensations of the woman overcoming the heed of the artist, it fell from her unsteady hand. As these trembling, lilled fingers, touched his in receiving it again, a delicious shiver ran through either frame, and both instinctively receded to their places. Several scenes of this sort had occurred, (for the governante, under the signora’s implied leave of absence, gladly stole a respite, now and then, from her tedious duty in the *studio*;) and still they came and they departed, impatiently desired but unimproved by the diffident lover. Repeatedly had he drawn forth the golden memento of their first meeting, designing its restoration to the rightful owner—as often did his heart fail him at the thought of parting for ever with the prize twice-consecrated as her property and his chief solace, and again that precious cross reposed till another time beside that throbbing heart. But all this delay availed not; the fond wish of the lover was compelled, by a strong effort, to yield to the honorable practice incumbent on a gentleman; and Theodore ventured, one bright summer’s evening, worthy of that distant climate whose rich softness seemed to color the character of its surpassing daughter, on a deed so daring and unauthorized as to stop at Italia’s door. The little black portress admitted him, not into the *studio* but into a *boudoir* redolent of roses and rarities, and seldom invaded by any other foot than the fairy steps of the beautiful painter. At present she was not there; and he stood at the open window, looking down on the garden scenery beneath, bounded only by the dark rolling river. All at once, the softest strains of ethereal melody echoed through the apartment; Melven turned at the delightful sound, and saw the exquisite minstrel, bending in graceful negligence over her lute—that ancient and most enchanting of instruments—and singing, “with eyes upraised as one inspired,” and countenance glowing with fervid pathos, the Sicilian vesper hymn to the Virgin. The divine voice, the rich accompaniment, the wrapt figure, were those of St. Cecilia, when “she drew an angel down” to listen to her sacred song. It ended—not one word of compliment or comment, not one passing or relative observation, was uttered by the entranced auditor or the lovely lutanist, till a long and mutual sigh relieved the feelings

of both. Italia dropt her lute, and folded her hands on her heart, as if to repress the emotion struggling to break forth. Still her thoughts and looks, though sad, were serene as the resplendent west on which she fixed them in pensive contemplation. The hour, the stillness and seclusion of the scene, emboldened the timid idolater; he drew near the syren who had bewitched him out of himself—he was close beside her—his hand lay undisturbed on that fair arm—her face was turned away—and with a desperate decision, he disengaged the cherished chain from his bosom, and threw it over the snowy neck that it had formerly encircled. The sudden action startled the tremulous Italia; the cross was raised, was recognized—and she fell into a passion of tears, that swept away, in their crystal flood, all reflection and self-command from her lover. He supported—he consoled—he caressed—and the declaration and acceptance of his impassioned adoration, were breathed forth in burning sighs and broken murmurs, amid soothing and ecstatic sorrow. In the triumph of that proud moment to him—the blissful confusion with which it overpowered her—the large drops were kissed from those starry eyes; and their hearts, their hopes, and their thoughts, blended inseparably and for ever. Italia, in the full confidence of her noble nature—for she dreamed not of promise or compact as part of love’s sweet and holy bonds—received her lover without restriction or reserve; and while wandering together about the elegant pleasure-grounds of the Haymarket, or the romantic environs of the town, narrated at large the melancholy history, which we abridge as follows.

Italia da Verdonaldi was a Neapolitan by birth, though her father held title and estates of prince in the dominions of the Church. He had, also, extensive possessions in the adjoining southern kingdom, in right of his wife, a lady distinguished for personal attractions, but of grave temper and retiring manners; who had been taken from the convent, where she had been reared—and within whose walls she would fain have continued as a votress of the order—to be united to a man towards whom her predominant feeling was disgust. The union proved to her a source of unhappiness and bitter regret, that occasioned her to look back towards the sacred asylum she had left, as our first parents did on their forfeited Paradise; and not being herself suffered to enjoy what she deemed the glorious beatitude of such a lot, she resolved at all events to secure it for her only daughter—the sweet Italia. In spite of the singular talent and loveliness of the child, she kept her word—zealously thwarted all attempts to educate her for society, and early stamped on her ductile mind the inevitable doom that decreed her to a cloister. A sudden and violent illness, terminated, in its prime, the life of the *Princessa* da Verdonaldi: with her last breath, she summoned the young Italia to her couch, hung round her neck, by a chain of her own hair, a golden cross blessed by the holy father himself—and made her swear on the doubly sanctified emblem, to profess herself at the proper age. On that condition—and that alone—did she bless the pure creature whom she thus strove to im-

molate, and died rejoicing in the thought of her success. Italia's precocious memory was deeply impressed by this solemn scene, and the crucifix then bestowed, and always worn by the "little nun," was regarded by her with a sort of holy horror, as its awful memorial, rather than with the tender complacency befitting a mother's last gift. But the father—vain, worldly, and literary—soon perverted his daughter from her pious destination. He devoutly doated on this fair child, who, reversing the ordinary attachment of girls, repaid his love with interest; while towards her mother, whose melancholy turn, religious exercises, and imposition of long, ceremonial tasks and penances, acted as repellants on Italia's lively affections, she was much less warmly disposed. Hence the prince would have experienced little trouble in moulding her to any purpose, had not his lady's terrific denunciations and dying looks interposed an awful barrier between her daughter and the world. Of course, the father finally prevailed, and his charming and cherished child became, under his tutelage, the pride and wonder of her native land. The famous Cecilia was scarce more deified and caressed—and her idolizing father reaped a full harvest of triumph and delight wherever she appeared. Still, amid "the sickle breath of popular applause," the incense of exalted admiration, the voices of noble lovers mixing with the praise and benedictions of the wise and good, Italia never totally forgot the fearful promise pronounced beside her mother's death-bed. It recurred with every touch of the testimonial crucifix, suspended, in spite of her father's abhorrence of its sight, about her marble neck; and in solitude, or moments of deeply excited feeling, the angry spectre of her deceased parent seemed to rise before her, and denounce her disobedient apostasy. The prince strove to eradicate her superstitious remembrance of that extorted self-dedication, by argument, by ridicule, and by entreaty. He immersed her in gaiety, and surrounded her with the delights of art and the appliances of luxury; she was hurried from villa to villa, from one city to another, with a view to the finest and most expensive cultivation of her favourite tastes; and as soon as her age justified the application, the prince proceeded to pacify her conscientious scruples by addressing himself to the Pope for his daughter's release from her compulsory vow. After a great exertion of his interest at the Papal Court, the absolving dispensation was granted to the young *princessa*, and the end of the anxious parent appeared to be happily attained. Italia ceased to consider herself as a devoted sacrifice, "to be for aye in shady cloister view'd," or as under the ban of heaven and the posthumous wrath of a mother; her mind no longer dwelling on this one engrossing solicitude, turned to its natural and dear delight, the world—and she wore her crown of the almost regal honors there, heaped upon her with an air that bespoke her born to receive them. The prince had no son to succeed him in his rank, his dominions, and his ancient name; it was, therefore, doubly important that the bright beauty who heired them all, should wed early as splendidly. Italia, devoted less to

pleasure than to study—and above all to the pursuit of perfection in the creations of her plastic pencil—gave little thought to the subject, primary as it is with the generality of her sex, and suffered her father to manage the matter pretty much his own way. Meanwhile the Castello da Verdonaldi became renowned as a second Belmonte, and the fair Roman had dismissed well nigh as many suitors as sped "on the four winds of heaven" to woo the peerless Portia: still the happy man was unselected by the prince, who, unhappily, began about this time to dabble in politics, and as unhappily attached himself to the party of king Joachim Murat, who had continued to propitiate his vanity by a high appointment in the royal household. His intrigues, foiled as they were by the fall and execution of that ill-fated monarch, still went on, and even extended into the neighboring principality, where his chief possessions lay; they were discovered and strictly scanned by the predominant Bourbons, reported to the jealous Pontiff, and he was, in consequence, a marked man. The reign of priestcraft and persecution revived in Naples, with the restored race; da Verdonaldi's opposition to his daughter's embracing a monastic life—his successful efforts to detach her from the holy vocation to which her "lady-mother" had allotted her, were eagerly seized upon by his enemies, and distorted into aggravated impiety and contempt of the indisputable rights and usages of the church. The clergy, who cherished a grudge against him on this account—such of the courtiers as aspired to share the spoils of his offices and estates—the several relatives, who, deeming Italia "a thing inskied and sainted," already begun to compare claims to her succession—all combined for the ruin of the father, who, out of love to his own child, had presumed to prefer her happiness to their aggrandizement; and thereby, unwittingly deranged many a shrewd and confident calculator. Some faithful friends gave the unsuspecting prince warning of the formidable cabal; but he, as well as they, forewent the vain attempt to make head against it; the populace was up—the tremendous cry of sacrilege about to be raised—and da Verdonaldi hastily fled from the storm, under pretence of taking his daughter on a long talk of journey to Florence. While there, he employed himself in devising means to concentrate his funds, in the design to withdraw not only from Italy, but from Europe. In order to this, the memorable visit was paid to the American frigate at Leghorn; and his disappointment at finding that months would elapse ere she was homeward bound, occasioned the sudden seizure that overcame him on board, as well as their precipitate departure from Tuscan. The fugitives, (such they actually were,) proceeded thence to Genoa, trying to keep up an incognito, as vain as it was desirable; and as the most vexatious difficulties multiplied in the pecuniary arrangements of his agents at Naples and Rome, the prince, impatient to expedite his affairs, and tempted by deceitful appearances that the ferment against him had subsided into a dead calm, ventured on the imprudence of revisiting the former city, in a disguise which he flattered himself was impenetrable. He was

informed against, arrested, and thrown into prison, whence he had the miraculous fortune to make his escape after several months' detention; and being joined by his daughter and the trusty Monica they all took passage in an English vessel that brought them to our shores. His immense property had been confiscated—sentence of capital punishment all but issued against him—and the once proud and palmy prince da Verdonaldi found himself in a strange and heretic land, his health irrevocably gone, without money, and almost destitute of friends. To most of these he shrunk from making himself known; and after lingering for some time in great poverty at New York, he sunk under his accumulated sufferings in mind and body, leaving his peerless daughter—the worshipped star of Italy—penniless and helpless, save in her own resources, and a pious trust in heaven. But the high spirit, the lofty soul of the truly noble Italia, rose towering over ruin, and looked down “in unblenched majesty” on the dark and weary path before her. As soon as the first shock of her irreparable loss had a little passed over, she prepared to follow the advice of her few acquaintances who presumed to offer it to one so imposing in character, and the dictates of her coinciding reason, by doing what she had thus long forborne from only in obedience to the peremptory orders of the beggared but still haughty grandee. The bereaved girl immediately wrote to the Archbishop of Baltimore, with whom her father had carried on some previous correspondence, for his certificate, not of her illustrious birth and decayed fortunes, but of her rare excellence as an artist, of which his church held proof in a magnificent altar-piece, presented by her; and being thus furnished with credentials introductory and recommendatory, she began her professional career under the assumed name of di Franzoni. Proud as was this miracle of Roman maidens, her pride was of that sublime kind, which has been esteemed the greatest strengthener of the virtues; she felt neither shame nor sacrifice in putting to their test and most exalting use, the transcendent powers, whose exercise had, hitherto, been her pastime and her passion: still she so far revered the fond, though false delicacy, that led the indignant prince to frown on what he deemed such profane prostitution of the talents in which he was so wont to glory, as to be careful not to connect the august name of her family with the public advertisement of her laudable undertaking. With a generous self-devotion, not unworthy the Grecian daughter, she resolved to know no pause or respite in her labors till a sacred duty was accomplished, and her father's idolized memory no longer obnoxious to reproach on account of the heavy debts incurred for the indispensable comforts afforded to his last days. Here was the mighty triumph of her moral and mental heroism—this the loftiest trophy, adorning the escutcheon of her princely house—that its gifted heiress—the beautiful, the brilliant, the adored, in the full glow of youth and womanhood—persisted in toiling, day and night, amid grief and indigence, and a subordinate sequestration from her own high sphere, in order to satisfy the demands of justice and honesty, and to shun the real disgrace attendant on a slothful

dependence. Her virtuous exertions were richly remunerated; the profits of her pencil speedily enabled her to pay off their numerous creditors, and to anticipate a handsome competence for herself and her poor foster-mother. Once habituated to the publicity inseparable from her peculiar calling, the forlorn *princessa* began to find it a relief from the agony of thought, and an incitement to the stagnant energies of a mind well nigh stupefied by sorrow. On her first awakening to life and recollection, how many a backward look did she cast on her own far distant country! But no cheering ray of hope or tender sympathy shone to lure her thither. Of her few near connexions, some had perished in popular commotions, or by a violent, though legal death—while the survivors either shuddered, in the blind zeal of pitiless bigotry, at any communion with a recreant novice, still bound, as they affirmed, to fulfil her partial, votive disfranchisement, or made their relationship a plea for appropriating such portion as they could secure of the da Verdonaldi appurtenances. In that land, where all once bent before the sceptre of her beauty and her wit, nothing now awaited her save a cold insulting pity, the servile surrender of her inherent rights, or an enforced resumption of her childish and abjured vow. 'Tis true, that vow, though cancelled with the approbation of the infallible head of the Catholic Church, had never been fully annulled by Italia's uneasy conscience. The attesting cross of gold was gone, she scarce knew how or where; and from the hour of its regretted loss, an evil change seemed to come over her destiny. Often and deeply did she ponder on the propriety, or rather the fatality of her taking sanctuary in some conventual asylum, and thereby appeasing the angry spirit that had so cruelly punished her inadvertent violation of her mother's dying commands. This idea of penitential atonement was never relinquished, though delayed at Monica's earnest dissuasions that she would do nothing rash: that humble but devoted friend was possessed of the full map of her young lady's superior mind; she was well aware that the radiant *princessa* enjoyed as much as she graced a select society—that she was formed for the world, and not for a dull community of devotees—and that, though in the profound gloom and stupefaction consequent to her present overwhelming circumstances, all thought of the future, and each lighter and livelier association were merged and apparently annihilated, still the renescent gaiety of youth and nature would revive with the genial influence of time, and any irretrievable step taken from the impulse of hasty despair, but deepens and confirms that fatal sway for ever. Besides, the apprehensive attendant had long perceived the horrid possibility of a doom overtaking her darling, more dreadful than even a permanent death. She comprehended how the morbid sensibilities of that too sentient nature, brooding incessantly over the calamitous train of events which had made her an outcast and a wanderer on the face of the earth, might be worked up into frenzy, and ultimately depose reason itself; and that this probable catastrophe would be greatly accelerated, by the depressing monotony of a de-

tested religious retirement. Moved by this vague, yet not groundless fear, the old woman judiciously encouraged the drooping Italia, by every thrilling conjuration, to persevere in her heroic course; and had the ineffable happiness to observe her growing daily more reconciled to the strange part she was forced to play, in the grand drama called life. Her successive engagements allowed her but little time to dwell on remembrances, that harrowed up her very soul; and potent enough, unless at once repressed, to reduce the mind to a worse than mental chaos. But the constant occupation of the celebrated artist, hindered such disastrous reflection, and created a counter-acting current of thought as beneficial as it was engrossing. Thus had she passed through the cities, intervening between New York, the scene of her first essay, and Richmond. Every where courted and every where caressed, the Signora di Franzoni, (to use her present appellation,) while gradually regaining a healthful state of mind, met with nothing to call her intense feeling into immediate action: it still hung, therefore, on the reminiscences of her earlier and happier days, and it was by a strong and direct appeal to these, that an impression was, at length, made on the nicest susceptibilities of her vacant heart. Melvon, seen and remembered as conspicuous among the officers, who, as Americans and republicans, had particularly attracted her regards, now fixed the attention which before he had only shared. Once known and conversed with, his merits could hardly fail to be appreciated by a discriminating taste: and Italia, though a beauty and a *princessa*, was still but a woman. There was something so touching, so refined, so grateful to female vanity, in the excess of his deep but worldless adoration, that she could not bring herself to chide or bend that angelic brow in anger on one guilty only of loving, how humbly and how well. The mute persuasion of that earnest avowal might, however, have been all thrown away on the object of his dotage, but for the little incident that first brought them into contact on the deck of the Yankee frigate. The divine da Verdonaldi had been then struck with the person of her eager assistant, as possessing vastly the air of *un heros de roman*—and her observation of him, at each subsequent interview, corroborated that rapid glance. And when the graces of a highly cultivated understanding disclosed themselves in aid of this favorable admission, and both were sustained by his intimacy with the literature and localities of her lost and ever lamented Italy, and hallowed by their only brief but close encounter there, no wonder that the proud yet tender bosom of the solitary girl was insensibly surprised into a return of his ardent affection, and the triumphant Theodore thereby rendered supremely blest. With each hour increased the ecstasies of "love's young dream," as a nearer view made him fully conscious of all the perfections embellishing his glorious conquest: then as in the bright calm of a leisure evening, or

"Beneath mild Cynthia's soft, consenting ray,"

the lovers roved together abroad, or among the flowery thickets of the garden walks, while the

cool breezes came wantoning from the river, and wafting the perfumes around, and no sound disturbed the serenity of night save the faint and melodious roar of the swift waters as they dashed over the falls, the pure and passionate soul of Italia, filled with an attachment as delicate as it was warm, longing to overflow in delicious confession, yet shy of overstepping the dear and habitual reserve of a vestal timidity, shone imaged forth in that blushing face, and in those expressive eyes, "black as midnight, yet bright as noontide ray."

The elated lieutenant, repaying her condescension by such amorous worship as a mortal might lavish on a descended goddess, was solely engrossed with the hope of making Italia eternally and speedily his—and grown as utterly oblivious of his revered mother, his cousin, so lately loved, and left his various social duties, (for he infringed none professional,) and indispensable offices, as if he had drank of Lethe's wave. He had early become such insufferable company, that young Corbin had quitted town in thorough disgust at his strange stupidity, and as much wonder as to its secret cause. Melvon only waited his departure to shift his lodgings from the hotel into a more convenient privacy, in the immediate neighborhood of the Haymarket, in order that each moment necessarily spent away from his fascinator, might be employed in gazing on the house irradiated by her presence, and in taking note of her movements and her visitors. These last decreased daily; for Italia, in the flutter of feelings as novel as they were exquisite, found herself unable to endure a confinement to the unvarying routine of the *studio*, and declined the applications of all new-comers. Yet though she could scarce be said to exist apart from her lover, he vainly pressed his proposals of marriage on her. To her melancholy fancy, fraught with superstitious presentiment, it seemed ominous that the fatal crucifix, so long lost, was restored to her by the one dearest to her heart, and holding herself, in her sad fits, as ordained to be the bride, not of earthly spouse but of heaven. Theodore's petitions on the subject, uppermost in his thoughts, were, if not positively rejected, either evaded or indefinitely postponed. She accepted, nevertheless, his society as her sweetest indulgence; and suffered him continually to pour forth his fond expostulations and prayers for her consent, which permission he rightly construed into a certainty of their final success. Meanwhile the picture served as an excuse for his repeated visits; and like the Grecian sculptor of old, the lovely painter, while bending over the ivory, enlivened by her touches, felt more and more enamoured of the work of her own hand. At last its completion was achieved—and a finished piece it was, well worthy of Greece—but it went not to the original, who, in a rapture of proud affection, enjoyed the triumph of hanging it about the neck of his princely captor, and received instead her miniature appended to a chain, more precious to him than a string of orient rubies, as being woven out of a lock, severed by himself from the luxuriant treasures of her beauteous head.

The morning after this exchange of likenesses

took place, Melven did not make his usual appearance in the *boudoir*: Italia tried to be patient, and to busy herself in assigning a thousand reasons for his absence. The evening passed away—and no Theodore; she grew restless, nervous, and after lingering for him till the last minute, went to bed, suffering under a violent sick head ache. The next day was spent in an agony of intense expectation. Towards dusk, his servant brought over a note, couched in brief but tenderest phrase, and saying that the orders of his physician, more than a really slight indisposition kept him within doors, and from her and happiness. The alarmed girl asked the man no questions; returned no reply by him. She knew by the instinct of her own heart, that nothing less than a dangerous necessity would have made Melven submit to be detained two days from her, and her resolution was instantly taken. Without a word of comment or information to her aged friend, she threw a veil over her head, and went over to the residence of her lover. Had a spiritual visitant burst in glory on his sight, it could not have more surprised and affected him than did the sudden apparition of the bright and benign being, who, trembling with uncontrollable emotion, yet struggling with all her might to be calm, threw herself into his arms, and declared her purpose to watch over and wait upon his illness with a sister's care and tendance. Theodore's disorder, a malignant sore throat of the infectious kind, rendered his speech as indistinct as it was difficult; but he made the effort—a most painful one—to remonstrate and to implore her, as she valued his love and his life, to be gone—and to spare him the dreadful fear of her imbibing the disease, and perhaps compromising her character by such a step.

But, though Italia heard, she heeded not his arguments. "You are ill!—you are alone!" was her emphatic reply; "I love you—I am plighted to you. In my own happy land, I might do this without fear or reproach; here I take counsel only of my heart; that tells me. I do right. On this I swear not to leave you while you are sick and need me." And, in confirmation of her words, she kissed the golden emblem of her faith.

Melven's rapid complaint had nearly reached its crisis, and the night was one of suffocating spasm and violent oppression to him—of unmixed anguish and almost despair to his food attendant. Yet still the strength of woman's love gave fortitude and firmness to woman's fragile frame; like a ministering angel she hovered about him, with cheering smiles and gentlest care and caresses. Choking and gasping for breath, Theodore paced the chamber for several hours in delirious torture, unable to articulate a syllable, or to retain a recumbent posture; and impatient and ungovernable as he always showed himself in sickness, he now spurned all medicine, and repulsed all assistance, save when tendered by his adored *princessa*. Her patient sweetness and soft endearments prevailed with him in his wildest paroxysms; the doctor's prescriptions, faithfully complied with, proved in the end effectual, and before morning the worst symptoms had abated, and the sufferer

experienced considerable relief. When, towards dawn, he sunk into an easy slumber of some continuance, the soul of the transported Italia soared to the third heaven!—and as her warm tears fell over the pale face of the sleeper, they flowed less from joy than as an effusion of pious gratitude. He awoke: the medical men had interdicted all exertion, but his eager acknowledgment would not be restrained. He clasped the soft fingers that trembled on his pulse, and whispered, "I receive my life at your hands, only to consecrate it hereafter to your happiness. Italia! sweetest! dearest! kiss me only once." And the fair maiden, all-blushingly stooped down, and obeyed the empasioned request.

The pathos of the scene was now over, though the delight remained; for one of the physicians entering just then, pronounced Mr. Melven to be in a fair way of recovery, and Italia as the worker of the miracle. But the powerful remedies found necessary to check an attack so violent, had produced a correspondent debility, that seemed to threaten a long and tedious confinement; and Theodore had been so soothed and served by the presence and the attentions of his Italian love, that he no longer opposed her resolve to prolong her stay while she could be of any use to him. 'Tis true, he once made a faint proposal that Monica, who was once noted for her cleverness about sick people, should replace her young lady as head nurse; but Italia would not hear of a successor in her labor of love—especially one who spoke no English; though she immediately modified the arrangement, by summoning her duenna to act—not as the guardian of his health, but of her reputation. The mischief was, however, already done, as Theodore afterwards found out. At present he deemed a punctilious fuss about such minor points, of little consequence, as their marriage was now a settled thing. His fine constitution being uninjured by excesses, and his mind reposing in "a sober certainty of waking bliss," he soon falsified the prognostics of the doctors, and in a week's time fancied himself as well as ever. Within that short space was condensed the happiness of ages; long afterwards did he recur to it—not as "the greenest spot on memory's waste,"—but as the blackest brand stamped on the tablet of remembrance, and the bitterest source of self-accusing shame and remorseful agony. During its winged progress, he drank one deep draught of pure Elysian bliss; and while the divine creature who had so sacrificed herself for him, sat by his side—

"Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies;"

in a charming confusion of blushes and smiles, his thoughts and his tongue ran on nothing else but the wedding—"consummation devoutly [and immediately] to be wished." But here a fresh obstacle interposed itself; for the signora, fondly—and to her incredibly—as she loved a heretic, clung fast to the exclusive tenets of her church; and to its special requirement, in a case like the present, of a dispensation from the proper ecclesiastical authority. The young officer, who cared little whether the nuptial rite was performed by protestant or papist, but burning

with impatience to have it happily over, made haste to address himself for the desired rescript to her friend, the Archbishop, who was likewise his acquaintance: all other preparation was, of course, put off as dependent on the adjustment of this grand preliminary. After a morning spent in hanging over Italia's fairy form, in listening to the silvery tones of Italia's voice and lute, Theodore returned home—for she had now resumed her own apartments—in a delicious reverie, which was quickly dispelled on entering his chamber, where he found a new and most unpleasant theme for reflection awaiting him, in the shape of a letter from his mother. With a pang of upbraiding conscience, he proceeded to break up the seal, and inform himself of the contents. He had written her not a word of his illness—few or none of his friends in town knew of it, or of his continuance among them—he thought he could rely on the tried fidelity of his servant, to betray nothing entrusted to him; and yet here was positive proof that the news had reached the Wheat Fields, as the Melven homestead was called, out of compliment to the extraordinary growth of that grain there: moreover, he had notified his correspondents to direct to him in New Kent, whither his friend Henry was gone. Mrs. Melven's missive, after referring to her unanswered communications, sent to that county, untreated, in the most urgent strain, that her son would join them without delay; spoke of her own health as much impaired, by recent events, not particularized; and ended with the delivery of many fond charges from his cousin, or as she expressed it, "her daughter Lucy." There was no complaint of his slighting them—not a covert or open reproof of his silence; nevertheless many weeks had elapsed, since he had more than once recollected his mother, and then only in reference to the mode of breaking to her his intended marriage. Of her approbation, he had no more doubt than of his own existence; for he felt as if, in presenting such a bride to his family, he was about to invest it with the honors of a royal alliance. Miss Aylett's very existence had been forgotten by Melven, in the delightful delirium of his intercourse with her rival; and now the artless and affectionate tenor of her messages, cut him to the heart. He closed the letter, and made every effort to dismiss it from his thoughts—but all would not do. He read it over and over again, and each line smote him with a new sense of his cruel, his unpardonable neglect of his only and most excellent parent. He became sensible, with an acute but too late conviction, of all the duty and deference which he owed and had failed in to her—of all that his manner had, not long since, conveyed and confirmed to his innocent and injured relative. Then the image of his betrothed Italia glided before his mind's eye, in the ambrosial freshness of her grace and majestic beauty, like the Paphian queen arising in the first glow of her immortal charms from the sea; and he sought no brighter or better excuse for his manifold offences against filial and *cousinly* feeling—for he would plead guilty, even to himself, of nothing more. The letter which he held in his hand, afforded an admirable opening for the announcement of his present

engagement, and its approaching conclusion; so, snatching up a pen, he began to dash off a long reply, enlarging on the princely lineage and perfect endowments of the fair Roman, on the distinction conferred by her deigning to accept his addresses, and on her devoted attachment to one in every respect so inferior to her incomparable self. All at once he stopped, struck with a sudden fear; what if Mrs. Melven, hearing of her son's late attack, had heard also of the singular but noble conduct by which Italia had then signaled that love? With the bare supposition, how did his views of that generous indecorum become chilled and changed! He saw as plainly as if she stood in bodily presence before him, his mother harkening, with shocked and incredulous air, to the strange relation; her cold and sarcastic, yet indignant, condemnation of such odious and inconceivable indelicacy, fell in blighting accents on his ear—and he turned away from the contemplation, sharing the disquiet and contempt with which, as a rigid disciplinarian, she was certain to visit such an irregular proceeding. The heroic heart, which had thus preferred feeling to form—the exalted sensibility, that had foregone the appearance of propriety for its very essence—were arraigned and judged by a false prejudice; and for a while the ungrateful Melven's displeasure at an act, which had saved his life, degraded his divinity into an ordinary and most imprudent mortal. And though paramount love, bringing a thousand palliatives for Italia's rashness, soon chased away the unamiable emotion, and she stood absolved and triumphantly restored to the esteem and admiration of her lover—still her empire over him had sustained its first weakening shock, and was rendered the more susceptible of being hereafter easily shaken. Now full of contrite passion, and leaving his letter half-finished, he hastened to expiate his momentary injustice at the feet of his betrothed queen. The Archbishop's official epistle had just arrived, sanctioning and bestowing his benediction on their union; Theodore found his sweet Italia more beautiful, more tender than ever—and once more the halcyon train of peace and love sported within his breast.

"The golden hours, on angel's wings,
Flew o'er him and his dearie;"

and they separated something later than usual, after a long evening of rapturous anticipation and sweet strife about the arrangements of their bridal state. Melven, on going home, was passing by the parlor, on his way up stairs, when, startling him like the explosion of a thundercloud, he heard his name uttered from within; he paused in amazement, almost amounting to terror: it was his mother's voice that called again—and he advanced towards the invoking sound. Pale, and seemingly ready to sink with fatigue, a lady sat in a travelling dress beside the dim fire, which burned, for it was early autumn, in the grate. A hundred horrid surmises flashed with the sight through Theodore's brain; was it, indeed, his mother, in actual body and blood, whose appearance petrified her son like that of one arisen from the grave—or her incorporeal double, sent to warn him of impending

disaster and death? On what awful errand was either bound? For nothing, he felt assured, but tidings of stern import would come from the living woman any more than from an unearthly messenger. His slow steps had now brought him close enough to ascertain that he saw before him no vision of distempered fancy or immaterial being—but Mrs. Melven herself, however strange, was there. An affectionate but solemn greeting was all, at first, exchanged between them; for Theodore's mind had been too highly excited to recover itself at once, and his mother saw and resolved not to forfeit her vantage ground. In answer to his pressing offers, when made, of refreshment and immediate rest, she positively refused both: he inquired, with much solicitude, after her health—"that," she replied, "depended upon him." Recurring then to her sudden and late arrival, he begged to know what had brought her down to Richmond in a manner so mysterious, and for the first time since his remembrance: she fixed her searching eyes full upon him—he eagerly repeated the question.

"To prevent the eternal disgrace of our family," was her impressive answer—"to save the name of Melven from utter and approaching infamy."

"The eternal disgrace of our family," reiterated the astonished young man; "my dearest mother, you surely jest—I won't say rave! By whom or with what disgrace is our family threatened? And am not I—its head—the chief of the name of Melven—the one to repel or revenge any wrong or reflection upon either?"

With the look and gesture of the stern seer commissioned to convict the royal Psalmist of his sin, she raised her hand, and pointing with melancholy emphasis at Theodore, said, "Thou, my unhappy son, art the man about to inflict both." And without a pause, or farther preface, she entered upon the subject of what she styled his amour with a wild Italian adventuress. She rehearsed the high standing and unsullied honor of their ancient house—rich, not merely in the superfluities of worldly wealth, but in the more precious possession of public esteem and private and transmissible worth, and placed them in strong contrast with the absurd pretensions and haughty self-conceit of a *soi-disant* (that, however, was not her word), sprig of foreign and beggarly nobility, vainly priding herself on a few superficial accomplishments. But she was soon warned from this strain by the impetuous anger of Theodore, who, on fire at such imputations cast on his illustrious betrothed, burst into an indignant assertion of her rights—and his fancy, kindling with the theme, the voice of truth speaking from his lips shook and almost triumphed over the Virginia prejudices of his unjust parent. Rallying herself, however, she went on to represent—and here she touched the right string—the dignity, the decorous observance and the immaculate purity of his female ancestry, on both sides; which of them, she asked of the confused lover, would not have recoiled in horror from the Italian *princessa's* bold and unsexual choice of a profession so public and promiscuous in its exercise—or would not have died ere they had been guilty of such an audacious

defiance, alike of American prescription and feminine reserve, as to become the inmate of a single man's house? And now was Italia destined to pay the penalty invariably attendant on a breach of this sort, from whatever holy and generous motive proceeding: for never yet did woman violate, at the bidding of love, those formal restrictions, constituting at once her security and strong-hold, not only on the esteem of the world but on the regard of her lover, without finding herself punished, sooner or later, by the contempt of the very man for whom she dared, however innocently, to overstep the boundaries of her sex. Theodore, wincing under the delicate discussion, betrayed this weak point to his skilful assailant, and was at first silenced, less by her logic than by his own unacknowledged, but irrepressible shame at being bound to such a delinquent. In a moment, though the recollection came flooding over his heart of all that his impeached Italia had then done and endured for his sake—of the virgin modesty of thought and action, which, like a graceful drapery thrown about the perfect proportions of some "poetic marble," had ever tempered the depth of that fond self-devotion—and of the excuse for her inconsiderate trespass against the established usages of society here, in its conformity with the common and approved practice of her native Italy; abhorring himself for the cowardice that had faltered one instant, he vindicated her cause with the passionate eloquence of one pleading in defence, not only of a mistress, but of his preserver. But his prepossessed auditor, who listened in obstinate incredulity, was not to be driven from her purpose; by turns she argued, she persuaded, and from expostulation descended to entreaty: the tone of her son's rejoinder was respectful but resolute, in declining any further contention on a topic so nice and vexatious. He assured his mother of all his duty and affection—thanked her warmly and sincerely for all her kind cares and uniform and attentive love for him, and even for this last, most painful evidence of it—but in the same breath he firmly declared his determination to surrender his princely bride to no human opposition, save what, he proudly added, was little to be apprehended, her own. He implored his angry auditor only to see and hear her future daughter-in-law, and offered to stake the issue of his engagement on the effect of that single conference. As to sneers and insinuations directed against her selection of a reputable profession, they passed by him like the idle wind, provoking nothing beyond a silent contempt of their illiberality.

With these last words, he was turning from the apartment to summon a servant, when his mother intercepted him, with the agitating appeal—"My son, my son, my own, my only child! see your mother that bore you, and nursed you, and bred you—your poor old mother begging you, on her knees, to let her live out her few last days, and die in peace within your arms. See my gray hairs," and she pulled a long silver lock from beneath her head-gear, of ancient fashion, "implore you not to bring them in sorrow to the grave." And down she sunk, sobbing at the feet of the distracted Theodore. Awe-

struck, his blood curdling at this act of maternal abasement, he almost unconsciously prostrated himself by her side, madly beseeching her to rise, and not to curse him by such a sight; but she retained her recumbent posture with such energy, that he was unable to raise her, except by a resort to actual force, exclaiming all the while, "No! no! here will I grovel till you relent and promise me, or I die."

Like the Roman Coriolanus, Melven was vanquished by the tears of a kneeling parent; he started to his feet, crying wildly, "I promise, I promise! Do with me what you will, but this!" and attempted to rush out of the room, but his brain reeled, his senses forsook him, and he was stretched motionless ere he gained the door. Mrs. Melven, fearful of yielding to the impulse of natural feeling, and bent on rescuing her son from a thralldom, worse, in her eyes, than death itself, hastily called her attendants, ordered up the carriage, which was kept waiting, and before Theodore came to himself, they were a mile or two on their way to the family seat in Goochland. The conflict of various and powerful emotions proved, however, too much for a frame as yet unconfirmed in strength; and the severe fit of illness that ensued, compelled the travellers to stop at the house of a friend, on the road. There the proud and mistaken mother had a fair opportunity to complete her cruel victory over the honor and inclination of her son. While ministering to his bodily ailments, with exemplary tenderness and constancy, she persisted in her misjudging inconsistency to irritate in place of healing his wounded spirit; every aim being secondary to that of perpetuating the rupture between two noble and fondly attached hearts. In order to this, she used the nicest means, alternately applauding and bestowing her blessing on his heroic filial piety, and soothing him by her coincidence in his exalted opinion of the Signora di Fransoni's worth; approaching the point by degrees, she ventured, after an apparently arduous struggle between a desire to suppress and her duty to narrate, to assign as the chief, nay sole reason of her severance of their engagement, the death-blow given, as she averred, to Italia's reputation, by her innocent but most indiscreet error in doing at Richmond what, in her own country, she had been taught to hold as natural and proper as a wife's tendance on the sick-bed of her husband. Mrs. Melven pictured to the sensitive Theodore the horror, the injury to his whole family, the utter impossibility of his taking as the wife of his bosom, as the mother of his children, one who had thus—it might be ignorantly, but certainly—brought an indelible stain on the snow of her fair fame, and rendered her alliance matter of disgrace to any man weak enough to accept it. She well knew and wrought upon the fastidious delicacy of the lieutenant's nature, ever and anon insinuating the discord and wretchedness inevitably arising from a union so ill-sorted in habits, manners, and degree; and at last adding, that the poor girl herself, made aware too late of her fatal false step by the scoffs and slights of that community, had suddenly withdrawn from Richmond in a clandestine manner. At first, the agonized Melven ex-

erted himself to refute his mother's false reasonings and uncandid statements, and to re-establish the purity, the high desert, of his adored and traduced da Verdonaldi's conduct; little by little, however, the continual repetition of arguments and assertions, not intentionally, but actually incorrect, produced an impression which he strove not to resist, but to deepen. He was bound to his mother, by a solemn vow, to forego all correspondence with his lost Italia; he was "from his true maiden's breast parted for ever." Why not, then, strengthen himself under the sentence of eternal separation, and cherish such consolation as their forlorn fate admitted, by trying to think it best that they had not "married in haste to repent at leisure;" and that their bright visions of beatific bliss might have vanished before the discordant difference of education, sentiments, and nation, no less than at the blasting spectacle of an only parent prostrate at his feet? Theodore poured forth his whole empassioned heart in one last address to the object dearest to him on earth, and still most intensely beloved, when renounced for aye in obedience to the mandate—how fearfully enforced!—of another and more sacred voice. Each burning line, each frenzied phrase, too faithfully depicted the truth and tenderness of his undying love—his unquenched longing after,

"The wretched paradise of his despair,"—

and the extremity of his suffering, under their sudden and final disunion. By Italia, the fondest and most dutiful of daughters, he knew that the parental prohibition, sanctifying and explaining the mystery of his conduct, would be acquiesced in as the ordinance of an holy oracle; and that, however much *feeling* might be anguished at the stern necessity of parting, *pride*—the breath of her nostrils, the very essence of her existence—being thereby spared the keenest pangs, would come effectually to her support. That letter, so fraught with pathos and sincerity, had happily repaired the worst mischief done by Mrs. Melven's interference between them: accident or design diverted it, however, from its destination. Long and piningly did the poor invalid await the receipt of one word of pardon and adieu from his idolized, but alas! too justly incensed *princesa*. Neither she or the venerable prelate, to whose care, in ignorance of his protegee's address, he had consigned the packet for her, deigned any response to his exculpatory epistles. The first thing thought of by the tortured lover, on his recovery to life, was the invaluable work of Italia's hand, ever pendant next to his heart; with a thrill of melancholy delight, he felt for the safety of his treasure—it was no longer there. He demanded it of those about him, at first feebly—then with fierce vehemence; they denied, and with truth, all knowledge of it: the missing miniature was long and vainly sought for. It was gone for ever—the sole memorial of his *bella donna's* love—the living image of her matchless self—the palpable pledge of their linked faith; she passed over his agonized pleadings in cold disdain—and in a state of passive despair he gave himself up to the guidance of his friends and the useless ministrations of his physicians.

Return we to the forlorn victim of all these false prejudices and ungenerous aspersions. The delicate details of the last interview between the affianced pair; and the near approach of that grand epoch in woman's life, had banished all sleep from Italia's soft eye-lids. Long after Theodore left her, she continued musing in the *boudoir*—till the tumult of mixed emotions, that sweetly stirred her mind, gradually subsided into the calm of perfect happiness. Philosophers have contended that extremes touch; and in the present instance their theory was triumphantly verified. As Italia leaned from the window, absorbed in a reverie sweeter than the adora stealing from the half-closed flowers into the star-light dews that bathed them, the joyous refinement of serene sensation sunk abruptly into the lassitude of utter hopelessness—a weight as heavy as the hand of despair seemed to press on her heart, and she sickened under the oppressive suffocation of the sudden change. Strange phantoms flitted before her uncertain sight—a boding voice was in her ear—and she experienced all the spectral and undefined horrors, occasioned by a strong visitation of the *læmæ nocturnæ*. The entrance of her ancient waiting-woman started her from this new and ominous trance; and all pale with terror, and beautifully dishevelled, the fair visionary flew into her arms as a refuge from the hideous crew appearing to beset her. The sympathizing Monica gently reproved her wild fancies, and would fain have represented them as the mere coinage of a dreaming brain; but Italia, unheeding her interpretations, went to bed, impressed with a sad presage of coming evil, that haunted and marred her weary rest through the deep midnight hours. The next day found the same gloomy idea still fresh on her mind, though she continued to deny her confidant a relation of what had passed before her in the vigil of the preceding night. "It was," she said, "a stern—an awful vision—prophetic of wrath, and wo, and punishment to come; and unfolding a fate more dubious and dreary than imagination could paint, or female fortitude sustain."

Two days had now intervened since the fond di Franzoni had seen or heard from her bridegroom. Miserable as she felt herself, under his unaccountable and alighting behaviour, she thought not of again invading the privacy of his domicile: besides that, she had no reason to believe him ill, pride rose eagerly up to forbid such a visit in their peculiar relative circumstances. On the third day the unhappy girl sat alone in the boudoir, Monica had just retired after burning incense—for the deposed *princessa* yet retained many luxurious foreign practices. As she listened intently, seeming to hear the soft tap of her truant lover, a loud rap came thundering at the door; Italia's heart fluttered violently—then almost ceased to beat. The little negress brought in a large letter, tied around, packet fashion, with a silken string, secured by strong seal deeply impressed on wax, and directed, with all due precision, in a fair Italia character, "For the Signora di Franzoni, portrait and miniature painter, at the Haymarket." She opened the sheet with a careless hand—her own picture, that bestowed on Theodore, fell out of

it on her lap—and she read her death-warrant in the following lines.

"You do an untitled Virginia family too much honor, madam, by intending to become a member of it. Plain people as we Melven's are, we deprecate and beg leave to decline the distinction. My son, too long your dupe, is restored to his senses; and, abjuring his late infatuation, has renewed a matrimonial engagement with a young cousin, whose undoubted dignity of station will scarce bear a comparison with the consequential assumption of an adventuress, from abroad, any more than her timid modesty would be equal to the performance of such pranks as an open and uninvited residence in the house of a single man. Sensible, nevertheless, of his obligations to the kindness, however suspicious, that watched over his sick-bed—but still more so of the delicate decorum, and proper observance indispensable in *his wife*—he prefers unadorned virtue, with a spotless reputation, to the allurements of accomplished art; and returning the within in proof of his altered purpose, assures you, through me, of the utter uselessness of all attempts, on your part, to regain his lost, or more properly, his restored affections. Any remuneration in money, for such was probably your object in nursing him, will be cheerfully rendered by me, his mother.

"SARAH PRYOR MELVEN."

Italia neither shrieked or fainted, during her perusal of this terrible scroll; she only clenched the paper with a strong grasp—and her features became fixed in frightful rigidity. Awhile she stood, like Niobe, hardening into marble, overcome by a sort of catalepsy; then, with a low, prolonged and most terrific scream, that in a moment brought the appalled Monica to her aid, she crushed the letter in her hand, cast it from her as though it had been a loathsome reptile, and stamped upon it with her feet. Ere two hours were gone by, she had disappeared for ever from Richmond.

Let not my readers suppose that the author of this deep wretchedness was possessed of a cruel or unfeeling disposition: on the contrary, Mrs. Melven, of the Wheat Fields, was famed as a pattern of conjugal and maternal excellence no less than for piety, unrivalled skill in domestic economy, and all admirable qualities belonging to the character of a Virginia gentlewoman of the old school. Of a cold and composed temperament, perfectly regulated by the dictates of a superior understanding, she had little sympathy for a romantic violence of love, or any extreme or ungovernable emotion. A woman capable of entertaining a partiality for a man before the marriage vow had authorized her "to love, honor, and obey," (which last she revered as the grand injunction,) was, in her eyes, an absolute monster; and all foreigners, except those native of the British Isles, she looked upon as creatures on a par with the ribald rout of Comus. From Theodore's early boyhood, she had arranged in herself a match between him and her favorite niece—and to see him the husband of another, would have been a trial almost as severe to her as to the pretty Miss Aylett, whom she had taught to cherish towards him a softer feeling than that of kindred or habit.

Conceive, then, the horror, the consternation, the settled incredulity, with which a parent so principled and minded, heard a vague rumor floating about the neighborhood, of Lient. Melven's attachment to an Italian (that most scandalous of nations) artist, to whom, however, the same current voice ascribed a superhuman beauty and brilliancy of intellectual gifts. After the first burst of indignant astonishment at an assertion so preposterous, the lady of Melven House paid no attention to it—reassuring herself and the party most concerned in the matter, with the belief that Theodore, instead of dangling after an outlandish minion, was safely housed with his friend Henry, at the paternal mansion of the latter. But she was soon undeceived by one entitled to implicit credence, who assured her that the lieutenant really continued in town, estranging himself from all his friends there, and, according to credible report, on the eve of marriage with the accomplished signora. Mrs. Melven, aghast at this intelligence, began to debate the possibility of its truth. Theodore had, so far, disappointed them in a party to the Springs, projected for the benefit of her health; not a word had been tendered in apology and explanation of this singular and disrespectful delay; and while she reckoned him on a visit to their connexions in New Kent, he was still lingering about Richmond, without object or motive that she knew of. The venerable matron would as soon have suspected *her* son of intending to wed with a negro slave as with a wanton European, appearing in a public and servile capacity: it was best, however, to nip in the bud any irregular destructive propensity that way; for the sagacious mother had ever distrusted his hankering after foreign places and persons, and could not help sometimes condemning him as an alien, in his heart, from the common-place usages and quiet inhabitants of his Fatherland. She immediately decided on despatching a trusty messenger to Richmond, with orders to ascertain and report to her the proceedings and associates of Theodore; and "Upland Joe," as he was called—the head of three hundred hands—faithful to his mistress unto death, and of veracity unshaken by the menaces of overseers and the bribes of others, was selected and confided in to perform that duty. After an absence of three weeks, the emissary returned with ample but appalling tidings. He gave his lady a full and true account of his young master's engagement and his sudden illness—of the reputed charms and graces of "the young madam from foreign parts," and her daring but decided deed of love and constancy in Melven's hour of need: he added, moreover, that the fact of her abode under his roof was known but to few, and by these few extenuated as a hasty but guiltless compliance with the impulse of strong affection and the manners of her own country people; and that the signora was much considered, among the gentry of the metropolis, as a young lady of perfect morals, though "full of odd ways." Mrs. Melven saw her only child as much endangered as a sleep-walker, about to step down a precipice. Always keeping as closely at home as the Roman matron, whose epitaph, recorded in these four

words—"Domum mansit, lanan fecit"—she coveted as the noblest eulogium; long years and steadfast habits had almost converted her into a species of zoophyte—a positive fixture on the family domain. She had visited the capitol of her state but once with her husband, when he was in the House of Delegates, and she a gay bride in the bloom of early youth; now in her old age and failing constitution, she prepared to set out alone for Richmond, in order to reclaim her graceless son from a possible alliance, if not actually, with the powers of darkness—with one of those whom she piously hated as their visible representatives on earth. After sending off the letter, before mentioned, as the forerunner of her own approach, she left the gentle Lucy to mourn over her blighted prospects and bitter griefs; and performing her journey with all speed and secrecy, took the unsuspecting lover by surprise. Her success, already related, ruined the health and happiness of her sole issue; but, like the Spartan mothers dismissing their martial offspring to the field, she doomed that son to encounter death in preference to disgrace. Nevertheless, her heart bled over the wreck of hopes so high, and feelings so warm; and all that the kindest and most attentive regard could proffer in mitigation of his sickness and sorrow, was lavished in fond endearment by herself and Miss Aylett. This poor young creature, the shadow of her former self, could with difficulty be brought in contact with her faithless kinsman; but moved by the secret importunities of her tender bosom, and gladly deferred to the better judgment of her revered protectress, who insisted that Theodore must have been wrought on by madness or by unnatural means, she soon grew, not merely reconciled to him and to the task, but miserable, except when exercising her privilege to "minister to the mind diseased," by the maternal agency that did all for the best. As his fair nurse bent in meek loveliness over his pillow, or exerted herself in every office of cousinly love, the sad patient felt the soft balm of her consolations renovate him, like the breathings of a seraphic spirit; and the anxious mother began to deem it possible that her dearest wish might yet be realized by the two.

Where, all this while, was the outraged, the desperate Italia? Given up to the darkest suggestions of a maddened fancy, and alternately meditating her refuge in a cloister or the grave. From the scene of her brief happiness and most insupportable misfortune, she hastened to Norfolk, where some of her best friends resided. There she remained a short time, but the whole tenor of her thoughts and habits seemed totally transposed; her averseness from society was changed into a constant craving for gaiety and crowds, and there was nothing she so much dreaded as being left for a moment alone. All professional practice was relinquished by her; and the pencil, once never willingly out of her hand, now, if mechanically taken up, only bodied forth, with sternest power, her strong conceptions of maniac forms and woe, and wild imagery engloomed by the hues of her darkened mind. Her taste for books, too, underwent the like revolution; her favorite authors and scientific studies were all abandoned—her reading

now lay mostly in the Bible, and there the apocryphal story of Judith engaged her chief concern. The achievement of the Hebrew heroine roused the patriotism dormant in the soul of the Roman exile; she panted thus gloriously to deliver her persecuted people, and slept with the holy book open beneath her head, a knife lying as a mark at the chapter, reciting the death of Holofernes. The tears shed by the unhappy Monica over the fearful catastrophe thus plainly indicated, and the mild and impressive exhortations of the priest, whose penitent she was, softened, in some degree, the first energy of the *princess's* despondent fury: then came with these calmer moments her old faith in the allotment of her dying mother, and swayed by that phantasm, she commenced her preparations for a novice in one of the Maryland nunneries. Still she revealed her purpose only to her humble companion; and frequenting the haunts of mirth and social meeting, there shone the radiant "star of Arcady" to many fond admirers. Stung to the quick by the sarcastic insinuations of that letter, ever blazing on her sight, in characters of flame—if she cherished one last earthly wish, it was that its arrogant plebeian inditer might hear of her as courted by, and rejecting, the equals of her perfidious and ungrateful destroyer. Of him she too heard, in the Norfolk circles, as being about to forget her dismissal, as it was thought, of him in an immediate union with his rich and handsome relative. This piece of news scarce occasioned a fresh pang to the forsaken girl, whose feelings seemed stunned into torpor—or rather all her thoughts, now heavenward turned, centred in the contemplation of that expiating ceremony which would array her for life in the sacrificial veil; and after some explanatory correspondence with the Archbishop of Baltimore, she departed for that city, intending there to embrace,

"For aye, austerity and single life."

Monica, who bitterly opposed the measure, was left behind to settle some pecuniary matters.

It was now three months since the black era, when Italia's bond of alliance to "an ignoble heretic" was broken by his desertion. The excellent primate, to whom she now went, in the simple majesty of her misery, greeted her with a mixture of paternal kindness and sincere respect. His practised eye, long accustomed to peruse, as in a written volume, the histories of those he communed with in their countenances, soon detected in the airy restlessness of Italia's manner, as well as in the changeful moods of her mind, the germs of a malady all the more awful because it invades not the life but the spirit. In the disordered state of her imagination, he deemed the sublime being before him unfit to profess herself; and, by way of evading her application, appointed her to a short course of previous reading, calculated to soothe and heal the lacerations of her noble heart. Several days after her arrival in the Monumental City, the Signora di Franzoni, (for so she still was called,) found herself in Market street, with a party of ladies. A gentleman passed slowly by the lively group—where Italia was gayest of them all—with a female figure, full of years and dignity,

leaning on his arm, while he appeared himself to rest for support on a fair young girl, whose deep blue eyes and celestial placidity of countenance might have been apostrophized as the personification of Byron's exquisite "Sonnet to Genevra." One glance was all the wild Italian cast; 'twas he—the base, disloyal one—who had forsworn himself, and adding insult to injury, barbarously trampled on her heart: here was his wife, and she herself was—what? The deadly rage of madness whirled through her brain; one moment armed her hand with the weapon worn about her, so dear to the revengeful purpose of her country and soul; another—and she stood in the fierce beauty of a destroying angel before the amazed lieutenant. The little hand was raised—the blow given, like lightning, through his side; and in the next instant, the bloody steel withdrawn and plunged into her own breast. They were immediately surrounded by a crowd of people, who came running in all directions; Miss Aylett swooned with affright—Mrs. Melven clung in helpless terror to her son, but he had no eyes, no care, no thought, save for his maniac love, still loveliest and most adored in death. Regardless of mother, and cousin, and self—his wound, and the vital stream profusely flowing from it, alike unfelt—Theodore raised the insensible Italia, and bore her into the nearest house, which chanced to be that of a common acquaintance. Here he resigned her to none, suffered no assistance to approach her till the surgeons, hastily summoned, came prepared to execute their office. In a state of suspense, worse than the struggles of mortal agony, he awaited the result of their examinations; the self-hurt inflicted by the fanatic *princess* was declared to be deep but not dangerous—and her life dependant on the degree of fever which might ensue, and would be greatly accelerated by her premature removal. When all had been done that could contribute to the care and safety of the still unconscious maiden, the operators proceeded to look into the extent of Melven's injury, which had been wholly forgotten by himself; that they pronounced a comparative trifle, as if her hand had failed her in the infliction; and the unhappy lover obeyed, however reluctantly, the calls of duty and propriety, by going away with his agitated companions. Having attended them to their hotel, and somewhat quieted their fears for him, he returned to the house where his hapless idol lay in a raging delirium, which, during his absence, had torn the bandage from her wound, and resisted every effort to replace them. It became necessary to confine the desperate hands so dangerously employed, and all night Theodore sat beside her bed listening to the mad ravings that rived his inmost soul. By degrees her wild vehemence died away; and towards morning, exhausted nature gave no other sign of life but an almost imperceptible respiration. With the bright beams of the rising sun, the thoughts of the princely sufferer seemed awakening to a past existence in that distant land, so loved and now to her for ever lost: the melodious murmurs of her soft voice obtested in her own musical tongue the spirits of other climes and days, long gathered to eternity: the childish prayer, the

fatal vow that had hung so long and heavy on her conscience, were again repeated by her dying lips; and those eyes—"the beautiful, the black"—once making the atmosphere around them rife with light, now dimly raised their last glazy glance in search of some beloved but absent form. All at once, an organ, in the street, below her window, struck up a strain dear and familiar to the departing girl; it was that Sicilian vesper—that strain erst all her own—that well-remembered prelude which had ushered in the fond declaration of her fatal love. With eyes half-closed, and those exquisite hands now released from their bonds, and folded on her breast, Italia listened with imperfect recognition to the low, sweet notes. From beneath the "long dark lashes, low depending," large tears—the first shed for months—began, one by one, to flow: she opened her eyes—one last ray of their heavenly expression lightened from them as they fell on her kneeling lover; a smile, glorious as the first dawn of paradise on the disearnest spirit, played over that pale, serene face—and Italia da Verdonaldi was no more!

She was buried at midnight in the Catholic cemetery, without tomb or inscription. None sought or mourned over the spot, save the faithful attendant, who had been with her through life, though not in death. The aged Monica reached Baltimore a few days after the tragic fate of her young mistress; destitute and heart-broken, she joined the Sisterhood of Charity there—and from her I learned the touching story of the ITALIAN BRIDE. E. C. S.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

"A line for your Album?" O, what shall it be?
A compliment, lady, fair lady, for thee?
O, no! should I tell you your eyes were as bright,
As the gems that bespangle the brow of the night;
And though I should tell you your face was as fair,
As the snow on the mountain, untainted by air;
Yet, lady, 'twould avail not, for all who behold
Thy beauty, must read it in letters of gold.

But, lady, 'tis friendship these lines would indite,
Affection for thee, that will ever burn bright;
And O! 'tis affection that wishes thee joy,
Unshadowed by sorrow, without an alloy.
And O! may thy life for ever run on,
Like a stream of the valley, beneath the bright sun—
Whose waters for ever dance gaily along,
To the light-hearted music of its pebble-toned song.

And thy life heretofore has been but a dream,
A dream that's all lovely, like a mellow moon-beam;
For happiness, peace, and that seraph content,
Like angels of light o'er thy pathway have leant;
And have strewed it all over with buds and with flowers,
To scatter their perfume on thy roscate hours.

And I would that thy life might ever thus pass,
Like a dream of the night, that is not to last;
But to sport with the soul, as it slumbers awhile,
In this cradle of sorrow, this dark hanging isle—
A dream of the night, that kindly is given,
'Till the soul shall wake up, in the daylight of heaven.

University of Alabama.

HAIR OF THE WARRIOR.

THE DYING HINDOO.

There are few things more shocking to European eyes than the publicity of death-bed scenes in India, and the apathetical indifference displayed by the Hindoos while attending the expiring moments of their nearest relatives or friends. Frequently only a few yards from a crowded ghaut thronged by the inhabitants of some neighboring village, who are laughing, singing, and following their ordinary occupations with the utmost gaiety, a dying person may be seen stretched upon a *charpoy* (bedstead) close to the river's brink, surrounded by a group of three or four individuals, who look upon the sufferer without the slightest appearance of interest. As soon as the breath has left the body, the corpse is thrown into the river, death being often precipitated by stuffing the mouth and nostrils with mud. Strangers, attracted by some superb lotus floating down the stream, are disgusted by the sight of a dead body rapidly descending with the tide, the ghastly head appearing above the surface of the water. Every Hindoo is anxious to draw his last sigh on the banks of the Ganges, or some equally sacred stream flowing into its holy waters; the relatives therefore of expiring persons fulfil the last offices of humanity in the manner most desirable to them by bringing a dying friend to the edge of the river, and consigning the body, when the vital spark has fled, to the hallowed stream. The corpse of a rich Hindoo is burned upon a funeral pile; but as wood is dear, the poorer classes either dispense with it entirely, or merely scorch the flesh previously to launching it into the river.—*Miss Roberts's Oriental Sketches.*

MATS.—Mats made of rushes or straw, were the first tapestry with which rooms were hung. The colors of the straw were selected and intermixed with so much skill and taste, that these mats had a highly pleasing effect. Some of these are still made in the Levant: they are of excellent workmanship, and proportionately dear; and are universally esteemed, on account of the brilliancy of their colors, and the beauty of the designs. Tapestry of linen and silk, on which whole stories are represented, were introduced above six hundred years back; though the use of them was at that period by no means universal. In the fifteenth century, the *houte* and *basse lisse* tapestries were brought into use in the Netherlands, whence they spread to France. Being costly in price, persons of middling property were obliged to content themselves with *Borgamohangings*, or *points d' Hongrie*. The manufacture of the *Gobelins* tapestry, which was begun in the time of Henry IV. and brought to perfection by Colbert and Lebrun, the celebrated painters, left, and continues to leave, similar fabrics far behind it. The Venetian *brocette*,—the Persian and Indian painted cloths—what was called *Tupiacrie tonissée*, (embossed tapestry), made from the sweepings of the wool, which are left in sheering dyed cloths, and are fixed on linen prepared with gum,—painted and gilded leather, an old invention ascribed to the Spaniards—and paper hangings, which are now universally made use of,—close our account.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF THE HORSE.

FROM LAVATER.

"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

JOH XXXIX. 19, 25.

"I am but little acquainted," says Mr. Lavater, "with horses, yet it seems to me indubitable, that there is as great a difference in the physiognomy of horses as in that of men; and the horse deserves to be particularly considered by the physiognomist, because it is one of the animals whose physiognomy, at least in profile, is so much more prominent, sharp, and characteristic, than that of most other beasts."

The horse of all animals, is that which, to largeness of size, unites most proportion and elegance in the parts of his body; for, comparing him to those which are immediately above or below him, we shall perceive that the ass is ill made, the head of the lion is too large, the legs of the ox too small, the camel is deformed, and the rhinoceros and elephant too unwieldy.

There is scarcely any beast has so various, so generally marking, so speaking a countenance, as a beautiful horse.

In a well-made horse, the upper part of the neck from which the mane flows, ought to rise, at first in a right line; and as it approaches the head, to form a curve somewhat similar to the neck of a swan. The lower part of the neck ought to be rectilinear, in its direction from the chest to the nether jaw, but a little inclined forward; for, were it perpendicular, the shape of the neck would be defective.

The upper part of the neck should be thin, and not fleshy; nor the mane, which ought to be tolerable full, and the hair long and strait. A fine neck ought to be long, and elevated; yet proportioned to the size of the horse. If too long and small, the horse would strike the rider with his head; if too short and fleshy, he would bear heavy on the hand. The head is advantageously placed when the forehead is perpendicular to the horizon. The head ought to be bony and small, not too long; the ears near each other, small, erect, firm, straight, free, and situated on the top of the head. The forehead should be narrow, and somewhat convex, the hollows filled up, the eyelids thin, the eyes clear, penetrating, full of ardour, tolerably large, as I may say, and projecting from the head. The pupil large, the under jaw bony, and rather thick; the nose somewhat arched, the nostrils open, and well slit, the partition thin, the lips fine, the mouth tolerably large, the withers high and sharp.

I shall be pardoned for inserting this description of a beautiful horse in a physiognomical essay intended to promote the knowledge and the love of man. You laugh—Having laughed with you, permit me, afterwards, to ask, does not this description prove the reality of that science which has been exploded among those that are held to be chimerical? But must not a horse thus formed, be more excellent, and of a more noble character than a dull and common hack? not only beautiful, but, I repeat, more noble, proud, spirited, firm, faithful, and sure.

And shall he who thus has formed the horse, whose understanding is so deficient compared to that of man, shall he who has thus transfused beauty and nobility, strength and truth, through all his limbs, so have formed man, that his internal and external shall be incongruous?

Shall he who can find the countenance of a horse significant, (and that it is significant no sophist can doubt the moment a horse appears) shall he possibly suppose the countenance of man to be insignificant?

The more accurately we observe horses, the more shall we be convinced that a separate treatise of physiognomy might be written upon them.

I have somewhere heard a general remark, that horses are divided into three classes, the swan-necked, stag-necked, and hog-necked. Each of these classes has its peculiar countenance and character, and from the blending of which various others originate.

The heads of the swan-necked are commonly even, the forehead small, and almost flat; the nose extends arching, from the eyes to the mouth: the nostrils are wide and open; the mouth small; the ears little, pointed, and projecting; the eyes large and round; the jaw below small; above, somewhat broader: the whole body well proportioned; and the horse beautiful. This kind is cheerful, tractable, and high spirited. They are very sensible of

pain, which (when dressing) they sometimes express by the voice. Flattery greatly excites their joy, and they will express their pride of heart by prancing and prancing. I dare venture to wager, that a man with a swan-neck, or what is much more determinate, with a smooth projecting profile, and flaxen hair, would have similar sensibility and pride.

The stag-necked has something in the make of his body, much resembling the stag itself. The neck is small, long, and scarcely bowed in the middle. He carries his head high, I have seen none of these. They are racers and hunters, being particularly adapted by swiftness by the make of the body.

For the Casket.

TO THE MEMORY OF LOUISA.

I know that thou art dead,
And thy soul to judgment fled;
O'er the doom, by justice read,
May mercy's pard'ning tears be shed.

Though frail, how passing fair
Were the charms that wither'd there,
'Neath the grasp of stern despair,
And weight of penitential care.

Though thy noon of life was shorn
Of the rays that deck'd its morn,
And from friends and country torn,
By stranger-hands thy bier was borne.

Though thy dark and devious way
Far from hope or comfort lay,
And pangs which few can brook to pay,
Dialoged thy spirit from its clay;

Still 'twas thine, without a sigh,
To meekly suffer—and to die:
And on Him to fix thine eye,
Who for sinners pleads on high.

Still, within a sister's heart,
Shall thine image as thou wert
In thy bloom of young desert,
Dwell till life and memory part.

LUCY.

ORIGINAL.

THE POET'S DIRGE.

No deep toned bell, no funeral knell,
Shall sound when I am dead;
By the clear blue wave ye shall make my grave,
Where the sea-gull roams, and the waters lave
The rocks above my head.

Ye shall bury me deep where the mermaids weep,
As they glide o'er the rolling billow;
And the roar of the surge shall be my dirge,
And the eagle shall scream from the cliff's black verge,
O'er my cold and rocky pillow.

Let no human tread, o'er my clay cold head,
Be heard near the lonely spot;
Let no sculptured stone, with a flattering tone,
Breathe my vices and virtues, that few have known,
But let them be forgot.

But I ask, in truth, from the friends of my youth,
When my spirit has gone to rest,
That one heartfelt tear, o'er my cold, cold bier,
From those that I loved when life was dear,
May sparkle upon my breast.

April, 1833.

OMEGA.





Academie Royal de Musique, Paris.



Windsor Castle, England.

ACADEMIE ROYAL DE MUSIQUE.

Such is the inappropriate name which now designates the grand French Opera House of the Rue Lepellitier. It is considered indeed as only a temporary Opera House, but is fitted up and supported on a scale of unrivalled magnificence, to which a tax on the gross receipts of all the other theatres of Paris is made to contribute: the management is in the hands of the Government.

The front, one hundred and eight feet in length, by sixty-four in height, is adorned with two perpendicular ranges of columns and nine arcades, having on the first floor a corresponding number of windows belonging to the saloon. The lower range of columns is of the Doric, the upper of the Ionic order. Above the whole, an entablature, with brackets, supports statues of eight Muses, six feet and a half high: the entire façade being considered as resembling Palladio's celebrated portico of the cathedral of Vicenza. The saloon, brilliantly fitted up with mirrors and lustres, occupies the whole length of the building on the first floor, and the vestibule on the ground floor is of the same length. It is divided into a vestibule exterior, or *d'attente* twenty-five feet wide and the vestibule *d'échange* where the tickets are procured. On each side of the latter is a staircase leading to the first tier of boxes, and the saloon. Other flights conduct from this part to the orchestra and upper part of the house.

The interior is mainly occupied by four principal tiers of boxes, supported by Corinthian pillars, and finished in blue and gold: above the lanetta in the fifth tier. The house here measures from side to side sixty-six feet; the stage is in depth eighty-two, in width forty-two feet: beneath is an open space, thirty-two feet deep, for the play of the admirable scene-machinery. An elegant series of elliptic arches supports the dome: and the whole, when lighted up with gas, has a splendor of effect which it is impossible to describe in words.

WINDSOR CASTLE, ENGLAND.

There are few of our readers who have not often heard of the renowned strong-hold of British royalty, which is depicted in the present number. The historian and the poet, have recorded the deeds of its inmates, and arrayed before the imagination, its walls and its turrets,—its apartments, and groves, and gardens, until, like the Tower of London, they are familiar to Christendom. The muse of Shakespeare, of Gray, and numerous other bards of renown, may be said to have made these splendid demesnes a kind of public property, in which every reader, however remote, has an interest. A description of the castle, connected with the engraving, will therefore be deemed interesting and necessary.

Windsor, or, as it was anciently called, Windelsora, is situated at the east end of the county of Berks, on the banks of the Thames. The place was given to the Monastery of St. Soter at Westminster by Edward the Confessor. He kept it but a short time,—William the Conqueror exchanging for it certain mansions and lands in Essex, with the Abbot. William built a castle on the hills, which was afterwards much en-

larged by his son Henry I., who encircled it with a wall, after erecting a chapel dedicated to king Edward, the confessor.

Though, inhabited frequently by succeeding kings, Windsor Castle did not attain to much grandeur until the birth of Edward III.—the hero of Cressy—who destroyed the old fortress, with the exception of three towers at the West end, in the lower ward,—built the present fabric, and made it the seat of the noble Order of the Garter. Additions, improvements and alterations had been made in the building, from time to time, during succeeding reigns, particularly by the Henry's VII. and VIII. by Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and Charles. Superb repairs and beautifying proceedings have taken place in the reigns of George III. and IV.

The interesting points of the castle are the Terrace, on the north side, made by Queen Elizabeth, and carried round the end and south side, by Charles I.; the Round Tower, or Keep, and St. George's Chapel. The Terrace is 1,900 feet long, and is perhaps the finest promenade in Europe. The prospect from it is thus described by the quaint but faithful Camden. The improvements since his time, however, in the prospect, will make his description applicable only to the country itself:

"For, from an high hill, which riseth with a gentle ascent, it commandeth a most delightful prospect round about; for right in the front, it overlooketh a vale, lying out far and wide, garnished with corn fields, flourishing with meadows, decked with groves on either side, and watered with the most mild and gentle River Thames. Behind it, arise mills everywhere, neither rough nor over high, attired as it were with woods, and even dedicated, as it were by nature, to hunting and game."

From the top of the Round Tower, the constable's residence, twelve counties may be plainly seen. Here the Earl of Surry was confined, and composed some of his most beautiful songs. Two chapels have been built on the site of the original one dedicated to the confessor—the last (St. George's—a splendid edifice,) by Edward IV. A large tomb-stone, intended by the ambitious Woolsey, as a receptacle for his remains, was converted, in 1810, into a Royal Cemetery.

Windsor Castle, though the residence of many monarchs, has only been the birth place of two—its founder Edward III. and the ill-fated Henry VII. It has ever been greatly renowned by the institution of the noble order of the Garter by Edward III. Its exact origin is unknown, but the power which it has embodied, and the ambition it has excited, are beyond estimation. Only one knight of that order was ever degraded—viz: Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. He was accused of treason, and disgraced in Henry the VIII's time,—but was restored to the order by Queen Mary.

The little park, on the east of the castle, is four miles in circumference. Harne's oak, the tree immortalized by Shakspeare, which stood in it, was cut down several years ago. The Great Park now contains about 1800 acres in park only—the rest being arable land. The royal domain of the Forest is fifty-six miles in

circumference, and includes in its circuit twelve whole parishes and parts of others.

Such is a rapid but accurate sketch of this celebrated place. It is not so much on account of the "royal dames and kings of lineage long," who have nestled there, and awayed the sceptre of dominion, as it is from the charm of poetry, and romance, which has been thrown about it, that Windsor Castle, will be remembered. But while Jack Falstaff, and the Merry Wives are on living record—while the ode to Eton College continues to stir the heart of man with boyish feeling—while the sweet music of Surrey's lyre continues to echo,—we cannot fear that Windsor will be forgotten. It will arise upon the view of coming ages, surrounded by the undying lustre of history, of legend, and of song.

Written for the Casket.

THE LAST FIELD OF POLAND.

The vengeful clouds of war arose,
Black, deep, and wild, o'er friends and foes.

To herald on the strife—
To peal lost Poland's funeral knell—
To hear the furious Cossacks' yell,
And see her heart's blood burst and swell,
Thick gushing with her life.

The thunders from their caverns broke,
As if Jehovah's voice had woke

A sea of molten fire;
And flashing, girdled round the blast
With lurid horrors, as it passed,
While freedom, frightened, stood aghast,
For Polish son and sire;

For the last field, Sarmatia's bier,
Like some wide hideous sepulchre,
Was seen amidst the gloom;
When the red lightning's curling wreath
Sent forth its thick and sulph'rous breath,
And broke around the field of death,
And Poland's bloody tomb.

As some huge towering craggy rock
Receives the mountain torrent's shock,
Around its iron breast,

So 'mid the coming field of blood,
Surrounded by the brave and good,
Polona's gallant chieftain stood,
And thus her sons address'd:

Warriors! for you the coming strife
Brings freedom, glory, death, or life;
Brings feelings dearer than our lives,
The sacred honor of our wives.
Our injured daughters, from their graves,
Invoke your vengeance on yon slaves—
Call from their cold and youthful bier,
On every tie which man holds dear—
On every tie that he's controls
The angry vengeance of your souls,
To rouse you for the coming fight,
And heaven's great arm will shield the right—
Will hurl destruction on the foe,
To lay yon barbarous tyrants low—
Will rouse the patriot in your veins
To burst oppression's galling chains;
But should Polona's warm hearts' core,
Bathe her green fields in streams of gore,

The hamlets on your native plain,
Will smoulder round your kindred slain:
But on! we'll seek a glorious grave,
Or triumph as becomes the brave.
As raging lava sweeps the plain,
As rushing whirlwinds sweep the main,
So sprang the Poles upon their foes;
While wild and shrill the war-cry rose,
A gallant-hearted, struggling band
For freedom and their native land,
Lo! where the vengeful war-fiend frown'd,
Ten thousand tyrants bite the ground;
The glutted earth reek'd with the slain,
While death and horror swept the plain,
And Freedom bleeds at every pore,
Lost Poland sinks, one field of gore.
Though immaculate and betray'd,
Sublime she falls with brandish'd blade;
Wreathed with the wide world's sorrowing tears,
Her dying breath is lost in cheers,
For those who fight in honor's cause,
For home, for country, and for laws;
And while her standards proudly wave,
She sinks all bloody to the grave.

Written for the Casket.

LINES TO RELIGION.

Hail, holy Power, with angel mien,
Of awful step and air serene!
Come aeth thy influence through my soul,
And sooth my pangs with thy control.
At thy approach wild passion flies,
And every raging conflict dies;
Each worldly impulse quick retires,
And soon succeed soft hope and mild desires.

'Thou calm'st the mind with heavenly art,
And melt'st each wild despairing heart;
'Thou bring'st with thee sweet dimpled peace,
And spotless joys that still increase:
While avarice, wan and pale-eyed care,
Remorseless guilt and dark despair,—
Envenom'd envy's poison'd dart
No more corrode the assaulted heart.

'Thou wav'st thy soft consoling wing,
That breathes a new eternal spring;
And to the soul by conscience wrung,
By stern compunction's terrors stung—
'Thou then appear'st: thy accents mild,
Softened repentant sorrow's child;
They charm his fears with gentle love,
And turn his views to realms above.

Oh! then, Divine Religion, come!
Recall my thoughts celestial, home!
Oh! let thy salutary power
Be with me through life's varied hour:
And as my mortal lamp decays,
Still light me with thy heav'nly rays;
Dispel each doubt and calm each fear,
And with thy sacred spirit cheer
My fainting soul. And when the chaise,
That binds me to this scene of pain,
Is loosed by death, thy blessed train
Shall still attend me to the skies.
And there to brightest glory rise!

Biographical Sketches.

Written for the Casket.

GEN. HUGH MERCER.

DERIVED FROM THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA, AND THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HUGH MERCER, a Brigadier General, in the American Revolutionary Army, was a native of Scotland. He was liberally educated, studied medicine, and acted as a surgeon's assistant in the memorable battle of Culloden. He emigrated from Scotland, not long after, to Pennsylvania, and removed thence to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where he settled and married.

He was engaged, with Washington, in the Indian wars of 1755, &c.; and his children are in possession of a medal, which was presented to him by the Corporation of the city of Philadelphia, for his good conduct as captain of a company in the expedition against an Indian settlement, (Kittanning) conducted by Colonel Armstrong, in September, 1756.

In one of the engagements with the Indians, Gen. Mercer was wounded in the right wrist; and having separated from his party, he found that there was danger of his being surrounded by hostile savages, whose war-whoop and yell indicated their near approach. Becoming faint from loss of blood, he took refuge in the hollow trunk of a large tree. The Indians came to the spot where he was concealed, seated themselves about for rest, and then disappeared.—Mercer left his hiding place and pursued his course through a trackless wild of about one hundred miles, until he reached Fort Cumberland. On his lonely route he subsisted on the *body of a rattlesnake*,* which he met and killed.

When the war broke out between the Colonies and the mother country, he immediately joined the American standard, relinquishing a very extensive medical practice. As a practitioner of medicine, he was eminently skillful, and his services were often in request in different parts of the country, distant from the town of his residence. Under Washington, whose favor and confidence he enjoyed beyond most of his brother officers, he soon reached the rank of Brigadier General, and in that command distinguished himself particularly in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, in the winter of 1776 and '77. In the battle of Princeton, Gen. Mercer, who commanded the van of the American Army, after

exerting the utmost valor and activity, had his horse shot under him, and, being thus dismounted, he was surrounded by some British soldiers, with whom, when they refused him quarter, he fought desperately with his drawn sword, until he was completely overpowered. They stabbed him with their bayonets in seven different parts of his body, inflicted several blows on his head, with the butt ends of their muskets, and left him for dead on the field of battle. He died in nine days after, in the arms of Major George Lewis, of the army, the nephew of Gen. Washington, whom the uncle commissioned to watch over his expiring friend. The mangled corpse was removed from Princeton, under a military escort, to Philadelphia, and exposed a day in the Coffee House,† with the design of exciting the indignation of the army and people. "It was then followed to the grave, in Christ Church yard, by at least 30,000 sympathising mourners, and interred with great solemnity, and all the honors of war."‡

Gen. Mercer, though a lion in battle, was uncommonly placid and gentle, and almost diffident in private life. He had a fine constitution—was always cheerful—and was beloved and admired as an accomplished, polished and benevolent gentleman. With a liberal education and fine talents, added to those qualifications, he was truly "the delight of society."

Some interesting anecdotes are related of him, in the third chapter, first volume of Gen. Wilkinson's Memoirs. That writer observes—"In Gen. Mercer we lost, at Princeton, a chief, who for education, talents, disposition, integrity and patriotism, was second to no man but the Commander in Chief, and was qualified to fill the highest trusts of the country." Gen. Mercer was about fifty-six years of age when he sealed with his blood, his devotion to the cause of his adopted country.

He was attended by the worthy and patriotic Dr. Benjamin Rush, then with the army. He complained much of his head, and said to his surgeon, "that there was the principal danger;" and Dr. Rush always, after the Revolution, when detailing his attendance on this distinguished martyr, in his bland and interesting manner, would state that there was no doubt but that his death was produced more immediately by the blows on the head, than by the bayonet wounds, although several of those were attended with danger.

Gen. Mercer, before he joined the northern army early in the year 1776, was zealously engaged in Virginia, in organizing military forces, and was in the command of continental and

*The fine scholar and orator, Bishop Madison, of Virginia, in his masterly discourse on the death of Washington, speaks of Gen. Mercer's fall at Princeton, in the most eloquent terms, and makes a beautiful allusion to this remarkable fact.

"Thou too, lamented Mercer, shalt live immortal in the memory of Americans. Thy wounds received in the bloody contest which preceded the Revolutionary War, had already evinced thy courage and thy patriotism.—Ah! weltering in thy blood, abandoned in the midst of the inhospitable wilderness—the *deadly serpent* thy only food, what but a kind Providence could have preserved thee from such perils? It did preserve thee, long to live the delight of society, and to become the firm vindicator of liberty.—Yes, the hand of God preserved thee, again to unite thy arms with Washington, and to pour forth thy gallant but gentle soul on the plains of Princeton, covered with glory."

†A highly respected citizen of Philadelphia, one of its oldest inhabitants, has stated that he had a most distinct and perfect recollection of being one of the vast concourse of the inhabitants and army, who viewed the mangled body in the Coffee House. Others of the old inhabitants had an equally distinct recollection of this affecting and mournful spectacle.

‡Col. James Innis, of the Virginia line, who was with that portion of the army, then in Philadelphia, and was in the great funeral procession, thus speaks of it in a letter to Mrs. Gordon, the mother of the grief-stricken widow of the lamented Mercer. He left five children—four sons and one daughter; but they were of too tender an age to understand the very serious loss which they, as well as the country, had sustained.

state troops, which had been ordered to rendezvous in the city of Williamsburg, which, at that period, was the seat of the Colonial Government. Some of its old and most respected citizens, who have passed off this stage of life but a very few years, were wont to relate an anecdote of him, which was strikingly characteristic of his presence of mind, self-possession, promptitude, and superior qualifications as an accomplished and gallant officer, which his glorious death afterwards so fully established, and which has given to his name and memory a fame which will be immortal.

Among the troops which arrived at Williamsburg was a company of Riflemen, from beyond the mountains, commanded by a Capt. Gibson; they were so rough and untutored and demi-savage, and so restless and violent under any thing like order and discipline, that, in contradistinction, they were called "Gibson's lambs." They had not been long in camp before a rebellion and mutiny broke out among them, which produced a serious alarm and excitement among the inhabitants of that refined and polished city. This band of soldiery were like so many bears and wolves let loose from the mountains; and they threatened to shoot down any officer who should attempt to exercise any authority over them.—An officer was despatched to Gen. Mercer's quarters, (then Colonel Mercer) to inform him of the condition of the camp. He told the officer to report, that he should attend to this matter in person. He immediately girded on his sword and repaired to the barracks of this mutinous band, whilst there was much uneasiness in the city for his safety. He ordered a general parade of the troops, and Gibson's Company to be drawn up as offenders and violators of the discipline of the army, and to be disarmed in his presence. He had the ringleaders placed under a strong guard; in presence of the whole, addressed them in eloquent and feeling terms upon the great cause in which they had engaged—pointed out to them their duties as citizen soldiers, and the *certainly of death*, if they continued to disobey their officers, and remained in that mutinous spirit so disgraceful to them, and hazardous to the sacred interests they had marched to defend.

It has been often related, that such was his dignity, with so much firmness and determination manifested by his course and well-timed address, on this trying occasion, with such a blending too of kindness and benevolence in his manner, that this dangerous body of men became softened in their disposition and character, and were "lambs" indeed. Those placed under guard were shortly released, and the whole company were over after as exemplary in their deportment and duties, as any troops in the service.

Gen. Lafayette, when he was the Guest of the Nation, a few years ago, paid to the memory of Gen. Mercer as chaste and beautifully striking a compliment as can well be imagined. When in a large company, on a particular occasion, and the conversation turning on prominent men of the American Revolution, one of the company observed to him, "that he (Gen. Lafayette) was of course acquainted with Gen. Mercer," not recollecting, at the moment, that La Fayette did

not arrive in the United States until after the battle of Princeton. "Oh no," said the general, "you know that Mercer fell in January, 1777, and I reached the United States in the spring following; but on my arrival, I found the army and whole country so full of his name, that an impression has always been left upon my mind since, that I was personally acquainted with him."

It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that two venerable and highly respectable sisters of the Society of Friends, are living, at the advanced ages of eighty and eighty-four, in the vicinity of Princeton, at whose house Gen. Mercer was carried from the field of battle; they watched over him, and assisted in nursing him under his death-wounds. They have been visited by numbers, and in their details of his situation, they have stated that he was greatly patient, and enquired anxiously for a blister plaster for his neck and head, but there was none to be had—the medical stores of the army being then very incomplete.

The maiden name of these sisters of patriotic kindness and benevolence, at that period which "tried men's souls," is *Clarke*; they should be known to the nation, and as thus connected with one of the most brilliant and important victories of the War of Independence. May peace and happiness ever attend them.

In the historical paintings of the battle of Princeton, by Peale and Trumbull, Gen. Mercer is a prominent and conspicuous figure. That by Peale, hangs in the Chapel of the College, at Princeton; that by Col. Trumbull, of the Revolutionary Army, is in his exhibition room, in the city of New York. Both those highly respectable and eminent artists have had opportunities of tracing with their pencils the family likeness. That of Gen. Mercer, is thought to be very well preserved in the paintings referred to. His portrait was never taken.

Congress *resolved*, April 8th, 1777, that a monument should be erected to the memory of Gen. Mercer, at Fredericksburg, Va. Embalmed as that memory is, in the veneration and affection of the whole American people, a plain marble slab, with a short and simple inscription, placed over the grave fifteen years ago, by his youngest son, points to the passing stranger the spot where the remains of one of the most heroic and illustrious defenders of the liberties of these United States, are entombed.

¶The same resolution of Congress directed a monument to the memory of Gen. Warren. Gen. Washington, in an official letter to Congress, dated April 10th, 1777, thus writes—"The honors Congress have decreed to the memory of Generals Warren and Mercer, afford me the highest pleasure: their character and merit had a just claim to every mark of respect; and I heartily wish that every officer of the United States, emulating their virtues, may, by their actions, secure to themselves the same right to the grateful tributes of their country."

To treat with unmerited indignity or neglect one whom you have laid under obligations, is almost as bad as ingratitude on the other side.

It is wise to do with the utmost kindness of manner a favor which you see to be inevitable, unless, indeed, you fear to encourage a future or frequent application.

Written for the Casket.

THE CHINESE SON.

It is related of a certain Chinese, that after the death of his mother, whom he had loved with exceeding tenderness, he was for some time inconsolable. She had ever expressed great apprehension of thunder, and when it thundered requested her son not to leave her. Therefore, as soon as he observed a storm approaching, he hastened to her grave, saying softly, as though she could hear, "I am here, mother!"

I come to thee, my mother! the black sky
Is swollen with its thunder, and the air
Seems palpable with darkness, save when high
The lurid lightning streams a ruddy glare
Across the heavens, rousing from their hair
The deep-voiced thunders. How the mounting storm
Strides o'er the firmament! Yet I can dare
Its fiercest terrors, mother, that my arm
May wind its shield of love around thy sleeping form.

What uprose! raging winds and smiting hail,
The lightning's blaze, and deaf'ning thunder's crash,
Let loose at once for havoc! I should quail
Before the terror of the forked flash,
Did not the thought of thee, triumphant dash
All selfish fears aside, and bid me fly
To kneel beside thy grave; the rain-drops plash
Heavily round thee, from the rifted sky—
Yet I am here—fear not—beside thy couch I lie.

Thou canst not hear me! the storm brings not now
One terror to thy bosom—yet 'tis sweet
To call to mind the smile, wherewith thy brow
Was wont, in by-gone times, my lips to greet,
When o'er the earth the summer tempest beat,
And the loosed thunder shook the heavens; but when
Did ever word or glance of mine, not meet
A smile of love from thee? The world of men
A friend as thou hast been will never yield again.

Oh mother! mother! how could love like thine
Pass from the earth away? On other eyes
The glance of maternal fondness shine,
And still on other hearts the blessing lies,
That made mine blissful; yet far less they prize
That boon of happiness, and in their glee,
Around their spirits gather many ties
Of joy and tenderness; but all, to me,
That made the earth seem bright, is sepulchred with thee.

They sometimes strive to lure me to the halls,
Where wine and mirth the fleeting moments wing;
But on my clouded spirit, sadness falls
More darkly there, than where earth's caverns fling
Their gloom around me, and the night winds sing
Through the torn rocks their melancholy dirge:
Or when, as now, the echoing thunders ring
O'er the wide firmament, and mad gales urge
Into an answering cry, the overmastering surge.

The storms of nature pass, and soon no trace
Is left to mark their ravage; but long years
Pass lingeringly onward, nor efface
The deep cut channel of our burning tears,
Or aching scars that wasting sorrow sears
Upon the heart. Lo! even now, a gleam
Of moonlight through the broken clouds appears,
To bless the earth again. I fain would dream
It was a smile of thine, to bless me with its beam!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.

FLORIDA.

There is, probably, no section of the settled part of the Union or her territories, of which less is accurately known by the generality, than of Florida. Her very peculiar geographical position, and her recent occupancy by a people, our opposites in manners, laws, and tillage, have heretofore kept the Americans from visiting it. But Florida is no longer to remain under a cloud—her territory has been touched with the spear of American enterprise, and her gardens begin to blossom; she is fast putting off the sable of her widow's weeds, and merging to take her place at the head of the table of a new family. Florida is at least 550 miles in length, and in mean breadth about 120. The two ancient political divisions of East and West Florida, no longer exist, the two Floridas now constituting one government, which will probably soon have sufficient population, to claim admission into the Union of the States. Young Murat has lately published in London, a book of reminiscences of Florida, which will probably be soon before the American public. In it he gives many graphic pictures of the country, but we are sorry to state, that he has embodied in it some very unwarrantable remarks on religious sects, temperance societies, &c. which should be expunged in a reprint.

The climate of Florida is peculiar; in some respects it may be called tropical, though the northern belt along the southern limits of Georgia and Alabama, partakes of the cooler temperature of those states. The mercury in the thermometer probably ranges lower through the summer than in the interior of Georgia and Alabama, owing to the influence of the sea breeze; but even in winter, the influence of the unclouded and vertical sun is always uncomfortable; in the peninsular parts there are sometimes slight frosts, but water never freezes. The most delicate orange trees bear fruit in full perfection, and the fruit is remarkably delicious and cheap. A southerly breeze prevails of great purity, but in the evening the air is particularly damp, with heavy dews. The rainy season commences with the early winter months, and in February and March there are thunder storms at night followed by clear and fine weather in the day. Between the months of June and October, there is probably no finer climate on the face of the globe than that of Florida. Like the West Indies, the peninsula is subject to gales and tornadoes, though not of so violent a character. In the extreme northern parts, the influence of northwesterly winds are sensibly felt, and there ice forms on the northern exposure of buildings. In no part is the influence of humidity more felt than about St. Augustine, yet, when in possession of the Spaniards, the citizens of Havana used to resort there in sickly seasons for health; and though some winters are cold and variable, on the whole, no place in our borders is at present known more congenial to the constitutions of the people of the United States. The thermometer sometimes ranges thirty degrees in a single day, and a consumptive friend of our own, who passed an un-

usually cold winter there, expresses himself in not very mild terms on the subject. Fires are very comfortable for a longer period than would be supposed in a climate where the rivers are never skimmed with ice. Where fields are flooded for rice, or indigo plantations made, it is usually sickly, but the districts of Florida, remote from marshes, swamps, and stagnant waters, are healthy.

From the circumstance of the Gulf stream flowing out of the Gulf of Mexico, into the Atlantic Ocean, it is demonstrated that the former is elevated above the latter, and that Florida rises as an immense wing dam, confining the waters of the Gulf from falling with irresistible weight into the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Darby is therefore of opinion, that from this inequality, if ever a canal is opened over Florida, the locks on the Atlantic side must exceed those on the Gulf of Mexico. This is an interesting subject, and if we were ever tempted to prophecy, we should venture to predict, will soon become a prominent topic. The distance saved between the Atlantic cities and Mobile, or New Orleans, will at once be seen to be great by a glance at the map.

In the richer soils of this territory, in the hammock lands, on the banks of the rivers, &c., nothing can exceed the luxuriance and splendor of the vegetable kingdom. The traveller Bartram, speaks in raptures of it. The pine forests are boundless, and the trees of remarkable height and beauty. Live oaks are numerous, and this invaluable timber is here developed in its full perfection. In 1829, the plantation of the Government of the United States, at Deer Point, exhibited more than 76,000 of these trees, in a flourishing condition. Groves of them are often seen in various parts, arranged in regular forms, surpassing even the great parks of England in beauty. They are probably the plantations of a former generation. The cabbage tree too, is common, and rises in its majesty, in a clear shaft, eighty feet high. Mats, baskets, and hats, are made from the leaves, and the young head at the stem is edible, while wild animals feed on the berries. In the deep swamps, the grand cypress columns, rising from immense buttresses, with interlaced arms at their summit, present themselves, showing the aspect of a canopy of verdure reared upon pillars. The papaw tree too, with a stem perfectly straight, smooth, and silver colored, and with a conical top of splendid foliage always green, and fruit of the richest appearance, is a native.

Travellers relate frequent traces of ruined towers and desolated Indian villages, indicating former inhabitants, and much more cultivation than is now apparent. Wherever this is the case, lime, orange, peach, and fig trees are met with. Wild grape vines abound, and the candle-berry laurel is common, from the berries of which shrub is prepared an excellent kind of wax for candles. The long moss used by our upholsterers, called also Spanish beard, is common; it hangs down in festoons sometimes ten or fifteen feet in length, and waved by the wind, it catches from branch to branch, filling the intervals between the trees like a curtain; it has a long trumpet shaped flower and very fine seeds, which fix in the bark of the trees, where this parasitic

plant finds an appropriate soil. It will not grow in a dead tree; cattle, horses and deer feed on it while fresh, and the Spaniards and natives use it for horse collars, coarse harnessing, and ropes.

The cultivated vegetables include most which are raised here, and in addition rice, and a species of arum, much admired; it has a large turnip shaped root, resembling a yam in taste. The sugar cane, rice, tobacco, cotton, and indigo will prove to the settlers the most profitable crop. The coffee tree has been tried on the peninsula, and hopes are entertained that the profits will justify cultivation. The olive has been proved to flourish and bear well. One species of the *cactus* is common; it is the one on which the cochineal fly feeds, and it is presumable that that important dye will hereafter become a great article of export. The cabinet wood, known as bastard mahogany, comes from Florida.

The country is most suitable for grazing; grass abounds in the open pine woods, and in the swamps the cattle find good winter range. The small planters count their animals as in South America, by hundreds and even by thousands. Deer, wolves, and bears are about as common as in the western states, in the early stages of settlement, and, in so mild a climate, this country has been called the paradise of the hunter. The ornithology is said to be the richest in North America, and for fish no country is superior.—Wherever the large springs, for which Florida is remarkable, issue, abundance of fish are found; and if an opening to these subterranean streams is made at any point of their course, the hook thrown in at the perforation, is eagerly taken by the fish, and fine angling may be had, as if fishing in a well! Sheeps-head are common on the coast—oysters and other shell fish, excellent and abundant. Alligators are numerous and find good pickings amid the great variety of fish, frogs, insects, and every kind of small animals so numerous in the swamps and bayous. Tortoises are a favorite food—the great soft shelled water kind, have been found weighing fifty pounds; they are esteemed delicious. Snakes of very beautiful colors are found; the coach whip snake exactly resembles a coach whip with a black handle; it is six feet long, and as slender as a walking stick. The glass snake is also seen here—indeed, so great is the number and variety of the reptiles, that it is a standing joke to say, that every acre in Florida will yield forty bushels of frogs, and alligators enough to fence it.

There are many natural caverns, sinking rivers, great springs, and natural bridges. In the vicinity of Tallahassee a pond has been formed by the sudden sinking of the earth, which fell with all its trees, with a tremendous crash. The sink is perpendicular, fifty feet deep to the surface of the water, and no bottom it is said, can be reached with the longest lines yet tried. Numberless subterranean brooks percolate far under ground, sometimes bursting out in vast boiling springs which form rivers, and by their frequency, their singular forms, the transparency of their waters, and the multitude of the fish, constitute one of the most striking curiosities of the country. The most remarkable of these is twelve miles from Tallahassee, the source of the river Wakulla, which is of a size to be boatable

immediately below the fountain, where the water is almost as pellucid as air, and forms a little lake of two hundred and fifty fathoms in depth. To a person in a skiff in the centre of this basin, the appearance of the mild azure vault above, and the transparent depth below, on which the floating clouds and the blue concave above are painted, and repeated with wonderful softness, the scene is so novel, that he feels as if suspended between two firmaments. It was the site of an English factory in former days, and here resided the famous Armbrister. The water of this lake swells up from its great depths as if it was a cauldron of boiling water. Micanuke Lake, fifteen miles north-east of Tallahassee, is twelve miles long; on its shores many of the old Indian fields are covered with peach trees. Old Tallahassee Lake is near the town, and is twenty miles long and seven broad.

Old Jonathan Dickinson, who was a prisoner among the Indians of Florida, describes them as cruel, and horrible cannibals. They are now remarkable for their activity, and gay and joyous dispositions, with the usual propensity to gambling and intoxication, and no doubt their propensity to cannibalism is a fiction.

The number of inhabitants in Florida, by the census of last year, was about 40,000. They consist of emigrants from all foreign countries, and from every state in the Union, and among the creoles there are all possible admixtures of African and Indian blood. Many of the inhabitants are extremely poor, and a large proportion merely adventurers, but a great change in this particular is going on, since the arbitrary Spanish alcalde has given place to a mild and equitable administration of justice. Some of the planters are opulent, have good houses surrounded with piazzas, after the fashion of Havana, but live a solitary life, little enlivened by society or literature, but they find every necessity of life in the fish and game, and the products of their vast fields. They practise hospitality in its most generous sense, conceiving the favor of a month's residence with them as a favor done to the visitor. The traveller meets a cordial though rude welcome, accompanied with a patriarchal simplicity, and the surrender of time, slaves, and every thing the house affords to his comfort, which is extremely gratifying. The amusements are a compound of Spanish, French, and American manners.

St. Augustine, the largest town and the most populous in the country, is situated on the Atlantic coast, in north latitude 29 deg. 45 minutes. The most remarkable object in approaching it is Fort St. Mark, which was built for its defence in olden time. The town is an oblong, divided by four streets, at right angles, fortified by bastions, and surrounded by a ditch. Two carriages can barely pass each other, so narrow are the streets, but the houses have a terrace foundation, which shades the side walks and makes walking pleasant of a sultry day. Fort St. Mark is forty feet high, commanding the entrance of the harbor; it mounts sixty heavy cannon, and is capable of containing 1000 men.—The soil around the town though it looks sterile and sandy, is far from being unproductive. The lemon and orange grow most luxuriantly, and of

greater size than in Spain or Portugal. A single tree has been known to produce 4,000 oranges. The population is about 5,000. The palm, the date, and the orange all grow in the vicinity, and render the sight to a northern traveller, very novel and interesting—he may well fancy himself in a foreign country. The olive too, is becoming naturalized, and it is presumed that cocoa trees would succeed.

Pensacola, fifty miles from Mobile, situated on a bay of the same name, is, like St. Augustine, of an oblong form, and nearly a mile in length, and contains from 3,000 to 4,000 inhabitants. Small vessels only can get up to the town. Government has made it a naval station and depot, for which its harbor, and the fine ship timber near, render it very suitable. A fine stream of fresh water runs through the town, which is well supplied with oysters, turtles, beef, fish, and garden vegetables. The town is in a healthy position, and its naval residents enliven its society.

St. Marks is a small seaport ten miles from Tallahassee, of which it is the port. Tallahassee is the new seat of government, and in a very salubrious position. It is an incorporated city with some fine buildings; and an increasing population now exceeding 1,000. The territorial capital is a fine building. Fine mahogany is cut from the neighborhood—mill seats abound, and industry and enterprise are conspicuous. There are many charming lakes in the vicinity. Vessels come from New Orleans in three or four days. When some contemplated internal improvements shall be completed, few places will present more attractions to emigrants.

Florida was taken possession of about the year 1500, and the name was general in Spanish literature for a long time, for the whole Atlantic coast of North America. The first effective colonization was made at St. Augustine, in 1565.—With many vicissitudes of fortune Florida remained in possession of the Spaniards until 1763, when it was ceded to England. In 1781 the Spanish Governor conquered West Florida, and by the treaty of Paris of 1783, the whole of both Floridas was re-ceded by Great Britain to Spain. In 1819, negotiations were opened between the United States and Spain, for the cession of Florida to us, and a treaty was ratified in October, 1820, and in July 1821, it was finally taken possession of by Gen. Jackson, by order of his government. For some strictly geographical information, the reader is referred to Darby's interesting View of the United States.

LOUISIANA.

The extremely interesting State of Louisiana presents so many striking points of character, that we shall have great difficulty in condensing our subject within our limits, and must necessarily omit some curious particulars, for which we refer our readers to the same authorities heretofore quoted, to whom as heretofore, we must acknowledge our obligations.

This State is in length 240 miles, and in breadth about 210. Under the Spanish government in 1785 the population little exceeded 27,000. In 1820, the number was 163,407, having more than doubled between 1810 and 1820; an extraordinary ratio, but by no means equal to

that of some Western States. It possesses a situation, in New Orleans, for a great commercial city, which has few rivals in Geographical position, of which a glance at the map will abundantly testify. Taking the length of all the tributaries of the Mississippi which are navigable, it is within bounds to say, the aggregate would exceed 20,000 miles! the waters of these rivers pass through the most fertile soils, boundless prairies, fertile bottoms, numerous distinct communities and even governments, and through such a variety of climates that the products of every region are wafted to the port. It is in fact as if she had 20,000 miles of navigable canal all centering in her bosom.

Probably no State in the Union has a greater body of first rate land, though much of it is overflowed annually, and sending forth unwholesome miasma. A proper concentrated effort of all the slaves in the State applied to draining and canalizing this vast dismal and noxious swamp, would render Louisiana the greatest agricultural district in the world, and also render its commercial city healthy. The time is coming when some great step of this kind will be taken, when the effects produced will equal the magic of the Arabian Nights. The State even with its present advantages is making rapid strides to power, and as we have shown, steady advances in population.

Generally speaking, Louisiana is one immense plain, divided into pine woods, prairies, alluvions, swamps, and hickory and oak lands. A large proportion of the State is without any elevation, even aspiring to be called a hill. The prairies, near the gulf, are low, marshy, and in rainy weather inundated; many of them having a cold clay soil, while others are of inky blackness, and crack in dry weather into fissures of a size to admit a man's arm. The bottoms are rich, particularly those of the Mississippi and Red River, the fertility of which is sufficiently attested by the prodigious growth of the trees, the luxuriance of the cane and cotton, and the strength of vegetation in general. A fig tree and a sumack were measured by Mr. Flint, each of which were larger than a man's body.

The levee, is an embankment of the river, for 40 miles below New Orleans, and 150 miles above; it is from six to eight feet high, and broad enough to form a fine highway. By it the water is prevented from spreading over the extraordinary rich bottom of from one to two miles in width; it is believed that no part of the world can furnish a richer tract. This levee extends something higher on the west than the east side of the river. Here reside some of the richest planters, some of whom have from 5 to 800 acres under cultivation, worked by gangs of slaves. Attakapas district on the coast, is of great fertility and celebrated for its produce of sugar. Approaching Red River from Opelousas, there occurs the richest cotton land in Louisiana. The extraordinary fertility of the bottoms of Red-River are well known, and this section is called the paradise of cotton planters. The soil is red, and impregnated slightly with salt, from which it derives moisture and fertility. Its soil has been accumulating for ages from the spoils of the Mexican Mountains, and the prairies

above through which it rolls. In a state of nature it was covered with a dark and heavy forest.

Wheat and rye do not flourish in Louisiana, unless it be in the north-west angle of the State. Barley and oats succeed well; Indian corn is planted in many places, but proves an uncertain crop, being pushed forward by the heat too rapidly to attain firmness—the middle States have a climate much more congenial to maize. Sweet potatoes have been known to attain the weight of nine pounds. This fine root, but of a different species from that we cultivate, is the favourite food of the blacks, and found on all tables. Irish potatoes are more difficult to cultivate, and when taken out of the ground do not keep; nearly all the northern fruits come to perfection, with the exception of apples, while figs grow almost spontaneously, and previous to 1822, oranges along the whole shore of the gulf, were as abundant as apples in Chester county, and laid under the trees as plentifully for the hogs, or to rot. That winter a severe frost destroyed the trees to the roots, from which they have however again shot up, and in some places again promise well. The vine and the olive, will no doubt, be sometime extensively cultivated in Louisiana, and possibly the tea-plant. Rice and tobacco are raised, but cotton and sugar have been found so productive and bring such certain returns, that the attention of the people has been but little awakened to trying experiments. Indigo formerly much cultivated, is now very much abandoned, not only here, but in other States.

Louisiana produces an average annual crop of more than 100,000 hogheads of sugar, and 5,000,000 gallons of molasses; no cultivation in America yields so rich a harvest as the sugar cane, which is not liable to the diseases either of indigo or cotton. One of the great desiderata on a sugar plantation is to have a good boiler; the boiling being the only nice process, the slave who arrives at a knowledge of the business, and is made principal boiler, is a person of as much consideration among his fellows, and as important in his own eyes, as the President, and very commonly takes the same liberty of putting his veto on such bills as he don't like. He keeps a good riding horse, very probably sends to our great Philadelphia tailors for his clothes, and except in the boiling season, is as lazy and ignorant as a native king of Africa.

Louisiana contains more slaves in proportion to its population than any other state in the West; more than one half being in bondage, and since mild and humane treatment has been substituted, they multiply very rapidly, and the subject is an interesting one to know what will be the ultimate result. The great farms sometimes have three or four hundred acres in one enclosure, in which twenty or more ploughs may be seen making their straight furrows a mile in length with surprising regularity, through fields as level as a garden.

The prairie land of Louisiana is of great extent, beauty and fertility; those included under the general name of Attakapas, are the first which occur west of the Mississippi, and the traveller emerging from the forest finds himself in a noble and cheerful plain, and feels the cool and salubrious breezes of the gulf; and before

him spread out like a map is an immense tract of beautiful country, containing in 1820, 12,000 inhabitants all subsisting by agriculture. In others, the occupation of the people is that of shepherd, who number their cattle by thousands. These prairies have a gentle and imperceptible slope to the waters of the gulf, and generally terminate in wet marshes, occasionally overflowed, and covered with a rank growth of cane, in which reside multitudes of animals whose habits and customs have been little examined. In some parts of these prairies, there are mounds or islands of timber lands, which look as if planted out by the hand of man in regular order. Beyond the Opelousas prairie little cotton is raised, the people subsisting by raising cattle, horses and sheep all which find a market at New Orleans. Some years since three men of this region, numbered more than 15,000 head of horned cattle, and 2,000 horses and mules. It is the Arcadia of the country, where hospitality and good feelings reign predominant.

New Orleans to be accurately described would fill a good sized newspaper—we can only glance at some of its principal features. It is on the east shore of the Mississippi, in a deep and sinuous bend, 105 miles from the Balize by the meanders of the river, and ninety in a direct line; about 1,000 miles below the mouth of the Ohio, and 1,200 below the mouth of the Missouri. It is about intermediate between Mexico and Boston, though the voyage to Vera Cruz is made in a shorter period. The unrivalled advantages this city possesses in a commercial point of view, are universally acknowledged. Very accessible from the sea, and yet well situated for defence, it has probably twice as much extent of boat navigation above it as any other city on the globe. Viewed from the harbor the panoramic view is extremely beautiful. A crescent of many acres covered with all the grotesque variety of flat boats, and water crafts of the most dissimilar descriptions from the distant points above, lines the upper part of the shore. Steam-boats arriving and rounding to, or sweeping away to their far destination, cast their long stream of waving smoke behind them. Ships, brigs, schooners, and sloops, occupy the wharves, showing a forest of masts. The foreign aspect of the stuccoed houses in the city, the massy buildings of the Faubourg St. Mary, the bustle on every side, the yo—heave—yo, all taken at one view in the bright sun, present a splendid spectacle.

The city was formerly built of wood, but is now compactly constructed of brick, stuccoed with yellow or white, and presents the appearance of a French or Spanish town, rather than an American one. The Faubourg St. Mary, however, differs little from our other Atlantic cities. The Cathedral is a large building of brick, 90 feet by 120, covered with hollow tiles, and supported by ten columns. It is an imposing fabric; in the niches and recesses are the figures of saints, in appropriate dresses after the fashion of Catholic countries. The walls are so thick, that though situated in the very centre of business, the silence within is truly remarkable. Stepping from the crowd of Levee street, and its rattle of carriages, you find yourself in perfect stillness. The dead sleep beneath your feet; you are in the midst of

life, and yet there reigns here a perpetual tranquillity. The Presbyterian church is of brick, and a handsome building; an Episcopal and Mariner's Church, and a new catholic place of worship are the remaining conspicuous religious edifices. The French Theatre externally is by no means handsome, though the interior is ornamental. The American Theatre is in better taste. The prison frowns like a building of the inquisition upon the passer by. A charity hospital, particularly necessary in this city of strangers, has probably sheltered more miserable objects than any other in our country.

The college is well endowed, but not yet eminent for its learning. A convent of Ursuline nuns, receives day scholars and boarders for the rudiments of learning. The Female Orphan Asylum, and one for boys endowed by the benevolent Poydras, and several other respectable charities, prove that the better feelings of our nature are not neglected. A Library for the poorer classes has recently been opened, but very little attention is yet given to literature, New Orleans being a place to "stop in," and make money, to be spent, if life is spared, in more congenial spots. The Northern visiter is at first shocked to see so little observance of the Sabbath; the theatres are open in the evening of that day, many stores make their usual display, and a bull fight in the afternoon was till lately a common pastime, while billiards, and cards were played as usual. The French population, probably yet predominates over the American, and one half of the residents are black or coloured, exhibiting every contrast of manners, complexion, habits and disposition; the French displaying their usual fondness for gayety, balls and spectacles. Much gambling is allowed by law in licensed houses paying a large tax to the corporation. There are often five or six thousand boatmen here from the upper country, and it is by no means uncommon to see fifty vessels advertised for European ports at one time. In the months of February and March no place in the Union exhibits a greater amount of business and activity. Twelve millions of dollars has been estimated as the amount of its annual domestic exports, among the greatest items of which are cotton, sugar, and tobacco.

Notwithstanding its reputation of being unhealthy, this great emporium of the West is increasing very rapidly, and its banking capital is commensurate with the demands of its extended and increasing commerce. Though vessels are departing so frequently for all parts of the world, so great is the quantity of produce constantly arriving, that the market is sometimes glutted with particular articles, and corn, pork, potatoes and flour are sometimes so cheap, as scarcely to pay the cost of bringing them down the river. The census of 1830 gives this city a population of 48,456 inhabitants, which has most probably by this time extended to 50,000. In the business periods ten thousand strangers would be a fair calculation as the number who throng the numerous boarding houses, lodging houses and hotels. The moral effect of a visit, to the young men of the West is not of the most advantageous character. Many a father who entrusted his son with the product of a year's labour to

Written for the Casket.

vend in New Orleans, has seen him return stripped to his last suit by the sharpers and loose characters, and many have never been able to reclaim them from the seductive haunts of vice which they here are tempted with. But there is little doubt that the habits of the people are gradually undergoing a favourable change, and it is of vast importance to the whole valley of the Mississippi, that this city should be enlightened, moral and religious. On the whole, the morals of the inhabitants who pretend to any degree of self respect, are not behind those of any city in the Union.

Donaldsonville, 90 miles above New Orleans, has a number of respectable houses, and is now the political capital. Baton Rouge is fifty miles higher up, pleasantly situated on a bluff, 30 or 40 feet above high water mark. The United States barracks here are very handsome and commodious. St. Francisville is a large village, on a bluff 160 miles above New Orleans. Madisonville is a small town near lake Ponchartrain; Alexandria, on Red River, 70 miles from the Mississippi is central to the rich cotton planting country of that stream, and its tributaries; it has a bank, and the usual variety of professions of our eastern villages. Vast quantities of cotton are exported from this place. Natchitoches is 80 miles above, and the last town of any size, towards the South Western frontier of the Union. It is the centre of the Spanish trade into the interior of the Mexican States, and the great thoroughfare for travellers. It is at the head of steam-boat navigation, and a growing place, which will probably become some day the largest town of the interior. The houses constructed an hundred years ago, present a fair sample of a Spanish town, and many Spaniards still remain here.

Some attention has been paid to internal improvements, but our limits do not permit our noticing them particularly. The country being level, the roads are generally good. Ample and munificent appropriations have been made to the advancement of common school education, and social libraries are introduced into many of the villages. The Catholic is the predominant religion, but there is probably less public worship than in any other of our States. There is said to be but one Presbyterian church in Louisiana. The Baptists and Methodists are increasing and zealous.

HEAT BY FIRE.—The first important discovery of mankind seems to have been that of fire. For many ages it is probable fire was esteemed a dangerous enemy, known only by its dreadful devastations; and that many lives must have been lost, and many dangerous burns and wounds must have afflicted those who first dared to subject it to the uses of life. It is said that the tall monkeys of Borneo and Sumatra lie down with pleasure round any accidental fire in the woods; and are arrived to that degree of reason, that knowledge of causation, that they thrust into the remaining fire the half-burnt ends of the branches to prevent its going out. One of the nobles of the cultivated people of Otaheite, when Captain Cook treated them with tea, caught the boiling water in his hand from the cock of the tea-urn and belched with pain, not conceiving that water could become hot like fire.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

"My birthplace—oh, my birthplace,
The house beneath the hill."
My birthday—oh, my birthday,
Thou little toy of time;
Thou comest on the spring's soft wind,
In lovely April's prime,
Thy chaplet, deep blue violets,
And fragrant mountain thyme.
Thou comest with the loveliest
And fairest things of earth,
With springing flowers and waterfalls,
And birds in gayest mirth;
And there is many a lighter love,
That wakens with thy birth.
Ah, fondly I remember,
In childhood's gladsome way,
How long I looked thy coming morn,
And watched thee glide away;
And, oh, I loved thee better far,
Than summer's mildest day.
And still I hail my birthday,
With a light and bounding heart,
And sigh and weep its close away,
So loth with it to part;
And with the soft imaginings,
Its tender hours impart.
It brings a clustered feeling,
As numbering up my years,
And tells me of my childhood gone—
Its mirth, its hope, its fears;
And makes me dream the future o'er,
Till joy dissolves to tears.
My birthday—oh, my birthday,
The tenderest ties are thine—
Thou always comest the same to me,
Like Asia's fabled vine;
The only thing unchanging, too,
Of all that erst was mine.

HAPPINESS.

Original.

And what is happiness? Is it a ray,
Bright as the sun's, that gilds the early day,
When rising in his light, he rides on high,
Amidst the blushes of the eastern sky?
What is it like? Has it a shape or form
Pure as the dew that rests upon the morn?
Or, is it like the blossoms of the spring,
Fann'd by the ever restless zephyr's wing;
And like them too, so transient and so sweet,
And yet so delicate, they cannot meet
One single glance from summer's vivid eye,
But all their loveliness must fade and die?
So happiness, like some bless'd vision, plays,
And strews her roses o'er our youthful days,
Yet fades as soon—and oft through life we find,
'Tis but a glowing picture of the mind.

CORDELIA.

LONDON.

The subjoined picture of modern London, is from a late number of the *Morning Chronicle*, of that city, and will be perused with interest:—

“When a stranger from the provinces visits London for the first time, he finds a vast deal to astonish him, which he had not previously calculated upon. Before he sees it, he has formed his own ideas of its appearance, character, and extent; but his conceptions, though grand, are not accurate; so that, when he actually arrives within its precincts—when he is driven for the first time from the Exchange to Charing-cross—he is generally a good deal amazed, and, in no small degree, stupefied. London can neither be rightly described as a town, nor as a city: it is a nation; a kingdom in itself. Its wealth is that of half of the world, and its amount of population that of some second rate countries. Its conventional system of society, by which the human being is rounded down like a pebble in a rapid river, and its peculiarities of different kinds, mark it as quite an anomaly; something to which the topographer can assign no proper title. London was originally a town on its own account. It is now composed of the cities of London and Westminster—the latter having once been a seat of population on its western confines—besides a number of villages, formerly at a distance from it in different directions, but now ingrossed within its bounds, and only known by the streets to which they have communicated their appellations. All now form one huge town in a connected mass, and are lost in the common name of London. By its extensions in this manner, London now measures seven and a half miles in length from east to west, by a breadth of five miles from north to south. Its circumference, allowing for various inequalities, is estimated at thirty miles, while the area of ground it covers is considered to measure no less than eighteen miles square.

“The increase of London has been particularly favoured by the nature of its site. It stands at the distance of sixty miles from the sea, on the north bank of the Thames, on ground rising very gently towards the north; and so even and regular in outline, that among the streets, with few exceptions, the ground seems perfectly flat. On the south bank of the river the ground is quite level; and on all sides the country appears very little diversified with hills, or anything to interrupt the extension of the buildings. The Thames, which is the source of greatness and wealth to the metropolis, is an object which generally excites a great deal of interest among strangers. It is a placid, majestic stream of pure water, rising in the interior of the country, at the distance of a hundred and thirty-eight miles above London, and entering the sea on the east coast about sixty miles below it. It comes flowing between low and fertile banks, out of a richly ornamented country on the west, and, arriving at the outmost houses of the metropolis, a short way above Westminster Abbey, it pursues a winding course between banks thickly clad with dwelling-houses, manufactories, and wharfs, for eight or nine miles, its breadth being here from a third to a quarter of a mile. The tides affect it for fifteen or sixteen miles above the

city; but the salt water comes no farther than thirty miles below it. However, such is the volume and depth of water, that vessels of seven or eight hundred tons reach the city on its eastern quarter. Most unfortunately, the beauty of this exceedingly useful and fine stream is much hid from the spectator, there being no quays or promenades along its banks, as is the case with the Liffey, at Dublin. With the exception of the summit of St. Paul's, the only good points of sight for the river are the bridges, which cross it at convenient distances, and, by their length, convey an accurate idea of the breadth of the channel. During fine weather, the river is covered with numerous barges or boats of fanciful and light fabric, suitable for quick rowing; and by means of these pleasant conveyances, the Thames forms one of the chief thoroughfares.

“London consists of an apparently interminable series of streets, composed of brick houses, which are commonly four stories in height, and never less than three. The London houses are not by any means elegant in their appearance; they have, for the most part, a dingy ancient aspect; and it is only in the western part of the metropolis that they assume any thing like a superb outline. Even at the best, they have a meanness of look in comparison with houses of polished white freestone, which is hardly surmounted by all the efforts of art and the daubings of plaster and stucco. The greater proportion of the dwellings are small. They are mere slips of buildings, containing, in most instances, only two small rooms on the floor, one behind the other, often with a wide door of communication between, and a wooden stair, with balustrades, from bottom to top of the house. It is only in the more fashionable districts of the town that the houses have sunk areas with railings; in all the business parts they stand close upon the pavements, so that trade may be conducted with the utmost facility and convenience.

“The lightness of the fabric of the London houses affords an opportunity for opening up the ground stories as shops and warehouses. Where retail businesses are carried on, the whole of the lower part of the of the edifice in front is door and window, adapted to show goods to the best advantage to the passengers. The London shops seem to throw themselves into the wide expansive windows, and these, of all diversities of size and decoration, transfix the provincial with their charms. The exhibition of goods in the London shop-windows is one of the greatest wonders of the place. Every thing which the appetite can suggest, or the fancy imagine, would appear there to be congregated. In every other city there is an evident meagreness in the quantity and assortments. But here there is the most remarkable abundance, and that not in isolated spots, but along the sides of thoroughfares, miles in length. In whatever way you turn your eyes, this extraordinary amount of mercantile wealth is strikingly observable; if you even penetrate into an alley, or what you think an obscure court, there you see it in full force, and on a greater scale than in any provincial town whatsoever. It is equally obvious to the stranger, that there is here a dreadful struggle for business. Every species of lure is tried to induce

purchases, and modesty is quite lost sight of. A tradesman will cover the whole front of his house with a sign, whose gaudy and huge characters might be read, without the aid of a glass, at a mile's distance. He will cover the town with a shower of coloured bills, descriptive of the extraordinary excellence and cheapness of his wares, each measuring half a dozen feet square, and to make them more conspicuous, will plaster them on the very chimney-tops, or, what appears a very favourite situation, the summit of the gable of a house destroyed by fire, or any other calamity calculated to attract a mob. In short, there is no end to the ways and means of the London tradesmen. Their ingenuity is racked to devise schemes for attracting attention, and their politeness and sauvoy of manner exceeds almost what could be imagined. Yet it is all surface work. Their civility is only a thin veneering on the natural character; after pocketing your money, they perhaps care not though you were carried in an hour hence to the gallows. But why should we expect any thing else? It would be too much for human nature. The struggle which takes place for subsistence in London is particularly observable in the minute classification of trades, and in the inventive faculty and activity in individuals in the lower ranks. Money is put in circulation through the meanest channels. Nothing is to be had for nothing. You can hardly ask a question without paying for an answer. The paltriest service which can be rendered is a subject of exaction. The shutting of a coach-door will cost you two pence; some needy wretch always rising up, as if by magic, out of the street, to do you this kind turn. An amusing instance of this excess of refinement in the division of labour, is found in the men who sweep the crossing places from the end of one street to another. These crossings are a sort of hereditary property to certain individuals. A man, having a good deal the air of a mendicant, stands with his broom, and keeps the passage clear, for exercising which public duty, the hat is touched, and a hint as to payment muttered, which, in many cases, meets with attention, for there are a number of good souls who never miss paying Jack for his trouble.—We happen to know a gentleman who never passes one of these street-sweepers without laying a contribution into the extended and capacious hat.

"The constant thoroughfare on the pavements of the city always forms a subject of wonder and curiosity to the stranger. When the town is at the fullest in winter and spring, the pavement is choked with passengers, all floating rapidly on in streams in different directions, yet avoiding any approach to confusion, and in general each rounding any difficult obstruction in the way, with a delicacy and tact no where else to be met with. Many of the strangers who arrive in London from the country are possessed with dreadful notions of the dangers to be encountered in all directions when walking along the streets. In their youth they have carefully perused a tattered copy of "Barrington's New London Spy," a work which, as a matter of course, horrified them with accounts of ring-droppers, cut-purses, foot pads, and others, who subsist on way-laying

simple passengers. Before they leave home, they sew up their money in the linings of their clothes, and resolve never to show more than six-pence at a time—in public. They also determine to have all their eyes about them where-soever they go, and make up their minds never to appear astonished at any thing, lest they be singled out for robbery, and perhaps murder.—Catch them, if you can, going any way but in the main lines of the street; the Strand and Fleet street are their regular beat, and they would as soon think of crossing the deck of a line of battle ship in the time of action, as venture through any of the narrow streets or short cuts. No, no; they know better than to do that.

Strangers make a serious miscalculation when they imagine that they are to be annoyed or plundered in the streets of London. These streets are now as well regulated as those of any town in the empire, if not better, and no one is liable to interruption or spoliation unless he court the haunts of vice, or remain out at improper hours. You may at all times of the day walk along without suffering the slightest molestation. Nobody will know that you are there.—In the midst of dense moving crowds, you are as much a solitary as in a desert. You are but an atom in a heap; a grain of sand on the sea shore. It is this perfect seclusion that forms one of the chief charms of a metropolitan life. You depart from a retired part of the country where you cannot stir out unobserved, and, plunging into this overgrown mass of humanity, you there live and die unobserved and uncared for.

For the Casket.

NIGHT—A Fragment.

Dark through the sky with shadowy wings
Mysterious night her curtain flings,
And pours her shades of sombre hue,
O'er earth's green bosom gemm'd with dew.
Now groves and vales in silence sleep,
And faintly gleams each dewy steep;
Till bright in heaven, enthron'd on high,
Mild Cynthia through the clear blue sky
Her rays of silver lustre shows,
And o'er the sylvan landscape glows;
While Philomel, in softest strains,
Still to the ear of night complains,
And swells her wildly warbled song,
Whose dying falls the gales prolong.

Deep whispering through the forest shade,
(A wild retreat, for melancholy made),
The breeze of night, in solemn sound
Of mystic murmurs, sighs around.
The scene how sweet! how mild! how bright!
Soft sleeping in the tender light,
By Cynthia's beams of silver shed
Upon the mountain's lofty head;
While bright the trembling radiance plays
Upon the stream that trickling lays,
And shifting still, reflects the rays.

E.

Every man ought to endeavour at emminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity.

Written for the Casket.

CONSTANCY.

"The perfection of love is constancy."

George Williams was the only son of a wealthy citizen, who resided in one of our southern towns, no matter which. His grandfather an Englishman, had amassed a large fortune in this country, the whole of which his father inherited, and with it too, that haughty spirit, so predominant in John Bull and the most of his descendants. George, however, had the good fortune to fall heir to all his mother's virtues, and but just so much of his father's foibles, as enabled him to glide through the world with dignity and honor to himself, without, at the same time, beholding contemptuously the pretensions of others. Thus he became one of the most beloved and popular among his fellow citizens, while his father, in the buckram pride of his ancestors, presented a formidable barrier against the approaches of aught in the form of good feeling or friendship.

Early in life, George formed an attachment for a lady with whom he became acquainted during a summer excursion for pleasure.

Esther, for that was her name, was beautiful beyond description; the graces of her person being surpassed by none but those of her mind. She was accompanied, when George first beheld her, by her stepfather, Mr. Morgan, who, after the death of her mother, had reared her as tenderly as the fondest parents could have done. Besides a considerable fortune of her own, she was also the presumptive heiress of Mr. M.'s large estate; he having no children.

Their "home" was on the banks of the Roanoke, in a somewhat retired part of the country. With a view of obtaining for Esther, some knowledge of the fashionable world, Mr. Morgan spent most of his summers in travelling; Saratoga, Ballston, and the Highlands, were all visited in their turn; and in the course of their trips, it may be supposed that Esther formed many acquaintances, anxious to ingratiate themselves with an heiress so lovely.

Of this class, George Williams was perhaps the most devoted; be that as it may, he was certainly the most favored. Attracted by her beauty, on their first meeting at Saratoga, George had sought her acquaintance merely for the gratification of an idle curiosity, and the whiling away a few idle moments. But worth and beauty, such as Esther's, served for other purposes than these. Her chaste conversation and the dignified reserve of her manner, possessed a charm that George had never before experienced, and which he had neither the power nor the wish to resist. By means within the ken of those alone who love, he contrived through the summer to accompany them from place to place, until on the approach of the fall, he found himself seated beside the beautiful waters of the Roanoke, the declared lover of Esther, and his addresses sanctioned by Mr. Morgan.

Immediately after gaining an assurance of her regard, George addressed his father in a long epistle on the subject. The only reply which Mr. Williams deigned to make to this

communication, was to request his son's immediate return home on business of importance.

On the evening previous to his intended departure, George, with a volume of "Ivanhoe" in his hand, was conversing with Esther, on the beauty of that passage, in which a description is given of the interview between Du Bois Gilbert and Rebecca, in prison. "Indeed," said he, "I have ever thought the Jews a slandered race; and Christians are apt to forget, that in the rigor of persecution, they forfeit themselves all claim to that title, the lack of which is all that they can charge to the unoffending Israelite."

"Yes," replied Esther, "my nation are truly an unfortunate people; but in this happy country, where all religions are tolerated, I rejoice that many of them have been thought worthy to occupy offices of both honor and profit."

George was amazed! but doubting the evidence of his senses, he immediately replied, "True, but why honor them with the term *your nation*? You, certainly, do not belong to them."

For a moment Esther's countenance assumed the lily's hue, but it was as quickly supplanted by the blush of the rose; and in a voice which she intended should be firm, but whose tones were rendered faint by emotion, she murmured, "Mr. Williams, have you yet to learn that I am a Jewess? If so, better perhaps that we had never met!"

Had George been more of a Christian himself, or less in love, we are prepared to deny the fact, that this declaration might have wrought some change in his views; but certain it is, that in the actual state of the case, he did not betray any extraordinary emotion. But gently leading Esther to the seat which she had quitted, he explored her never again to use the cruel expression with which she concluded; but to explain the mystery involved in her words.

Somewhat reassured, she continued—"My parents were both Jews, but after the death of my father, my mother became a convert to the doctrines of Christianity; after which, she married my present guardian and protector. I, of course, shall ever be considered a Jewess—unless indeed I publicly recant the faith in which I was born. This I shall never do. But,"—and here, conscious of the integrity which prompted the declaration, Esther's voice had regained all its usual fullness and melody—"if this discovery has made the least alteration in your sentiments, I freely absolve you from all engagements whatever."

George gazed in admiration, while she spoke. He had never beheld her so interesting; notwithstanding the calmness of her manner, her almost tearful eye, and the earnest expression of her countenance, betrayed too well the struggle within. "And can I," thought he, "sacrifice so much loveliness to a mere illiberal prejudice? Never!" Then turning to her, "Esther," said he, solemnly, "do you doubt my affection? But no: I see in your speaking eye, that you do not. Here, then, let me renew my vows of affection, and nought shall ever create in me a wavering sentiment. To-morrow I leave you; then, dearest girl, before we part, oh say once more, that you will be mine."

Esther blushed deeply, but her feelings would not permit her to deny him this assurance; and she remained the betrothed of George Williams.

Immediately after the receipt of George's letter, conveying the intelligence of his affection for Esther, Mr. Williams had written to a friend in Virginia, for information respecting her; and on ascertaining that she was a Jewess, he refused to hearken to any other consideration—for this, in his estimation, overbalanced all others: and on his return home, George soon ascertained that the important business upon which his father required his presence, was neither more nor less than a proposed matrimonial alliance with a lady of large fortune in his native place. To this he had but one reply to make—that the state of his heart and the nature of his engagements both forbade his entering into the scheme.

Exasperated by the firmness of this reply, and provoked beyond endurance at George's having presumed to form an engagement of this nature, without first consulting his wishes, his father addressed him sternly, "Look you, George Williams, if you are resolved to marry this girl in the face of my eternal displeasure then do so. But mark my words, sir, no cent of mine shall ever enrich the descendant of a cursed Jew, whose very God is gold. No: in the day—yea, in the very hour—that you marry a Jewess, every inch of my possessions shall be brought to the hammer, and with their proceeds I shall seek, an exile in a foreign land, the home of which your disobedience has deprived me in this. I would sooner close your eyes in death, and die myself, with the knowledge that I was the last of my name and race, than witness their eternal and irretrievable disgrace, in your alliance with the offspring of a wretched and despicable Jew."

It was well for George that he possessed a serenity of temper, not to be disturbed by trifles; and that in extraordinary cases such as this, the sacred name of father was a charm against wrath. His feelings were touched: but still he felt himself grossly insulted, and it was in the spirit of his outraged affection for Esther, that he mildly but firmly replied—that be the consequences what they might, he was resolved to marry her; that as to his father's leaving the country, he thought, upon reflection, he would find the United States large enough to contain them both, without inconvenience to either: and in regard to money, the lady whom he expected to marry possessed sufficient for both.

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Williams, and raising his hands in unaffected amazement, he exclaimed, as in soliloquy—"the boy is mad; absolutely lost his reason! A Jew have money sufficient! Good Lord, was any thing so absurd ever uttered before." Then turning to his son, he repeated—"A Jew have money sufficient! I tell you, child, the thing is impossible. Their insatiate avarice can never be satisfied. No: if they possessed the wealth of the whole world, they would, like Alexander, sigh for more. But you do not believe my words; then try them—put them to them to the test, and see if they do not prove true. Try even this, your paragon of excellence, and behold how soon her Jewish principle will betray itself. Write to

her—tell her that you are a penniless dog, and then see how quickly her boasted magnanimity shall evaporate." This idea was too much for George, and hastily turning on his heel he left the room.

He immediately acquainted Esther, as mildly as possible, with his father's determined hostility to their union: but he ventured to express a hope, that a little delay in the accomplishment of their wishes, might perhaps have a favorable effect. He concluded, however, by declaring that his own resolution was irrevocably fixed.

Esther's reply soon arrived; George opened it eagerly, and read as follows:—"George Williams, farewell for ever! That I love you devotedly, I will not deny; but we must never marry. I see, like the rest of my unhappy race, I am doomed to misfortune. Then be it so; but never shall my last moments be embittered by the thought of having provoked, on your unoffending head, a father's curse! May the God of Jew and Gentile preserve you from such a calamity. Again I say—farewell for ever!"

George was silent with emotion. He could not, for all the wealth his father owned, have given him any knowledge of this epistle, for he was too well aware of the construction that would be placed upon its contents. To his unprejudiced mind, however, her magnanimity of soul, which scorned to purchase happiness at the price of his father's misery, together with that abhorrence of the parental curse, so characteristic of the Jewish nation, immediately presented themselves as the redeeming motives by which she was actuated. Indeed it is to this trait in the character of that people, that we may in a great measure attribute the seldom occurrence of apostasy among them. For a denial of that faith, in which their fathers were content to rely for salvation, conveys to their excessive filial reverence an idea so sacrilegious, that it is contemplated with a horror little short of that with which the Christian revolts from the perpetration of actual crime.

But lest the reader, influenced in some degree by Mr. Williams's opinion, should scan Esther's epistle with an eye less generous than that of her lover, we proceed to inform him—that Mr. Williams had written to his friend in Virginia, in terms so offensive towards her, that he, being also the friend of Mr. Morgan, took the liberty of declaring, that he valued Esther's worth too highly to permit her entrance into the family of any man so insensible to her merits, without making an effort to prevent it: and that Mr. Morgan immediately acquainted Esther with this conversation, upon which, with a spirit equal to that of Mr. Williams himself, she penned the reply to George, which we have just read.

After this event, Mr. Morgan fearing that Esther's spirits might become a prey to melancholy, and concluding that change of scene would be serviceable, sold all his possessions in Virginia, and removed to Philadelphia; soon after which he fell a victim to a bilious attack.

In the meantime George signified to his father that he had resigned all hopes of marrying Esther, but begged to be excused, for the present, from forming any other connexion. To this he

readily agreed, and in about two years after expired, blessing George with his last breath, and leaving him heir to his immense possessions.

The tone of Esther's epistle had been too decisive for George to make any further appeal, during his father's life: yet he had never proved false for a moment. He had not heard from her since that time, and did not even know that she was living: but soon as he had settled his father's affairs, inspired by hope, he set out once more for the banks of the Roanoke—the scene of all the earthly happiness he had ever enjoyed. On arriving there, what was his dismay at learning that Esther was gone, Mr. Morgan no more, and his informant even added, that he had heard Esther was married, "how true it was, he could not tell."

With drooping spirits, and an almost despairing heart, George proceeded to Philadelphia, determined to behold Esther as a wife, and convince himself that she was beyond his reach; and then, perhaps, he might feel more at ease. After attending all places of resort, where he thought it probable they might meet, in vain, and having no clue by which to discover her residence, he was about to depart without having obtained his object; when loitering past a large fancy store, one afternoon, his attention was attracted by a beautiful child, in the arms of its nurse: and on looking in, he beheld a gentleman and lady in the act of making some purchases; just at that moment, the latter turned her head—gracious heavens! it was Esther!—Esther, in all her loveliness—for, to his enraptured eyes, she looked more beautiful than ever. His most grievous suspicions were now confirmed, she was married; the child he had carressed was hers; and oh! cursed thought, there stood his happy rival. George sickened at the sight! Here, then, was the funeral pile of his long cherished hopes! The only charm which had given zest to existence, was in a moment snatched from him! And all the tender associations, which thoughts of Esther never failed to inspire, fled before the sad reality. Deeply wounded in spirit, he sought refuge from their view, in an adjoining building. From thence he beheld Esther handed into an elegant carriage, at the door, the gentleman seating himself beside her. And to place the truth beyond all controversy, making some pretence to enter the store they had just left, he inquired, (assuming an air of indifference,) who that gentleman and lady were, and was immediately informed that they were—Mr. and Mrs. Desorbry.

George returned to his lodgings, with feelings similar to those of the mariner, who, dashed on some barren strand, beholds from thence the shipwreck of all his earthly possessions; and tossing himself upon his couch, he spent the night in bitter and unavailing regret, alternately accusing himself and Esther, till morning's dawn, when nature, exhausted, sunk to repose. It was late when he awoke, and the first idea that presented itself to his mind, was in the form of a wish to see Esther. "I will behold her for the last time," said he, as he walked towards the street in which he had seen her alight from the carriage, the evening before. Mr. Desorbry was in the act of leaving the

house. Surely, thought he, fortune favors my design; and lest his feelings should shrink from the task, he hastily raised the knocker, and was ushered by the servant who answered his call, into a splendid drawing room. He inquired, "Is Mrs. Desorbry at home?" The servant answered in the affirmative, and left him to his meditations. George trembled with emotion; his heart throbbed audibly. Presently he heard a quick, light step, descending the stairs—in a moment it was at the landing. Hastily rising from his seat, which the tumult of his feelings would not allow him to retain, George advanced to the door—it opened, and an elegant female stood before him—but it was not Esther. Surprised at the unexpected appearance of a stranger, he stammered forth something like an apology for a mistake—what kind he did not rightly know himself. "He had asked," he said, "for Mrs. Desorbry."

"Well, sir," said she, "I am that lady."

Bewildered with joy, and almost frantic with the sudden revival of hope which these words had inspired, and entirely heedless what impression the singularity of his manners might make, he exclaimed—"And was not the lady whom I saw yesterday with Mr. Desorbry, his wife?"

"No, sir," said the lady, with a smile—for she immediately discovered that there was something more in all this than met her eye—"That lady was my cousin." Then touching a bell, requested the servant who made his appearance, to solicit her cousin Esther's attendance, who, in the midst of George's evident confusion, entered.

Think not, gentle reader, that we are about to inundate you with sighs, tears, volatile salts and essences. No: for I assure you, Esther did not faint; that she was deeply agitated, we will not pretend to deny—for her lovely dark eyes were suffused with a soft dewy moisture, not unlike to tears, and her beautiful countenance mantled with blushes. George led her to a seat—Mrs. Desorbry vanished—and they were alone.

There is in the perfection of music, a melody, of painting a softness, and of eloquence a charm, which laugh at description. So, too, among the emotions of the heart, are some too exquisite to define, and of which imagination alone is capable of imparting any idea. We shall, therefore, leave it to the reader to conceive the mutual happiness of George and Esther on this occasion.

They were married in the course of a fortnight; and Esther affords a convincing proof that virtue—like its opposite, vice—is confined to no particular sect; and that she is as often found to exist in her loveliest guise among the exiled Jews, as in any other of the human race.

Camden, S. C.

F. N.

MEMORY.—Men often complain of short memories—yet how seldom do they forget the slightest circumstance or the slightest injury?

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

Written for the Casket.

THE MINISINK.

A placid forest glade I tread,
Beneath this blue autumnal sky,
Where daring courage nobly bled,
Scorning to yield, yet doomed to die!
Although on history's scroll of fame
The memory of this fight is not,
Although no laurel'd warrior's name
Embalms this sylvan spot,
Yet here were deeds perform'd, as bright
As ever blaz'd in glory's light.

Remote and lovely is the scene,
With scatter'd tree and thicket green;
Bounding like thought, yon timid deer
Speeds from the forest's skirt of gloom,
And in the streamlet's mirror clear

The red bird laves his crimson plume;
The insect carols in the grass—
The bee darts by me as I pass.

But what, beneath that laurel bower,
Is glistening in the sun?
A relic of some bloody hour—
It is a skeleton!

The green fern waves around it now,
The wild flower wreathes its bony brow,
It lies upon its grassy bier,
To show what once was acted here.

Long had the fields, with slaughter red,
The village strewn mid blood and flame,
Proclaim'd upon its path of dread,
Where Indian vengeance came.
Oft in the midnight's silence deep
Did the shrill warwhoop startle sleep,
Until the boldest quail'd to mark,
Wrapp'd round the woods, its mantle dark.

At length arose a gallant band,
Burning with courage strong and high,
Determin'd for their forest land
To conquer or to die.

On the trail'd footsteps of the foe
They trod with hope's exulting glow;
Sabre bared and bayonet bright,
Flash'd in dazling lines of light;

And the shout and the laughter of light hearted glee,
On the soft summer air echo'd loudly and free!

Hark! is that a panther's yell,
Pealing from yon tangled dell?
Again—and bursting wild and keen,
Warwhoop on warwhoop woke the scene.
Clouds of dark forms from ambush started,
And to their work of slaughter darted;
Short was the murderous strife, for there
Was valor weaken'd by despair.

Eye to eye and hand to hand,
Fought that small determin'd band;
Vainly to breast the shock they stood,
'Twas but to perish in their blood;
In vain each musket's every flash
Scorch'd eagle plume and wampum sash;
Like the ripe corn the sickle reaps,
Down, down they fell in gory heaps;
And scatter'd on the glade were cast,

Like the leaves of the forest when strewn by the blast.

'Twas night: and the wolf from his cavern came,
And growl'd as he fed on each mangled frame;
The vulture bent from the air his flight,
To feast on the relics that met his sight.
But the Indian's form was seen no more,
His hour of vengeance and blood was o'er;
And many a home was made desolate,
Green Minisink! by thy children's fate!

TOBACCO PLANT IN FLOWER.



The plant represented in the accompanying picture, is so well known and enjoyed, in all quarters of the civilized world, that a description would seem unnecessary; but of the millions who make use of it, what great numbers are ignorant of its origin and progress into general use—its qualities, and the difficulties which beset the early attempts to make it prevalent?

It may certainly be called a matter of astonishment, that a "nauseous and poisonous weed, of an acrid taste, and disagreeable odour, whose only properties are deleterious," should have been so long considered an indispensable comfort, and eagerly sought for among all nations. Such, however, is the fact, and a plant that can work such wonders, deserves a history.

The growth of Tobacco, (*Nicotiana tabacum*) dates as far into the past, as the discovery of America by Columbus, at which time, it was used as a sort of offering, in the religious ceremonies of the Indians.—Its introduction into the eastern continent was every where persecuted and ridiculed. Numerous books were written against it; one by a monarch, James I. It was opposed by Pope Urban VIII. who excommunicated those who used it; in Transylvania, by the Grand Duke of Moscow and the king of Persia, it was denied to the people, by the severest penalties.—Nevertheless, it grew mightily; and now all the sovereigns of Europe, and most of those of other parts of the world, derive a considerable part of their revenue from tobacco. The name of the plant is believed, by Humboldt, to have been derived from the term used in the Haytian language to designate the pipe or instrument, employed by the natives in smoking the herb. Of the different kinds of snuff and the fragrant segars,

into which this weed can be turned, we have not room at present to speak.

Tobacco is extensively cultivated in France and other European countries, in the Levant and India; but the tobacco of the United States is considered decidedly superior to most others, being much more highly flavoured than that of Europe. Of 22,400,000 pounds of unmanufactured tobacco imported into England in 1829, 21,751,600 pounds were from the United States. The yearly value of the tobacco exported from this country amounts to about 5,000,000 dollars. The tobacco of Cuba is preferred for smoking.

CHEMISTRY.

CHALK is easily pulverized. When in powder, it is readily mixed with flour. If sulphuric acid or strong vinegar be poured upon chalk, it produces an effervescence as it is termed. By this process the chalk is divided and mixed with another substance. But the first process of dividing or pulverizing is mechanical. The second process, which separates the lime in the chalk from the carbonic acid, and combines it with sulphuric acid, and is chemical.

By a file grindstone, copper may be reduced to fine dust, so that it may be diffused through a large quantity of dust of some other kind. If nitric acid (*aqua fortis*) be poured upon copper, it divides it so minutely, that a piece not larger than a pea can be diffused through a hoghead of water, so as to give it a blue color. The filing or grinding copper is a mechanical process; dissolving it in nitric acid is a chemical process.

When the tanner lays down his hides in bark till the two substances combine so as to form leather, he performs a chemical process. When the saddler or shoemaker unites the leather, cloth, thread; &c. he performs a mechanical process.

When by the aid of potash or soda, the soap-boiler combines oil and water with alkali, he performs a chemical operation.—When he cuts his soap into prisms of a convenient size for handling: he performs a mechanical operation.

When water falls upon the main wheel of a manufactory, and gives it motion, and by it puts in motion thousands of other wheels, spindles, shuttle, spools, &c., it performs a mechanical operation; when water gives up its oxygen to produce iron rust or copperas, sets its hydrogen free to raise a balloon with one or two persons a thousand feet in the air, it performs a chemical operation.

When the atmosphere strikes the sails of a ship, and moves it across the Atlantic, it performs a mechanical operation; when it combines with the blood, and sustains the whole animal kingdom, it performs a chemical operation.

So we see that there is chemical science and mechanical science, and one entirely distinct from the other; though artists frequently resort to both for performing their operations. Nearly all the domestic arts combine chemical and mechanical science. Agriculture is a chemical science and a chemical art. In almost every process the farmer performs, he is dependent upon the laws of chemical science for his success.—The mechanic who makes his plough and wagon, confines his operations principally to mechanical science.

Cookery is a chemical science and a chemical art. The process of making bread is almost wholly chemical. Roasting the beef or turkey, preparing the tea and coffee, and heating in every form, is a chemical process. Every good housekeeper is a good practical chemist, though some may not be free to acknowledge it.

Since all farmers and all house keepers, to say nothing of the tanner, the brewer the tallow-chandler,

the dyer, the painter, and a host of other artists, are wholly dependent upon chemical science, for the success of their operations, it is evident that all who live by eating, are also interested in having a knowledge of it generally diffused. Indeed, there is perhaps no science, which it is more important to have familiar to every man woman and child in the world, than chemistry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

FRIENDSHIP.

"High and precarious are the ties that vice doth bind,
But virtue leaves a lasting friendship in the mind."

Of all the passions that have at different times warmed the human breast, that of friendship is in itself one of the noblest, and originates in the most benevolent and disinterested of sentiments. By friendship is not to be understood that extensive signification, which indiscriminately includes all as friends with whom we are in the habit of intimacy, whether arising from connexion in life, or that attractive impulse which gives us more confidence in the society of some, whose ideas concur with our own in points which are not in themselves virtuous, or which we can freely communicate, than with others, where our inclination is overawed by superior virtue, and with whom we are restrained by the fear of lessening ourselves in their estimation. Although the acknowledgment of a man's possessing some particular vice could not give him friends, still there are not wanting those who would be disposed to judge more favorably of him on that account, from the consciousness of being under the influence of the same bad quality themselves; and who would lay hold of that circumstance to court his acquaintance, that they might have his example to screen them, and be under the less restraint in exercising their own vicious propensity. Those of bad character will naturally flock together, that they may be the less check upon each other. But intimacies formed on such grounds will always be precarious, and easily interrupted; for faith and honor can have little influence where vice is the only cement.

Nothing is consistent with, or in any manner related to friendship, but that which is itself strictly virtuous. A person who, under its title, inspires confidence in the breast of another towards himself, and encourages him to unbosom himself in particulars which are not virtuous, unless he is actuated by the motive of rendering him this important service—of representing to him, in true colours, the pernicious and fatal tendency of suffering such ideas to have a place in his mind, is a secret and most dangerous enemy, who, in the first place, ensnares him by flattering his predominant passion, engages his other faculties by humoring this, lays reason and discretion dormant, and then pursues his advantage by rendering the influence he has obtained over his whole soul, the instrument whereby he strengthens and confirms him in bad habits, and makes immoral thoughts familiar to his mind; thereby destroying the spring of the sensibility, which alone can guard him from the encroachments of evil. Thus the name of friendship is only assumed as a disguise to cover vice, and its sacred purity violated for the worst of purposes.

In a virtuous mind, such actions of another as come within the circuit of his observation, and which are the result of sentiments conformable with his own, will strike an impression which, in the course of intimacy, will rise to esteem. On the basis of a mutual esteem of this kind, real friendship is founded. It is that benevolent sentiment which springs up in our breast at viewing good actions in others; it is that tribute of respect and admiration which carries its own proof, that we are actuated by the same generous motives, and it seldom fails of procuring us with others the same esteem and good will which we ourselves feel. The same virtue that we respect in others, will in ourselves be respected. Thus esteem unites us in the close bonds of friendship. It is this which raises the human character so high above the level of the inferior creation; it is the result of the proper exercise of those superior intellects with which man is endowed, which teach him to discriminate between the different motives that produce other's actions, and upon this observation is grounded that sentiment, which is of such great importance to the law of life, and which adds such a value to its enjoyments.

And but for this principle of humanity, what were the satisfaction of life? Were the favors that we mutually bestow on each other to be portioned out only according to the interest we have at stake, or the advantage accruing to ourselves from conferring them, what confidence could we have in each other? What certain rule could be drawn to guard us against treachery? But it is the sentiment of friendship which interests us for the welfare of others, when we ourselves have not the least expectation of advantage, which makes us as sincere in promoting the success of our friends as our own, and which gives us the inclination not only of watching for the personal safety, but of apprising him of his danger when he tends towards any particular vice; and on the recurrence of the desire in him, to give it salutary check, which each time will lesson its impulse, and perhaps at last entirely extinguish it.

"A friend is our chief enjoyment in the days of prosperity, and in adversity our sweetest consolation."

Philadelphia, 1833.

BARRETT.

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

David Morgan, a relation of the celebrated General Daniel Morgan, had settled upon the Monongahela, during the earlier period of the revolutionary war, at this time had ventured to occupy a cabin at the distance of several miles from any settlement. One morning in May, 1781, having sent his youngest children out to a field at a considerable distance from the house, he became uneasy about them, and repaired to the spot where they were working, armed as usual with a good rifle. While sitting upon the fence, and giving some directions as to their work, he observed two Indians upon the other side of the field, gazing earnestly upon the party.—He instantly called to the children to make their escape, while he should attempt to cover their retreat. The odds were greatly against him, as in addition to other circumstances, he was nearly se-

venty years of age, and of course unable to contend with his enemies in running. The house was more than a mile distant, but the children, having two hundred yards the start, and being effectually covered by their father, were soon so far in front, that the Indians turned their attention entirely to the old man. He ran for several hundred yards with an activity which astonished himself, but perceiving that he would be overtaken, he fairly turned at bay and prepared for a strenuous resistance. The woods through which they were running were very thin, and consisted almost entirely of small trees, behind which it was difficult to obtain proper shelter. When Morgan adopted the above mentioned resolution, he had just passed a large walnut tree, which stood like a patriarch among the saplings which surrounded it, and it became necessary to run back about ten steps in order to regain it. The Indians became startled at the sudden advance of the fugitive, and were compelled to halt among a cluster of saplings, where they anxiously strove to shelter themselves. This, however, was impossible, and Morgan, who was an excellent marksman, saw enough of one of them to justify him in risking a shot. His enemy instantly fell, mortally wounded. The other Indian, taking advantage of Morgan's empty gun, sprung from his shelter and advanced rapidly. The man having no time to reload his gun, was compelled to fly a second time. The Indian gained rapidly upon him, and when within twenty steps fired, but with so unsteady an aim, that Morgan struck with the butt of his gun, and the Indian whirled his tomahawk at one and the same moment. Both blows took effect—and both were at once wounded and disarmed. The breech of the rifle was broken against the Indian's skull, and the edge of the tomahawk was shattered against the barrel of the rifle, having cut off two of the fingers of Morgan's left hand. The Indian then attempting to draw his knife, Morgan grappled him and bore him to the ground. A furious struggle ensued, in which the old man's strength failed, and the Indian succeeded in turning him,—planting his knee on the breast of his enemy, and yelling loudly, as is usual with them upon any turn of fortune, he again felt for his knife in order to terminate the struggle at once—but having lately stolen a woman's apron, and tied it around his waist, his knife was so much confined, that he had great difficulty in finding the handle. Morgan, in the mean time, being a regular pugilist, according to the custom of Virginia, and perfectly at home in a ground struggle, took advantage of the awkwardness of the Indian, and got one of the fingers of his right hand between his teeth. The Indian tugged and roared in vain, struggling to extricate it. Morgan held him fast, and began to assist him in hunting for the knife. Each seized it at the same moment, the Indian by the blade, and Morgan by the handle, but with a slight hold. The Indian having the firmest hold, began to draw the knife further out of its sheath, when Morgan suddenly giving his finger a furious bite, twitched the knife dexterously through his hand, cutting it severely. Both now sprung to their feet, Morgan brandishing his adversary's knife, and still holding his finger between his teeth. In vain the poor Indian struggled to get

away—rearing, plunging, and bolting like an unbroken colt. The teeth of the white man were like a vice, and he at length succeeded in giving him a stab in the side. The Indian received it without falling, the knife having struck his ribs; but a second blow, aimed at the stomach, proved more effectual, and the savage fell. Morgan thrust the knife, handle and all, into the cavity of the body, directed upwards, and starting on his feet, made the best of his way home.

The neighbourhood was quickly alarmed, and hurrying to the spot where the struggle had taken place, they found the first Indian lying where he had fallen—but the second had disappeared. A broad trail of blood, however, conducted to a fallen tree top, within one hundred yards of the spot, into which the poor fellow had dragged himself, and where he now lay bleeding, but still alive. He had plucked the knife from his wound, and was endeavouring to dress it with the apron which had cost him his life, when his enemies approached.—The love of life appeared still strong within him, however. He greeted them with what was intended for an insinuating smile, held out his hand, and exclaimed in broken English, "how de do, broder! how de do! glad to see you!" But, poor fellow, the love, was all on his side. Their brotherhood extended only to tomahawking, scalping and skinning him, all of which operations were performed within a few minutes after the meeting—to such an extent had mutual injury inflamed both parties.—*Sketches of Western Adventure.*

THE DOG DANDIE.

Mr. McIntire, patent mangle manufacturer, Regent bridge, Edinburgh, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie, whose sagacious qualifications are truly astonishing and almost incredible. When Mr. M. is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, "Dandie, bring me my hat," he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hands. A pack of cards being scattered in the room, if his master had previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him. One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr. M. seeing his dog sitting in a corner, and looking as if quite unconscious of what was passing, said to him, "Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit." The dog immediately jumped upon the table and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived. One time having been left in a room in the house of Mrs. Thomson, High street, he remained quiet for a considerable time; but as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell-rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he finds a hand-bell he takes it in his mouth and rings it. Mr. M. having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay, nor could he find it any where in the room after the strictest search. He then said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack—search for it." The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been

said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened.—Dandie proceeded to a very distant part of the house and soon returned, carrying in his mouth he boot-jack, which Mr. M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa. A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop, and purchases bread for himself. One of these gentlemen, who lives in James's square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr. T. then said to him, "I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have one at home." Having returned to his house some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic Mr. T. gave him a bad one, when he as usual, carried it to the baker, but was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr. T.'s, knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet, and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt. Although Dandie, in general, makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings.

One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed bringing home a loaf. Mr. M. being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned till she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her tack from it. Mr. M. then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling, while the servant went under the bed, where she found seven-pence-half-penny under a bit of cloth; but from that time he could never endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide the money in a corner of a saw-pit, under the dust.

When Mr. M. has company, if he desired the dog to see any of the gentlemen home, it will walk with him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be.

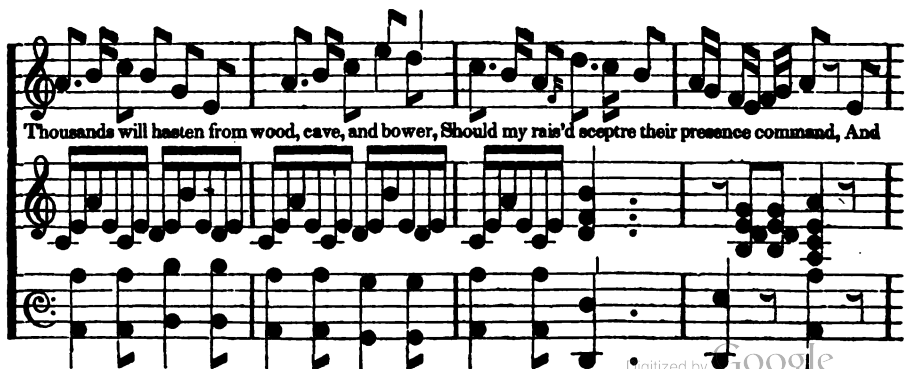
A DRAMATIC INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.—His Lordship's (the Marquis of Exeter) first marriage had been unfortunate, and his second was at least singular. Disturbed in mind at the unhappy result of his first union, he had retired to a farm-house near Shrewsbury, where he lived *incog.*, and solaced himself in rural musings. His command of money, and his want of employment, at least, set the busy gossips of the neighbourhood at conjecture, and inferences were drawn not very favourable to his character, and sources of indolent support. At last, his host thought of cutting his acquaintance, partly on this score, and partly because the neighbourhood began to think him attached to his daughter. "But," replied the noble recluse, "what would you say, if I really loved Sarah Hoggins, and married her?" This altered the case. The wedding was agreed upon, the parties repaired to Burghley, and until they arrived at the splendid palace of the Cecilia, Sarah Hoggins had no idea that she was to be the Marchioness of Exeter.—*Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence.* [The word marchioness seems to have been written by mistake, since the damsel of Shrewsbury was the second wife of the earl, who, as the author himself tells us, was created a Marquis while Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged in painting the portrait of the third wife.]—*Tattler.*

There are some human tongues which have two sides, like those of certain quadrupeds—one, smooth: the other very rough.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

From "Lays of a Wanderer."

Allegretto Espressivo.



Swift - ly and si - lent - ly, hush! hush! hush! hush! On airy pin - ions

My fai - ry min - ions Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush,

Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush.

And in deep midnight whilst mortals would slumber,
 Silvery the full moon beams over the mound,
 Fairies about me and countless in number,
 Dancing in nine-fold encirclets around,
 With nimble and airy steps trip, trip, trip, trip!
 Silently gliding, circling and sliding,
 Light o'er the grass and the flowers we skip.

And when the mystical dance is concluded,
 Each of the Fairies relates her best feat,
 Then sent again amongst mortals deluded,
 Haste! the assembly will make its retreat,
 And in my mission quick, quick, quick, quick!
 Good people pleasing, but the bad teasing,
 Or they will cherish or play them some trick.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Severe Retort.—Soon after Lord Sidney's elevation to the peerage, he happened to observe in company, that authors were often very ridiculous in the titles they gave. "That," said a gentleman present, "is an error from which even kings appear not to be exempt."

HERALDRY.—A sanguine Frenchman had so high an opinion of the pleasures to be enjoyed in the study of heraldry, that he used to lament, as we are informed by Menage, the hard case of our forefather Adam, who could not possibly amuse himself by investigating that science, nor that of genealogy.

RAZORS.—The term razor, as applied to the instrument which we shave with, is supposed to be derived from the word *rase*, to cut or pull down, to leave nothing standing. Razors are mentioned by Homer.—Before English manufacturers excelled in cutlery, razors were imported from Palermo in Italy, or rather Sicily.

The following precious *morceaux*, is said to be an extract from a new work entitled the "Life and Adventures of Col. David Crockett, of West Tennessee."

"During the Colonel's first winter in Washington, a caravan of wild animals was brought to the City and exhibited. Large crowds attended the exhibition; and prompted by common curiosity, one evening Col. Crockett attended.

"I had just got in," said he, "the house was very much crowded, and the first thing I noticed was two wild cats in a cage. Some acquaintance asked me 'if they were like the wild cats in the back woods,' and I was looking at them when one turned over and died. The keeper ran up and threw some water on it. Said I 'Stranger, you are wasting time. My looks kills them things—and you had a d—n sight better hire me to go out here, or I will kill every d—ned varmint you've got. While I and he was talking the lion began to roar. Said I, 'turn him out, turn him out, d—n him, I can whip him for a ten dollar bill, and the Zebra may kick occasionally during the fight.' This created some fun, and I then went to another part of the room, where a monkey was riding a poney, I was looking on, and some member said to me, 'Crockett, don't that monkey favour Gen. Jackson?' 'No,' said I, but I'll tell you who it does favour—it looks like one of your boarders, Mr. —, of Ohio.' There was a loud burst of laughter at my saying so, and upon turning round I saw Mr. — of Ohio, in about three feet of me. I was in a right awkward fix, but I bowed to the company and told 'em 'I had either slandered the monkey or Mr. — of Ohio, and if they would tell me which, I would beg pardon.' The thing passed off, and the next morning as I was walking the pavement before my door, a member came up to me and said, 'Crockett, Mr. — is going to challenge you'—said I, 'well tell him I am fighting foul. I s'poose if I am challenged, I have a right to choose my weapons?' 'Oh, yes,' said he. 'Then tell him,' said I, 'that I will fight him with bows and arrows.'

Counsellor Dunning.—Counsellor Dunning was cross-examining an old woman, who was an evidence in a case of assault, respecting the identity of the defendant. "Was he a tall man?" says he. "Not very tall; much about the size of your honour." "Was he well looked?" "Not very; much like your honour." "Did he squint?" "A little; but not so much as your honour."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A few weeks ago an emigrant ship arrived at Perth Amboy, N. J. from the "sweet little island of green;" and the morning following the captain was accosted by one of his passengers: Capt'ing—Capt'ing—sure and did'n't I pay my passage till Ameriky, and why the devil will ye be after drapping me away in the Jarnea."

HONESTY.—A boy, whose honesty is more to be commended than his ingenuity, once carried some butter to a merchant in a country village to exchange for goods. The butter having a very beautiful appearance, and the merchant being desirous of procuring such for his own use, invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother had to spare. "I think," said the boy, "she can't spare any more, for she said she would not have spared this, only a *rat* fell into the cream and she did not like to use it herself."

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—"The most severe retort Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament, (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder). In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, 'I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honor.' Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, "Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been *spaking* all night on the wrong side of the question."

General Washington's Motion.—In 1817, in a debate in the house of Delegates, on the bill relative to a map of Virginia, in which something was said of military roads, Mr. Mercer L. related and applied an anecdote of General Washington, which he had received from a member of the Convention that formed the Constitution of the United States. The subject of power to be given the New Congress, relative to a standing army, was on the tapis. A member made a motion that Congress should be restricted to a standing army not exceeding *five thousand* at any one time. Gen. Washington, who, being chairman, could not offer a motion, whispered to a member from Maryland, to amend the motion, by providing that no foreign enemy should invade the United States at any one time, with more than *three thousand troops*.

A wag stepped into a cellar in South Market street, Albany, and inquired the price of Oranges. "One cent a piece *wholesale*, and sixpence *retail*." "Then, if you please, (at the same time throwing a cent upon the counter) I'll take that fine plump fellow at *wholesale*."

The following very interesting piece of advice, was to our knowledge, given by the housekeeper of a maiden lady of thirty, who, at last had thought of entering into holy bonds; "Take my advice and never marry ma'm, now you lay down master and get up dame. I married a cross man of a husband, and the very first week of our marriage, ma'm, he snapped me up because I put my *cold feet* to his'n. You don't know MEN, ma'm, as well as I do."

An idle fellow the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been *behind hand*. He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

The following specimens of Kentucky slang are taken from the fance of Nimrod Wildfore.

I can out-talk any man in the United States, and give him half an hour's start.

I have had a speech in soak these six months.

I am all brimstone but my head, and that's aqua-fortis.

Pistols: pistols are trumpery: they lodge a ball in a man's body, and wound his feelings! a rifle now, sends it clean through and no mistake.

Stranger, I'll bet you 500 dollars, I hits you between your eyes without touching your nose.

Uncle, don't you know I can out-eat any man in the States? I wish he'd staid till I untied my neck-cloth; I'd have swallowed him whole.

You are like a new pen, and I'll use you up to the stump.

Stranger, if you think to turn me, you may as well row up the Falls of Niagara in a fish kettle, with a crow-bar for an oar.

I say, stranger, if you try to get through that ere sand-bank, I guess you'll burst your boiler.

Vanity, thy name is woman!—that's Shakespeare, and he's a screamer.

He'd ride through a crab-apple orchard on a flash of lightning.

Stranger, if you keep your mouth so wide open, I goes you'll sunburn your teeth.

My father can whip any man in Kentucky, and I—I can whip my father.

I can out-grin a wild cat. I was in a menagerie once: stranger, says I, talk o' your wild cats grinning; look here, says I; and I gave one of 'em a look; and he turned on his back and died.

I never owned a nigger; but borrowed one once; he'd a fever and an ague; the fever stopt, but the ague left him, he was so tarnation lary he wouldn't shake.

If you plant a crow-bar over night in Kentucky, it will sprout tenpenny nails next morning.

Give us some music, 300 horse power.

If it wasn't true, may I be tetotaciouly exfuntionied.

Slick me into a split log for a wedge.

A DUTCH SERMON.

The following admirable production, delivered before a company of volunteer soldiers, during our revolutionary struggle, upon the eve of their going "forth to glorious war," was calculated to inspire them with Herculean strength and courage:—"Mine friends, ven first you come here, you was poor, and now, friends, you is proud; and yous gotten on your unicorns, ant dem vits you like a dong's upon an hog's pack; now mine friends let me dell you dis, a man is a man if he's no bigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight mit Goliah he dook nothing vid him put one sling; now don't mistake me, mine friends; it was not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint vater sling; no, it was a sling made mit an hickery stick. Now ven Goliah sees Tavid coming, he says, "you little dampt scoundrel, does you come to vight me? I will give you to the pirds of the fielt, and de peants of the air!" Tavid says, "Goliah, Goliah, the race is not always mit the swift, nor ish the battle mit the strong; and a man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb." So Tavid be fixes a shone in his sling, and he drows it at Goliah, ant knocks him rise in the vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his head—and den all the pretty caale comes out, and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul is a great man, vor he has kilt his thousands, put Tavid is greater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah.' Now, mine friends, when you ooes out to vight mit the tampt British, remember what I dell you, dat a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my dumb.

A STREET DIALOGUE ON DIET.

CUFFEE.—Wy Cato, wat you goin to do wid dem are quash, and dem are mutton chop, wat you got in your basket?

CATO.—Wy wat a fool question you ax, Cuff! I'm a goin to eat 'em, to be sure.

CUFF.—Eat 'em my goah! You die, Cato, sartin's you eat 'em.

CATO.—Wal pose I do, Cuff wat den? I must die wen my time come, werrer no.

CUFF.—Yes, but you die fore you time come, sartin you take no better care you diup. De Collar kill you, sartin you eat dem are nassy quash and dem are ogis mutton chop.

CATO.—[Looking black.] You tink so, Cuffee?

CUFF.—Tink so! Wy I no tink noffin about it—I know so. I hab de proof all around me.—Twenty-lebben my acquaintance die sence de Collar come—and dey all, widout deception, eat one ting or anurrer. Wat you tink o' dat, Cato, ha?

CATO.—Dat is berry alarmin, I muss say, Cuffee; but are you sure any on 'em eat de quash and de mutton chop?

CUFF.—Are I sure! Wy how long will you spute my word, Cato? I tell you dere was Sambo Caesar, he eat a hearty meal o' pork and tators, and next day he was underneev Potiphar's fielt. Den dere was Pompey Ticklip, he eat a hearty dinner o' green pease and tingling bean, and, in lees an tree hour, he catch a cramp, turn blue in de face, and folly arter Sambo Caesar.—Den dere was Dinah Phillary, a strong, hearty wench as ebber walk on two leg, she pay no tention to her diup, but she eat hot corn and sucklefish, and now she underneev de sod too. Den, moreover, dere was Tom Traishyn, wat kept a wittin house down sullen, he eat sebben hard bile eggs and a pown a gammon for supper, so dat dey needn't be loas; and goah almighty! fore de mornin light he wake up in totter worl. Den, moreober besides, dere was—O, loddly!—dere was ebber so many ob'em die wid eatin dis ting, and dat ting, and totter ting—I tell you, Cato, dat unless you pay more tention to you diup you sartainly die, sure you lib.

CATO.—Wat must I eat, den, Cuffee?

CUFF.—Eat! Why, de safest way is not to eat nof. fin at all, den you no 'spose yourself.

NOT PARTICULAR.—An aged spinster growing weary, amongst the other "ills that flesh is heir to," of a life of "single blessedness," betook herself to the silent recess of the grove, and there prayed most fervently that Providence would provide for her what forty years of smiling, simpering and rougeing had failed to entrap, viz: a husband. She had no sooner got through with her devotions, than an owl (of the larger species, says our informant) hooted from the top of a tree over the head of the "hapless maiden," "Who—ho—hoo!" To which she, with eyes fervently fixed on the earth, and supposing that He whom she implored had come "to the rescue," replied, *any body, good Lord!*

A TRUE JOE MILLER.—In the time of Joe Miller, there was an old deaf player of the name of Cross, who, being very vain, took every pains to conceal his infirmity. Joe, walking along Fleet street with a friend, saw Cross on the opposite side, and told his acquaintance he should see some fine sport. So, beckoning Cross with his finger, he opened his mouth wide, and began to assume the attitude and gestures of one who bawls very loud to a distant object. Cross, thinking that Miller had hallooed to him, and taking that as too broad a signification of his infirmity, came puffing across the street as hard as he could, and "What the devil," cried he to Joe, "do you make such a noise for do you think one cannot hear?"

AN EVERY DAY PARADOX.

Or how a man lost all that he was worth by getting rich.

By William Howitt.

THERE was a little village boy—
Oh! but his heart was full of joy,
Had he a stick to whistle on;
A bag of marbles and a kite,
Surely there never was delight
Like that off Johnny Littleton.

But time flew on—a boy no longer,
Up he grew, taller, stouter, stronger,
And then you would admire;
For he had made a splendid marriage,
And he rode in a shining carriage—
John Littleton, Esquire!

No doubt you think this very grand
But I must make you understand—
A very different case;
Though shrewdest heads might not have found,
Had they surveyed this great man round,
Misfortune in his face.

And yet he was most sad—for riches
Have something in them that bewitches,
And fills with large pretences;
Whilst, like a terrible disease,
They rob us of our mirth and ease,
Our faculties and senses.

And this was not his case; for he
Had lost his sight; he could not see
Some things, however nigh:
The friends and playmates of his youth—
He could not see them, though, in truth,
Some stood full six feet high.

And then his hearing went—Oh! none
Had ears as quick as little John
For neighbours in their need;
But now, if sorrow cries and roars,
What hope to pierce a dozen doors,
And ears most deaf indeed?

And soon he lost his common sense,
Puffed up with most absurd pretence,
He hoped abroad to find
Each better man, in poorer case,
Bow down unto the dust his face—
He was so out of mind.

His peace of mind expired in glooms,
He built a house of many rooms—
Of many, and most grand:
But through them all he sought in vain;
He could not find his peace again,
In all his house and land.

Next memory wavered and withdrew,
The more estate and body grew,
Still grew his memory thinner;
Until he even could not tell,
Without a good resounding bell,
His common hour of dinner.

So, on his house-top it was hung,
And loudly, duly was it rung,
To summon him to dine;
As well as that the poor might be
Assured, as they were drinking tea,
That he was drinking wine.

Alas! what mattered wine, or food?
Oh! but he was in different mood,
By his own mother's door,
With porringer of milk and bread;—
But now, his appetite had fled;
And it returned no more.

Ne! not though dishes did abound;
Though powdered lacqueys stood around,
In jackets quaintly dressed;

With scarlet collar, scarlet vest,
And buttons stamped with a great beast—
John's true armorial crest.

This beast he on his trinkets wore;
On harness; on his carriage door;
And on his sealed letters:
Upon his bead, upon his chair,
This beast was figured every where—
A beast in golden fetters.

Lost eye and ear; lost heart and health;
Good name; good conscience—save his wealth,
What loss could still befall?
Alas! to crown the dismal whole,
He died!—'tis feared he lost his soul—
The heaviest loss of all! *Lon. Athenaeum.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE PROPHECY OF PLENTY FOR THE
YEAR MDCCC XXXIII.

Listen, good reader! I sing unto thee
The Plenty we'll have in the year thirty-three!
ENGLAND IN 1833.

Plenty of changes, and all for the worse,
Plenty of blessings exchanged for one curse;
Plenty of nostrums that never were tried,
Plenty of liberty, all on one side,
Plenty to overturn, few to uphold;
Plenty of Poverty, great lack of gold!
Plenty of promise and nothing to hand,
Plenty of paupers all gaping for land;
Plenty of dupes to a handful of knaves,
Plenty of freemen fast verging to slaves,
Plenty of Atheists scoffing at God,
Plenty of faction at home and abroad;
Plenty of colonies cutting adrift,
Plenty of demagogues lending a lift;
Plenty of newspapers springing the mine,
Plenty of readers to think it all fine.

Plenty of projects with misery fraught,
Plenty of fools by no precedents taught;
Plenty of Quixotry—still in the wrong,
Plenty of humming, that cannot last long,
Plenty of lawgivers, "tatter'd and torn,"
Plenty of delegates letter'd and sworn;
Plenty of Noblemen swamping the peers,
Plenty Conservatives all by the ears;
Plenty of gentlemen cutting their throats,
Plenty of waverers turning their coats;
Plenty of rogues with it all their own way,
Plenty of honest men skulking away;
Plenty of Whigs to send England to ruin,
Plenty of Tories to let them be doing.

Plenty of meddling without a pretence,
Plenty of war that is all for "offence;"
Plenty of mitres that tottering sit,
Plenty of churches with notice to quit.
Plenty of ancestry, just to disown,
Plenty of rats undermining the Throne;
Plenty to-day to work mischief and sorrow,
Plenty to vote a republic to-morrow.

IRISH HOSPITALITY.—"Will ye dine with me to-morrow—?"

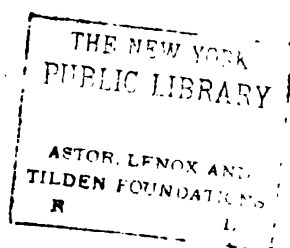
"Faith an' I will, with all my heart."

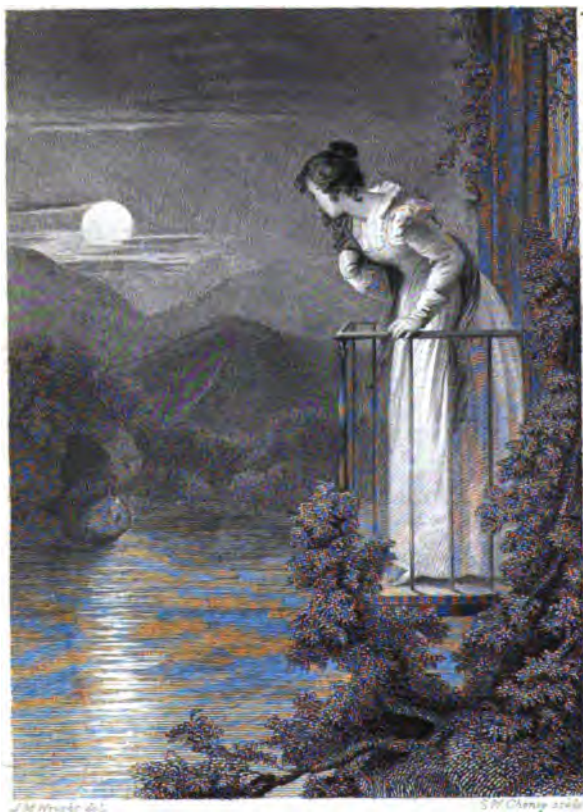
"Remember, 'tis only a family dinner I'm asking ye to."

"And what for not?—A family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing!—What have ye got?"

"Och! nothing by common!—Jist an iligant pice of carned beef, and potatoes!"

"By the powers! that bates the world!—Jist my own dinner to a hair,—barring the beef!"





J. M. W. Turner del.

S. P. Schreyer sculp.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Published by S. C. Atkinson.





OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

'Tis sweet to hear
 At midnight, on the blue and moonlit deep,
 The song and oar of Adia's gondolier,
 By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters sweep.

No. 8.] PHILADELPHIA.—AUGUST. [1833.

Legend of the Lake.

BY GRENVILLE MELLIN.

No sleep to eyes that watch the moon,
 Rejoicing at her cloudless noon;
 No sleep, when every pulse is heard,
 And the heart flutters like a bird
 That pants to be uncaged and fly
 Through the free chambers of the sky;
 No sleep, when first to startled maid
 The empire of her love's betrayed.

She grew within her father's walls,
 The life and music of his halls;
 Of beauty so untouched and bright,
 That as you gazed, the thought of blight
 Would gather on you like a cloud,
 And the oft tale—"It bloomed and bowed,"
 Would fix itself to that lone flower
 With saddening and prophetic power.

She had been loved, and loved. She gave
 Her spirit to a keeper brave,
 Who with a pilgrim ardor swore
 Faith to the treasure that he bore;
 And though with look and taunt of ire
 Barred from his maiden by her sire,
 He hovered 'mid the mount and lake
 His worship song each night to wake.

Ah! love has here beyond a book!
 The pregnant language of a look
 Sweeps swifter than the eagle's wing,
 Where lip can vow or harp can ring;
 On music glides through prison bars,
 And to his service bows the stars;
 And now behold his victim there,
 Dim leaning through the midnight air.

She listens, till her form is beat
 Over the answering firmament,
 Uplooking from the blackened water
 Into the eye of that pale daughter.
 A sound is on the lake; but still,
 As tears of joy fast-coming fill

Her glorious vision, every sense
 Is slaved to silence, deep, intense.

The music ceases, and a skiff
 Is parting from the shadowy cliff;
 It nears, till 'neath her balcony
 Her lover meets the maiden's eye!
 And then with front erect, and hair
 Flung backward in the moonlight glare,
 She waves him welcome through the night,
 Yet shrinks before the streaming light!

And why delay the tale? 'Tis told
 In that of each heart-huntsman bold,
 Who lures the maid to hold less dear
 Her hearth-stone than her cavalier;
 To trust the love that worships yet,
 Though danger round its path be set;
 The love that dares and perils all
 To snatch the idol from its thrall.

She's won! Their eyes, their lips have met;
 Yet may not love his task forget;
 Strong arm and manly chest are there;
 Then stay not for the hurried prayer!
 In sea-cloak wrapped the maiden lies,
 And o'er the lake the frail bark flies;
 A new delight the oarsman thrills;
 She shoots the shadow of the hills!

Then he utterspoke. "Now thou art mine,
 Fast farewell to yon rocky shrine,
 Where, dearest, I have vowed to thee,
 By stars, and moon, and minstrelsy;
 But soon, God willing, better band,
 Shall bind me, in a foreign land;
 She spoke not, but she veiled her brow
 On him that was her castle now.

Yet sudden, as they leapt to ground,
 Once she gazed backward and around:
 "My father! and alas!" she cried,
 "What token shall my fate betide?"
 Her lover, ere the sound was o'er,
 Cast to the wave his flute and oar;
 "These point the way, as oft I've sung!"
 Then forth in flight their chargers sprung.

Written for the Casket.

REMORSE—A Tale.

One single moment of deliberate thought
And cloudless reason, would have spared me all
This guilt—this agony.—*At. Souvenir.*

There is probably no situation in life so important as that in which the physician is placed, or no profession, the duties of which are so painful to the feeling, sensitive mind. To linger near the bed of sickness, to stand as it were between the living and the dead, to meet the fell destroyer in his most formidable shape, and wrest from his remorseless fangs the writhing, helpless victim—to hear the convulsive sob, the agonising shriek of some near and dear friend—to listen to the feeble cries of a crowd of helpless children, who are soon to be abroad on the unfeeling world, needy and distressed orphans—is painful and trying indeed. But when the mandate from on high has gone forth—when all the various resources of the practitioner fail, and death is about to raise the shout of victory—to listen to the last words, the dying confession of the patient—to hear a recital of some horrid crime which had lain concealed for years in the breast of the perpetrator—is by far the most painful duty which falls to our lot. True, instances of this kind are rare; but that they sometimes do occur is indisputable, as the following plain narrative will show; and although it forms an imperfect story, it may interest those whose tastes are yet unperverted by the feverish, exaggerated tone of modern fiction.

It was on the afternoon of a stormy day in November, 1832, that I was called to visit a patient, who resided in the country some six or eight miles distant. Owing to the disagreeableness of the weather, and the condition of the roads, which were almost impassable, the shade of night had closed round me sometime ere I reached home. Wet and chilled by the driving sleet, I soon divested myself of my overcoat, and seated before a cheerful fire, sunk into that agreeable lethargic state which every person, in a similar situation, has experienced. There is something so pleasant in feeling assured of our own comfort and safety, while all around is drear and dangerous, that we involuntarily shudder at the idea of a change of situation; and as I sat listening to the wind howling fitfully along, and sweeping through the aged trees, which threw their gnarled branches fantastically over the roof, and heard the rain patter at times violently against the window, and again sweep with a regular hulling sound along the street, my thoughts naturally wandered abroad on the situation of the many thousands of my fellow creatures who were deprived perhaps of the smallest share of the blessings which I so profusely enjoyed. While musing in this manner, the door of my room suddenly opened, and a tall, middle-aged female entered; her manner evincing the utmost haste, blended with a fear of censure for her boldness. She was poorly clad; her frock, which, when new, might have been called "linsey woolsey," was so coloured by time and chequered with frequent patching, that it would have been a difficult matter to define either its present colour or composition; her feet were cased in a

pair of coarse, half-worn shoes; and a torn, faded shawl was all that protected her head and shoulders from the freezing rain.

She stood a moment as if to recover herself; then, with a broad Irish accent, inquired, if I "was the doctor himself, that lived here?"

I replied in the affirmative, and handing her a chair, desired to know in what I could assist her. She sat down without speaking, and it was evident that she wished to ask some favour, but was deterred either from modesty, or fear of a refusal. "This is a wet, disagreeable evening," said I, at length, breaking a silence which had become quite embarrassing, "and must be very terrible to those poor creatures who are deprived of fire and shelter."

"Yes," she replied, "it is, and your honour's kindness encourages me to ax you, would be so kind as to come an' see a sick young man at my house."

"Is he your son?" I inquired.

"No, sir: he's a perfect stranger to me, as I may say, tho' he's been with me these four weeks, come next Tuesday. Poor boy!" continued she, sighing, "I think he's seed better times, an' sometimes he seems out of his head, for he'll lay there an' rave an' talk for hours an' hours together, tho' I tries all what I can to comfort him; an' says I to him, says I, don't take this so hard, who knows but you'll soon be well, and see better times? But it does no good, at all, at all; he only shakes his head, an' looks so pitiful, yer honour, that its enough to break one's heart; an' so, to-night he called me to him, an' says he, my kind Mrs. Miles—that's my name, yer honour—says he, you have been very good to me, but I must soon die. I am sorry that I can't pay you for your trouble, says he, but God will reward you for the care you have taken of the poor stranger; an' to be sure, yer honour, he looked so pale and bad, that as soon as I could call in a couple of neighbour women, I started off, through all the rain, unknowns to him, to see if I could get nothing to help him."

Moved by her simple story, I rose, and after a few professional inquiries, observed, "that although the weather was not so pleasant as I could wish, yet, as the case was probably urgent, I would accompany her." And furnishing myself with such medicines as I judged necessary, I resumed my overcoat, and sallied out with my conductress.

The storm still raged with unabated violence, and the wind rushed in our faces with a force which was difficult and even dangerous to encounter. After walking along ——— street, my guide turned into an alley, in an obscure part of the city; where the reckless bursts of laughter and horrid imprecations, which proceeded from the numerous tpling houses on either side, formed a dreadful contrast with the fearful rage of the elements without.

At length we reached an old, large, dilapidated building, which, unlike all others in the neighbourhood, was quiet and apparently uninhabited. My guide stopped, and said in a low tone, "this is the place;" and pointing to a scarcely visible light, which gleamed through an upper window, "there he lays; follow me, if you please, sir. There, doctor, mind that step;

so, now give me your hand; here's the stairs—walk up, if you please, sir."

Ascending a ruined, creaking staircase, she knocked softly at a door, which was opened by some person inside, and we entered a large gloomy apartment. An old fashioned walnut table stood on the opposite side of the room, on which was placed a small taper, whose pale flame, waved to and fro by the wind which found admission through the patched windows, served only to increase the dreariness of the scene. A small, cracked looking glass, suspended over a piece of coloured paper; a few prints stained with smoke, and four or five rickety chairs, completed the inventory of moveables. The bed on which the patient lay, stood at the farther end of the room; towards which I immediately advanced, and saw a young man, apparently twenty-four years of age, whose emaciated form and pale, sunken cheek, told, in a language but too intelligible, that he was not destined to continue long in this sphere. He was asleep, but his rest was heavy and disturbed; his pulse beat faintly, and his respiration was short and hurried. Unwilling to disturb him, I turned towards a fire of wet, rotten wood, before which sat two women, conversing with my conductress, in stifled whispers, as if fearful of disturbing the solemn silence which reigned within.

"How long has he been asleep?" I inquired.

"About half an hour," was the brief answer.

"Will yer honour take a seat," continued my guide, "an' warm yourself; this is but a poor place for yer honour to visit, but"—

Her speech was interrupted by a deep groan from the patient. Hastily flinging off my coat, I rushed to the bed, and beheld a sight which, though accustomed to scenes of horror, never can be erased from my memory. His cheek was no longer pale, but feverish and animated; and he half raised himself in the bed, exclaiming, in a voice which thrilled through me, "Ha! how bloody! away—away! there, (pointing,) there! do you see him? See—see how the blood flows! Oh, God!"

His voice grew weaker and weaker, and he sunk down in a swoon. Proper restoratives were applied, and in a short time he revived. On raising his head, I discovered a miniature suspended from his neck, which I endeavoured to examine; but he repulsed me, murmuring faintly, "No, don't! don't! my life sooner!" His prohibition came too late, I had one glimpse, and that was sufficient. Turning an eye of scrutiny on the patient, I was obliged to relinquish my hold, and lean on the bed for support. Oh, who can imagine my feelings when I discovered in that picture the lineaments of one whom I had been taught to love and reverence even as a mother, and in the countenance of the sufferer features of one with whom I had passed many a happy hour, in early life. "My God!" I mentally exclaimed, "can it be possible?" I looked again, long and anxiously. There was no delusion; it was indeed the wreck of my long lost friend—'twas all that remained of the gay, accomplished Henry H——. No one ever entered on the stage of public life with prospects more fair and auspicious than he. A warm, honourable friend, he was beloved by all who knew

him; endowed by nature with a pleasing exterior, and a mind which was liberally cultivated and improved, he lived the idol of his acquaintances—the pride and glory of his native village. True, he had his faults; in the social circle he could give and receive a jest, but his ardent soul took fire at the least wilful insult, and nothing but an apology, as public as the offence, could satisfy his roused spirit. But with all his faults, he was a noble youth; even in the dawn of life his exuberant mind exhibited samples of a genius, which, if properly directed, would have led to honour and prosperity. "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," having lost her affectionate husband before the young Henry was capable of appreciating his worth. She turned her whole attention to the welfare of this lovely pledge of their mutual affections. Intending to devote herself entirely to this delightful task, soon after her husband's death, she removed to a small, beautifully situated country seat, about a mile from our village, where she determined to spare no expense to render him capable of performing the duties of the station in life to which he belonged. As he grew up his mind expanded, and his delighted parent saw with pleasure her toil and trouble amply repaid. It was her wish to devote him to the science of medicine; and accordingly, at the age of seventeen, he left home for the first time to attend the lectures in P——. Our parting scene is fresh in my mind, nor can ages obliterate the remembrance of it.

Having myself experienced the difficulties and danger which he must necessarily encounter in his new situation, I felt an anxiety for his welfare which I could not conceal; and with an earnestness which a sense of his danger inspired, I cautioned him to guard well against the insidious vices of the city. O! he was too young, too pure and innocent, to enter on the busy stage of life. His mind, like the tender exotic, was too fair to live in the vitiated atmosphere of the metropolis, without contamination. I can, even now, see him as he stood on the morning of his departure, about to enter the vehicle which was to bear him away from the delightful scenes of youthful happiness; and can feel the warm pressure of his hand, as he uttered the word farewell. We parted in sorrow—such as friends feel when the strong links of affection are torn asunder. And we met—oh! would to God I had been spared that meeting. But there were other ties, dearer than those of friendship, which bound him to his home, and rendered his parting from it more painful; there was one whose name mingled in his daily orisons to heaven—one whose graceful form seemed fair as the offspring of another sphere. But she, too, was mortal. When I beheld her last, she was in the bloom of youth and beauty, surrounded by an admiring circle of friends; and believing that she died lamented by all her acquaintances, I almost envied her lot: but I was ignorant of the cause—I knew nothing of what led to the catastrophe. She fell another victim to the perfidy of our sex. Peace to her remains! The sun never shone on a fairer or more unfortunate being.

Ellen W—— was the only child of a respectable merchant in P——, who, by a series of

misfortunes, was reduced to the necessity of retiring from business. He accordingly removed to our little village, with his wife and child, where, in the comforts of his domestic circle, he endeavoured to forget his recent wealth, and the reverses of fortune which occasioned its loss. Soon after his arrival, his wife, who had been unwell for a long time, died, and left him, as it were, with nothing to bind him to this world save the lovely, smiling image of herself. As she grew up, the charms, both of body and mind, expanded; and he was enabled, out of the wreck of his fortune, to give her what might be called a liberal education. And Henry loved her—for how could he, to whom she gave her loveliest smiles, refuse to bow before a shrine so beautiful, or pay that homage which her virtuous charms deserved. Their lives, from childhood, rolled along, sweetened by the innocent endearments of mutual affection, and the chain which bound their hearts together was strengthened by time. This was their first parting; and the smothered sigh—the starting tear—the fervent pressure of the hand, and faltering adieu—told how painful each felt the pang of separation.

Soon after we parted, I left my native place and arrived here, where I commenced practising, with considerable success. For some months our correspondence was regular and uninterrupted, when it suddenly and unaccountably ceased, on his part; and notwithstanding my repeated inquiries, I was unable to hear any thing of him, until at length, from another source, I discovered that he had, on account of his ill health, left this country for some of the islands. Revolving this in my mind, as I bent over him, I sometimes fancied that I might be mistaken in the person; but no—there were the same features on which I had so often gazed with delight, and I was forced to acknowledge that my first impression was but too true. I was unwilling to discover myself in his then weak and exhausted state; but my precautions were in vain; he turned his eyes towards me, slowly and languidly at first, but gradually brightening as he raised himself in the bed; then grasping my hand convulsively, he fell back exhausted, fainting on the pillow. It was a long time ere he gave signs of returning consciousness, and as I hung anxiously over him, I thought that his spirit had indeed taken its flight in the last shock. At length he revived, and stretching out his hand, seized and wrung mine with convulsive eagerness, exclaiming, while the warm tears gushed forth in torrents, "This is too much, you are too, too kind; I have never deserved this. O! I thought as I lay here, and heard the storm rave without, that I was alone in the world, that I should die unlamented and unknown! But 'tis not so, 'tis not so; my friend is with me to close my eyes, and I shall depart in comparative peace; the sand of my life is almost exhausted; but before I die—before I lay down this miserable life—I must beg you to listen to my last words. Sit down beside me," he continued, in a lower tone, "so, now give me you hand, and promise that you will do as I desire; promise—it is all I ask ere I die."

Moved by his solemn, earnest manner, I as-

sented, and in a low feeble tone of voice, he began:—

"Time may roll on in his resistless course—year after year may glide down the stream of oblivion—but the remorse attendant on crime never dies. Four years have now rolled away, since I committed a crime, the recollection of which has poisoned my existence and brought me prematurely to the grave. When I left my peaceful, native village, little did I think that I was destined to bear the weight of so much misery. Oh! would to God I had died ere that, for then I could have met death with a becoming firmness—then I could have sunk into the silent tomb, without experiencing the remorseful anguish which tears my soul." His whole frame shook, he drew his breath painfully, and then, in a calmer tone, continued: "You knew my character, you were acquainted with all my youthful failings—gay, thoughtless, and inexperienced—I entered on the busy stage of life, and though for a time I was cautious and circumspect in my conduct, and conformed with the admonitions of my sainted mother," his voice grew husky and choaked, "yet the tempter came, and I could not resist! My intercourse with my fellow students was very limited, and the course of lectures was nearly finished before I had become acquainted with all my fellow boarders. But there was one among them whose pleasing manner prepossessed me strongly in his favour; in him I had hoped to find a friend after my own heart—one whose feelings and tastes were congenial with my own—in whose breast I could pour all my joys and griefs, and receive congratulation and condolence in return; but I was disappointed. Though pleasing and accomplished, his soul was destitute of all honourable principles; and it was not until our acquaintance had ripened into friendship, that I discovered his true character. Led by him into vicious company, I soon became an adept in the refined vices of the city, and even vied with him in my success at the gaming table. Though the time is long past, still do I remember the first time I sat down to game, and can still see the ill concealed smile of exultation which gleamed on the countenance of my friend at the thought of successfully *queering a flat*; and he succeeded, but not then," exclaimed he, bitterly, "he succeeded, and I was deeply, amply revenged. Hark!" said he, suddenly assuming an attitude of the most profound attention, as a gust of wind swept past, scattering over the roof innumerable fragments from the lofty, tottering chimney. "Hark! how mournfully the wind rushes by; well, it will soon sweep over my lonely grave; the cold clods of the valley will soon press this guilty breast into its original element, and the wind which now shakes this building to its foundation, will sigh through the trees that overshadow my resting place. O, how often, in my days of youthful innocence, have I wished to leave this world and ascend to heaven, amidst the grandeur of the whirlwind and the storm. How often, when I saw the vivid lightning play, and heard the deep toned thunder echo through the dark mass of driving clouds, have I wished to resign this feeble, fleeting breath, and riot unshackled in the majesty

of the tempest. But now," continued he, shuddering, "its moaning fills me with fear; to me it sounds a death dirge—a solemn requiem to the memory of departed happiness. I am growing faint. I feel that my hours are numbered, and will therefore hasten to that act which capped the climax of my iniquity. A few days before the session closed, I received a letter from home, requesting me to return, if ever I wished to see my mother alive. Though deep in the mazes of dissipation, I was not callous to such an appeal; and accordingly bidding adieu to the fascinating pleasures of the city, I started for home. On my arrival, I found the intelligence which I had received was but too true. A violent fever had seized her; for three weeks she lingered on the brink of the grave, during which time I may say I never left her side. And when I saw her who had nursed me in infancy, and soothed my childish griefs—on whose bosom I had pillowed my aching head, when the fever's heat raged through my veins—when I saw her on whom I doated, lie there, pale and emaciated, I felt for the first time my in life, that I had been deficient in my duty towards her; and oh! how willingly would I have taken her place; how freely would I have given up the hope of realizing those bright dreams of happiness which my youthful imagination saw in futurity, and died to rescue her from the grave. I never knew a father's care; he died, you know, when I was an infant; and as I hung over the form of my only parent, I felt that her loss would be irreparable. But her constitution was good, and she recovered; and when I saw the rose of health again glow on her cheek, and strength and vigour revisit her feeble, attenuated frame, I felt that I was indeed happy. But when she was quite well, and the excitement which had absorbed my whole soul was ended, I sighed (and I blush to own it) for the lively pleasures of the metropolis. One afternoon as I returned from a walk, the first I had enjoyed since my arrival, I encountered my city friend. He approached me with his usual urbanity, observing, that he little expected to find me rusticated in such a dull, solitary place; he playfully reproached me for having left the University, and added, that as soon as he could steal away from his uncle, aunt, and country cousins, he would return to town, where there was something worth living for. From his conversation, I learned that he was on a visit to Mr. M——, his uncle, who resided in that place. We continued our promenade for some time, and parted with an agreement to dine together, at his uncle's, next day. Knowing his character, I was unwilling that he should become acquainted with Ellen; not that I doubted her constancy—oh, no!—but she was comparatively poor, and very beautiful—he rich, handsome, accomplished, and a professed libertine; and I knew that he would spare no pains to alienate her affections from me. But my precautions were in vain; he had seen and loved her as much as hearts like his are capable of loving; and she, my betrothed, in whom was centred all my hopes of happiness, fell a victim to his artifice. I, however, knew nothing of it; his conduct towards me was friendly and open, and like the fabled Vampyre, fanned the wound he made,

and lulled into oblivion the victim whose heart's blood he drank. Our leisure time was spent at cards, for we were both glad of an opportunity of renewing the pleasures of which we had so long been deprived. Such is the power of iniquity, when it once finds a place in the human breast. I will not trouble you with a minute recital of the schemes and artifices employed by him to carry on his double deception; let it suffice to say, *he succeeded*. While he never gave me the least reason to believe that he even knew of the existence of his intended victim, he insinuated himself into her favour, and with all the art he was capable of exerting, endeavoured to render his addresses acceptable. Assuming the character of a friend, anxious for her welfare, he first gained the unsuspecting girl's confidence, and then endeavoured to alienate her affections from the object on which they were placed. This, however, he found it difficult to accomplish; she could not believe that my character had undergone a change so complete, in so short a time; but he, by a forged letter, which he presented to her as coming from a *respectable* source, teeming with such accusations against me as he judged best calculated to effect his purpose. He succeeded in changing her love into suspicion, then to confirm those suspicions, until at length she was constrained to believe that I had forfeited all claims to her respect and esteem. In proportion as her indignation was aroused against the man who had scorned and slighted her love, her respect was lavished on the kind friend who had snatched her from destruction. It may perhaps seem strange, that she never demanded an explanation; but I presume that, as she had been deluded during my mother's sickness, when my whole time was occupied, a proper opportunity was wanting; though I feel inclined to believe, that had an opportunity occurred, her delicate mind would have shrunk from holding communication with the man in whom she had trusted, and by whom she had been deceived. Pardon this digression. I have detained you perhaps too long; but I would fain linger on the provocations which drove me to the dreadful crime of *murder*!

"It was on the evening of the twentieth of November, that I sate alone in my chamber, gloomy and disturbed. It was a night much like this; the wind rushed by, and the rain pattered on the roof as it now does. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, which ill accorded with my feelings. The cause of my uneasiness was this:—As, since my arrival, I had not been able to visit Ellen, I was that day determined to see her, and apologise for my apparent neglect. Just as I came in sight of the house, I saw the door open, and my friend appear in it, accompanied by Ellen. This is somewhat strange, thought I; he never informed me of it; I must warn her of his character, for she is apparently unacquainted with it. He stood a moment conversing, and then bowing, took his leave. With these thoughts in my mind, I approached the house, and, as usual, entered without knocking. A servant met me in the hall, and in a stammering confused tone, informed me that Miss —— was unwell, and could not be seen. I stood as if thunderstruck at the barefacedness of the

falsehood. 'Unwell!' I repeated, unconsciously, 'she whom I had seen conversing, in a cheerful, animated manner!' I thought on the character of my friend—a horrid suspicion shot across my brain—and I turned homewards with feelings too painful for utterance; and there I sat alone until night, wrapped in my own gloomy musings, vainly endeavouring to account for her extraordinary conduct. It was near ten o'clock, and I had not been disturbed; no letter—no message had arrived, to clear up the mystery. I was about to retire for the night, when my friend entered the room; he sat down, observing, that he probably owed me some apology for his long absence; and pulling out a dice box, desired me to cheer up, and take a quiet throw with him; adding, sneeringly, 'that is, if your purse has been replenished since I had the misfortune to empty it.'

"Depressed by the circumstances which had that day transpired, my first thought was to leave the room; but something whispered to me, that I might be so fortunate as to fill my almost exhausted purse; and thus obviate the necessity of applying to my mother, who, though liberal in her donations, would no doubt be surprised at my extravagance. I accordingly sat down with him, and in a few minutes was deeply engaged in the fascinating game. For a while, fortune seemed to favour me; but this was of short duration. The luck turned, and I lost as fast as I had won, until I was without a cent. I had now nothing of value save a watch, the gift of a friend, and this miniature of Ellen."

He raised, and held it up before me. I took it in my hand, and gazed on it long and eagerly, and my thoughts reverted to the happy days I had passed with the fair original. There she stood as I had so often seen her—there were the same beautiful features, on which I had so often gazed—the same smile which shone on her lovely face; and I gazed until, forgetful of my present situation, I fancied myself still in the midst of those bright scenes of youthful happiness.

Taking the portrait from my passive hand, he continued: "Maddened by disappointment, I staked the watch, hoping to recover what I had lost. Another throw, and that was also gone. Blindly I drew the miniature from my bosom, staked it, and watched the event with agonizing earnestness. Slowly he raised his arm, as if to mock my feelings; the die was cast, and with a groan of anguish, I saw that all was lost. My opponent rose, and stood for few minutes without speaking; then drawing a letter from his pocket, he threw it on the table before me, and departed. I instinctively seized and opened it, and in her own hand writing I read the death-warrant to my hopes of happiness. Here it is," said he, handing me a letter (which was carefully wrapped) from his bosom. I hastily seized it, and in a small fair hand read the following.

"Sir: You were no doubt surprised at the extraordinary reception you met with this morning; by strictly reviewing your own conduct, you may probably find some clue to the motives which influenced mine. Mr. M——, to whose disinterestedness I am indebted for the information which has enabled me to unmask one who, serpent-like, would wound the bosom on which

he reposed, has reluctantly consented to hand this, which needs no reply. My father commands me to inform you that he wishes our intercourse to cease for ever. I need hardly add, that his wish has the sincere approbation of

"ELLEN W——."

As soon as I had read it, he resumed. "My suspicion was now changed to a dread certainty; and I wondered at, and inwardly cursed my own short sighted infatuation. I now saw clearly through his artifices. By false representations, he had changed the current of her affection; and the miniature was still wanting to confirm her in her belief of my unworthiness. When I received it, I enthusiastically promised never to resign it but with my life; and the sight of it, in his hands, would no doubt produce the desired effect. 'But I will disappoint him,' I exclaimed aloud, and as I cast my eyes around the room, they rested on a small dirk which hung over the mantle-piece. With one convulsive spring, I seized it, and placing it in my bosom, rushed from the house. Determined to recover the miniature at all events, I crossed rapidly a small field, and stood, in a few moments, in the road by which I knew he must return to the village. The place was fitted for a deed of horror. To the right of the road was a deep hollow, at the bottom of which a stream, swollen by the rain, rushed along, washing the base of the hill on which I stood. I had not chosen this place in preference to another, for just as I reached it, I heard the sound of his horse's feet echoing along the road. Concealing myself in the bushes which lined the way, I soon saw him emerge from among the trees, at a hard gallop. When he came opposite me, some movement which I made alarmed his horse, who, starting, wheeled so suddenly as to almost unhorse his master. Taking advantage of his confusion, I rushed out, and seizing the bridle with one hand, grasped with the other the miniature which was suspended from his neck, and succeeded in wresting it from him. Muttering a deep curse, he aimed a blow at my head with his whip, which must have proved fatal, had not his horse, as the blow descended, sprang aside, and thus broke its force. As it was, it stunned me for an instant; but that blow decided his fate. By a strong muscular effort, I reined his horse to the edge of the precipice. He perceived my intention, and with a horrid yell sprang convulsively forward; but it was too late. With all my strength I struck the dirk into his bosom; the warm blood bubbled over my hands; and as horse and rider went down the descent, he uttered a shriek which yet rings in my ears. I heard them strike the water; another fainter cry, and all was silent, save the hoarse brawling of the torrent, which rushed on unconscious of the deed of blood which had just been perpetrated. Ha! revenge is sweet, and I have tasted of its sweetness. He in whom I had trusted deceived me, and deeply has he suffered for his deception. I felt for the time a pleasing satisfaction; but in the cool, sober moments of reflection, I experienced horrors too great for utterance. His body was found some distance below the spot where the murder was committed. An inquest was held, and the decision was, that J

M—— was murdered by some person or persons unknown. In a few days I read the Governor's Proclamation, offering a reward for the apprehension of the perpetrator. My well known friendship for the deceased, and the good character which I bore screened me from the slightest suspicion and the fever into which I was thrown by the anguish of remorse, was attributed to the sorrow which was naturally supposed I might feel for the sudden and untimely death of my companion. Often was I tempted to deliver myself into the hands of justice; but the love of life, and the ignominy attached to the crime, prevailed over every other consideration; and I wandered about, carrying with me the worm which never dies. To banish the thoughts which crowded on my mind, when in the vicinity of scenes fraught with so much horror, I left my home, and took passage on board a ship for the West Indies, for the ostensible purpose of improving my health. But it was all in vain. The disease lay in the mind; and nothing—nothing on earth could eradicate it. Finding no relief, I returned to this country, and soon after my arrival, which was about three months ago, I heard that Ellen was dead. Fearing to go home, I came to this city, where, about four weeks ago, I saw an account of my mother's death. 'Tis well. I should not repine. She has left this world without hearing of her son's unworthiness. Oh! that I had been permitted to close her eyes, and receive her blessing. But I was not worthy.

"My tale is nearly ended; my wretched life is almost brought to a close. Having no tie to bind me to this world, I feel willing to leave it. In a few short hours I shall be in a land respecting which the speculation of the philosopher and the dreams of the enthusiast have equally failed. I now claim your promise, when I am dead bury me beneath some sombre shade, and let these portraits be interred with me. Let no stone be raised over my mouldering clay, to tell the passenger where rests the body of one who was a monster in the sight of God and man; but let me rest in obscurity."

The sequel is soon told. He died that night: and if man be permitted to judge, he died penitent. Peace to thy ashes, my young friend! The dawn of thy life was unclouded—the career you had commenced, if pursued, would have ended in honour and affluence; but seduced from the path of virtue, by the syren voice of pleasure, your early impressions erased, and you sank into the tomb with scarce a friend to follow your remains.

His wish was complied with, his body was interred as he had requested; and no pompous monument marks the spot where rests the body of the gay, accomplished, unfortunate Henry H——.

R. E. U.

Written for the Casket.

SONG.—By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.

I smile upon the world, love,
Because they smile on me;
And not because I feel, love,
The joy I feel with thee.

The world is made of smiles, love,
They have no tears for thee;

And smiles are often heartless, love,
Too heartless, aye, for me.

Yet smiles have language sweet, love,
When beamed from you to me;
But tears have language powerful, love,
More powerful far, for thee.

Oh, then kindly value, love,
The tears that fall from me;
The smiles that tell the treasure, love,
My heart has stored for thee.

My tears, my sighs, my smiles, love,
That feeling draws from me;
The heart's most pure, true language, love,
Shall ever move to thee.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

He fell in freedom's holy cause,
When youth's fair day was o'er him.
A victim at her Spartan shrine,
While life was bright before him.

He lived for Greece—for Greece he died—
Where scimitars were gleaming;
His funeral rite, the cannon's roar—
His dirge, the sea-bird's screaming.

Now sweetly rest, my early friend,
Beneath the olive sleeping;
Thy memory glows in Grecia's breast,
Secure in freedom's keeping.

Parnassian wreaths shall deck thy grave,
And o'er its verdure bending,
The war-worn Greek will mourn thy fate,
While his fair land defending.

Of as on Tempe's sylvan vales
Night's dewy shades are closing,
Their vesper hymns Arcadian maids
Shall waft for thy reposing.

And when on mount Olympus' top
The crescent moon is glowing,
Aonia's lyre, o'er thy repose,
Shall sound to strains then flowing.

When Missolonghi's battle-flame
Rose through the midnight gloom on high,
From earth a warrior spirit came
To freedom's home, in the bright sky.

"Welcome, my son!" Minerva said,
"But whence that tear?" Her son replied,
Behold thy Greece—her thousands dead—
Her shores and plains in crimson dyed.

And see, where once her cities rose,
Where arts and arms their mansions found,
Now Hella views her ruthless foes,
Wide spreading death and ruin round—

The Moslem. "Cease, in freedom's name,
Greece crown'd in victory shall be;
And thou shalt live with deathless fame,
In the star'd realms of liberty!"

"Columbia claim'd thy early breath,
Mine is thy sky-born spirit now."
She spoke—and twined the fadeless wreath,
To bloom around his youthful brow.

London Grove, Chester Co.

N. W. C.

WACOUSTA.

We take the very graphic and thrilling picture annexed, from a new work, which has just been published by Messrs. Key and Biddle, of this city, entitled "*Wacousta, or the Prophecy: a Tale of the Canadas.*" The period of the story is shortly after the time when the British took Canada from the French: and not long after many of the forts on the great western lakes had capitulated in consequence, having been left exposed to the fury of the Indians, who were supposed to have been instigated to hostilities by the French.

The chapter is taken from near the conclusion of the first volume of *Wacousta*, and details the insidious attack of Fort Detroit, containing the English garrison.

It may be proper to premise that the Indian chiefs had previously obtained entrance to the fortress, under the pretence of smoking the calumet of peace, and concluding a treaty with the commander, during which time they had keenly observed its various defences and the state of the garrison—which had been kept concealed with equal care on his part.—*Sat. Ev. Post.*

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind, if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares, and the Shawnees; each race being distinctly recognisable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualised, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the leggings before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deerskin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket, that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid any thing like encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved, and flattened at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurdle; which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated

frame denied, to the young girl of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust, and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the younger warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping; while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the *macbecoti*, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broad-cloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose from deference to those to whom they were slaves, as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to recline themselves upon the sward in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves in force upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their side-arms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontec, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sward sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement

of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and the Shawanees, and on the other the more numerous nation of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball-players.

In his circuit round the walls, Pontecac was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery, with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed, when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate, by Major Blackwater; and, as with firm but elastic tread, they moved across the square, each threw his fierce eyes rapidly and anxiously around, and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested on the former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen; and when they cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the block-houses, they were found to be tenanted as the area through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Pontecac, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled, and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for a moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontecac sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce, and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of the officers, had been removed; and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change, that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and

that was, not more than one half of the officers who had been present at the first conference being now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The council-room of my father is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Saganaw has promised the red skins a feast," returned the governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like the blood of a pale face," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last, he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Saganaw has a big heart to make presents to the red skins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assentive "ugh's," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick, that he cannot come; or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend, the pale face, is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound, the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontecac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside,

and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed,—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the governor's countenance; and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery,—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without, was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the piazza that ran along the front of the building whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillerymen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away every thing that should come before them. The guard-room, near the gate, presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuze that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magic as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening in-

stant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already, in imagination, secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless hurdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier, who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontiac had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These, now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and, forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavors to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well affected struggle was maintained. At his approach, the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow from his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which, he who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the head of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these, was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own; and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was peeled forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly, succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room. What their disappointment was, when, on gaining the interior, they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some available point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there any ten men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages,—here I stand singly, and defy your whole garrison!"

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the order of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectation and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the governor, in a loud deep voice:—"keep the barricades fast, and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless, unless friends and foes (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stepped lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza, that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died: as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life, at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge?"

At the hasty command of the governor, a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians, into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his enemies. A slight movement in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge, was now discernable; it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal rapidly winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute, the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band; and then, uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile, Pontiac and the other chiefs of the council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh" that burst from the lips of all, on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, had been succeeded, the instant afterwards, by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collectedness enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the emphatical pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses, prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa; and that, when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of the forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawa now?" asked the governor, calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right, when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and with a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces, and long before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian: "my father is a great chief, and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the strong hold of the Detroit must

have fallen, and the red skins would have danced their war-dance round the scalps of his young men, even in the council room where they came to talk of peace."

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas see the big thunder of the Saganaw?" pursued the governor: "if not, let him open his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than the lightning would the pale faces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa, even where they now stand: in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger on the red skins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the governor, with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawas came last to the council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head; but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the red skins, and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take council only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace; the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled: low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and, then pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtfully,—

"It was the pale face, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know us better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes council from his own heart, and not from the lips of the cowardly dog of a pale face, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep interjectional "Ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; but the pale face is a great warrior, and the Ottawa chief is his friend. The Ottawa will go."

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swartzy and

audacious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen, yet assentient grunt, from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontecac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the governor, which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended to the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made, that the Indians were immersing once more into the heart of the forest, the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.

Original.

SONG.—DRINK TO ME.

When in the crowded festive hall,
The throng of youth and beauty meet;
And thrilling words in softness fall
From lovely lips, enchanting, sweet;
When sparkling to the brim with wine,
The golden cup is flowing—when
The banquet's wild'ring draught is thine,
And light thy bosom's glowing—then
Lift not the cup, with wine fill'd up,
Nor drink to me.

But when thy spirit's steeped in sadness,
Still darker thoughts are gath'ring round;
And not a ray of light or gladness,
Burns athwart the gloom profound:
When writhing death its weight of woes;
Is warped thy every feeling—when
The canker-fly, but sure though slow,
Into thy heart is stealing—then
Lift up the cup, a bitter drop,
And drink to me.

For if the giddy group among,
One thought of love to me would stray,
Confused amid the notes of song,
'Twould be for ever thrown away.
But when in solitude's dark musing,
The weary heart is riven—when
The bosom is the better choosing,
Deep is the off'ring given—then
Lift high the cup, a faithful drop,
And drink to me.

ZERAH.

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.—How small a portion of our life it is that we enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come; in old age we are looking backwards to things that are gone past; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determination to be vastly happy on some future day when we have time. When young we trust ourselves too much, and we trust too little when old. Rashness is the error of youth, timid caution of age. Manhood is the isthmus between the two extremes; the ripe, the fertile season of action when alone we can hope to find the head to contrive united with the hand to execute.

Written for the Casket.

SACHEM'S HEAD;

A STORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

" 'Tis a history.

Handed from ages down: a nurse's tale."

SOUTHEY.

So much has been written concerning the habits, manners and character of the first settlers of New England, that the subject would seem, at first view, to be almost exhausted. We have had numerous novels, many of them displaying much descriptive talent, and an accurate philosophical knowledge of human nature, in all its various exhibitions, whose chief interest and value are derived from the unyielding firmness, the patience and self-denial of the pilgrim fathers, as exemplified in their pages; and yet events highly interesting in themselves, and important in their bearings on the subsequent prosperity and quietness of the colonists, have escaped the investigations of the chronicler, and the researches of the novelist. New England is rich in its traditionary lore. Every town has a story of treachery, on the one hand, and of suffering on the other. In this sketch, the writer will attempt the narrative of a few facts connected with the early history of the town of Guilford.

So late as the year 1636, that part of the Colony of New Haven, which lies between the city of that name and the town of Guilford, was an uncultivated wilderness. Eight or ten families who had settled where Guilford now stands, were all the civilized inhabitants between the settlement at the mouth of the Connecticut, and New Haven. These few families were receiving new additions to their number continually, and gradually from the neighbouring places; but at the period of which I write, the whole number of souls scarcely amounted to fifty, of whom not more than a dozen were effective men. Perhaps no Colony in New England had greater difficulties to encounter in its outset; and nothing but the utmost patience, the most energetic endurance, and entire confidence in an overruling power, could have carried them through the many and various trials to which they were exposed. Every attempt of the English to extend their settlements was viewed with jealousy and distrust by the Indians; and every opportunity was improved to harass and distress them. Such was the length to which the aborigines carried their vindictive feelings, that our ancestors were in the most imminent danger in pursuing their ordinary avocations; and in worshipping God on the Sabbath, they were compelled to post a guard strongly armed about the place of their devotions. Every movement, the erection of every dwelling, every piece of ground which they attempted to till, was watched by their enemies with prying eyes, and with the most bitter and unrelenting enmity. But the Colonists put their trust in the God of the unprotected, and persevered in their righteous undertaking, and the place which was then an unbroken waste, where no sound was heard, save the yell of the savage, or the howl of the wolf, is now covered with comfortable dwellings,

cultivated fields, venerable sires, manly fathers, happy mothers and smiling children.

The *Piquots*, a fierce, powerful, and warlike people, were the most numerous of any tribe of Indians in Connecticut. Their principal settlement was at Groton, but detached parts of the clan established themselves in different places throughout the Colony. Their resentment against the "*Wanux*," as they termed the English, whom they considered as aggressors and intruders, was implacable; and as their influence in New England was considerable, they not unfrequently instigated other and not less powerful tribes to the commission of depredations and acts of atrocity which would otherwise never have occurred. Their great aim was to exterminate the Colonists, and they often made sudden and violent interruptions on the settlements, when they were totally unexpected, and inhumanly butchered, or carried into captivity, to be more ingeniously tormented, all who were not in a place of safety.

For the greater security against these predatory inroads, the inhabitants of Guilford had erected a strong hold or blockhouse adjacent to the heart of the settlement, whither they were accustomed to retreat on any indications of attack from their wily adversaries. It was built of stone and covered with plaster, and was about forty by twenty feet in size. Crevices were left to enable the besieged to annoy their assailants with fire arms and missiles if they came within reach. It was impervious to arrows and musket balls, and possessed accommodations for sustaining a tolerably long siege; and such was the strength and solidity with which it was constructed, that it remains in a perfect state of preservation to the present day.

Early in the spring of this year, two men were seen at work in a half cultivated field, about a hundred rods to the westward of the fort. The muscular form, broad physiognomy, and red bushy hair of one of them denoted the native to which he belonged; and if any further evidence was necessary to prove it, his brogue and peculiarity of speech afforded it.

"Surely now," said he to his companion, resuming a conversation which appeared to have been recently interrupted, "there may be some sort of reason in what you say, but it ain't to be 'spected that barely crossing the seas will bring about such a change as you speak of. 'Spose Mr. Bradley is a high churchman, he is my master, and an honest man in the main, though he may carry his 'thority pretty straight, and have rather high notions of dependence and servitude in his domestics."

"Your reasoning, Dennis," said the other, "is futile."

"I don't know whether it is *fertile*, but it's just what I think, any how, Mr. Davis," was the answer.

A faint smile crossed the stern features of the puritan, as he replied, "You misapprehend my meaning. The ceremonies of which I speak, and which are performed by your master, as essentially requisite to true religion, are the very ones against which that holy man, John Knox, warned his hearers, as savoring too much of prelacy; and so far from being of any service,

are rather a clog and trammel upon the feelings and mind of the devout worshipper."

"All this may be very true" said Dennis, "but it don't prove that Mr. Bradley is not a correct man, and a good ——" Christian, he would have said; but the whizzing of a musket ball within a few inches of his head, followed by the tremendous war-whoop of about thirty savages, completely put the Irishman's ideas to flight. He took to his heels without waiting for the disciple of Knox, and fled with the speed of a frightened horse towards the settlement, crying with the whole force of his stentorian lungs, "Indians, Indians!" The houses were very compact, and as this was no unusual alarm among the Colonists, the Hibernian's voice was heard and comprehended through the village. The inhabitants made a simultaneous rush for the stone house, which they happily reached, and secured the entrance before the savages came within gun shot, as they had to go some distance round to cross a small creek that intervened between them and the object of their attack. They soon came up, however, and on finding their intended victims in a place of safety, assailed the building with a shower of bullets, uttering, at the same time the most terrific yells; but on receiving from the besieged a well directed fire, which killed two of their number, they drew off seemingly with the intention of waiting for a reinforcement; meanwhile, they were assiduously employing themselves in burning and destroying the dwellings of the puritans.

These sieges often lasted for weeks, nay, sometimes for months; and as there is no prospect that this one will terminate speedily, it may perhaps be well to occupy the time in giving an account of some of the inmates of the fortress.

Christopher Bradley was the youngest branch of an ancient family of Devonshire, England.—At the early age of nineteen, he married the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, and by this measure, incurred the lasting displeasure of his father, who thought poverty a crime, and that wealth and nobility of blood, alone constituted worth and respectability. Two lovely children, a son and daughter, were the offspring of this union of affection. Some political dissensions, combined with a dislike to be dependant on the bounty of his brother, induced Mr. Bradley to embark with lords Say and Seal, for America.

His ideas of religion were rather liberal, and in consequence of this, he became embroiled with some of the leading members of the church at Saybrook, and by the assistance of his brother, with whom he kept up a correspondence, he obtained the grant of a large tract of land, where the town of Guilford is now situated. Thither he moved in the spring of 1630.

Religious and political persecution, which at this time convulsed England, had driven many to seek an asylum in the Canaan of the western world; and at the time the attack of the Indians above related took place, his settlement had increased to a miniature colony.

Henry, his son, had now reached manhood, and was a fine high-spirited youth, and calculated, from his character, to have much influence with the colonists. Clara, the daughter, was a

beautiful, blooming girl, of seventeen, enthusiastically attached to her brother, who reciprocated her affection with the utmost cordiality. She had lost her mother at the age of twelve, but she still called to mind with delight, the many excellent examples and precepts of that mother, who was an almost faultless pattern of unaffected goodness and simplicity. The absence of polished society, and the death of their mother, seemed to have drawn the cords of consanguinity closer between them, than is common with brothers and sisters; and they were both regarded by their father with feelings verging towards idolatry.

Some years subsequent to the commencement of the town of Guilford, Mr. Bradley received a letter from his brother, Sir Edward, of which the following is an extract:—

"I am a scarred and blasted trunk. God, in his justice, has bereft me of the wife of my youth, and my children, one after another, until all are gone, save my youngest son Edward. My property has been expended in useless litigation, and all is dissipated except the patrimonial estate. The misjudged severity of our father to you seems to have been visited upon me and mine with redoubled force.

"Although it is like rending my heart-strings to part with my son, I think it will conduce to his advantage to visit America, and I shall send him to you the first opportunity. If it should please Heaven to unite him with your daughter, my most ardent wishes will be gratified."

It was on a fine morning in the latter part of April, that a sloop was descried by the beleaguered and anxious inhabitants of the fort, slowly emerging from the thick fog which was spread over the face of Long Island Sound, and moving past the point which bound the harbor of Guilford on the east. The sun had just risen, and was fast dispelling the vapours which at this season, often envelop the waters in a body so dense that no object is discernible at the distance of thirty yards. As the light vessel glided onwards, apparently propelled more by some unseen agent than by the action of the wind on her sails, Falkland Island rose out of the fog, as if by enchantment, to the view of those on board. Two persons only were visible on the deck of the vessel. One, and the most conspicuous, was standing at the bow, now looking listlessly at the expanse of water beneath, and occasionally glancing with interest towards the shore. His form and face were eminently prepossessing; he seemed in the very prime of adolescence, having just arrived at that period when the slender and less powerful graces of youth are strengthening into and blending with the firm and muscular symmetry of full manhood.

"Look, Capt. Stedman," exclaimed he, with great animation, as the Island met his eye, "at that delightful spot. I have never seen any thing to compare with it. The rich foliage is of the color of emerald, and the whole Island looks like a splendid gem of the ocean."

"The place has a good appearance to a landsman, I dare say," replied the Captain, "but it would suit a sailor much better if it bore a light-house on its highest part."

Falkland Island then, as well as now, was a lovely object to look upon. There is scarcely a

brighter or more beautiful spot on creation's face. It is situated some 5 or 6 miles from the northern shore of the Sound, and about 40 from the Straits through which its waters are poured into the broad Atlantic. On the southern extremity, the land rises abruptly to the height of 30 feet, and gradually slopes off to the north, until it terminates in a bar, which is daily covered with the tide. In shape, the Island bears no slight resemblance to the leaf of the hydrangea,—rounding off at the south, then swelling and attaining its greatest breadth, and again diminishing regularly in width, until it reaches the point or bar spoken of above.

"What cluster of houses, or huts rather, is that on the right?" said the first speaker, withdrawing his gaze reluctantly from the Island, and pointing towards the place where we left our colonists surrounded by the Indians.

"I cannot tell correctly, sir," said the Captain, "not being much conversant with this part of the country; and a chart of this ragged coast would be as useful and as rare as an honest lawyer; but from my reckoning, I judge we are about six or eight leagues to the coast of New Haven. If your honor wishes it, I think I can run along under this shore without danger, and land you on that first point."

"It is not material," was the reply, "I am not positive that New Haven is not my best landing place."

No further conversation ensued, and the little shallop stood gallantly on to her destined port.

My history thus far has been somewhat digressive, but I intend hereafter to preserve its continuity unimpaired. The reader will please to accompany me to the distressed inhabitants of the block-house.

The siege had been kept up by the warlike and ferocious savages with undiminished rigor. The original assailants had been reinforced to the number of thirty, by Sausacus, a chief of the Pequots, distinguished alike for his personal prowess, and for his irreconcilable enmity to the English. What was very uncommon with the nations, they had set down before the place, with the apparent determination of starving their enemies into an unconditional surrender. But with the obstinacy peculiar to the inhabitants of Connecticut, the besieged were as firmly resolved to hold out to the last.

Occasional sallies were made by the English, but they generally terminated without any decided advantage being obtained. One of these sorties was led by Henry Bradley, before mentioned. The detachment consisted of about a dozen villagers, among whom was Dennis, the servant of Mr. Bradley. They stole silently from the fort, and marched directly to the encampment of the Indians, which was situated a few rods to the southward, upon which they made such a sudden and violent attack, as to kill two of their number, and drive the remainder from their wigwams, before the savages had time to ascertain the force of their enemies.—They fled in different directions, and were hotly routed by the English. One savage, a stout, athletic fellow, attracted the particular attention of Dennis; the Indian ran towards a small creek on the west, intending to swim or ford it, and thus

to escape. The Irishman followed with what speed he might; and but for the violent stumbling, and headlong plunge of the native, he would easily have got clear. Dennis caught him as he was in the act of rising.

"Now, you dog of a *baste*," said he, seizing the Indian by the throat, and hurling him again to the ground with a force that stunned him for an instant; "by the soul of St. Patrick I'll be after paying you for rascalities and sins, my jewel of an Indian."

He pressed down the savage with the might of Hercules, and held the point of his knife to his naked breast—one moment more, and the spirit of the Pequot had sought the abode of his fathers; when some one in the rear exclaimed, "Hold Dennis!"

He turned to see from whom the voice proceeded, and as he turned, the Indian sprang from his grasp with the bound of a tyger, and with the quickness of thought caught up a bludgeon that lay near by, and dealt the honest Hibernian a blow across the head, that constrained him to measure his length on the sward. Henry came up, and as he recovered, assisted him to rise and kindly inquired if he was much hurt.

"Hurt!" said Dennis, "I'm not hurt, I'm kilt; but," he added, as he rubbed his bruised forehead, "I'll be revenged of that copper-colored scoundrel, as sure as my name is Dennis M'Arthur."

"There is no time for idle threats," said Henry, "the savages are fast rallying; and our only course is to make for the block-house with all possible despatch."

"We are so near," said Dennis, "that we can easily reach the fort, but some of our friends will surely be captured. Hark to that confounded howl," cried he, as the war-whoop of some half a dozen savages broke upon his ear; "the shrieks and screams at an Irishman's wake, are harmony to the yells of these heathenish redskins."

"That sounds ominous, certainly, and 'Hector himself would say the devil take the hindmost.'"

The heroic little band arrived at the stone-house, bearing no marks of the skirmish, except a few flesh wounds, and the flush arising from violent exertion.

The Indians followed them to the encampment, but on finding them safe, returned to their wigwam. On the following day, a messenger arrived from New Haven, and by dint of stratagem, and a knowledge of the habits of the aborigines, succeeded in eluding them, and got safe into the fort. He informed the besieged, that a company of soldiers were coming to their relief the next day, and that if they would hold themselves in readiness to act with the expected force, they could probably put the Indians to route, and effectually raise the siege. Accordingly, every necessary preparation was made, to enable them to co-operate efficiently with their friends on their arrival. At the time appointed, the troops from New Haven made their appearance, consisting of thirty well armed privates, a sergeant and lieutenant, under the command of Capt. Blackstone, a brave and accomplished officer, accompanied by a young gentleman as a volunteer. A joint attack was made on the In-

dians, who fought with a resolution and fury bordering on desperation; but at length English discipline and valor prevailed over savage ferocity, and they broke and fled to the westward in confusion and disorder, but yet keeping in a body.

The inspirited and victorious troops pursued them across swamps, and through forests, with untiring vigor about three miles, until they came to the shore of the Sound, where Sabsacus rallied his forces and drew them up in order of battle. He posted them on the extreme margin of the water, so that any attempt to outflank or surround them was of course frustrated. The attack was now renewed with increased fury—both parties fought with the most unconquerable obstinacy, each being aware that they had no mercy to expect from their opponents. Henry and the young volunteer combatted side by side, and with a courage, strength and success, that seemed almost superhuman. Prodigious of valor were performed by the English, individually and collectively—one personal contest may be worth relating. A tall savage was in the very act of sinking his tomahawk into the shoulder of young Bradley, who was busily engaged with another combatant, when his arm was arrested by Dennis—the Indian finding himself thus baffled, turned on the Irishman with the fury of a demon. With his teeth clenched, and his eyes gleaming like the blade of dagger, he sprang upon him; but Dennis, nothing daunted, returned his death grapple with equal good will; and after a moment of violent struggling, they both came to the ground, Dennis uppermost. The Indian coiled himself about his antagonist like a serpent, but Dennis, possessing the advantage of greater muscular strength, fastened his hand on the others throat, with a gripe resembling in tenacity that of a smith's vice, and then sprang to his feet and exclaimed—

"Mr. Davis, reach me that dirk if you please, and I'll settle that creature's business in less than no time to speak of."

His request was complied with, and the savage, discovering his intentions, more from his actions than his words, made a desperate and convulsive effort to liberate himself.

"Ay, ay, kick and flounce as much as you will," said Dennis, with admirable composure, "but if St. Peter has your soul as fast in purgatory, as I have your body under my thumb, it is 'ut masses nor prayers that will release that same."

The Indian made another furious attempt to shake off the Irishman's grasp, when he without further ado, drove the weapon three several times through the heart of the savage.

Several similar rencontres occurred, but it is unnecessary to detail them.

This sanguinary conflict lasted nearly four hours, during which time the English lost many of their bravest men; and so great was the number of the slain, that their blood ran in streams down the sand.* The party of the enemy was by this time reduced to three, and those all wounded except Sabsacus, who still fought with all the

ferocious bravery of his savage character. At length, his friends being all killed, and himself slightly wounded, no other alternative presented itself, but a desperate attempt to escape with his life; accordingly he plunged into the water, with the intention of swimming around the point—across the harbor to the opposite shore, and thus to elude the pursuers:—but this finesse was of no avail; they saw his design, and followed him with persevering vengeance. This point enters the Sound about half a mile, and bounds a small but safe harbor on the south. Round this point the Sachem swam, and succeeded in reaching nearly one-third across the harbour before the English were able to arrive at the opposite point; but the instant they came within gun-shot, the whole corps fired, and wounded him so severely as to render him incapable of further resistance or exertion. He was then brought to the land, his head severed from his body, elevated on a pole.

This tragic action gave to the scene of it, and the surrounding country, a name which it still retains, "Sachem's Head."

A more minute account of this transaction might be given, but from such scenes the humane and enlightened mind recoils with horror and disgust. Comparatively small as this action was, and nearly forgotten as it now is, it was productive of the most happy and beneficial results to the colonists, inasmuch as it impressed upon the savages a correct idea of their firmness in resolving, and decision in acting; and furnished to them undoubted proof of their capability of resisting all future attacks.

The English returned to the village elated with their victory, but their pleasure was somewhat damped by the severe loss which they had sustained. The delight of Clara at the return of her father and brother unwounded, was evidently heightened, when Mr. Bradley introduced the gallant volunteer, as the much talked of and long expected son and heir of his only brother, EDWARD BRADLEY.

Often times in after days, did Dennis collect about him the prattling progeny of Edward and Clara, and relate to them, in glowing language, and with animated gestures, the events of the battle, which terminated in cutting off the SACHEM'S HEAD.

JOHN HANCOCK.—During the siege of Boston, General Washington consulted Congress upon the propriety of bombarding the town of Boston. Mr. Hancock was then President of Congress. After General Washington's letter was read, a solemn silence ensued. This was broken by a member making a motion that the House should resolve itself into a committee of the whole in order that Mr. Hancock might give his opinion upon the important subject, as he was deeply interested from having all his estate in Boston.—After he left the chair, he addressed the chairman of the committee of the whole in the following words: "It is true, sir, nearly all the property I have in the world is in houses and other real estate in the town of Boston; but if the expulsion of the British army from it, and the liberties of our country require their being burnt to ashes—issue the order for that purpose immediately."

* This is literally true; and the spot to this day bears the name of Bloody Cove Beach.

Communicated for the Casket.
EXTRACTS FROM

DE INTERITU RERUM,

A Poem, delivered by N. C. BROOKS, A. M., at a public Commencement of St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland, held Feb. 22d, 1833.

'Time's tireless current ever rolls along:
The bright, the beautiful, the gay, the strong,
Till broken on oblivion's livid shore,
'Their glories vanish and are seen no more.

Decay has stamped indelibly her name
On every thing, through Nature's general fame;
And, time elapsed, to vast creation's throne,
Shall vindicate her right and claim her own;
And wave her dusky banner, wide unfurl'd,
O'er the gray atoms of a crumbled world.

Then mourn not that 'neath the eternal sun,
Thy race, thy destiny, shall soon be run;
And thou no more amid the mantling bush
Of blooming nature or her music's gush,
Or in her solemn solitudes be found,
But "dust to dust" be mingled with the ground.

Thine is the fate of each created thing,
Transient and perishable. Lo! the spring
That waves o'er field and velvet mead her wand,
And scatters flowers and fragrance o'er the land,
Is evanescent; and the leaves that gem
'The forest with an emerald diadem,
Faded and sapless by the winds of heaven.
To moulder with the kindred earth are driven.
And the gay petals of the vernal flowers,
Thy deck with chrysolite the sunny bowers;
Or grassy sward of forest-cinctured dells,
With the rich lustre of their silken bells;
The reddening fruit, that like the sapphire gleams,
Or on the bough in golden globules beams,
Wither and languish, and their charms decayed,
Are in earth's common cemetery laid.

* * * * *
All works of art tend to oblivion lone:
'Tower, palace, battlement, and funeral stone—
The apex of the eternal pyramid
Crumbles, and 'neath the rolling sand is hid,
And populous cities. Where now the halls,
The marble flues within Palmyra's walls?
Strewed with the ground, a monumental pile,
O'er which decay and envious ruin smile.

Where once above the clouds rose purple Tyre,
With gilded dome, and battlement, and spire,
The seawaves dash their angry foam and fret,
And seaworn fishers dry their dripping net.
And centiportal Thebes, that like a rock
Stood war's firm engines and their iron shock,
Fell 'neath the slow yet steady stroke of fate,
Each wall in dust, and battered down each gate.

Where are the splendours of imperial Rome?
Her statues, temples, Capitolian dome,
To which the victor, in triumphal car,
Dragged earth's remotest kings, taken in war;
While "ho triumphe," from the myriad train,
Rolled down the Tiber to the purple main.
Where once the palace of the Cæsars rose,
The newt, the lizard, and the toad repose;

And the lone owl hoots where the senate rung,
With the loud eloquence of Tully's tongue.

Nor cities only sink amid the rush
Of time's eternal torrent: empires crush,
Totter and tumble into dread decay,
And robed in dust, for ever pass away.

* * * * *
The sun shall fade, the mighty sun, the urn
Whence pour the beams of all the stars that burn,
Whose ocean tide rolls o'er the waves of light,
To every star that gilds the gloom of night;
Yea, he shall perish—every planet fall,
And shrouded be in darkness' ebon pall;
The adamantine pillars of high heaven
Be from their everlasting bases riven;
And dark oblivion wave her flag, unfurled,
O'er the gray ruins of a crumbled world.

Then mourn not, now, the inevitable doom,
The dust, the darkness of the common tomb;
Let truth gird up thy loins, and virtue's ray
Illumine thy footsteps in their downward way.
To the dim vale of shades, the spirit land,
Where silent sleep earth's sons—a mighty band.
And when the night of ages rolls away,
Before the bursting beams of endless day,
From out its dusty tenement shall rise
The renovated body to the skies;
And shine in splendour as the golden sun,
When robed in glory on his burning throne;
In deathless bloom for ever live, and smile
O'er earth, and sun, and systems' smouldering pile.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FLAGEOLET.

The flageolet on listening ear
Falls soft as evening dew,
When well remembered sounds we hear,
That once in youth we knew.
For there's a lingering magic spell,
Our hearts can ne'er forget;
O'er which fond memory loves to dwell,
My wind tuned flageolet.

A simple strain by others breath'd
Than those we fondly knew,
Seems as a stranger flower enwreath'd
With our own heavenly dew.
What if upon a foreign shore?
Our bosoms hail it yet
As the loved notes, once breathed of yore,
My wind tuned flageolet.

Music can speak, with heavenly voice,
So sweetly of the past,
That a warm heart might e'en rejoice
That pleasure could not last.
Oh! then let unseen memory twine
As fondly round me yet
As in my earlier days, and thine,
My wind tuned flageolet.

C. H. W.

KNOWLEDGE.—The use of knowledge is to make us happier. I would compare the mind to the beautiful statue of Love, by Praxiteles—when its eyes were bandaged, the countenance seemed grave and sad, but the moment you removed the bandage, the most serene and enchanting smile diffused itself over the whole face.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.

ARKANSAS TERRITORY.

The bird's eye view which we have undertaken to give of the Valley of the Mississippi, requires a notice of Arkansas Territory, the exact position of which will be understood by its boundaries, which are, North by Missouri and the territory beyond; East by the Mississippi, separating it from Tennessee and Mississippi State; South by Louisiana, and the Mexican States—and west by those States. This territory was erected out of that of Missouri in 1819, and soon passed into what is called the second grade of territorial government, but has among its recent settlers many turbulent spirits, who have occasioned frequent difficulties with the local authorities. The Spanish and French at early dates had establishments on the Arkansas river, and many of their descendants still remain, retaining more or less of the habits of their ancestors. The geographical boundaries of the territory are strongly defined by large rivers, and prairies.

The rivers are a prominent feature, and will detain us for a short time in their description.—Red River runs for nearly its whole course in this territory, but of no other stream of similar importance in our country is so little known with exactness, relative to its sources and upper waters. Rising at the base of a spur of the Rocky mountains near Santa Fe, it receives the Blue River, and Fausse Onachitta, three or four hundred miles from its source, and a number of smaller tributaries. The Pawnee Indians are the principal inhabitants of the undescribed portions of the river. The Southern bank of Red River, for a long distance, is the boundary between the United States and Texas. Nearly a thousand miles from its mouth it is said to be a wider and larger stream than below, occasioned by its being more confined in its channel in the hilly region of the prairies. After it enters Louisiana its whole course is chequered by numerous bayous and lakes; the water is strongly impregnated with salt, and is red, turbid and hard, unsuitable for cooking, washing, &c. It winds through immense prairies of a red soil from which it gets its colour, covered with grass and vines, the latter bearing delicious grapes. On its banks is the favourite range of the buffalo, and other game, peculiar to the unfrequented Western ocean of prairies. Ninety miles above Natchitoches commences one of its most remarkable features. It is called "*the Raft*," and is a broad swampy expansion of the alluvion of the river to the width of 20 or 30 miles! Spreading here into a vast number of shallow channels, it has been clogging for ages with a compact mass of timber, and fallen trees brought down by the current from the upper regions. Between these masses the river has a channel, sometimes lost in a lake; there is no stage of the water in which an experienced pilot cannot pioneer a keel boat through this obstruction, and a steam-boat has been built above it and floated through it, without the engine on board. This "raft" blocks up the river by its immense mass of timber for a distance of sixty or seventy miles; un-

der the logs, the water at some points can be seen in motion, while in others the whole width of the river may be crossed on horseback, and boats only make their way by following the inlet of a lake, and coasting it to its outlet to find the channel again. Weeds flowering shrubs, and willow trees have taken root upon the surface of this timber, and threaten to make a soil and permanently entomb the waters below. This is an impediment of incalculable injury to the navigation of this noble river, and the immense country above it must suffer till it is removed.

There is scarcely any part of the United States where the unoccupied lands have higher claims, from soil, climate, intermixture of prairies and timbered lands, position, and every inducement to population, than the country between the Raft and Kimichie; it would be settled with great rapidity but for this obstruction, and so sensible are the people of this fact, that the Territorial and General Government have made appropriations for its removal. The river above becomes broad, deep and navigable for steam-boats for 1,000 miles towards the mountains.—This region is healthy and pleasant, producing good wheat, and apples, and from the abundance of peccan and other nut bearing trees, it is a fine range for swine, and offers great inducements to emigrants.

Washita river rises in mountainous prairies between Arkansas and Red River, and runs through a country generally sterile and mountainous. It is navigable for steam-boats about 600 miles, and on its banks salt springs are numerous. Its bottoms are fertile after it enters Louisiana. The principal river whence the name of the territory is derived, is the Arkansas; it is the next largest tributary of the Mississippi after the Missouri. Its mighty course is estimated from 2,000 to 2,500 miles, pouring in summer a broad and deep stream from the mountains, upon the arid, bare, and sandy plains, which many hundred miles below the mountains so drink up the water, that in a dry season it may be crossed without wading as high as the knees. The whole alluvion along its banks is so impregnated with salt, that the cattle sometimes kill themselves with eating it. This and other rivers of the territory no doubt, wash in their course the immense beds of red rock salt which are known to exist in the far interior. When it has arrived within 400 miles of the Mississippi, it assumes the character of Red River, in the number of its lakes and bayous—its points and bends are broader and deeper. It surpasses even the Mississippi, or any river of the West in the perfect regularity of these, and in the beauty of the cotton wood groves on its bars. In the spring flood steam-boats can ascend this great river nearly to the mountains. White river rises in the Black Mountains, enters the territory at its north-west angle, and receives a number of tributaries, some of which will become of importance as the country settles, as they run through a healthy and fertile country, abounding in pure springs and brooks, and furnish numerous mill seats.—Spring river is remarkable for being formed by the union of several large springs, gushing out of the ground near each other, and forming a broad stream, abounding in fish, and from its never

freezing near its source, being visited by numbers of wild fowl.

About seven miles from its mouth is a lateral Bayou, running from it at right angles, and flowing through a deep and inundated forest about seven miles, when it meets the Arkansas thirty miles from its mouth. In this natural canal the current sets from river to river, according as the flood of the one preponderates over that of the other.

St. Francis rises in Missouri; it has been injured by the great earthquakes of 1811 and 1812, which completely obstructed the channel, and inundated its banks, where the water finds its way in wide plashes to the swamps; it is navigable still about 200 miles, and has a respectable settlement seventy miles from its mouth. Its waters are transparent, and afford as fine sport to the angler as any region of the Union. Many smaller streams intersect the territory, but we have already devoted a large space to the subject.

The face of the country is extremely diversified, presenting all the features which characterize other countries, in some places heavily timbered, and deeply inundated in others with marshy swamps, and forests in deep water. It has also large and level prairie plains, and possesses a great extent of rocky and sterile ridges, and no inconsiderable surface covered with mountains, with some detached hills, and flint knobs, where the whortleberry, the red cedar, and the saviue grow as on hills on the Atlantic coast. Taking the extent of the territory together, it is neither very level nor very hilly; a very considerable portion of it is broken land unfit for cultivation, and the "barrens" are literally what their name imports. On the upper waters of White River there is a tract sometimes denominated New Kentucky, from its congeniality to the productions of that State; sheltered on the north by mountains, the products of every State almost, succeed here. It is subject however to inundations after heavy rain, which runs from the hills, and the rivers have been known to rise forty feet in perpendicular height in a few hours. The crops are submerged, and the hope of the year destroyed.

Little cotton grows north of this territory, and it may in fact be said to be the northern limit of its cultivation. It does not ripen so well as in Louisiana, but is nevertheless a profitable crop. Ascending the Arkansas river, the high table lands induce a temperature lower than would be indicated by the latitude, and cotton ceases to be profitable beyond 34 deg. in that direction.—Good corn, sweet-potatoes, and the usual garden vegetables are cultivated with success. The mulberry tree abounds, and silk may easily be raised of course. Grapes succeed well, though the fig is with difficulty reared, while peaches are as common as in Maryland, Delaware and Jersey. The apple too, in places arrives to great perfection. In fact this territory possesses great bodies of the best soil. The climate is a compound of Louisiana and Mississippi, in its humidity much resembling the latter. The shores of the Arkansas, river as far up as Little Rock, are decidedly unhealthy, but this fact should by no means stamp the character of this vast district,

as there are many positions, but a few miles apart, one of which is noted for being sickly, and the other as healthy as any country of Pennsylvania or New England.

Our task of describing the towns of this territory will soon be discharged. The chief settlement on the Arkansas is at Point Chico; and on Red River at Mount Prairie, and Peocan Point, and at Mulberry 600 miles up the river between the mouth of White and St. Francis rivers, and the White River and St. Francis settlements, mostly in isolated and detached situations. The Post is a small town on the north bank of the Arkansas fifty miles from its mouth. The inhabitants are chiefly the remains or descendants of the early French settlers; population about 600. Acropolis is the seat of government, 250 or 300 miles above the Post by water, and half that distance by land, on the south bank and situated on a high stone bluff, ludicrously called Little Rock, from the quantity of stone about it. The situation being healthy and pleasant, added to its being the capital, has made it a thriving village.—Except a growing town near the mouth of White River, there is no other place yet deserving the name. In the interior are celebrated warm springs, and quarries of Turkey oil stone. Sea shells are abundant, and burnt for lime, and some iron ore has been found. Fifty years hence a description of Arkansas will exhibit very different facts.

MISSOURI.

The great State of Missouri is 270 miles in length, and in breadth 230; bounded north and west by the Territory of Missouri, a region yet but partially inhabited; east and north-east, by the Mississippi, which separate it from Kentucky and Tennessee. The territory of Arkansas heretofore described is its southern boundary. Though by a decision of Congress, Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave state, and a considerable tide of emigration by persons holding slaves immediately set towards it, it has by no means increased in population as rapidly as its neighbors. The census of 1830, gave a population of 112,065 whites, and 24,328 slaves, making a total considerably less than that of Philadelphia. But the capabilities of the country to support a large number of people are great, and she will soon rank higher in this respect.

A portion of the southern part is swampy, full of lakes, and in some parts subject to inundations; but beyond this unhealthy region, the face of the country is a bold line of fertile high lands, extending to the Osage river and its tributaries. Still further on it is broken and hilly, till we enter the region of boundless prairies, spreading beyond the limits of this state. The alluvial tract between the Missouri and Mississippi river is the part most thickly settled, and affords a splendid opportunity for canaling, or making roads. The latter are already celebrated for their excellence. In various places occur those heavily timbered alluvion tracts for which Kentucky is so remarkable. They have a fine rolling appearance, abound in springs and represent what we call in Pennsylvania, uplands. The prairies of Missouri, and indeed most of the land sufficiently level for cultivation are rich enough to

raise good crops of corn without manure; in the south-west division, there are large tracts of poor land, covered with pine, rocky hills, and even moving sands, as in the deserts of Arabia, though not to the same extent. In fact this state has extensive tracts of the richest soil, as well as the most inferior.

One of the chief exports of Missouri consists of its lead ore, which supplies mainly the great consumption of our Atlantic manufactories of lead paints. It is dug in various sections, and probably exists in the whole line of hills from the Illinois lead mines, near Rock River, quite across the Missouri. Discoveries of new places for this valuable mineral are constantly making, but the principal spots for digging are included in an extent of fifteen miles by thirty; about seventy south-west of St. Louis, would be the centre of this district. From this district the lead is wagoned to the nearest points of the river for export to New Orleans, Pittsburgh, &c. The valleys of this section are fertile, but operatives partake of the gambling lazy character of most mining districts; immorality in some of its worst forms prevails; drink is the never failing resource after and during toil, and as they lead an uncertain, erratic life, sometimes attacked by savages, and frequently in want of necessities, they acquire a recklessness of character which it is more easy to imagine than describe.

The country where the diggings have been made presents a spectacle we have never seen elsewhere. Old air furnaces, huge piles of slag, and the accompaniments of melting, point out deserted places where ore has been exhausted, while the excavations look like the craters of a volcano. Nothing like a continued vein has ever been struck, the ore having been always found in detached masses, and with the appearance of having been transported there by some convulsion. These masses are found in every degree of dip to the horizon, and from being exposed almost on the surface to twenty feet in depth. The land is staked out, and leased to the miners, a single one of whom when in luck will dig a ton a day, while at other times he may delve for a week without getting a single pound. Without any geological knowledge to guide, they depend upon the divining rod, or dig at random, while some from experience go to work with more certainty of success. Last season the miners were driven in by Black Hawk, and lead is now scarce in this market, and bears a high price. Some years, more than 3,000,000 pounds have been smelted, and giving occupation to more than a thousand workmen. The ore or *galena* yields from 70 to 80 per cent.; during the operation of smelting, arsenic is disengaged, the fumes of which are poisonous, and cattle die from licking the waste slag.

Some have attempted to make white and red lead and sheet lead on the short without much success, the operation of the former requiring stable manure to heat the beds, and this can only be obtained in sufficient quantities in cities. Natural shot towers have been employed on the high bluffs of the river above St. Louis, from which the melted lead is precipitated into the stream without the expense of an artificial tower. The mining country is salubrious, with fine sites

for water mills, and it is supposed lead enough might be had to supply the world. One hundred years have elapsed since the French began to dig lead ore in this region, and instances occur of new hands reaping a good harvest by going over the old ground for what has been carelessly left.

The Rocky mountains, being a continuation, of the mineral mountains of Mexico, in all probability will hereafter be found to contain the precious metals. Gold dust is said to be mingled with sand of the Upper Missouri. Fossil coal exists in large masses or veins, and must hereafter be of vast importance. Iron ore is indicated all over the state, and magnese, zinc, antimony and cobalt, are dug out with the lead ore; common salt, nitre, marl, black lead, porphery, jasper, chalcedony and pumice stone are found in the country, and some have asserted that the red ores of mercury have been detected, but this rests on assertion only. Blue lime stone, and marble of good quality abound, and Missouri certainly possesses a mine of wealth in her mineral resources, which time will develop, and systematic labour must enormously enhance.

The climate may be said to be intermediate between that of New York and Louisiana, and the changes are great and sudden. The transitions are so rapid, as to have an unfavourable effect on the constitution, but in return the country is always exempt from those damp, and piercing winter north-easters, that prevail on the coast. Winter sets in about Christmas, and the cold is so severe as to bridge the mighty Missouri frequently for weeks. Snow seldom falls more than six inches deep, and does not lay long. The summer, as with us, is intensely warm; but the openness of the country, and its freedom from mountains, which impede the course of the winds, always creates more or less of a breeze, which tempers the heat, and renders it more bearable. We have suffered in St. Louis as severely as in any section of the Union, and the cloudless skies of long continuance, exercise sometimes very injurious effects on the soil and crops.

The prairie grass is an admirable fodder for cattle, who thrive surprisingly on it. These prairies or *meadows*, which is the signification of the word now adopted into our language, are emphatically the land of flowers. Early in spring they are covered with them, of a peach blossom tint; then succeeds a generation of a deeper red, which are followed by yellow, and in the autumn whole oceans, of a golden hue.

The vine it is supposed would flourish admirably here, from the temperature of the climate and the looseness of the soil, but more than all from the dryness of the atmosphere, which is not so damp as in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana. All the fruits of the middle and northern states, thrive in an uncommon degree, the apple attaining its utmost development and beauty. Peach trees are broken down with the weight of their fruit. Barley yields a fine crop; the mulberry is common in the woods, and this unquestionably is among the best of the middle climates for the silk worm.

The Buffalo and Elk have been driven beyond the confines of the state, but one of the

most exquisite delicacies for the table, the Buffalo tongue, is to be bought cheap in St. Louis, to which it is brought cured from the country above. Deer continue so plenty that droves of 15 or 20 are no uncommon sight even in the vicinity of populous villages. The prairie wolf, a most mischievous animal, and bears, wolves, and panthers, are unfortunately not rare. The birds are numerous, and the lakes and rivers in the proper season present an attractive appearance to the gunner, who may bag successfully swans, pelicans, cranes, geese, brants and ducks, in all their varieties; multitudes are killed for their feathers and quills. But the prairie hen, larger than the domestic kind, is the finest sport; sometimes they are seen in flocks of hundreds, and are easily taken.

The domestic animals are the same as in other states. Many graziers have immense droves of cattle, the flesh of which is excellent. Sheep prosper, with care, without which the wolf their ancient enemy proves dreadfully destructive. On the whole, it is believed, that for rearing cattle, sheep and horses, this state and Illinois have greater advantages than any of their neighbours. The tillage is easy, and a great portion of the land fit for the plough, but the want of good fencing materials will require attention to hedges. Brick and stone houses are rapidly taking the place of the log cabin, so generally met with ten years ago.

The Missouri, from which the state takes its name, is certainly one of our most interesting rivers, being clearly the largest tributary stream on the globe. Many think it ought to have been considered the main river, and to have borne its own name to the sea; but it is objected that the valley of the Missouri seems, in the grand scale of conformation, to be secondary to the Mississippi; and in fact the Missouri has not the general direction of that river, joining it nearly at right angles. The Missouri has a course of near 500 miles in this state, and the remainder in the great Territory of the same name. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, and the head waters of it and the Columbia river, emptying into the Pacific, are but a short distance asunder; as drink may be had from the spring sources of each, without travelling more than a mile, according to Lewis and Clarke, to whom we are indebted for nearly all our geographical knowledge of this vast interior of America, and to whom we refer for accurate accounts of its grand, impetuous and wild character, and the singular country through which it runs, as well as for descriptions of the other great rivers of the state, which our brief limits exclude here.

When first settled by Americans, there occurred seasons of extraordinary mortality, probably owing in part to their being unsheltered, except by miserable huts, and to the seasons being usually rainy. Stagnant water was abundant, and the country got the name of being sickly. Intermitting fevers are the consequence of inhaling the miasm of swamps and decaying vegetables; the change of temperature from the coolness of night to the heats of the day and other causes; they are the most common diseases of the climate. The tendency to bilious fevers has not escaped the observation of even tran-

sient visitors. If the attendance of a judicious physician is early and constant, they are seldom fatal, though tedious and distressing. Pleurisy and lung fevers are not very uncommon in winter, though pulmonary complaints, are rare. As the population becomes dense, and the stagnant water is drained off, Missouri will no doubt become uncommonly healthy—in fact it cannot now be called sickly, except in deep bottoms and unfavorable situations.

Wheat and corn have hitherto been the staples of the state; rye, barley and oats succeed very well, and the corn fields of Missouri are very celebrated, and have never been known to fail from drought. The average crop per acre is from 50 to 75 bushels, and 100 are often raised. Flax and hemp are well suited to the soil and climate; tobacco of excellent quality and in considerable quantities for export is raised, and cotton is a common crop in the prairies back of New Madrid. Sweet and Irish potatoes succeed well, and Mr. Flint says that this state has already lands fit for the plough, sufficient to produce wheat enough for the whole United States. Prairies of hundreds of thousands of acres of first rate wheat lands, covered with grass, and perfectly free from shrubs and bushes, invite the plough, and determine it for the granary of the world.

St. Louis, the commercial capital, is 18 miles below the mouth of the Missouri. The site reminds one of that of Albany; after surmounting the first bank or hill, an extensive plain opens upon the view, covered close to the town with shrubs, oaks and bushes, and the view bounded by forests, while a noble view on the opposite side, a busy ferry, frequent river craft, and the bustle of a trading community, remind the traveller strongly of an eastern city, particularly in the boating season.

Until 1814, this was principally settled by French, who are still numerous, but the impulse given to the place by American laws has now turned the scale in numbers. The French inhabitants are wealthy, and highly respectable from the suavity of their manners, their acquiescence with our habits and mildness of disposition.

The population is probably about 8000, and a new impulse having of late years been given to the fur trade, and lead business, St. Louis as the country above becomes more thickly settled will probably grow to a large city. It has a Branch of the United States Bank, an academy, a Catholic Seminary, &c.; a number of respectable schools; Presbyterian, Baptist, and Catholic congregations, who are beginning to exercise a happy influence on the character of the mixed population, consisting of adventurers from every section, some bearing strong marks of Indian blood—others from far "down east," and not a few from Paris and even London. Steam boats can come up from New Orleans, at the lowest stage of the water, which gives it a decided advantage over the towns on the Ohio. Travellers sometimes go by land from Cincinnati and Louisville to St. Louis, to avail themselves of a passage to Orleans.

St. Genevieve is in a beautiful prairie, a mile west of the Mississippi; it contains a Catholic

church, and a few neat houses, with many very indifferent ones. Considerable lead is brought here for exportation. Population about 1,500.

Jackson, twelve miles west of the Mississippi, is a respectable village of over 100 houses. Cape Girardeau is on a beautiful bluff, 50 miles above the mouth of the Ohio, having a fine harbor for boats; but the place does not improve. Potosi is the centre of the mining district, in a pleasant valley, and likely sometime to increase. St. Michael is an old French village among the mines. Herculeum is 30 miles below St. Louis, is the chief place of deposit for lead. New Madrid, 50 miles below the Ohio, is remarkable as the centre of the great earthquakes of 1811-12, which shook the whole west, sunk thousands of acres, and thus created multitudes of ponds and lakes. The church yard of this village with all its tenants was precipitated into the river. The trees in every direction were thrown down—the earth burst, and sand and water were thrown up to great heights in the air; the river was dammed up and flowed backwards; birds descended from the air, and took refuge in the bosoms of the people, and the whole country was inundated—a great number of boats passing were sunk, and one or two fastened to islands, went down with them. Few people perished, as they lived then in log-cabins, but the thriving country was desolated. The shocks are still occasionally felt, and the traveller who has wondered in reading books, that any body would live in the vicinity of Vesuvius, may here see a practical illustration of the force of habit.

St. Charles, twenty miles above the mouth of the Missouri, is a pleasant village of 1,500 inhabitants, situated in a remarkably pleasant vicinity; there are fine farms in the vicinity, and the people are remarkable for their sober habits.

Carandolet is six miles below St. Louis, which it supplies with garden vegetables. Jefferson, the seat of Government, within a few years, is on the south side of the Missouri, above the mouth of the Osage. It is not very prosperous. Franklin, 150 miles above St. Louis, on the north bank of the Missouri, is estimated to contain 250 houses, and surrounded by the largest body of rich land in the state, occupied by rich and respectable farmers. A number of other towns are springing up, and the destined importance of this great state cannot be mistaken. Its progress is slow and sure, and every ten years must witness great advances.

Written for the Casket.

AN ADDRESS TO THE INTEMPERATE.

"Awake! arise! or be for ever fall'n."

MILTON, BOOK I.

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Prov. Ch. xx. v. 1.

Heirs of eternal bliss or woe, attend!
And hear the solemn counsel of a friend;
One, who alas! in folly's giddy maze,
Sunk the best portion of his younger days;
But found at length, these vanities of life,
With God and goodness equally at strife;
Reform'd his plan, the *curst* draught abjur'd,
And of his dreadful malady stood cur'd.

Say! what from dissipation do ye gain,
But public infamy, disease, and pain?
The haggard look, and trembling hand bespeak
A "*mind diseased*," and a body weak;
The tottering gait, and tugging hard for breath,
Are sure precursors of a speedy death;
And if ye still persist, no arm can save,
Ye soon must drop, and fill the *drunkard's grave*.

O! stupid beings, thus your time to spend,
And think so little of your latter end;
But still rush madly on, devoid of fear,
How at the bar of God will ye appear?

When ye shall stand before the "*great white throne*,"
The secrets of your hearts will all be known;
Your crimes of crimson dye will stand unfur'd,
In presence of a congregated world;
Your deeds of darkness too, will spring to light,
And fill your guilty souls with sad affright:
With terror and dismay, and deep felt pain,
Ye then will call on rocks;—*but call in vain*;
On mountains too, to fall upon your head,
And hide ye from the Judge of quick and dead;
Fruitless resource! stern Justice bids ye go,
To taste the sharpness of eternal woe;
To feel the fierceness of Jehovah's ire,
And dwell for ever with *decouring fire*.

Past all relief! ye then will call to mind,
The cogent reasons by your friends assign'd,
Why ye the DRUNKARD's fatal course should hate;—
But, awful truth! reflection comes too late,
And serves to make the piercing sense more keen,
Of what *you are*, and what *you might have been*.

Haply in those dread realms ye'll recognise,
The hopeless wailings, and the mournful cries
Of some, by your example led astray,
Who barter'd Heaven for pleasures of a day;
Ah! how that meeting then will aggravate,
The gloomy horrors of your hopeless state;
How will they charge ye, with their dire disgrace,
And, demon like, will curse ye to your face.

This painful subject I might still pursue,
And other awful pictures bring to view;
But, nature sickens! gladly then I cease,
And turn to scenes of PITY and PRAISE.
Delightful thought! there's MERCY yet in store,
O! then the "*GLASS*" discard, and sin no more;
To God with penitential tears confess,
Your multiplied acts of wickedness,
For mercy plead! the blood of Christ was spilt,
To free e'en drunkards from their load of guilt;
Believe on Him, and sure as He hath died,
Your plea for mercy shall not be denied.

Come then immortals! and no longer dare
Jehovah's vengeance; but for *death* prepare;
Your little span of life will soon be o'er,
And proffer'd mercy then will be no more.

Flee from the wrath to come, with holy fear,
And when your God in judgment shall appear
Then shall your ransom'd souls with triumph sing
The praises of your mighty God and King;
And gain those realms, exempt from sin and thrall,
Where—"one unbounded spring encircles all." J. H.

From the Book of Nature.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

The steady diffusion of a taste for the study of Natural History in this country, is extremely gratifying. It is this study which teaches us to look up from nature to the Author of nature. Nature is infinitely diversified, and yet each production makes its appearance at the time, and under the circumstances, which we should be led to expect. A plan so perfect and harmonious, of which the parts are so diversified, and yet so mutually promote the existence of each other—which blend the sea, the land, and the air into one whole, and though always perishing, are always reproduced—offers a field of contemplation which the longest life, and the most active mind, cannot exhaust; and it has the advantage over every other subject of study; it presents or awakens none of those bad passions and imperfections that present themselves when man and his works are the objects of our inquiry.

It has these farther advantages, that the study, instead of a labour, is a constant delight; that the details are quite as interesting as the whole; that the subjects which are too small to be seen by the naked eye are just as perfect in all their parts, and as wonderful in the use of them, as those which are of the most huge dimensions. The little green moss that is as a pin's point upon a wall or the bark of a tree, or the fungus that makes a barely visible speck upon a leaf, is as perfect in its structure, and as full of life, as the pine or the oak that rises majestically over the forest, and exhibits itself to an entire country, or as a landmark for the seaman. The aphid, that scarcely crumples the rose-leaf, or the animalcule, of which myriads do not render a drop of water turbid, are as equally complete, and in some respects much more curious, than the horse or the elephant. Of the aphid, nine distinct generations, all females, succeed each other every summer, and yet each produces a numerous progeny; and some of the animalcules increase in number by a spontaneous division of the little bodies of those previously existing.

In order to understand the subject, we must, indeed, study the small as well as the great, the common as well as the rare. The most uncommon and majestic animals cannot tell us more than the worm we trample under foot, or the caterpillar we destroy as a nuisance. Nor does the utility diminish with the size. Silk, the finest substance with which we are clothed; carmine, the finest colour with which we can paint; and the very ink with which we write, are all the productions of little insects.

In contemplating the structure of any plant or animal, however common, and however on that account overlooked or disregarded, we may find finer applications of mechanical art, and nicer processes in chemistry, than the collected art of the whole human race can boast of. That the vegetable principle in an acorn should be chemist enough to fabricate oak timber, and bark and leaves and new acorns; and mechanic enough to rear the tree in the air against the natural tendency of gravitation, and in spite of the violence of the winds, and do all this by means of a little portion of matter that can be kept for a considerable time as if it were dead, is truly astonishing. It is equally demonstrative of power and wisdom in Him who gave the impulse, that out of the same soil and the same atmosphere, each plant should elaborate that which properly belongs to it; that the flower of one plant should be crimson, that of the next yellow; that one should delight us with its perfume, and the very next one offend us by its fetor; or that food, medicine, or a poison, should be found the closest neighbours.

In the single department of Botany, we have thus not only a fund of the most curious information, but of information which is practically useful at every step.

Even from the mere forms of vegetables we have some of the choicest of our ornaments, and have taken some of the most useful hints in our architecture. The engineer who first succeeded in fixing upon the dangerous rocks of Eddystone a light-house that resisted the violence of the raging sea, moulded its contour from the bole of a tree which had withstood the tempests of ages; and the model was found so admirably adapted to the purpose, that it has been copied in similar cases ever since.

The sure way to become naturalists, in the most pleasing sense of the term, is to observe the habits of the plants and animals we see around us, not so much with the view of finding out what is new or uncommon, as of becoming well acquainted with what is of every-day occurrence. Nor is this a task of difficulty, or one of dull routine. Every change of elevation or of temperature is accompanied by a variation both in plants and animals; and every season and week, nay almost every day, brings something new; so that while the book of nature is so accessible, it is as varied as the books of a library. In whatever place, or at whatever time one may be disposed to take a walk,—in the most sublime scenes or on the bleakest wastes, on arid downs, or by the margins of rivers or lakes, inland or by the sea shore, in the wild or on the cultivated ground, and in all kinds of weather and at all seasons of the year,—nature is open to our inquiry. The sky over us, the earth beneath our feet, the scenery around, the animals that gambol in the open spaces, those that hide themselves in coverts, the birds that twitter on the wing, sing in the grove, ride upon the wave, or float along the sky, with the fishes that tenant the waters, the insects that make the summer air alive, all that God has made, is to us for knowledge and pleasure, and usefulness and health; and when we have studied and known the wonders of his workmanship, we have made one important step toward the adoration of his omnipotence, and obedience to his will. Should our present publication increase the resources of amusement and instruction to the public, or contribute to the results alluded to above, we shall feel amply rewarded for our humble labours in this compilation.

GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

It is not surprising that there should exist such a thirst for every thing that savors of popular and practical science or natural history. It would appear almost impossible that any attentive observer of the exquisite workmanship displayed every where around us, should not be compelled to wonder and admire—and by occasional observation and reflection be led to push his inquiries into recesses yet unexplored, and to acknowledge that the hand that made all these things must be divine. The spirit that pervades the "Gleanings of Edward James," which the good taste of Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard has selected for republication, is pure and devoted, breathing a fervency of love for his study, and of kindness towards all animated nature. In his rambles among the fields and the groves his thoughts seem delightfully occupied in the contemplation of every insect that crosses his path, and of every bird that flits within the circle of his vision. He finds in each of them something till now unnoticed, or admires with a keener relish than before, the beautiful symmetry and elegance of their external appearance, and their different manner and modes of living.

His preface is altogether too modest to suit the fashion of the times. He says: "This little work has no pretensions whatever to Science. Its arrangement may be considered defective, and many of the remarks too minute. The time, however, which has been devoted to it, has afforded me amusement of a harmless, if not an instructive kind; and it would give me no

little pleasure to be assured that I should have been the instrument of leading others to enjoy equal pleasure with myself in studying the works of nature." This wish has been abundantly gratified since the appearance of the work, which is indeed one of the most winning and entertaining that has appeared upon Natural History. It abounds with anecdotes of beasts, birds, fish, &c. of a most interesting character. We give a single extract.—*Bos. Trav.*

"My bees are a constant source of amusement to me; and the more I study them, the more I am led to admire their wonderful instinct and sagacity. Few things, however, surprise me more than the power which they possess of communicating what I can only call 'intelligence' to each other. This I observe to be almost invariably the case before they swarm. Some scouts may then be observed to leave the hive, and for some time to hover round a particular bush or branch of a tree, after which they return to the hive. In a little while the new swarm quits it, and settles on the branch which had been previously fixed upon by the scouts. The same power of communication may be observed in the ant. I have often put a small green caterpillar near an ant's nest; you may see it immediately seized by one of the ants, who, after several ineffectual efforts to drag it to its nest, will quit it go up to another ant, and they will appear to hold a conversation together by means of their antennae; after which they will return together to the caterpillar, and, by their united efforts, drag it where they wish to deposit it.

"Huber says, that nature has given to ants a language of communication by the contact of their antennae; and that with these organs, they are enabled to render mutual assistance in their labours and in their dangers; discover again their route when they have lost it, make each other acquainted with their necessities. 'We see, then,' he adds, 'that insects which live in society are in possession of a language; and in consequence of enjoying a language in common with us, although of an inferior degree, have they not greater importance in our eyes, and do they not embellish the very spectacle of the universe?'

"What I have said respecting the power of communicating intelligence to each other, possessed by bees and ants, applies also to wasps. If a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will rally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. It is, therefore, I think, sufficiently clear that these insects have what Huber calls an 'antennal language,'—a language, we can have no doubt, that is perfectly suited to them,—adding, we know not how much, to their happiness and enjoyments, and furnishing another proof that there is a God—almighty, all-wise, and all-good,—who has 'ornamented the universe' with so many objects of delightful contemplation, that we may see him in all his works, and learn, not only to fear him for his power, but to love him for the care he takes of us, and of all his created beings.

"I have also frequently observed two ants meeting in their path across a gravel walk, one going from and the other returning to the nest. They will stop, touch each other's antennae, and appear to hold a conversation; and I could almost fancy that one was communicating to the other the best place for foraging, which Dr. Franklin thought they have the power of doing, from the following circumstance. Upon discovering a number of ants regaling themselves with some treacle in one of his cupboards, he put them to the rout, and then suspended the pot of treacle by a string, from the ceiling. He imagined that he had put the whole army to flight, but was surprised to see a single ant quit the pot, climb up the string, cross the ceiling, and regain its nest. In less than half an hour several of its

companions sallied forth, traversed the ceiling, and reached the depository, which they constantly revisited until the treacle was consumed."

Fashionable Vulgarities in New York.

Ostentatious dinners, where the guests are bored to death with a profusion of superfluous dishes, superfluous bottles, superfluous glasses, and superfluous cut glass, and lumbering finery of all sorts, where the guests are invited and estimated on the score of their purses; where the conversation consists of dissertations on wines, and comparisons of the respective excellence of each, and where the hired cook, after serving up the dishes, takes his place as a waiter to eke out the scene of ostentation.

Ostentatious parties, where ladies dress to fanaticism, and young gentlemen wear black stocks and speckled stockings, where the finery is all borrowed or hired; where you see the same hired waiters, the same great punch bowl, the same everlasting lamps, and the same desperate attempts at outdoing their rivals of the *ton*; where the company is rated according to the Wall street standard, and the party according to the quantity of champagne and pickled oysters.

Married ladies dressed for a walk as if going to an assembly, with gowns, the extreme breadth and redundancy of whose folds are desperately contrasted with their length, leading by the hand little children so overloaded with finery that they have no room to grow bigger, and never get to be more than four feet and a half high.

An affection of contempt for every thing American, and of admiration for every thing foreign; an affection of taste for Italian music without any taste; an affection of literature without any literature; an affection of fashionable manners without any manners; and a violent desire to be elegant without knowing exactly how to go about it. Indeed no rusticity of manners is half so vulgar in the eyes of people of real refinement as *affectation*.—*N. Y. Courier and Eng.*

EXPANSION OF SOLIDS BY HEAT.—The expansion of solids by heat is exemplified in the following cases: A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water, or by immersing the bottle in water up to the neck; the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it.

In an iron railing, a gate, which during a cold day may be loose and easily shut and opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and of the neighbouring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed.

The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside.

The pitch of a piano-forte or harp is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than of the wooden frame work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano which is well tuned in a morning drawing room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room.

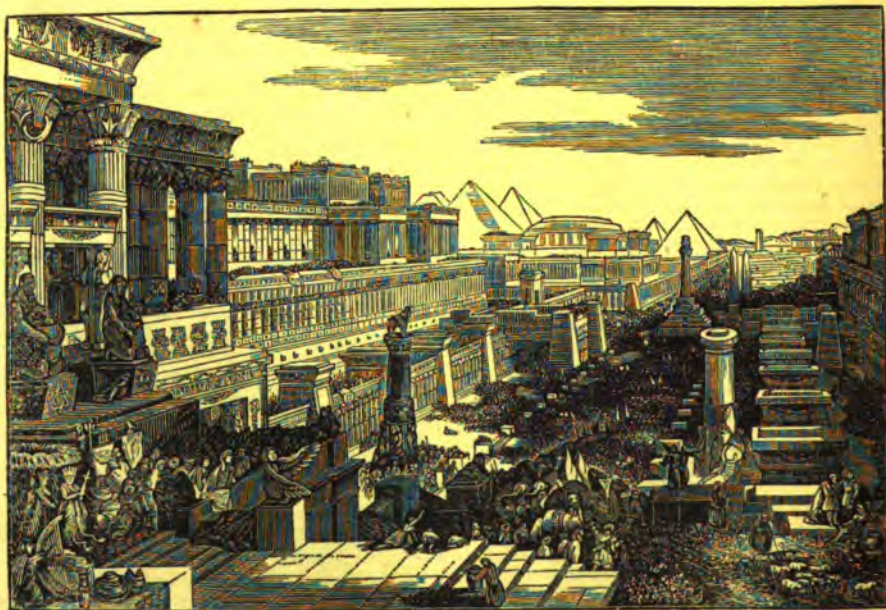
THE EARTH.—The surface of the earth has been considered as 148,522,000 square miles of 60 to the equatorial degree, (geographical miles,) of which two thirds are occupied by the ocean and the interior seas; the remainder, consisting of 37,573,000 square miles, forming the five parts of the world, the fifth termed Australasia or Oceania.

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Holt's Castle, New York.



Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt.

HOLT'S NEW HOTEL,

NEW YORK.

This newly erected house of public entertainment is, without doubt, the greatest establishment of the kind in America, perhaps in the world. It stands on the corner of Fulton and Pearl streets; the front on Fulton street, is 100 feet; on Pearl street 76½, and on Water street 85½ feet. It is six stories high, beside the basement. The height of the main building to the top of the cornice is 75 feet; to the top of the promenade 85 feet; from the side walk to the top of the dome 125 feet. It contains a dining hall 100 feet long, two side dining rooms 45 feet each, together with twenty-five parlours, making, in all, one hundred and sixty-five rooms. One thousand persons can be accommodated with dinner at once, and three hundred with lodging at night. The number of windows in the building is four hundred and fifty. Belonging to the establishment is a well, bored 370 feet deep, yielding a constant supply of pure rock water, which, by means of a steam engine, is conveyed to every part of the building. Large cisterns are also placed in the garrets, to which hose are attached, for the purpose of conveying water freely and constantly, a necessary and invaluable safeguard against fire. The whole of this immense establishment is furnished throughout in the most fashionable and costly style; the floors, to the garrets, are covered with Brussels carpets, and splendid pianos are placed in most, if not all, of the parlours. The cost of the entire establishment was \$350,000. On the summit of the dome is an observatory, commanding a complete view of the city, shipping, harbour, islands, and adjacent scenery. A spacious hall runs through each story parallel with the front, and smaller halls penetrate each of the rear sections. Permanent or transient boarders may be accommodated, and men of business, whose residence is at a distance, may be provided with a dinner, or plate, as the term is, at the shortest notice. The furniture is handsome—much of it elegant, and ample arrangements made for the reception of both ladies and gentlemen. The principal operations of the establishment are carried on by means of a small steam engine, which turns the spit, raises the baggage, (and if he chooses, the owner also) to the elevation of his destined apartment—pumps the water, and conveys the smoking viands from the kitchen to the topmost story. The leisure moments of this auxiliary are directed to the boring for water, in the rock under the premises, 480 feet of which have been already perforated. To assist in furnishing this immense establishment, Mrs. Holt, the wife of the proprietor, a lady over fifty years of age, within the last six years, in addition to the cares of a large establishment, has made up with her own hands, 1500 towels, 400 pairs of sheets, 400 pairs of pillow cases, all ruffled or pointed, 250 bedticks, and 300 patchwork bed quilts, of ample dimensions, and several of them entirely composed of pieces not larger than a two shilling bit. The whole house is furnished with these things by her handy work. Surely a man with such a wife may well build his house of marble, and fill it with luxuries.

The steam engine, in addition to a multitude of duties, performs the office of boot black; a gentleman has only to present his foot to a hard brush, and it takes off the dirt; a second brush lays on the blacking, and a third gives the finishing polish.

On the roof there is a spacious promenade, large enough for five hundred visitors. It commands a beautiful prospect of the city and its environs. The whole mansion, it is said, has been reared by the industry and economy of one individual, who began life without a shilling.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES OUT OF EGYPT.

The original of the copy, whence we take the accompanying Engraving, is by a distinguished artist of London, named Roberts. The painting was executed for Lord Northwick, and in dimensions and execution, is grand and magnificent, the picture being six feet by four feet eight inches; the filling up of that space of canvass, as may be inferred from the numerous objects discernable in the engraving, must have required the long exertion of a brilliant fancy, and patient, elevated genius. The time and scene of the picture are expressed in the following passage from the Book of Exodus:—"At midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the first-born of cattle. And Pharaoh rose up in the night, he, and all his servants, and all the Egyptians; and there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead. Then the king called for Moses and Aaron by night, and bade them and the children of Israel depart, with their flocks and their herds and all their possessions."

Mr. Roberts's picture represents the act of departure. He supposes the dawn breaking, and first lighting up the summits of the gigantic pyramids in the distance, and falling in slant lines across the stately obelisks and pinnacles, which adorn the prodigious exhibition of palaces and temples which he has very richly imagined and very exquisitely drawn.

In the left corner of the picture is the royal party, witnessing the departure, which no heart any longer dared to oppose. Opposite, in front of a huge Egyptian statue, are the two leaders, Moses and Aaron, in shade; and the space between the buildings is entirely filled with the continuous mass of Israelites, marching out in order with their banners and ensigns, their camels, and elephants. Pharaoh stands upon the platform, and Moses is seen extending his rod towards the vast multitudes around and beyond him. The whole scene has been conceived with a spirit of real grandeur, and, even in the small space which we present it, is striking and impressive. Parts of the original have been subjected to a very severe historical criticism; but, like the productions of *Martin*, on sacred subjects, though much from the brevity of the text, is left to the fancy of the painter, the *tout ensemble* receives the warm and cordial praise of every lover of art.

Written for the Casket.

The Moderate Drinker :**Or the Unhappy Marriage.**

Oh dash the glowing goblet down,
 Nor dare to taste its sparkling wave,
 For death is lurking there to crown
 The conquest of the greedy grave.

Seneca tells us that it is easier to persuade men into virtue than to rail them out of vice. This is generally susceptible of proof, but there is at times, and upon certain points, a confidence in the human mind, so strong, that neither persuasion nor railery can change the direction of the current of opinion. This is nowhere more evident than in the man who is accustomed to moderate drinking. You may attempt to convince him that it will finally lead him to excess, but you will attempt it in vain; for he is confident in his own resolution, and will point you to the years he has indulged in it without danger.

With the above introduction I shall proceed to write the life of a man, whose prospects were once as bright as ambition could desire, and whose hopes were as sanguine as they were happy.

In one of the middle states dwelt a man by the name of Morton. He had served in the revolution, and was a man of singular character, habits, and opinions. He had his own idea of every thing, and did not consider the laws of society good because they were considered so by others, or that the path which the many had trod was the only path of safety. He was generous in the extreme to those he liked, and on the contrary, he was deadly in his hostility to those he hated. All extremes seemed to meet in him; and should his character be enquired for, from two of his neighbours, one should praise his generous munificence, and the other denounce his hardheartedness and avaricious disposition. At the time of the massacre in St. Domingo, Morton was in New York, and received in care the plate and money belonging to his uncle, who was endeavoring to fly from the horrors of that ill fated island. His uncle perished in attempting to escape, and, according to agreement, the whole of the plate and money was his. This raised his family, consisting of a wife and three children, above the fear of want, though he was not exceedingly rich.

Morton, throughout the revolution, had been considered by the many a patriotic soldier, though there were some who knew him better, that doubted his patriotism, and one who even charged him with being favourably inclined towards the British; and that man, who, like himself, possessed a singular disposition, he ever after hated. His name was Churchill, and he had been the cause, at one time, of bringing disgrace on the motives of Morton; and that injury was never forgotten or forgiven. Not less was the hatred of Churchill; for Morton, through revenge, had procured evidence against him, by which he had been nearly cashiered for cowardice.

Years had passed away since these events had happened, and Morton found himself happily situated in a flourishing town, with a family around him, while time gradually scattered the snows of age on his head. He followed the bu-

siness of a grocer in a large way, and had always entertained the idea that if he permitted his children to draw liquor and drink when they pleased, it would soon become an old thing, and they would care nothing about it; but that if he debarred them from it, they would continually desire it. For, said he, a person may voluntarily sit in his chair for hours without rising, yet if he had been forbidden to rise, or go out, he would have wished to do so immediately. Such, said he, is the effect of restrained liberty.

This reasoning of Morton was correct to a certain extent; but he lost sight entirely of the force of gradual indulgence and gradual habit. There is nothing but our common food that has always the same effect on the human system. The dose of opium or of brandy must be continually increased to have the same effect, and hence habit gradually steals upon us. Morton declared that he had always been a moderate drinker; that he had from childhood suffered his son, now nearly grown, to drink when he pleased; and that he had seen nothing like dissipated habits in any of his family. This was the favourite theme with Morton, and many a crowd assembled at evening round his store door, to imbibe the spirit of a doctrine so congenial to their wishes. Frank Morton, the son, was fine, well-formed, handsome young man, whose talents, it was predicted, would raise him high in the world when age should calm his youthful passions.

At the age of nineteen, Frank was seen occasionally calling for his small glass in taverns, yet no one had seen him in the least degree intoxicated, and therefore the doctrine of old Morton was established. Two other families followed the same plan, and young licensed tipplers became plenty. About this period a stranger arrived, with the determination of settling in the town, and that stranger was, of all others, the man whom Morton hated most. Churchill, after the revolution, had settled in the lower part of Virginia, where, by dint of persevering industry and frugality, he had amassed a considerable estate. Being infirm in health, he removed farther to the north, with the supposition that it would be more congenial to his constitution. In the town of S. he now located himself and family, without any noise, and so reserved was he in his intercourse, that it was a long time ere any one knew his name or narrative.

Frank Morton, now in his twenty-first year, had just entered on his studies, in the office of an attorney at law, with a fine prospect of future usefulness and fame. He was one day crossing the street in a musing mood, when he suddenly lifted his eyes and they fell upon the form of a young lady, sitting at a window, reading. Her extreme beauty, like a fascinating spell, fixed him to the spot, and he gazed for a moment with an admiration deep as devotion itself. She possessed all the characteristics of beauty, so much admired in southern maids. On the side of her fine head a turban carelessly rested, while from its folds of white muslin a cluster of curls on either side, shaded a pair of the darkest, most melancholy and melting eyes in the world. Sadly she turned their fascinating glance upon him, and for a moment he was lost to every thing but the deep influence of their witchery. Still he

gazed upon her till she smiled and fled from the window. Frank, forgetting his errand, and thinking only of the lovely being he had seen, returned slowly to his office. On his way he encountered a young man, who had long been considered his friend.

"By heavens, Dick," said Frank, "I have just feasted my eyes with the sight of the most lovely, the most heavenly creature that man ever beheld. Yonder window she but just now occupied; tell me, if you can, who she is, that I may adore her."

"That house," returned Dick, "is occupied by a new-comer, a Mr. Churchill; and the girl you saw, was Caroline Churchill, a most amiable and charming young lady."

"Then come in, Dick, and let's drink the health of the prettiest woman in the world."

"I will drink water with you, my friend," said Dick, "but nothing stronger."

"Poh! poh! moderate drinking, Dick, never hurt any man yet."

"No," returned Dick, "but the danger of gradual habit is what I fear."

"Why, sir," said Frank, "my father has always been a moderate drinker, and who ever saw him intoxicated or in the least degree led away by its influence?"

Dick, who was fond of lecturing others, now commenced.

"Your father, my friend, is but one exception to a general rule. A man may by chance indulge, his whole life, in a habit without being led away by it, and yet a single circumstance or misfortune may so completely throw him into the vortex, that he can never extricate himself.—Where one moderate drinker resists the influence of habit, a thousand are hurried to an untimely grave; or if they escape, they find themselves in the lowest depths of misery and degradation. My opinion is, that if an angel were to tippie or drink morning drams, he would fall. To touch it is danger, and our only safety is to avoid it altogether. Like gambling, it is a witch to the senses and a devil to the soul, either way: for if you lose, you wish to win back what you have lost; and if you win, you are seduced with the hope of winning more. If one drink makes you happy, you must take another to keep up the excitement. If the weather is cold, you drink it to warm you; and if hot, you drink it to cool you.—Like gambling, though it is pleasing at first, it generally ends in misery and ruin. Some cold, phlegmatic persons may tamper with it, but to the young man of talents and bright imagination, it is certain ruin."

"I shall never deny myself the pleasure of drinking moderately," said Frank.

"Well," rejoined Dick, "you may drink moderately, and I water; time will show the result."

Dick, with a good natured smile of prophecy, turned upon his heel and bade adieu.

"Stay one moment," cried Frank. "Are you acquainted with Miss Caroline Churchill?"

"Aye, partially. Why do you ask, Frank? Are you in love with her so soon?"

"I am indeed," returned Frank. "I felt the shaft of the little god in my heart the moment the light of her heavenly eyes illumined my soul. All the desire of my soul is, to be made acquainted

with her—to fall at her feet and to confess that I am her slave."

"This," said Dick, "is what you call love at first sight. Well, well, I am in a hurry at present, but I will hereafter manage it so that you shall have acquaintance with the angel of your heart."

Before Frank could fix upon an early hour, Dick had glided from the office, and had disappeared. Frank sat himself down to his law studies and opened Blackstone, but he could see nothing but the image of Caroline Churchill's beautiful face on every leaf; and every letter was magnified into her large, dark melting eyes. Every thing became insipid but the thought of her; and he took another drink to wear off the weariness he felt. This excited his mind, and visions of hope and bliss, and beauty, floated around him. He imagined himself upon his knee before the beautiful image of his idolatry, and fancied himself pleading the cause of love. To see her, without the agony of waiting Dick's time and pleasure, he formed stratagem after stratagem, but rejected them as vain and impracticable. He took another draught, and felt himself prepared for any emergency. Frank had never before indulged so freely in his draughts, and the observation of his friend now came across his mind: that a single circumstance or calamity may so completely throw a man into the vortex of dissipation, that he cannot extricate himself. But Frank considered that it was the first time, and that his anxiety to see Caroline Churchill was the sole cause, and not simple inclination to drink.

Meanwhile the evening came gradually on the world, like habit on the heart, and the moon hung like a silver lamp in the great hall of heaven. Frank Morton strolled out in the moonlit street and wandered to the spot that held the sweet object of his heart's idolatry. For hours he paced the pavement with the hope of catching even a glimpse of her form, and wished that one soul, like a planet, could feel the attraction which another exerted upon it. In the phrenzy of the moment he called gently upon her name, and invoked her name; but she answered not, she came not.

At length, wearied with watching and wet with the dews of night, he turned with a disappointed feeling to retrace his steps homeward.—The next day he sought his friend, but he had gone into the country, and all hope was cut off. Dispirited, he returned to the goblet, to forget in its influences his cares and disappointments, and when night again hung her sable mantle over the world, he was ready again to wrestle with the fever of unconsumed love. He traversed the same pavement, directed his gaze to the same window, and wondered why love is so much stronger over the heart at evening than in the day. While he stood in the shade of an alley, musing on the being who had unconsciously exerted so great a power over him, he suddenly saw the head of a lady thrust from the window, and the next moment recognized in the moonlight the features of Caroline Churchill. Elated at the prospect of seeing her, he forgot all propriety, sprang from his concealment and rushed into the room. Before she could speak

or utter an exclamation of surprise, he sunk upon his knee and seized her fair hand. Equally as soon was her hand snatched from his grasp and the question asked, in a mild though angry accent, what thus brought him so rudely there.

"Admiration for your charms—love for your beauty," was the laconic reply of Frank.

"Then rise and leave me this moment," returned Caroline, "or I will call for assistance."

"Call—call," exclaimed the fascinated youth, "but never will I leave you till you know that I love you—yes, love you to desperation. For many an anxious hour have I diligently sought this interview, and now nothing but death shall tear me from you till you hear from my lips that my heart is eternally yours, and that I am the slave of your charms. No, heavenly woman, at your feet I swear I will die or communicate to you the secret of my heart."

Caroline's countenance softened at his language, and she ventured to ask his name; for she did not recognize in him the young man on whom she had smiled at the window, and who had then made an impression on her own feelings.

"My name," said he, "is Francis Morton, and my profession the law."

"Oh God! then leave me this moment, or we are both ruined—lost."

"What mean you, Caroline?" inquired Frank, taking her hand between both of his, "Shall I so soon fly from the heaven I have so daringly and with so much difficulty entered?"

Caroline stood for a moment gazing upon him with a mingled look of fear and compassion.

"Oh fly, fly—my father is the deadly enemy of your family, and if he sees you here—"

"Beloved of my heart," exclaimed Frank, drawing his arm round her waist and pressing her to his bosom, "hear me but one moment—shall I see you again?—when?"

During these broken sentences, Caroline had torn herself from his embrace, and waved him away.

"Fly—my father comes—if he finds you here we are both forever undone."

"Then promise that you will see me again," said Frank, seizing her hand again, "and I—"

"Oh God, my father is here," exclaimed Caroline, and sunk senseless in the arms of Frank.

The infatuated youth gently drew her in the shadow of the door, while the father passed through the entry that opened into the street.—In trembling anxiety he stood, holding the heavenly form of Caroline in his arms, and gazed with admiration on her features, as they were slowly animated by returning life. So soon as she recovered she sprang from his embrace and disappeared in an instant in another room. Frank fled, but not unseen. The watchful eye of the father was upon him, and he returned to enquire of his daughter the name and business of the youth. Caroline trembled when her father accosted her, and she attempted to evade his questions.

"Tell me," said her father, "as you value me, tell me who that young man was who fled so precipitately at my approach? I am told that the man I hate has a son—was he the man who fled?"

Caroline could not speak, and only answered by the tears that stood in her dark eyes.

"Audacious scoundrel! if ever he crosses again the threshold of my house, I will send him where hope nor mercy can never reach him. Let him beware. And for you, Caroline, much as I have loved you, if I thought you could even encourage the son of my enemy, I would pursue with an undying curse, and with a hatred keen as that I bear for Morton."

"Why, my father, do you hate men that never injured you?" asked Caroline, in tears.

"Never injured me!" repeated the father, with a stamp that made her tremble, "Never injured me! Did he not with a dastard hand revenge a supposed injury in the army, almost at the expense of my character? Did he not attempt to drag from my arms the wife of my bosom—to basely rob me of all I held most dear—your sainted mother? Say no more, and think no more of Morton's son; for sooner than see you his wife, I would see you perish in your bloom like a rifled rose, and follow you to the grave. Encourage him no further, or my curse shall be upon you to the last breath of my life."

Caroline, at these words, burst into tears and fled to her chamber. She knelt down, uttered a prayer, and indulged for a long time in weeping. The truth was, Caroline loved Frank the first moment she saw him, still more when on his knee before her he told his love; and the adverse will of her father, instead of checking had increased her affection, proving that true love never did run smooth. The transactions of the past moment were now before her, and she mused long and earnestly on the unexpected circumstance which had thus broken in so suddenly on her peaceful bosom. She had never until now known the agonies of love; and at the same moment that she thought of the feeling which Morton had excited in her bosom, she also thought of the destiny that awaited it. With a heart filled with contending emotions she retired to her pillow, but "tired nature's sweet restorer" came not soon; for

He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes;

Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,

And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

When sleep did seal up the fountain of her tears, it was only to dream of Morton, kneeling before her, while the angry denunciations of her father thundered in her ears.

Nor less perplexed was the gay and gallant Frank. Pacing the floor of his chamber, he was lamenting the unhappy circumstance, that the father of the woman he most loved should be the enemy of his family. He now remembered having heard his father execrate the name of Churchill, and felt that he was placed between two fires, without the hope of escape. Yet his destiny urged to the determination of pursuing his darling object in spite of every obstacle and every opposition. With this fixed determination he sank into the arms of sleep.

The next day Frank arose feeble and dispirited. The first thing was to seek consolation in a draught of spirit, and to drown his cares in its exhilarating influence. He thought not now of

the language of his friend Dick, though he was fulfilling it to the very letter. He went to his office, but study had departed from him; and he sat down to write to Caroline, with the hope that he should soon know his fate. He commenced thus:—

“My heart’s idol—

Tell me in truth what hour I shall see you, and unfold to you the secret hopes of my soul. I know that your father and mine are deadly enemies; but why should you and I be the less dear to each other on that account? For you I will risk all, and brave the vengeance of a thousand fathers—are you prepared to do the same? Will you sacrifice a risk for him who would lay down his life for you?—In one word, dearest Caroline, will you obey the tyranny of your father and resign me to dark despair, or will you fly to the bosom that beats only for you? Answer me immediately, if you value the happiness which is now placed in your hands. Yours eternally,

FRANCIS MORTON.”

For some time Frank sought an opportunity to convey the letter to Caroline, and at length succeeded by bribing the servant, who alone had access to her mistress. Time passed away, and Frank waited impatiently her answer; but, for a week, it came not. He was on the point of writing another, when the same servant put privately in his hand a letter, which he was told was from Caroline’s own fair hand. With eagerness he opened it, and read the following:—

“Respected Sir,—

If for me you bear the slightest affection,—if for my happiness you entertain the least regard, I conjure you, by that affection and regard, to write to me no more. If to know that I am not insensible to your merit, can alleviate any disquietude in your mind, you are assured of the fact, that I shall not forget you. But, by the love you bear me, I conjure you not to write to me again; for there is a barrier between us, which can never be surmounted,—an impassable gulf, on the other side of which we can never hope to meet. Adieu.

CAROLINE.”

Frank read this letter with a heaving heart. Again and again he read it, and at each time took a draught from the goblet beside him. Still he was more and more perplexed. He knew not what course to pursue; for he felt that he was placed in a labyrinth, the dark path of which he could never trace to its outlet. If he continued, and cheated the father of Caroline, by seeing her clandestinely, yet he could never hope to consummate his hopes; for his own father was to contend against, who would, in all probability, out him off with a shilling. Thus situated, Frank knew not what to do. His hours passed languidly and sadly away; and that which once gave him pleasure was now insipid. He must seek amusement in something; and as he found exhilaration in liquor, his draughts became more frequent; and being highly excited he was prevailed upon to follow a number of blacklegs to the billiard room and card table. It was the first time he had ever permitted himself to do so, and would not have done so now had he not been excited by ardent spirits. But he reasoned with himself thus: in coming here I do it voluntarily, and I

can, consequently, have the same liberty to quit it when I please. It is only on an extraordinary occasion that I do so; I am unhappy, but I shall not always be so. Frank was too young to have felt the force of habit—he knew not that, at every repetition, habit would load his limbs with an added and heavier chain. There he played and won, to his astonishment, though he was unpractised in the game. Elated with success and the novelty of gaming, he required but little persuasion to taste the foaming goblet, the consequence of which was, that ere midnight he was, for the first time in his life, miserably intoxicated.

Frank awoke next morning with a confused recollection of the past. Horrible were his feelings. Sick, with eyes suffused with blood, and with debilitated limbs he reluctantly arose. The words of his friend now came freshly to his memory. What a change had a single circumstance effected! Another dose of the liquid poison of distilled damnation, was necessary to invigorate his shattered nerves. He then opened his pocket book, with the expectation of finding a large roll of bank notes; for he remembered only the transactions of the first part of the evening, but to his astonishment he found only one half dollar, which was hid in the folds of a letter. He had carried fifty dollars with him, and now could not recal the least recollection of its loss. Still more was he perplexed when he attempted to draw his gold watch from his pocket, and found it gone. This grieved him, for it was a present with which he was never to part. His father discovered his first essay at gambling, in asking the time of day, but did not reprove him; for he was one of those who believe that experience will correct the errors of youth. He should have remembered, that none are so inveterate in gambling as those whose heads have grown grey in the indulgence. So it is with all other habits: the propensity increases by indulgence, till frequent repetition makes life irksome without it.

The morning of which I speak was the first morning of May, and Frank strolled into the fields and meadows, to reflect on the past and to wear off the ennui which pressed upon his soul. Parties of pleasure were seen in every direction, seeking flowers. Frank wandered listlessly along by the banks of a clear stream, overhung by large oaks, the roots of which formed rude seats, and there suddenly he caught the glimpse of a female form, half reclining beneath an aged oak. The next moment he was near the spot, and his heart beat audibly as he caught a glance from the dark and exquisite eye of Caroline Churchill. She arose in confusion, and, after stating that she had strayed from her company, prepared to rejoin her companions; but Frank determined not to be so easily eluded. He seized her hand and poured forth a torrent of protestations, declaring that if she rejected his addresses death was the only consolation; that his happiness, his prospects—nay, even his life were in her hands; and that to her he bowed as the arbiter of his fate. But when he spoke of their adverse loves,—of the unhappy situation in which he was placed, and the sacrifices he was prepared to make for her sake, his language touched her heart, and the beautiful girl melted into tears, nor longer had power to struggle in the arms of

Frank. He knew that now was his moment, and with all the eloquence of which he was master, he conjured her to permit him to see her whenever opportunity should permit. For a long time the fear of, and the affection she bore to her father, prevailed; but as he pressed her small white hand, gazed into her melting eyes, and poured forth the language of affection, love triumphed, and she promised,—she did more: she determined, in her own mind, that she would sacrifice every thing for the only man she had ever loved. Long and tenderly did they commune together, in that lone solitude; and it was not until the sun had nearly gained the zenith, that Frank released her hand, at the borders of the village.

It was fortunate, or unfortunate for Frank, that the father of Caroline was often absent from home. The servant being bribed, he thus had an opportunity of seeing Caroline several times a week. During many months they thus met and communed together. The father of Frank, who had discovered his passion, and threatened to disown him if he married her, now died suddenly. Frank thus found himself in possession of a handsome little fortune, and felt himself at liberty to act as he pleased. Churchill was absent in Philadelphia, and Frank sought his fair mistress, with the hope of learning from her lips that she had agreed to his proposals; but, contrary to expectation, he found her in tears. He had entered the room unseen and unheard by Caroline, and beheld her reclining on the sofa, her head resting upon her white hand, and large tears glittering like gems on her cheeks, blushing with the rose.

Frank, with a manly boldness advanced, took her hand in his, and knelt before her.

"Tell me," said he, with an agitated heart, "best and most beloved of womankind, what determination has been the result of your long and tearful reverie?"

Caroline hid her face upon his shoulder, while her bosom beat violently, but answered not.

"Tell me," he continued, "nor longer conceal your resolves. Have you determined to yield to the unjust tyranny of a father, and thus doom me to despair and ruin, or to fly to the arms of him who can never cease to love you while his heart continues to beat?"

"He is not cruel," said Caroline, mournfully, for she dearly loved her father—"his only wish is to secure my happiness, however mistaken he may be in the means he employs."

"Be it so," returned Frank; "but has he accomplished his wish? Or why those tears—"

"Oh no, sir, he has not," exclaimed the unhappy Caroline, "I am far from being happy."

"Nay, not so, dearest. A fixed determination only is necessary to make you blest, and to make me the happiest of men. Now is the moment to fly—a moment lost may prove to you a life of misery, and to me an early tomb. I have a sufficiency even should your father discard us, and there are treasures in my heart you can never exhaust."

"Oh! speak not of forgiveness, exclaimed Caroline, "my father will never forgive me."

As she spoke these ominous words, she fell upon Frank's bosom and burst into tears.

"Oh no, he will never forgive me—his curses will follow me so long as life endures."

"Nay, nay," said Frank, attempting to soothe her, "he can never be so cruel to so dutiful a daughter, and to so lovely a girl. We will both seek his presence, kneel before him, and beg his forgiveness, reminding him that he once forsook his parents for the woman he loved."

The enthusiastic youth never ceased till he had won the fair Caroline to his clandestine measure. It here becomes necessary to inform the reader that, at the death of Morton, a very respectable gentleman, of the Friends' Society, had been commissioned the guardian and adviser of Frank, who had not quite reached the age the law prescribes for manhood, though in every other respect he bore the characteristics. The old gentleman observed that Frank was too frequent in his libations of late, and knew the cause.

"Thee had better leave off thy drinking in time, Francis, ere it prove thy eternal ruin."

"I have been accustomed to moderate drinking from my childhood," returned Frank, a little offended, "and my father, who did the same, encouraged it."

"Ah," said the old man, "then he was to blame; for, if thee will believe me, there is danger even in the tasting of it. I followed the same practice in my youth, full of the confidence that it would not grow upon me, but it did; and even now I dare not taste it. Though thee may drink it for many years in moderation, yet, at last, it will the more deceive thee. Many have been led away by it, even when they were resolving in their own minds that it never should do so. Depend upon it, Francis, there is no safety in it, and it will seduce thee to things from which thou would'st start with horror in thy sober moments."

Frank thought of his gambling propensity, and bit his lips in agonized silence.

"The approach of habit," continued the old man, "is like the motion of the wheels in a watch. You cannot perceive their motion, yet they are regularly advancing round. So habit imperceptibly steals upon us, and we are not aware of its progress and our danger till too late."

"But I do not drink to excess," said Frank, thinking of his night of gambling.

"But thee will do it, so sure as thou livedst, if thou dost continue to drink it all. How many will tell thee that they knew not the danger when they began; and how many will tell thee that no one could have persuaded them that they would ever have drank to excess."

The old man's reasoning was too severe for Frank, and he suddenly made an excuse to leave the room. When our passions and propensities will not let us follow advice, it is disagreeable to us. That night a four wheeled carriage was seen to stop at the back of Churchill's garden; and a young man seen cautiously to enter the house. In another moment Frank was seen bearing on his arm the almost fainting form of the amiable Caroline Churchill. She wept as if her heart would break, and frequently cried out "Oh! my father! my father!"

In a few moments the carriage drove off, and Frank held the weeping girl in his arms, at-

tempting to soothe her grief. About the middle of the next day Churchill returned home, and had scarcely time to enquire for his daughter, ere the newly married pair appeared at the door. Frank bore his beautiful bride up the steps, full of the idea that they would be forgiven; but Caroline knew her father and dreaded the result. Her face was pale as that of a statue, and she advanced tremblingly. They entered the room where the enraged father was, and bowed before him, imploring his forgiveness as he expected to be forgiven.

"Never," exclaimed he, violently, "will I forgive you while life remains. Go, have brats and starve, for never again shall you cross the threshold of this house, as my daughter. I disown you; for I trusted in the honour of your word and you have deceived me. Though I once loved you better than self, I now hate you,—go, and my eternal curse go with you both."

Caroline screamed and fell to the floor ere her husband could fly to save her. Churchill called a servant to carry her out of the house, who rudely approached.

"Dare, villain, to touch her, either thou or thy heartless master, and this hand shall reach your heart," exclaimed Frank, holding in their gaze a glittering dagger. He raised the fainting Caroline and bore her in his arms from the house, while the scowl of the infuriated father followed him. Reseated in the carriage, she was conveyed to the house of a distant relative of Frank, in the country. Here she was gradually restored to consciousness and apparent happiness by the attentions of her husband, who seemed to worship her.

Time passed on, and Frank was soon known as one of the ablest attorneys in the state; his business increased, and he found himself happily situated with a wife lovely beyond her sex, and whose beauty was the admiration of all who saw her. Continued prosperity, however, has proved the bane of thousands; and it worked a change in Frank. Flushed with success, and elated with the pride of having triumphed over the curse of his father-in-law, who had never relaxed in his hatred and persecution, Frank drank still more frequently, and often visited the secret hells of gambling. Worse than all, he had won a thousand dollars, which led him on to greater risks. But there was a famous *blackleg*, who was only baiting and making more sure of his victim. The gentle Caroline, whose intense love blinded her to the faults of her husband, knew nothing of his fatal career, though he was often absent half the night. He always had an excuse ready, and she, heavenly, devoted creature, was ready to forgive. She had noticed his drinking, but he preached so much concerning the moderate use of liquor, that his fears were not excited; for she believed that it was impossible for so good a husband to do wrong. Thus was she happy in the care of her two children, a beautiful boy and a girl, and seldom wept, save when she thought of the cruelty of her father.—Her husband's increasing fortune and respectability, had healed the wound of her disobedience, and she looked forward to years of calm tranquillity and pleasure. But, alas! how soon are our fondest hopes and brightest anticipations blasted.

For several days Caroline had noticed a cloud gathering on the brow of him, whose slightest grief was an agony to her. She sought to know the cause, but he persuaded her that it was her own fancy, in her anxiety for his happiness, yet he sighed in his sleep, and mournfully mentioned the loved name of Caroline. Three nights after, he came home at midnight, deeply intoxicated, and informed his wife that he had lost every dollar in his possession. Caroline, who had been watching over the cradle of her child, sprang to her feet with an agonized look, and cried out—"Oh! the curse of my father is upon us," and then sunk upon the floor senseless. What pen may depict the agonies that were then working in the soul of Frank, as he gazed upon his beautiful and injured wife, and thought of the babes he had beggared! Now, indeed, he saw and felt the gradual force of habit, though too late, for desperation urged him to drink still more, even to drink it over his ruined wife, whose sorrows had been occasioned by it.

Two years of intemperance and gaming passed away, and Frank saw himself stripped of every thing he possessed, and his wife, the beautiful Caroline, pining away in grief. So long as her own labour, which was often urged beyond her strength, could maintain her family, she refrained from asking help from her father. She was now removed from the large building her husband had erected in happier days, to a mean hovel, and soon found herself forsaken by all those who had once visited her. Frank had become sot, careless alike of every thing but the goblet and the gambling table. Every thing he could sell, was sold to gratify his thirst and passion for gaming, even to the gold watch which Caroline had once received as a present from her father. He borrowed her hard-earned pittance, which should have fed her starving children, and drank and played it away without remorse.

"I will take this gold ring and necklace to the jeweller's," said Frank, one evening, "and with the money procure some food and clothing for the children."

Caroline burst into tears; for the ring her husband had given her on the night he prevailed upon her to fly with him, and the necklace was the darling legacy of her sainted mother, which she had intended, in like manner, to leave to her daughter. Frank staggered out to the jeweller, while the unhappy Caroline knelt down by the side of her child's cradle, and wept and prayed alternately for her husband's return to virtue.—Long she waited for his return; but she waited in vain. He had received half the value of the jewels, and determined to risk it on a game, after having spent a portion for liquor. His children at home, who had been sleeping, from hunger awoke, and were crying to their mother for bread. Caroline wrung her hands with agony, and prepared herself to go to her father and beg for her children. She met many in the street who had once considered her smile an honor, but they passed on without speaking. Her heart nearly failed her as she entered the house in which she received the curse of her father, but she pressed on. What will not a mother do for her suffering children? She entered the parlour unseen, where her father lay upon a splendid crimson

sofa. She burst into tears and fell upon her knees before him.

"Oh! my still honoured and beloved father, give me food for my starving children. I implore you not for myself, but for those who are dearer to me than life. Oh! refuse not—"

She could say no more, for tears choked her utterance, and she only fixed upon him her beautiful eyes, expressive of affection and supplication.

"When I pronounced a curse upon your disobedience," said the father, "I bade you never cross the threshold of my house. I sufficiently warned you of the consequences, ere you gave your hand to a worthless scoundrel, and now I bid you again to go and starve, for you are no longer my child, and shall never receive one farthing from me. Go."

Caroline's pale cheek kindled at the epithet of *worthless scoundrel*, but grief for her children subdued the impulse of her heart, and she was proceeding again to implore her father, in the name of God, in the name of her dead mother, and of her own children, when Churchill rang the bell violently for a servant to conduct her out. Caroline rose, and weeping convulsively went out to return to her suffering children, that had fasted all day.

"Thank God, there are few such fathers," said a gentleman, who had been standing at the window. "If you will accept it, madam, here is a sufficiency for your children's wants, at present."

This gentleman was Dick, the water drinker, and old friend of Frank. He had loved Caroline herself, which was the reason that he did not introduce him to her. Dick had led a sober life, and was on the high road to fortune and respectability. Though Caroline had rejected his addresses he pitied her, and used every means to restore her husband and render her happy.—Every means, however, failed; and Caroline, through poverty and grief, wasted away. One day in November, a number of officers entered their hut in search of her husband. Despair in a moment seized her, for she feared the worst. She demanded their business, and was told that her husband had been discovered in forging the signature of Caroline's father, to a considerable amount; and that they had come to arrest him. At this moment the silver cord snapped, and Caroline became a broken hearted wife. She swooned, fell into the cradle, and when a neighbour came in and raised her, it was found that her youngest child had perished beneath her weight. She was conveyed to bed, where she lay a long time the very picture of death. Frank was arrested in the gambling room, with his money before him, and conveyed to prison. Caroline came to her senses and discovered that, unconsciously, she had destroyed her child. The next morning it was found that she had, in the night, risen, crawled to the corpse of her child, and died. Her arms were enfolded round it, and her lips pressed upon those of her child.—Thus perished the heart broken mother, a victim to moderate drinking. When Churchill heard the affecting story of his daughter's death, all the father came upon him; and over her lifeless form he wept—but wept in vain. The beau-

tiful creature had ceased to suffer. Many a tearful eye was seen at the grave of the heart-broken mother and her child. Many a father looked on and sighed.

The fate of Frank is soon told. He lingered out a few miserable years in the penitentiary, stung by remorse and galled by regret. He had ever loved Caroline, but habit fixed her chain upon him, and he found it hard to break. A lock of Caroline's hair was the only memento he had of her in prison. He died with it in his hand. Remorse cut him off in early life.

Churchill, as an atonement for his cruelty, took the boy Caroline left, with the determination of educating him, and to lead him in a path more happy than that which his father had trod. The convict sleeps in the same church yard with Caroline.

MILFORD BARD.

ORIGINAL.

THE MOTHER'S DECISION.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

There's was a melancholy pledge,

A dark and bitter token,

Of joys which never could return—

Of hearts by sorrow broken!

They gazed upon the seal of wo,

With red and tearless eye,

And bosoms throbbing deep and wild

With speechless agony!

Is this the gift? Aye, is this all

A mother's heart could bring

For her own cherished, worshipp'd child—

Its proudest offering?

All—is it all?—a seal of wo—

A stern command to part!

Ah, mother, didst thou never weigh

The treasures of the heart?

Unhappy mother, wretched child,

Your days of joy are o'er;

Maternal pride and filial love

Can never mingle more!

That stern command, that dark decree,

Has seal'd her gloomy fate;

And Calvary's holy voice of love,

Alone shall quell her hate.

Philadelphia, June 30th, 1833.

TO IMAGINE.—A Fragment.

O, thou art bright and beautiful as aught on earth can be,
And doubly dear, fair Imogene, I feel thou art to me;

Thy young glad voice sounds joyously—I love its very tone—

Its rich melodious cadences are like to music's own.

Thy golden hair, laburnum like, falls o'er thy beauteous brow,

And hangs, in rich luxuriance, down the graceful neck of snow;

And thou hast yet a beaming eye—a fair and rosy cheek—

Whose light and crimson, to the soul, most eloquently speak;

Thy form is faultless, and thy face is beautifully fair—

An index of a perfect mind, more lasting and more rare.

OSCAR.

PERPETUAL YOUTH.

I saw lately, in a newspaper, the death of "Miss Elizabeth B——." The history of this singular individual was so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear communicating such portions of it to the ladies of my acquaintance, as come within my recollection. It has the advantage of being authentic, if not interesting—for the facts which I shall relate are notoriously true.

If you have ever stopped at the little old antevolutionary city of A——, on your pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, perhaps I can recall her to your recollection, by her small, light, perpendicular form, her tasteful dress, her girl-like trip, her laughing blue eye, golden ringlets, smooth, delicately tinted cheek, coral lips, pearly teeth, rounded neck, small handsome feet, slim waist, beautiful bust, graceful motion, perfect mouth, and—in short, I have no doubt, you fell in love with her. I think I saw you one day, standing upon Newton's steps, watching her little form as it flitted in and out, of the shops, on King-street, and heard you say she was more like a real sylph, than any thing you had ever seen.

Well, sir, if I had told you that this little fairy was seventy-five years old, you would not have believed but that I was joking; but nevertheless, I should have spoken nothing but the naked truth. Long before the revolutionary war—oh, she must have been older, for at that time she was the belle of Williamsburg, the toast of Norfolk, and the barbeque of all that part of Virginia. Colonel H. whom Mrs. H. allows to be sixty-five years old, told me that when a boy, his uncle, old William H. of King and Queen, was near getting into a duel on her account, with Major S. who died some years ago, of old age. In fact, there is no telling how old she was; her origin is not recorded. Like that of the pyramids, it rests solely upon tradition. My good sir, she must have been more than seventy-five when you fell in love with her.

At the time of the capture of Cornwallis, she was in love with a young midshipman of the British navy, by the name of Gimbold, who made a narrow escape by jumping into James' river. After this, she remained single, in spite of various offers from several generations of men, down to the present time. Many are the hearts and souls, which, like Hajji Baba's, have become roast-meat for her sake. But the citadel of her affections remained firm. In vain was the raw recruit and the old veteran brought against it; the wall was closed up with the "English dead." Her heart was in the bottom of James' river, with Thomas Gimbold.

But the most melancholy part of her death is, that the mystery of perpetual *rejuvenescence* has died with her. The whole case clearly proves, that a woman can keep a secret; and it establishes beyond a doubt, that she can make scientific discoveries. Nay, more, it proves that a woman can act upon principle, for had she disclosed her secret of eternal youth, the world would have been turned upside down. In the history of a woman, an epoch, dreadful to imagine, would have arisen. We should not, thenceforth, have been able to distinguish our grandmothers, whom we may not marry. We should have fallen in love with our great-aunts. The old ladies, having more art than the young, would have had a decided advantage over them. A queen of May, might have had her great great-grandmothers, for maids of honour. We should have had no respect for the aged. A bachelor, who had no particular fancy for octogenarians, would have been obliged to pray the gods for help to enable him to distinguish them, and strength to resist their charms. When he thought himself the happy bridegroom of blooming nineteen, he would suddenly have found himself the unfortunate stepfather of five successive generations. But I will not dwell on the picture. It is sufficient,

that Miss Betsey had the skill to discover, the constancy to preserve so dangerous a secret; and she had her reward. She flourished in eternal youth. But like all great public benefactors, her motives and character were misunderstood, her memory was bitterly execrated by the old maids of the Old Dominion.—Even when alive she did not escape persecution. I have, when a boy, seen very respectable ladies of my aunt Abigail's acquaintance, work themselves up into a perfect agony, in speaking of her. "She paints," said Miss Coldcream; "she powders," observed Miss Starch; "she has a false face," exclaimed Miss Looking-glass; "she sleeps in kid gloves," shouted Miss Whalebone; "she blankets herself," shrieked Miss Magnesia; "but her lips," said Miss Vermillion; "and her neck," said Miss Powderpuff. Here Miss Whalebone fell into hysterics, and Miss Coldcream began to foam at the mouth; Miss Starch fainted. At length Miss Looking-glass, after a little reflection, spoke up; "I'm determined," said she, "to find it out, if key-holes will serve my purpose; she shall come to my house and take the blue room, and keep it a fortnight; and then," said she, while a buzz of applause went round the room, "then we shall be mistresses of the greatest invention that female ingenuity ever discovered. Then shall the whole army of bachelors yield, and the glorious company of unmarried men be subdued. Then shall our sex be respected, admired, adored!" Her enthusiasm was contagious. Miss Starch forgot her dignity, and clapped her hands. Miss Vermillion absolutely coloured; Miss Powderpuff, for the first time in her life, showed her teeth, and Miss Whalebone, to my astonishment, capered about the room like a frolicsome child. But the secret was never discovered. Miss B. always dressed and undressed within the bed-curtains. At last, the opinion was advanced by Dr. Brown, that she changed her skin every spring, and that further inquiry was useless. Many thought this a *ruse* of the doctor's to keep his professional faith inviolate. But as he happens to be still alive, I will say no more upon that subject. "He knows all about it!" said Miss Looking-glass, "the vile wretch attended her through her last sickness. But he is an old bachelor, what can you expect of him?"

Alas, poor Miss Betsey! she fought long and manfully against time, but the old tyrant has conquered her at last. Peace be to her shades! If ever I go back to Virginia, I shall surely make a visit to the spot, to see what the stone-cutter has put upon her tombstone.—*West. Monthly Mag.*

Written for the Casket.

THOUGHT.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think when all is fled
Before the step of pride and scorn;
When friendship's sunny smile is dead,
And earth is drear, and hearts forlorn:

'Tis sweet to think one heart is true,
Which poverty can ne'er subdue.

'Tis sweet to think, when grief and tears
Have been our food alone for years;
One heart alone, 'mid thorns and ill,
Will brave the storm and love us still:

'Tis sweet to think, when world forsakes,
One heart is true, e'en though it breaks.

'Tis sweet to think, when friends below
Look cold and drear, who once have smiled;
Though tempests howl and rude winds blow,
We find the eye we love, still mild:

'Tis sweet to think, though all should fly,
One heart will love us 'till we die.

GERMAN CONFEDERATION OF ROBBERS.

The members were bound to the society by the most tremendous oaths, which they were rarely tempted to break, well knowing that an invisible dagger hung over their heads, which was sure to descend even on a suspicion of their falsehood. A miserable wretch who had been taken by the police, and securely lodged in a dungeon, once revealed, in the agonies of his terror, the rendezvous of his chief, the famous Picard. The next night, while reflecting in horror that, even by his treachery, he had probably been unable to save his life, he heard his name pronounced in a whisper: and looking up, saw an arm passed between the iron bars of the window.

"Who art thou?" inquired the robber trembling.

"Thy master—Picard; I have ventured my life, as in duty bound, to set thee at liberty!" In a few minutes his irons were sawed off, and one of the bars wrenched from the window-frame; and, following his conductor, he scaled the walls, and scented the free air of the neighbouring forest. The band were ready to receive them, drawn up in a semicircle, and standing under arms, in a dead silence. Their delivered comrade was placed in the middle.

"*Schleicher!*" said the chief, addressing him with the slang epithet for traitor; "didst thou imagine that the word of treason would be unheard by Picard, because it was whispered in the depths of a dungeon?—Die, coward, in thy guilt!"

"Mercy, mercy!" cried the wretch, as the pistol touched his ear. "Give me death, but let it be in battle! Lead me, on this very night, were it to the attack of an army, and let me die upon the bayonets of the foe!"

"It must not be," said Picard calmly; "thou art unworthy of the death of the brave. Comrades! shall the laws of the band be set aside in favour of a hound like this?"

"No!" growled the deep stern voice of the lieutenant; and the word was echoed by some in cruelty, by many in dismay, till it died away like a prolonged groan in the forest. The white lips of the coward closed at the sound; and a bullet passing through his brain at the same moment, quieted his fears forever.

Another story is told at Aix-la-Chapelle, which does not satisfy quite so well one's ideas of retributive justice. A fine young man of that city was enrolled as an apprentice by the ferocious Jikjak of Mersen, and awaited impatiently the commands of his chief, being desirous not only of distinguishing himself in the career to which his follies had driven him, but of obtaining money enough to enable him to marry his sweetheart. It is not known whether his weakness was owing to love, or wine, or both together; but, unhappily, he divulged, one evening, the secret of his destiny to the terrified girl; and the next morning he was called by Jikjak, in person, to accompany him in an expedition. The youth followed more in shame than in fear; inwardly resolving to make up for his harmless treason by gaining that day a character for courage which should command the respect of the band.

And yet, as he followed his mute and gloomy conductor, a misgiving at times, came over him. There were numerous other apprentices, he knew, in Aix-la-Chapelle, and in the villages through which they passed. What kind of enterprise, then, could the renowned chieftain contemplate, in which he desired the assistance of only a single unknown, untried individual? The young man shivered as they entered the black shade of a forest; but, when his conductor stopped suddenly at a new-made pit, resembling a grave, his knees knocked together, and the hair rose upon his head.

"Perjured traitor!" said the chief, "say thy pater-noster, for thou must die!"

"I deserve death," replied the apprentice, "yet try me once again. To-morrow the girl will be my wife, and we shall remove—far from her friends and acquaintance—wherever you command! Only try me! I am as brave as thou!"

"Thou hast broken the laws of the band, and therefore thou must die! Down on thy knees!—down!" and with one herculean arm he bent him, by main force, to the earth, while with the other he raised a hatchet above his head.

"Only hear me!"—

"Reprobate! wilt thou die without a prayer?" The youth submitted; and by the time the word "Amen," had fairly passed his lips, the iron was deep in his brain.

—*Robber of the Rhine.*

TALE OF A CONJURER.

For persons who are pleased with the supernatural we add the following from "Oonagh Lynch," a new London publication.

"Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small flat ebony case, and said, 'I have yet another gift to make you, of more value, which I would not confound with the trifles you have received: it has been the most esteemed of our possessions for some generations back. It has been given always by the head of our house to his bride, and preserved with the utmost care. There is, added he, smiling, 'some superstitious tale, which I forget attached to it. I give it you, and shall be really grieved if you lose it.' The case contained a most curious and magnificent rosary of gold and enamel, with precious stones and large pearls interspersed; the workmanship as beautiful as the materials were precious. Anastasia readily promised to preserve it all her life, and caused a cabinet to be constructed, three sides of which were glass, on the fourth the rosary and all the jewels of value she possessed were suspended, and visible, though locked up. This cabinet accompanied her in all her journeys. Sir Patrick, previous to the Revolution, had sometimes been intrusted with secret missions to the court of France, where he was always well received, and Lady Lynch, who was very beautiful, much admired. On the last of these occasions they remained some months at Paris; and among the persons who frequented their hotel was a young Italian abbe, who was remarkably clever and agreeable and made himself extremely useful. He knew where every thing was to be found, and its price; where every body lived, and who they were. He particularly shone when a fete was to be given; he planned the preparations, and saw to their execution,—in short, he began by pleasing, and ended by being necessary. One day Lady Lynch accosted him with an air of anxiety, very unusual to her fair face: 'Ah, Mr. l'abbe,' said she, 'I must confide a circumstance to you which distresses me more than I can describe. My beautiful rosary has been stolen from my cabinet,—see the glass in that side has been broken, and it is gone! I have looked every where, and so has my maid; I cannot learn how it has gone;—and how can I look Sir Patrick in the face? he will be so angry!—He returns from Versailles the day after to-morrow. What shall I do? I do not like to proclaim my loss and apply to the police, in the hope I may find it without Sir Patrick knowing that it ever was missing. What shall I do? The abbe expressed his satisfaction at her having had recourse to him, and undertook the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to dedicate to the search; on the third he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch that, if her jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed.—Meantime Lady Lynch frequently expressed to her

maid the anxiety she felt that the rosary might be recovered. The maid, after many of those broken hints with which persons who are eager yet fear to make a disclosure precede it, at length confessed she knew a man who had on similar occasions served persons in such circumstances, and proposed Lady Lynch should consult him. Anastasia, who was naturally nervous, timid, and imaginative, though fearful, was curious, and resolved to consult the conjuror, if it could be done privately, for she feared the ridicule of her husband and friends. Her maid made the necessary arrangements; and late in the evening Anastasia, dressed in the clothes of her attendant, who accompanied her, proceeded in a hackney coach, through a number of dirty and distant streets, to an obscure house, in a quarter with the appearance of which she was entirely unacquainted. At length they descended from the carriage, which was desired to wait; and the maid guided Lady Lynch through a long narrow alley, terminated by a door, where, after ringing, they waited some time for admission. An aged negro asked whom they wanted; and on the maid replying that they came to speak to Mr. Bontemps, the negro rang another bell, and leaving them for a few moments, returned with a small brass lamp, and preceded them up a gloomy stone staircase, where the dust of ages seemed to have accumulated. Anastasia, as she followed, almost repented her curiosity. They arrived at another door, at which the negro knocked, and they were immediately admitted by a tall man, who asked their commands. There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of Mr. Bontemps: he was tall and sallow, with a keen bold eye, about fifty years of age, expressing himself in a slow distinct manner, civil and calm. The maid assumed the office of explanation, and told him her friend had lost a rosary of value, and wished him to tell her where to seek it. Mr. Bontemps replied, he should have pleasure in doing so, but there was a preliminary condition to be observed. Anastasia drew forth her purse, and presented him with five louis-d'ors. 'Though I accept your ladyship's gift, I shall expect a similar sum if I have the good fortune to serve you upon this occasion,' replied Mr. Bontemps. 'This is not all I exact; you must swear never to reveal to any human being your visit to me, and its result.' Lady Lynch, though rather alarmed and surprised at being called by her title, readily promised never to reveal her visit, and what she should then see, to any human being. 'Though I make no doubt of your sincerity and resolution, madam,' said the conjuror, 'your fidelity to the engagement is of so much importance to me, that I am obliged to make it your interest to preserve your promise inviolate. Should you betray me, eight days and eight nights from the time you do so, you will pay with your life for the indiscretion.' Anastasia willingly, though not without perturbation, agreed to the justice of a punishment which she resolved not to incur. Mr. Bontemps then drew from a small shagreen case a lancet, with which he slightly touched Lady Lynch's hand, and extracted a drop of blood, into which he dipped a pen, and requested she would write the first letter of her baptismal name on a slip of parchment he presented. She did so. He then desired the maid to wait for them, and led Anastasia through a long gloomy passage, hung with spiders' webs of extraordinary dimension, and only lighted by the lamp he bore, to a very large room. On one side hung a large dark curtain of brown stuff. There was no furniture except a wooden stool, on which he requested the trembling inquirer to seat herself, opposite but at some distance from the curtain. She obeyed; and he then threw some powder and gums on a small brazier of charcoal that was near, but which she had not till then observed. A blue light spread around the apartment, the brazier burnt with a hissing noise, and

Mr. Bontemps flourished a long ebony wand round his head, uttering many words in some unknown language. He then drew aside the curtain; and the smoke from the brazier beginning to subside, Lady Lynch beheld, in the mirror, an apartment represented which contained an Indian cabinet with folding-doors: that on the right hand was open, and she beheld her rosary within it; and her friend the abbe writing at a table, on which were many parcels! She contemplated the scene for several minutes, when the sorcerer again threw some gums on the brazier, and, when the smoke was dissipated the curtain had fallen. Some moments of silence ensued, when Mr. Bontemps said, 'You have seen, I doubt not, madam, the jewels you seek. I know not the person who sat by, but depend upon my assurance that they are in his possession. You have also seen the place where he has deposited his prize. You must do the rest; and above all, remember your promise: if you fail in your part of the engagement, be certain I shall not forget mine.' As he pronounced these words, the countenance of Mr. Bontemps assumed an expression so sinister, and his voice sounded so hoarse and sepulchral, that Lady Lynch, in much perturbation, reiterated her promise, and departed, after having munificently recompensed the sorcerer, whose presence she rejoiced to quit. She directly ordered the coachman to proceed to the abode of the abbe, which she knew from having frequently addressed notes of invitation, or containing commissions for his performance. On arriving there, she would not suffer herself to be announced, but ran up stairs, closely following the servant. On the door of the abbe's apartment being opened, she found his chamber precisely similar to that represented by the mirror of Mr. Bontemps! The abbe was sitting at a table covered with packets, and between the windows stood a black Indian cabinet. He rose in some confusion at the unexpected visit with which he was honoured, and with which, at that moment, perhaps he would willingly have dispensed. Lady Lynch said, that having business in that part of the city, and not choosing to be seen, she had gone out in a hackney coach, which had broken down opposite his door; and that knowing he lived there, she had determined to come in to ask for a glass of water, and to recover her alarm. There is no knowing what construction the abbe might have put upon this extraordinary proceeding of Lady Lynch, had he not been, from the moment of her entrance, so pre-occupied and embarrassed, that he could with difficulty recollect himself enough to call for water, and offer it with an attempt to express concern for her alarm. Anastasia seated herself on a stool near the cabinet, and after speaking some few moments on indifferent subjects, admired his apartments; and, affecting to laugh, said, looking at the cabinet—'This is, no doubt, the repository for your billets: I shall look at it.' The abbe started, and said the cabinet contained letters only; and was rising from his seat, when Lady Lynch suddenly opened the door, and discovered her rosary in the spot corresponding with that represented in the conjuror's mirror! She took it up, saying—'Oh! what a trick! I suspected you had a mind to frighten me and really you succeeded. In another day I should have been quite ill with vexation. It was too mischievous of you!' She continued to laugh and reproach him."

Sir Patrick returns home, hears of her mysterious absence, becomes jealous, and she reveals the secret, with great misgivings.

"In order to distract her attention, he insisted on her accompanying him to a great entertainment, which was to take place that evening at the hotel of the English Ambassador, and she unwillingly prepared to accompany him. In spite of her anxiety, she had never looked more beautiful than when she prepared to de-

ced to her carriage; and Sir Patrick could not resist an exclamation of admiration as he surveyed her appearance, while she paused to open a letter which the servant had just presented. Lady Lynch suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and fainted. In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsion which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not what to attribute her strange disorder. Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Annetta had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer! Lady Lynch's complaints did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skillful physicians was of no avail; and though when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sank, and on the 8th evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!"

From the Traveller and Times.

YOU MUST EXCUSE ME; IT'S MY WAY.

Dining at the York hotel, where a numerous party were assembled, S—R—, the comedian, and several of his brothers of the sock and buskin grouped themselves towards the end of the table.

This arrangement was quickly perceived by one of the amateur critics, would-be literaries, who are the pest of all public companies, indeed of all companies into which they can get admission. Fellows with no more brains than a squeezed turnip, and who gabble monstrosities.

Now this fellow, who yielded neither in folly nor assurance to any of his taste, no sooner perceived the arrangement, than he determined (though utterly unknown) to make one of the party. In this he succeeded, was politely received, and all went on well till the fruit came on the table.

He then preluded a discourse, with which it was his evident intention to astonish, if not to enlighten his auditors, by one or two gross remarks upon actors in general. Against this violation of decorum S—R—remonstrated, but in the mildest terms.—The remonstrance, however, seemed to take effect. He was quiet for a time, and Sam, who is known to be one of the best dinner companions in England, began as usual to play the first fiddle.

Indeed, considering the convivial talents of R— we are not surprised he sat still for some hours, when the small beer began to piz, out flew the cork, and an explosion took place. Leaning across the table, in tones by no means modulated, to the purpose of privacy, our would-be thus addressed R—.

"By God, Mr. R—, you are one of the most facetious, and agreeable, pleasant fellows, I ever met in my life. (R— bowed; the room became silent.) How is it then that so clever a man can be such a damned stupid actor (attention became intent).—Excuse me; it's my way. But you are without exception, I think, the worst actor I ever saw. You must excuse me; it's my way. There's your famous Jerry Sneak; 'tis no more like Jerry Sneak than I am. You see I tell you my mind freely. But you must excuse me; it's my way."

Thus he went on for a long time, interlarding his comments with "you must excuse me; it's my way," until those present began to suspect Sam intended to play Jerry in real life. It is true the critic was one of the six-foots; but Sam was thought to be a man who never respected the thews or sinews of an antagonist. At length, the discourse being ended, Sam called for

his hat, and having filled it with the nut-shells he could obtain without leaving his seat, he addressed the self-created critic. "Pray, Sir, would you be pleased to let me have your nut-shells."—These were accorded, when Sam finding his hat heaped, placed it on the table. Then taking one of the shells between his finger and thumb, he discharged it at the tip of the critic's nose, where it took immediate effect. This was followed by eight or ten more, in such rapid succession, as to preclude for the moment, the possibility of a remonstrance.—Roused at length, by the shower, which Sam never allowed for an instant to cease, the fellow roared out, "O death, Sir, you are pelting me with your nut-shells." "He! he! he! I know I am," says R—. "But you must excuse me; it is my way." The critic now rose from his chair, and got into the centre of the room, followed by R—, still keeping up a close and well directed fire, as our despatches have it. "What is the matter, man. He! he! he! he! you had your way just now, and a very disagreeable way it was. This is mine and a most disagreeable one. But you must excuse me; it is my way."

Thus he continued amidst the laughter of all present, stopping the fellow's mouth with a nut-shell every time he attempted to speak, till he fairly pelted him out of the room, at the door of which he emptied his hat upon the critic's head, exclaiming, "you must excuse me; it is my way."

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch above on the old oak-wall;
And the Baron's retainers were blithe any day,
And keeping their Christmas holiday;
The Baron beheld with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovel's bride;
While she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough! Oh! the mistletoe bough!
"I'm weary of dancing, now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide—I'll hide!
And Lovel, besure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place!"
Away she ran—and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scam;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh! where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away!
In the highest—the lowest—the loneliest spot
Young Lovel sought wildly—but found her not,
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

At length an oak chest that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! and was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest—
It closed with a spring—and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
Oh! the mistletoe bough, &c.

"What is the difference between a General and a Commissary-General?" said a lady to a Commissary-General, who is rumoured to have made a large fortune not very honestly. "The only difference," interrupted a by-stander, "that I know, is the one bleeds his country, whilst the other bleeds for his country." The explanation was sufficient.

Written for the Casket.
NAPOLEON.

In spite of all the clamorous complaints, that fortune is fickle and not to be relied on, yet it is, perhaps, the better that she is so. Were things never to change, but go on in one dull, monotonous course, what would be the state of affairs? Men who might otherwise rise from low obscurity to hold distinguished stations, would linger out their dreary days in changeless forgetfulness; the gay beauties of nature would cease to call forth the admiration of men, and youthful genius, drooping her new-fledged pinions, would sink to rise no more. But she is delusive and changeable, and the contrary is true. No matter whether genius be bred in the low hovels of poverty and wretchedness, or in the towering temples of the rich; it may, by the aid of fortune, shine with equal lustre. He who has genius need not fear the raging of false accusers of fortune; she herself will lead him from his gloomy meditations on his future lot, and publish the refutation of her conspiring enemies. Napoleon, for instance, presents a lively example of the goodness of fickle fortune.

He was born in 1769. Though his family was not of the lowest class, yet but half of his fame would outshine that of the whole host of his predecessors. Corsica was the place of his birth. His genius, even in his boyish days, burst the fetters of ignorance, and shone conspicuous at every school and academy at which he was placed. I will not attempt to sing the praise of Napoleon; his deeds bear the impress of applause upon their own faces. I will not attempt to enumerate all of his achievements—they would fill many volumes; but merely to mention a few of his many brilliant exploits, is all at which I would aim. His seventeenth year was destined to be an important epoch in his life: it was then that he entered the army, and commenced that "brilliant career of illustrious achievements," which has borne his name triumphantly through the bitter slanders of English enmity, and fixed his fame upon the firm basis of immortality.

This illustrious man entered the service, not in the gaudy uniform of commander-in-chief, nor in the still more fantastic equipage of the vain adjutant; but as the humble subaltern, he bore the fatigues of the camp, until his own bright genius, and not the favor of a partial despot, raised him to distinction. Ten years from the time he entered the army, as a subaltern, this self-same Napoleon was commander-in-chief of the French army in Italy; and that classic ground, once trampled by the valiant veterans of Cæsar's legions, was now fallen into the hands of a nobler Cæsar than he of old. City after city bowed before him, until the proud capital of the ancient world was the scene of his gallant victories. Naples and Mantua, memorable cities of antiquity, reflected the dazzling halo of his glory; the greatest generals of Europe sank before him, and the vain and self-wreathed Pope trembled and sickened at the dauntless courage and daring spirit of the "Little Corporal."

Europe beheld with admiration the invincible spirit of Napoleon, and trembled as she beheld.

The same towering genius which led him conqueror through the fair provinces of Italy, at another time conducted him triumphantly across the snow-capt ranges of the Alps: the same dauntless perseverance and stable fortitude which supported him amidst the torrid sands of Africa and the foul pests of Egypt, supported him in the cold and icy regions of the north. Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Russia, and England herself, looked with a fearful eye upon the unparalleled strides of the gigantic Napoleon, while the regal diadems tottered upon the heads of their despotic rulers. The proud autocrat of Russia bent before his irresistible might, and the dynasty of Gustavus crumbled beneath his touch.

But to follow his movements, would be at once to traverse the continent of Europe, from the sunny plains of chivalrous Spain to the frozen mountains of the northern climes. The tall Castilian felt the power of Napoleon, and the gallant Cossack of the Don stood astonished and confused at the recital of his victories.

It has with truth been said that kings were his subjects. Almost every throne of the continent was filled by the minion of his ambition, and others were made to totter at his nod.

But even the mighty greatness of Napoleon was doomed to wither and fall before the combined forces of jealous Europe. Who, that has attentively perused the history of Napoleon, has not admired his gallant courage, his intrepid bravery, and his manly skill? Who has not anxiously followed him through the heroic scenes of his glory, and delighted to admire his unparalleled success? And who has not felt his blood boil with full-fraught indignation, while reading the shameful story of his fall, and the darksome story of Europe's cowardly combination? Yes, nothing less than Europe could have effected his overthrow. Witness the combination of powers, arrayed in dastardly union against the towering talents of fortune's mighty son. His fall more resembles the treacherous assassination of the virtuous Dentatus, than the honorable combat of Christian kings. View Prussia, Austria, Germany, Spain, Russia, and mighty England, arrayed in one vast, extended arena, against the soaring eagles of Napoleon, and "last though not least," view the cold and selfish spirits of Bernadotte and Murat, hovering, like the false and traitorous conspirators of Julius, around the evening sun of Napoleon, and watch how they shrink from the eagle glance of their lawful lord.

Such was the force against which the master of Europe had to contend. Consider well, ye mortals, and wonder not that he fell.

France can never forget the memory of Napoleon; he raised her from comparative lowliness to gigantic greatness; and by her, at least, should the name of Bonaparte be remembered "with fond delight."

He is no more! The man who could move undaunted through the trying era of the revolution, and conduct the armies of his country to victory and glory, amid the smiling verdure of Italy and the icy glaciers of the Alps, died, lonely and sorrowfully, upon the barren cliff of St. Helena, where English fear and injustice had doomed

the last sad days of his illustrious life to be spent. And the rocky isle of St. Helena will be marked in history as the rugged rock, where breathed his last, the great and mighty Napoleon, against whose memory the billows of English hatred will dash, but to recoil upon the deceitful authors of their motion.

Oxford, O.

A. J. M.

CUSTOMS AND MANNERS OF PERSIAN WOMEN.*

This, we do not hesitate to say, is the most important work that has ever been published in the East. Whether it has been honoured with a royal or gold medal, does not appear; but that it contains more information respecting the state of society in Oriental countries, (which are all as much influenced by Persia as the continent was by France,) more solid wisdom, pure morality, and judicious rules of life, than any other profane volume of the same size, will not be doubted by those who read it. The false notions, in particular, which have prevailed about the "slavery" of women in the East, are completely blown away.

It seems that a royal commission was directed (we do not accurately know when, or by whom) to five ladies of distinguished breeding and quality, empowering them to draw up a complete code of laws for the women of Persia; and, in the prosecution of their labours, to call in, as often as their advice might be necessary, two other women of great distinction and learning to aid their deliberations; precisely as the judges are sometimes required to deliver their opinions to Parliament on difficult questions of law. The names of the first five are, Kulsum Naneh (President,) Shahr-Banu Dadeh, Dadeh-Bazm Ara, Bagi Yasmin, Khala Gul-bari. The assessors or judges are, Khala Ian Agha, Bibi Ian Afroz; And the work before us is the pandect of laws collected, arranged, and settled by them. As we proceed, it will be seen how erroneous were the opinions that regarded freedom, pin-money, separate maintenance, divorce, &c., as peculiar privileges of Western women. It will, on the contrary, be made manifest, that these have come, like the Cholera, Light, &c., from the East; and that the circle of a Persian lady's amusements, though the links may be apparently different, is as large as that of any woman of fashion here; while the ties of morality are equally strict in both countries. If the one has her private box at the opera, church, the race-course, the ball, the carriage; the other has her bath, mosque, litter, pipe, and Almehe, who dress and dance as voluptuously as Taglioni herself. But one circumstance deserves notice: The good treatment of women here is secured partly by sentiment, and partly by law. In Persia, besides law and sentiment, they have religion on their side. A man who abuses his wife is not only exposed to the tongues of all her friends, and a bastinado from the Kazi; but he

is turned up at the day of resurrection, and lucky is he if his legs are able to carry him into Paradise. If we consider the nature of Al Sirat, it is evident that he must have great difficulty in keeping his footing upon that very narrow pass. The code (and it may be observed that its mere existence proves the great consideration of women in Persia) contains numerous enforcements of this great principle, some of which we proceed to lay before the reader; premising that there are four degrees of obligation mentioned—*Wajib*, necessary; *mustahab*, desirable; *sunnat*, according to the law and traditions of the Prophet; and *sunnat Mu'akkad*, an imperative duty of religion.

IMPERATIVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WOMEN.

"1. A husband should give his wife money without limit. Allah forbid that she should die of sorrow and disappointment! in which case her blood would be on the head of her husband. The learned conclave are unanimous in declaring that many instances have occurred of women dying from the barbarous cruelty of their husbands in this respect; and if the husband be even a day-labourer, and he does not give his wages to his wife, she will claim them on the day of judgement. It is incumbent on the husband to bestow on the wife a daily allowance in cash, (not yearly or quarterly, but daily,—this is a decided improvement on pin-money;) and he must also allow her every expense of feasting, and of excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he has not generosity and pride enough to do this, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions, on the day of resurrection."

This is not all. He is accountable, not only for his own soul, but his wife's. As in this country, so in the other world, any debts she contracts he becomes liable for; and they are exhibited on the debit side against him, upon the day of judgment.

"2. As long as he will not allow his wife the fees for the bath, and she is thus prevented from performing her ablutions, so long will fasting and prayer be of no use."

How pleasant it would be, if, on the eve of an Election, a cry of Atheism could be raised against a candidate, because he did not allow his wife a private box at the Opera? If Sir James Scarlett could introduce such a doctrine from Persia, he might then indeed pen luscious addresses to the ladies of Norwich. How much the salvation of a Persian woman's soul depends on the due use of the bath, will be plain from the following extract. Particular attention is requested to the nature of the figures; especially to those of the sun, moon, and beasts. Had not the writer overlooked that essential point, we might have been spared his concluding absurd remark, as he would have seen that the whole is religious in an extreme degree. The correct view is taken by the Wise Women.

"The Persian ladies regard the bath as the place of their greatest amusement. They make appointments to meet there; and often pass seven or eight hours together in the carpeted saloon, telling stories, relating anecdotes, eating sweetmeats, sharing their kolyouns, and em-

* Customs and manners of the Women of Persia, with their domestic superstitions. Translated from the original Persian Manuscript, by James Atkinson, Esq., of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Medical Service. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund of Great Britain and Ireland.

bellishing their beautiful forms with all the fancied perfections of the East; dyeing their hair and eyebrows, and curiously staining their fair bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees, birds, and beasts, sun, moon, and stars.

"3. On the last Friday of the blessed month of Ramazan, the women ought to dress superbly and perfume themselves, and put on their best ornaments, and go to the porticoes of the mosques; because young men of cypress forms, with tulip cheeks, and amorous demeanour, assemble there in greater numbers than at other places. There they must sit down and stretch out their feet, and every one must light twelve tapers; and in doing this, care must be taken to lift the hand high above the head, so as to raise up the veil, as if by accident, and thus display their beautiful faces. Their crimson-tinted toes must also be exposed, in order that the young men may see and admire them with wounded hearts; but it would be an unlucky omen if one of the tapers were left unlighted. Bibi Ian Agba, and the rest of the learned conclave, are unanimous in this opinion. Further, it is not at all necessary that, in lighting the tapers, silence should be observed. On the contrary, lovely women should always let their sweet voices be heard."

This must be understood to be an important religious ceremony. It will be rendered plainer presently.

"4. Should a favourable opportunity occur for the beautiful young girls to remain with the young men for a short time, and especially if their intercourse arises from mutual affection, there can be nothing wrong in the indulgence of their attachments. Indeed, it is a fortunate circumstance, and, upon the whole, more gratifying and satisfactory to them than fasting the whole year.

"5. And whenever the young women visits their female friends upon that blessed day, for the purpose of meeting their lovers, they may be permitted, without any violation of decorum, to remain till a late hour."

The love here meant is Platonic love.

"6. If a woman's husband presumes to ask where she has been, and why returned so late, it is highly reprehensible on his part; for, through the sacred influence of that blessed day, she stands acquitted of all impropriety."

"7. Dadeh-Bazm Ara, Bagi Yasmin, and Shahr-Banu Dadeh, are of opinion, that when a woman applies the end of a taper to the tips of the toes of her right foot, and, at the time of lighting it, displays the beautiful shape of her leg, she will undoubtedly be in no danger of hell-fire."

The Seven Wise Women are careful to lay down axioms, as the ground-work of their reasonings on every subject. The preceding is one.

"8. And Kulsum Naneh, the President of the Council, is decidedly of opinion, that no woman can entertain the least hopes of heaven, whose husband forbids the things that are herein commanded, and considered proper for her pleasure and happiness in this world. For, with what comfort (it is logically and forcibly asked) can

a woman remain in the house of her husband, who is continually opposed to those recreations to which her whole soul is devoted?"

This, to us, seems conclusive. Indeed, the husband who can digest so powerful an argument, must have a stomach at least equal to that of an ostrich. But the Learned Women leave no loophole for escape.

"9. Dadeh Bazm Ara says, I have proved, from the instructions of my master Iblis, (a great eastern philosopher, not to be confounded with Eblis, Satan,) that the man who does not allow his wife to visit holy places and mosques, and the house of her friends, male and female, and who prohibits other innocent and agreeable proceedings, such as we have deemed proper and expedient for her own satisfaction and comfort; that man, I say, will be damned hereafter."

Nothing can be more clear or satisfactory than this. The crimes, however, of the husband, do not escape punishment in this world:—

"Should his wife die of a broken heart, he and his relations are liable to pay the expiatory mulct, as in cases of wilful murder."

This great right of women to innocent amusements is further insisted on; and the precise mode of the husband's perdition explained, in another article of the code. It appears that he is to be accused and condemned at the day of resurrection, by the Seven Learned Women.

SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF MEN.

The proper Man, the Half Man, and the Hupul-hupla.—"There are three sorts of men: 1. A Proper Man; 2. Half a Man; 3. A Hupul-hupla. A Proper Man at once supplies whatever necessities or indulgencies his wife may require: he never presumes to go out without his wife's permission, or do any thing contrary to her wish."

It strikes us, that this is the character, which, in these countries, is called "A Jerry Sneak." In the East he seems to be held in high honour.

"2. Your Half Man is a very poor, snivelling wretch, always meddling; with but little furniture in his house, and just bread and salt enough for bare subsistence; never on any occasion enjoying the least degree of comfort. The wife sits in his house, and works, and all she earns is applied to procure food and light. It is, therefore, wajib in that industrious woman to reply harshly to whatever he says: and if he beats her, it is wajib to bite and scratch him, and pull his beard, and do every thing in her power to annoy him. If his severity exceeds all bounds, let her petition the Kazi, and get a divorce."

These rules carry on them such a stamp of wisdom and reasonableness, that it is unnecessary to express our full concurrence in their perfect propriety. There can be little doubt that they will soon be used to enrich the law of Doctors' Commons. And to whom can the task of improving the social condition of our countrywomen be more safely intrusted, than to the man who had struggled, with such purity of motive, for the happiness of the woman of India—Dr. Lushington? The right side of the question, important as it is, may, without hesitation, be confided to him, unless he get money to advocate the opposite side.

It would be unjust to omit noticing the judicious mode in which the Seven Learned Women direct a wife to resist her husband. We allude more particularly to the application to be made to his beard. In this point, Eastern women have a decided advantage over the women of the West. For here, unless a woman's husband happen to wear large whiskers, there is nothing on which she can fasten. Then the whiskers may be false ones; and as to mustachios, we are assured that they afford no grip whatever. But in the East, independently of the fact, that both hands may at once be stuck in it,—and that with a powerful purchase,—the beard is the seat of honour, and is looked up to with profound veneration by both sexes. Without a large black beard a man is nobody; he is a being whom, as Hajji Baba says, “a hundred dogs may make a corner-stone of, and bring their friends.” The respect in which any individual is held, varies in the compound ratio of his own length, and that of his beard. Madden, in his very instructive and amusing travels, tells of a French serjeant-major, who, by a portly person, and a huge mane to his chin, obtained great consideration in Constantinople. He was an Effendi, a Prince, a Sultan, to them. As soon as Napoleon's career of victory in Egypt commenced, the most extravagant stories were circulated about his stature and his beard. The Turks declared that he was a giant, with a beard as large as the three tails of a Pasha! and, accordingly, they resolved to submit to such a Child of Destiny; but as soon as they actually saw that he was even under the middle size, and, instead of the phenomenon represented, had no beard whatever, they cried out that he was an infidel; and the rebellion in Cairo was the consequence. The veneration paid to the beard must not be understood to arise merely from motives of personal vanity. It is a part of that mass of religious prejudices which is so firmly rooted in the Eastern mind. Men swear by it as something mysterious and holy. The most dreadful insult, therefore, that can be offered to an Oriental, is any disparagement to, much more manual intermeddling with his beard. The pity of the Janizaries for Charles XII., at Bender, was converted into fury when he ordered their beards to be cut off.

“3. The Hupul-hupla has nothing; no friends. He wants to dress and live luxuriously, but is totally destitute of means. If the wife of such a man absents herself from his house even for ten days and ten nights, he must not, on her return, ask her where she has been; and, if he sees a stranger in the house, he must not ask who it is, or what he wants. Whenever he comes home and finds the street door shut, he must not knock, but retire, and not presume to enter till he sees it open.”

Should he be a person of so violent a temper as to think there was any thing in all this, his wife must get divorced *instantly*; as evidently it would be impossible for any prudent or virtuous woman to live with so suspicious a husband. Considering the Proper Man as the pivot, and the Half Man and Hupul-hupla as the descending part of the series, the ascending would be the *Summat*, (or Godly Man, who looks up with

reverential awe to his better half; and the *Summat* Mu'akkad, or, as we might say, the Martyr.

But in the case last extracted, there seems an omission on the part of the Seven Learned Women:—Should the husband see the street door open, and a young man, of cypress form, &c., come out, might he, in that case, provided it was not the blessed month Ramazan, suspect that there was any thing suspicious in the case? We confess we should like to hear Kulsum Naneh, or a grave Mollah on that point. Our present leaning decidedly is, that he might ask the young man, of the cypress form, &c., what was his business in that house.

OF LIFTING THE VEIL FOR STRANGERS.

“1. The Seven Learned Women declare that, among the forbidden things, is that of allowing their features to be seen by men not wearing turbans, unless, indeed they are handsome, and have soft and captivating manners; in that case their veils may be drawn aside. But they must scrupulously and religiously abstain from all such liberties with mullans [priests] and Jews; since, respecting them, the prohibition is imperative.”

There is as much liberality as sound judgment in this article of the code. Indeed the learned women seem rather beyond their age; for Madden says, that none spit farther or oftener at him than women. Captain Franklin says, that being one day beyond the walls of Constantinople, sketching some scenery, a Turkish lady came up, with, we believe, a child; and, having ascertained his employment, sat opposite to him, lifted her veil and made signs to him to draw her portrait. As she was young and very handsome, the Captain began with pleasure. But after some time, growing apprehensive that the Turks about the place might notice this *tete-a-tete*, (and for such things there are summary modes of proceeding on the Bosphorus,) he ceased sketching, and began to blow kisses from the end of the pencil towards his fair sitter. At this she coloured up to the temples, and drew her hand several times violently across her throat; a hint which the gallant Captain thought was not to be neglected, at least within the sound of the Ex-line. The cause of this dislike depends, no doubt, somewhat on national prejudices; but in a far greater degree on the want of a beard. The angular European dress, to their notions, (but surely without any just grounds,) tight and indecent, is another powerful obstacle; but the shaven face, on which even a goat may look with contempt, is the greatest. Mahmoud, for a Turk, a great man, and not to be compared with the blood-stained knave of Egypt, has done much to remove those prejudices, and approximate Europe and Asia. A few years since, it was death upon the spot for any man, even by chance or necessity, to have seen one of the sultan's harem; but, not long ago, an English traveller, without the slightest danger, beheld one of Mahmoud's daughters standing at the window of the palace at Buyukdere. No stronger proof could be given of a change in opinion, than that furnished by the Seven Wise Women.

OF PRAYER.

The learned women next lay down, with judg-

ment and clearness, the occasions on which prayers may be dispensed with.

"1. When females are engaged with their friends in pleasant conversation, and in the mutual communication of secrets.

"2. Upon hearing the sound of the drum or other musical instruments.

"3. When a husband does not allow his wife enough of money.

"4. Upon the nuptial night.

"5. If the marriage happen during the blessed month of Ramazan, prayers and fasting may also be omitted during the whole month.

"6. When a woman is listening to her lover.

"7. When a husband goes on a journey.

"8. If a woman engaged in prayer, happen to discover her husband speaking to a strange damsel, it is *wajib* for her to pause and listen attentively to what passes between them; and, if necessary, to put an end to their conversation.

Prayer is proper.

"1. If a woman have a slave girl in the house; for she must on no account leave her alone, and go to the bath, because the husband might come in the meantime and make love to her.

"2. Kulsum Naneh is decidedly of opinion "that, when resting from a promenade in the garden, or other amusements, prayer may be indulged in without any evil ensuing."

This seems a sound and well-considered *dictum*.

TREATMENT OF A HUSBAND.

Of this important subject a profound scientific view is taken, and masterly rules are laid down for conducting the war. The husband is considered as a fortress; his wife the besieging, and his mother, relations, &c., as the relieving army. The latter must be first defeated; the most approved mode being, "by, at least, once a day using her fists, her teeth, and kicking and pulling their hair, till tears come into their eyes, and fears prevent any further interference with her plans." From the moment the sword is drawn, the scabbard is to be thrown away. Like an experienced maneuverer, as she is, Kulsum Naneh despises half measures, or half victories. "She says that the wife must continue this indomitable spirit of independence until she has fully established her power." The relieving army being annihilated, and the besieger at liberty to open the trenches, without molestation, against the husband; two modes of proceeding offer themselves. First, to consider him as *enchanted*; or, secondly, as a person in his senses, but cursed with an infernal disposition.

In the first and most probable supposition, "it is *wajib* that cold water be poured over his head on three successive Wednesdays;" the demon it seems, having "an oath in heaven" against such a shower-bath. In the second case, "She must redouble all the vexations which she knows, from experience, irritate his mind; and day and night, add to the misery of his condition. She must never, whether by night or day, for a moment relax. For instance, if he condescends to hand her the loaf, she must throw it from her, or at him, with indignation and contempt. She must make his shoe too tight

for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. On the other hand, should these resources fail, the wife may privately convey from her husband's house every thing valuable that she can lay her hands upon; and then go to the Kazi, and complain that her husband has beaten her with his shoe, and pretend to show the bruises on her skin. She must state such facts in favour of her case as she knows cannot be refuted by evidence, and pursue every possible plan to escape from the thralldom she endures. For that purpose, every effort, of every description, is perfectly justifiable, and according to law."

As to the justice of the case, there can be little doubt; but upon the law of some parts, this country seems to be behind the East. It strikes us, for instance, that in the case of conveying away a husband's property, the people, in whose house it should be found, would have a chance of being prosecuted as receivers of stolen goods. And we have an obscure recollection that, some short time since, a young man, who felt deeply indignant at the treatment of a woman by her husband, and assisted in removing various articles (including the husband's clothes) which he believed to be her property, was actually indicted for something like burglary; and, it might even be, convicted. The hair of the Seven Learned Women would have stood on end at such profligacy in our laws. But if the Frangees are behind the Orientals in some points, there are others which may challenge comparison. The instance of the loaf, projected at an angle of 45° at a man's head, has much spirit; but we have heard of a most amiable lady, who, one day, in a fit of absence, struck her husband across the face with a leg of mutton, and had the compliment gallantly returned by a whole tureen of soup in her bosom. It is indeed several years since this occurred; but though similar instances are now quite rare, perhaps, upon the whole, the system of female tactics is not much inferior to that of Persia, however different their external appearances.

PIN MONEY.

Upon the interesting question of pin money, various opinions will be formed. In our mode of securing it, there certainly is something exceedingly prosaic. It does not, like the Persian, admit that variety of adventures, and rapid succession of hopes and fears, which form the wine of life. Hear Kulsum Naneh's account of the Eastern mode:—

"When a woman has not been to the bath for a considerable period, she ought to take whatever there is in the house of her husband, to defray the expenses of the bath. And it is *wajib* that she should scold and fight with her husband, at least twice a-day, till she obtains from him the amount required. And since there is no constancy in the disposition, or certainty in the life of a husband, [why don't they insure his life at some office?] who may repudiate his wife from caprice, or chance to die suddenly; it is *wajib*, while she does remain in his house, to scrape together, by little and little, all in her power; that, when the hour of separation arrives she

may be able to dress elegantly, and enjoy herself, until (if alive) he repents and becomes obedient to her will."

OF GOSSIPS.

"The Seven Wise Women agree, that a woman dying without gossips or friends has no chance of going to Heaven. On the contrary, she who visits every place calculated to expand and exhilarate the heart, will be seen, at the day of resurrection, dancing, with her old companions on earth, in the regions of bliss."

But it is curious to see how far, and among what different people, the same notion of similar employments in the other world has prevailed. The Easterns and Westerns held it with equal confidence. The Greeks, the Romans, the Celts, the Teutones, with the great Oriental tribes, seem to have alike believed in it; and even to the proud savage of the Pampas, it is an article of high creed. Head tells, that when the Indians see meteors, and hear noises, in the sky, they say, "that these are their ancestors, blind drunk, mounted on horses swifter than the wind, and hunting ostriches." Now, all this seems absurd; but we confess, this notion of the Indian heaven pleases us infinitely more than the long line of robber-heroes whom Anchises contemplates in Elysium.

Written for the Casket.

The Stranger's visit to his Father's Tomb.

Salve, sacre parent; iterum salve, recepti
Nequicquam cineres, animæque umbræque paternæ.

ÆNED.

From foreign climes, from distant Eastern shores,
Where India's sun its burning radiance pours,
The traveller came; he sought his native land,
And now he anchors near the well known strand;
He treads with rapture now, that dear-loved soil,
Forgetful of his griefs, and cares, and toil;
On foot he journeys as he leaves the wave,
The pilgrim comes to seek the sacred grave,
Where rests his father, in eternal sleep,
And o'er the hallowed spot with reverend tears to weep.

His native hills are rising on his sight—
How beats his throbbing heart with proud delight!
The man of sorrows now forgets to sigh,
And moves with firmer step and kindling eye!
Once more he breathes his native mountain air;
Ah! heaven has heard the wandering exile's prayer!
He falters, for his steps are drawing near
His home of childhood, and the starting tear
Is breaking forth: scarce can he trust his sight,
To view familiar scenes, where first he saw the light.

Visions of days long past, in colours bright,
And sadness mingled with a strange delight;
On yonder lonely hill a tombstone stands,
Amidst a grove; while cultivated lands
Are spread around, pervading which a calm
And tranquil dignity the scenes charm,
As if the dead, who silent rested there,
As erst in former days, their master were;
Since childhood never near the hallowed sod
Where sleeps his sire, had that lone pilgrim trod.

"I bring the news from those afar, my sire,
I was not mindful of thy last desire:

To visit this thy lonely place of rest;
Deep in my heart remained the sad behest;
But fate pursued me, exiled o'er the wave,
Far from the scenes of childhood, and thy grave;
And strangers dwell where my young footsteps trode,
While yet neglected lies this hallowed sod;
Though far in other climes thy kindred dwell,
They cherish faithful still, thy dear remembrance well."

"Long hast thou slumbered here; another race,
Who knew thee not, surrounded thy resting place;
Perchance the traveller, pausing on his way,
Whose once dark locks are sprinkled o'er with grey,
Starts at the name familiar to his ear
In former days, and drops a passing tear;
And humble poverty still grateful weeps,
And points her children where the good man sleeps;
Yet round the ashes of the good and wise,
A ruinous, wild scene too rude neglected lies."

"Ah! many a step my wandering feet have trode,
Since here we laid thee in thy last abode,
And some have been full weary steps, my sire,
Without the guidance youthful feet require,
To turn from folly, and from dangerous ways,
To honourable path of virtuous praise;
Unaided by thy counsel, and thy care,
Since early childhood, can I boldly dare
To call with confidence upon thy name,
And gaze upon thy lonely grave, nor blush with shame?"

"Through follies, and through errors too, of youth,
My steps may wander, but the paths of truth
In which thy life was led, an honest fame,
And thy approval, have been still my aim;
And whether now my course to speedy close
May tend, or future joys, or lengthened weal,
(And little heed I, or if soon, or late,
This doubtful scene of life may terminate.)
Still is my aim, life's labour thus repaid,
Calmly to meet, without a blush, thine awful shade."

The setting rays appear of parting day;
The pilgrim onward wends his weary way;
A willow branch, the parting pilgrim bore,
That sacred garland, on a distant shore,
Hallowed memorial, still shall cheer his heart,
And courage, strength, and fortitude impart.
The parting traveller oft reverts his eye,
Again returns and lingers with a sigh;
He sighs, that fate denies him longer stay,
Reluctant parts and tears himself away.

"Farewell, my sire! farewell, but not for ay,
I go unwilling on my distant way,
Soon to return; ere long my wanderings close,
And then the sacred place of thy repose,
By kindred mourners shall frequented be,
Who ne'er shall leave it till they sleep with thee.
And prouder marble monuments shall raise
The good man's name, and speak to future days,
Farewell! with kindling courage I depart,
With confidence renewed, inspired with bolder heart."

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skillful hands; in unskillful, the most mischievous.—*Pope.*

JOHN RANDOLPH.

This eminent citizen is no more. The man who for thirty five years has maintained a pre-eminent rank among the Statesmen and Patriots of America—whose extensive acquirements, deep research, unrivalled eloquence—whose wit, sarcasm and pointed remarks—whose firm support and untiring opposition, placed far behind him contemporaneous rivals and adverse politicians, breathed his last amongst us on the 24th ult. Here on the spot where he commenced his political career—where his youthful efforts excited so much attention—on the spot where the Declaration of Independence was adopted, where the Constitution was accepted, and where he manfully defended the principles and doctrines of those immortal instruments, he yielded his last breath—at a distance from that soil he held so sacred and dear—at a distance from those faithful constituents who knew and cherished him—from those sure friends who were devoted to him, and from his household servants, whose fatherly kindness had always sustained them—far from the soil of Virginia—the true, high-minded and patriotic State in which he prided; yet still among friends who respected him, and sympathising freemen who admired his virtues and talents, and forgot his faults and eccentricities.

John Randolph was an uncommon man—born to a princely fortune, he received the best education that could be furnished in his time, and cultivated a mind naturally quick and strong, by extensive and classical reading, and a close study of every eminent writer, ancient or modern. He was elected to Congress at a period when many supposed that he had not attained the age prescribed by the Constitution, and when even such doubts were presented to the Speaker, while tendering to him the usual oath of office. There are many who remember him at this day—a tall smooth-faced boy—his hair hanging loosely, scarcely kept together by the broad black ribbon, which flowed over his shoulders—walking leisurely from the State-house, to his boarding house, in Fourth street above Race—gazed at with wonder by youth and age. The splendor of his eloquence even at that early period, excited the wonder and admiration of the time.

We must leave to better hands, and those more thoroughly acquainted with the character and public services of Mr. Randolph, the task of writing his biography. He began his political career a republican of the Jefferson school, and sustained his administration with great zeal, until some personal disappointment drove him from the administration. He opposed the late war violently, and continued his opposition until the election of the present Chief Magistrate, with whom however he had become somewhat discontented, and was elected to Congress with the view, as he declared, to sustain the Constitution in its original purity, and had he lived he would have made some splendid efforts. Mr. Randolph, if he possessed all the qualifications of an able statesman, was nevertheless unwilling to go through all the labour which attend the faithful discharge of public duty. He designed better than he executed—he originated no great

measure, but was merely distinguished for his great talent in opposition—his sarcasm and ridicule were dreadful—he praised very sparingly, but always with good taste. It was however, in the closet and drawing-room that his bright and social virtues shone with greatest brilliancy—where his wit was sparkling—his judgment boundless, and his taste refined and elegant. He was a perfect belles lettres scholar, and his memory was uncommonly retentive. John Randolph was a religious man—deeply read in sacred history, and maintaining in health an extensive correspondence with learned divines. He is gone from this busy, troublesome pilgrimage to a better world. Much will be said and written of him, for he was worthy of men's admiration.

THE AIR WE BREATHE.—Nothing is more interesting than those general laws by which God preserves the order of the world. If we had a complete knowledge of all the wonderful contrivances that surround us, we should be filled with admiration and awe: to contemplate those with which we are acquainted, is the highest of intellectual pleasures.

One of these contrivances may be made intelligible even to those who have no acquaintance with Natural Philosophy.

The air is made up of two different gases, or airs, mixed together in a particular proportion. Of these, *one* (oxygen,) which we will call *life-air*, is necessary for the support of men and all other animals, which would die without it; neither could any thing *burn* without the help of this *life-air*. Since, then, a vast quantity of it is consumed every hour, how is the supply kept up? How is it the stock of *life-air* is still sufficient for us, and our fires and candles?

Now, besides these two gases, there is also present in the atmosphere another gas, called carbonic acid, which is made up of *carbon* and *life-air*. The name will be unknown to many, but all are well acquainted with the thing: it is what gives spirit to ale, wine, &c. and even to water, which is insipid after boiling, from the loss of its carbonic acid.

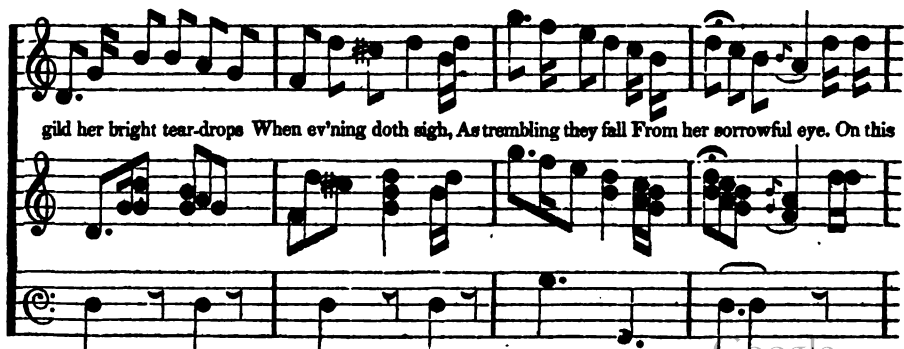
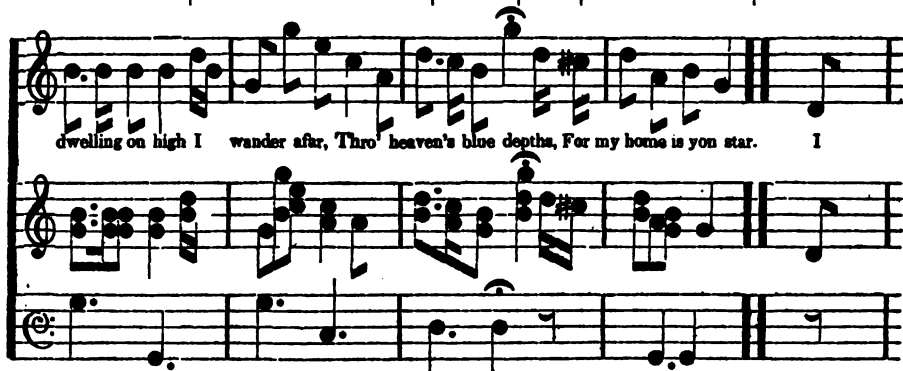
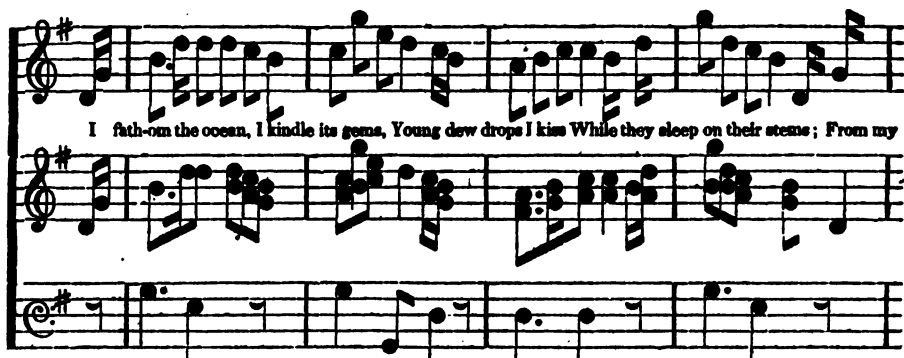
This carbonic acid is produced by the breathing of animals, and the putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances. Now, this constant supply *must be got rid of*, or it would kill us; and it is *got rid of* thus: all vegetables—grass, herbs, trees, &c. suck in this carbon during the day; nourish themselves with the *carbon*, and give back the *life-air* that was combined with it. In the night they do the reverse; but still, taking a whole day, they lessen the quantity of carbonic acid gas, and furnish the atmosphere with that supply of *life-air*, which is necessary to the existence of the animal creation.

INJUDICIOUS WATERING.—More plants are injured in rooms by this means, than many persons imagine. Too much water is generally applied to plants, particularly in winter and spring. If a plant looks sickly, water is applied; the consequence, certain death. This is like an unskilful physician who gluts the weakly stomach of his patient by ingredients which only hasten that result which it is his desire to prevent. A safe criterion for watering a plant in a pot, will be, always to allow the soil in the pot to have the appearance of dryness; but, guard against its becoming so dry as to cause the plant to flag or become wilted. In summer this course is of less importance: it is for the winter and spring for which the above remarks are more particularly intended.

THE RAY.

COMPOSED BY E. E. MARCY, FOR THE CASKET.

Andantino. Sym.



small golden beam I come from afar, Thro' heaven's blue depths, For my home is yon star. With my

bright train all golden I come from on high; I come from my throne In the limitless sky; To en-

kin - dle the earth I come from afar, Through heaven's blue depths, For my home is yon star.

When thy bosom heaves the sigh.—COMPOSED FOR THE CASKET.

When thy bo - som heaves the sigh, When the tear o'er - flows the eye,
May sweet hope af - ford re - lief— Cheer thy heart, and calm thy grief.

SECOND VERSE.

So the tender flow'r appears,
Drooping wet with morning tears,

Till the sunbeam's genial ray
Chase the heavy dew away.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

WELL IS'S TIME YOU HAD.—Miss Sarah Ann Webster, of Philadelphia, lately communicated to the Editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, the fact of her marriage with Mr. Jonathan S. Paul, a gentleman of that city. On the publication of the notice, Mr. Paul immediately made a public statement that no such marriage had, or was likely to take place. We suppose Miss Webster was actuated by the same motives, as Miss Ursula Wolcott, but her efforts were not crowned with the same success. Between the Wolcott and Griswold families, two of the most ancient and respectable in Connecticut, there existed a remote relationship.—Ursula Wolcott, afterwards the wife of the first Gov. Griswold, was a lady of superior intellect and accomplishments, and perhaps unequalled in the state for sagacity and shrewdness. Notwithstanding the superiority of her endowments and the shining excellence of her character, she remained unmarried until about the age of thirty.—Finding it at length indispensably necessary to turn her attention to matrimony, or become in fact, what she already was in name, an old maid; she remarked to her friends, that she had come to the conclusion of spending a few weeks at Lyme, for the purpose of courting her cousin Mathew.

On her arrival at Lyme, she found her cousin Mathew, who was also considered an old bachelor, more disposed to devote his attention to his Coke and Littleton, than to his cousin Ursula; but she was determined at all events to bring him to the point. She occasionally would meet him in the hall or on the stairs, and after carelessly passing him turn round and eagerly inquired, "*what's that you said?*" to which he would reply, that he hadn't said any thing. After several unsuccessful attempts to make him understand, she met him one day on the stairs, and after making the usual inquiry and receiving the usual answer, she hastily, replied, "*Well, I think it's time you had!*" Mathew could not avoid taking the hint, and a short time after, they became one of the most happy and respectable couples in Connecticut.

SAFE GUESSING.—A real Yankee, who never intended to err in guessing, being inquired of by his neighbor, as he was passing his farm yard, how much a certain ox would weigh that stood near, answered, "Well, I don't know entirely, I guess he'll weigh 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 hundred, somewhere along there, no great difference from that any way."

"Patrick," said an employer the other morning; to one of his workmen, "you come late this morning; the other men were at work an hour before you." "Sure, and I'll be even with 'em to night, then." "How, Patrick?" "Why, faith, I'll quit an hour before 'em all, sure."

DRUM ECCLESIASTIC.—"Ah, sir," exclaimed an elder, in a tone of pathetic recollection, "our late minister was the man! He was a powerful preacher, for i' the short time he delivered the word among us, he knocked three pulpits to pieces, and dang the insides out o' five bibles!"

IGNORANCE OF FEAR.—A child of one of the crew of his Majesty's ship Peacock, during the action with the United States vessel Hornet, amused himself with chasing a goat between decks. Not in the least terrified by the destruction and death around him, he persisted, till a cannon ball came and took off both the hind legs of the goat; when seeing her disabled, he jumped astride her, crying, "Now I've caught you."

YANKEE vs. YANKEE.

In the good old times when "the Plymouth Colony" was truly the "land of steady habits," there occasionally sprung a volatile, fun loving character, whose habits and disposition formed a striking contrast with the upright and conscientious bearing of the cold and formal Puritans.—An anecdote of two farmers of this class, living near each other, will afford an apt illustration of the text:—One was possessed of some dozen fine sheep, who having a decided antipathy to confinement, would sometimes trespass on the enclosures of their neighbour. He having caught them in one of these over-acts determined to inflict summary vengeance on them and their owner. With this intention he proceeded to catch them, and running his knife through one of their hind legs, between the tendon and the bone immediately above the knee joint, put the other leg through the hole. In this condition the woolly flock decamped, leaving one quarter less tracks than when they came.

The feeder of the sheep kept their own counsel; and soon after his neighbour's hogs having broke or dug into the enclosure, he took advantage of this opportunity for retaliation, by cutting their mouths from ear to ear. In this way the four foot grunners, rather chop-fallen as may be supposed, made their way to their own quarters. The owner of the swine made his appearance in a great rage, declaring that his hogs were ruined, and that he would have redress. His neighbour made answer, that he was not the cause—"for," said he, "the fact is, my friend, I didn't cut open them are hog's mouths, but seen' my sheep running on three legs, they split their mouths a laughen!"

WAR.—What are you thinking, my man? said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the British. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered:—"I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired 600 rounds of ball that day.

REPARTEE.

One day a Justice much enlarged On Industry, while he discharge'd A thief from jail—"Go work," he said, "Go, prithee learn some better trade; "Or, mark my words, you'll rue it!" "My trade's as good," replied the knave, "As any man need wish to have; "And if it don't succeed, d'y'e see, "The fault, sir, lies with you, not me—" "You *soont* let me pursue it!"

EPIGRAM.

"She loves me still," cried Ned, "for on my knee She said last night, 'Thou'r't the world to me'" "That nothing proves," said Fred, (with lip upcur'd,) "She often says 'She's tired of the world.'"

A real genuine Kentucky thus describes his sweetheart: "She is a feeler! she killed a bear when she was thirteen, and now she'll whip her weight in wild cats; whoop!"

DISCONSOLATE PARENTS.—An advertisement appeared in a morning paper a few days ago, respecting a young lady who had eloped, which concluded as follows: "She is most earnestly requested to return to her *disconsolate parents*; but if she does not choose to come home after this explanation, she is earnestly desired to send the key of the *tea-chest*."

THE MAID'S SOLILOQUY.

A maiden alone—Milton in her hand. She opens to the passage "Hail wedded love! mysterious law!" &c. She then soliloquizes.

It must be so! Milton, thou reasonest well;
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after matrimony?
Or whence this secret dread, this inward horror
Of dying espousals? Why shrinks the heart
Back on itself and startles at celibacy?
'Tis reason, faithful reason stirs within us;
'Tis nature's self points out an alliance,
And intimates a husband to the sex.
Marriage! thou pleasing and yet anxious thought!
Thro' what new and various changes must we pass?
The marriage state in prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.
Here I will hold—If nature prompts the wish,
And that she does is plain from all her works.
Our duty, interest, pleasure, bid indulge it,
For the great end of nature's law is bliss.
But yet—in wedlock—the woman must obey;
I'm weary of these doubts—the priest shall end 'em.
Nor rashly do I venture loss and gain;
Pleasure and bondage meet my thoughts at once.
I wed—my liberty is gone forever,
But happiness itself from this secured!
Love first shall recompense my loss,
And when my charms shall have faded,
Mine eyes grown dim, and stature bent with years,
Then virtuous friendship shall succeed to love.

SHOOTING IREISH.—The father of the late Vice President of the United States, old Mr. Calhoun, was a native of Ireland—none of your hair-brained, hot-headed nullifiers, but a cool, steady, plain-spoken, matter of fact man, who wished business done in a straightforward, intelligible manner. He was a member of the Legislature of South Carolina, and was much annoyed by the classical quotations with which the young broadcloth collegians affected to illustrate their fancy speeches. He determined to put an end to such interpositions, and in replying one day, "Mr. Speaker (said he) the gentleman is very fond of interlarding his speeches with the *Lettin* tongue, which, I suppose few of the members of this assembly understand any more than myself. I give this warning, therefore, if he don't quit spouting his *Lettin* I'll spout my *Irish*, and then let me see whether he'll be able to understand that or not." This threat had the desired effect, and Mr. Calhoun was little annoyed with learned quotations during the remainder of the session, which was shortened by the reformation.

CURIOUS RIVER.—In the province of Andalusia, in Spain, there is a river called the Tinto, from the tinge of its waters, which are as yellow as topaz. It possesses the most extraordinary and singular qualities. If a stone happens to fall in and rest upon another, they both become, in one year, perfectly united and conglutinated. All the plants on its banks are withered by its waters whenever they overflow. No kind of verdure will come up where its water reaches, nor can any fish live in its stream. This river rises in the Sierra Morena mountains, and its singular properties continue until other rivers run into it and alter its nature.

The Mayor of a diminutive city called to consult a legal friend with regard to the method of quelling riotous proceedings, which were growing ungovernable. "Why," said the lawyer, "do you not appeal to the *poese comitatus*?" "Well, that's what I've thought of, but *blast the fellows, I never knew where he lived!*"—*Dunstable Telegraph.*

SELLING A DOG.—Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which it cost as much to keep as it would two pigs; and the dog besides was utterly useless. Nay, he was worse than useless, for in addition to the expense of keeping he took up house-room, and greatly annoyed Dick's wife.

"Plague take the dog!" said she, "Mr. Lazybones, I do wish you would sell him, or kill him, or do something or other with him. He's more plague than his rotten neck is worth—always lying in the chimney corner, and eating more than it would take to maintain three children. I wonder you will keep such a useless animal."

"Well, well, my dear," said Dick, "say no more about it. I'll get rid of him one of these days."

This was intended as a mere get-off on the part of Dick; but as his wife kept daily dimming in his ears about the dog, he was at length compelled to take some order on the subject.

"Well, wife," said he one day, as he came in, "I've sold Jowler."

"Have you, indeed?" says she, brightening up at the good news—"I'm dreadful glad of it. How much did you sell him for, my dear?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Fifty dollars! What—fifty dollars for one dog?—How glad I am! That'll almost buy us a good horse. But where's the money, my love?"

"Money!" said Dick, shifting a long nine lazily to the other corner of his mouth, "I didn't get any money—I took two puppies, at 25 dollars a piece."

A country pedagogue once having the misfortune to have his school-house burnt down, was obliged to remove to a new one, where he reprimanded one of his boys, who misspelt a number of words, by telling him he did not spell as well as when he was in the old schoolhouse. "Well, somehow or nother," said the urchin with a scowl, "I can't ethackly git the *Awag* of this ere new schoolhouse."

"PUTTING IN MIND."—This common phrase was used by a Hibernian, a day or two since, in rather a ludicrous connexion. Pat was driving pigs in Lowell street, when Barney met him, and after the usual interchange of "How d'ye do," and "Sure it's myself that is glad to see you," Barney pointed to one of the quadrupeds, with, "it's a fine pig that *owm*, Patrick." "It is that same, Barney, which *puts me in mind* of asking for your wife, the crathur, is she well?"—*Lowell Jour.*

A HANDSOME BAR MAID.—A gentleman about opening a hotel, addressed an innkeeper one morning, "Good morning, sir; I want a *handsome* bar maid—can't you recommend some person?" "Well, I don't know that I can." "Why, who made yours?" "Who maid my bar maid?" echoed the astonished publican. "No, no, who *made* your bar?" "Oh, I understand you now."—*[Essex Register.]*

A LATIN SPEECH.—On the occasion of an actor's benefit, at a provincial theatre in England, the night was exceedingly tempestuous, the rain fell in torrents, so that he had a very thin house. Having in his part to recite a few words in Latin, he spoke the following in the most doleful accents instead:

"O! raino, nighto!
Spofo, beneficio quiteo!"

A LEVER'S WISH
Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
On that I were you spangled sphere!
Then every star should be an eye,
To wander o'er thy beauties here.

THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

From Freneau, (slightly altered.)

An insect lives among mankind,
For what wise ends by fate design'd,
I never yet could clearly find.

In pain for all, and thank'd by none,
And most perplex'd when most alone,
No state regards him, not his own.

Beneath a dusty roof restrain'd,
To one dark spot forever chain'd,
His link is to the bottom drain'd.

His days are one continual whim:
The seasons change, but not for him;
On foreign prints his eyes grow dim.

He life supports on self-esteem,
He plans, contrives, and lives by scheme,
And spoils good paper—many a ream.

Now Europe's feuds employ his brains,
Now Asia's news his head contains—
He has his labor for his pains.

He grumbles at the price of flour,
Then mourns and mutters many an hour,
That Congress have so little power.

He swears the Bank will hurt our trade,
And fall it must without his aid;
Meanwhile his tailor goes unpaid.

Although he little have to lose,
He still "the Here" may abuse,
And wish some other in his shoes.

The balance of our foreign trade,
Makes him uneasy and afraid,
Though, thank the gods! his board is paid.

He is a weary, thoughtful man,
Writing, if ill, the best he can,
And much despising little Ven,

'Till doom'd to think of new affairs,
The Cholera sends him clean down stairs,
Leaving—the wide world to his heirs.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was there, nor the sign of a smile,
As our friend to the bridal was hurried;
We thought of the pain he would suffer the while,
For he looked so confoundedly flurried.

We saw him stand up, and we pitied him too,
As the parson the dread knot was tying;
He trembled so much, and his phiz was so blue,
That we feared the poor fellow was dying.

We escorted him home that bright summer's eve,
When pale from his bridal returning—
We spoke but few words, and most sorely did grieve,
A bachelor had no more discerning.

The fellow's mad as the devil, we said,
He knew that we said it in sorrow—
We cheered him, but sigh'd to think that his head
Would woefully ache on the morrow.

And who would have thought that one like him,
So shy of the girls had we found him,
Would ever have had his eye sight so dim
As to fall in the noose that bound him!

'Twas sad to us all as sadness could be,
That advice in vain we'd been giving,
That instead of confined he might have been free
At this moment in singleness living.

We cheered the poor fellow as well as we could,
And though he was surely repenting;
But now 'twas too late—he could not, if he would,
So he gave up all thoughts of relenting.

We carried him home, and put him to rest,
And the tears fell fast as we did it;
A tear fell from him, we know 'twas no jest,
Though he thought that his sad smile hid it.

And sadly he talked of blessedness gone—
How each bachelor would now upbraid him;
He said he cared not, so they'd let him sleep on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
We vowed that his case should ne'er be our own,
Whom we left, *not alone*, in his glory.

Boston Traveller.

A HEART TO SELL: WHO'LL BUY?

A new song, written expressly for Miss Clara Fisher, and sung by her with enthusiastic applause. The music composed by C. E. Horn.

Oh yes! Oh yes! I've a heart to sell!
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
'Tis new—'tis fresh, and furnished well,
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
'Tis bosomed where 'tis never cold,
No prying eyes have seen it;
'Tis worth at least its weight in gold,
For love ne'er dwelt within it.
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
Does any one bid more?

If sold, the bidder must be free,
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
If let, the lease for life must be!
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
Or if there's one with whom resides
A heart not prone to range;
That's kind, and free, and young besides,
I'll take it in exchange;
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?
'Tis going!—going!—gone!!

A worse half lately advertised his better half, who in return, put the worse half before the public, in the following light:—

To all good people who want him depicted,
To running away he has long been addicted;
He deserted this country, being scared at a ball,
And run away home the greatest hero of all.
For such service as this he obtained a pension,
How well he deserved it I need not now mention,
But one thing for all I needs must acknowledge,
He's the worst husband God ever made to my knowledge.

DIALOGUE.

Sambo. Ah, Gar bress a you, Cuff. Wha for you wear dat weeds on you hat?

Cuff. Why, what question de nigger ax—Confound you brack face, dont you know my fader dead?

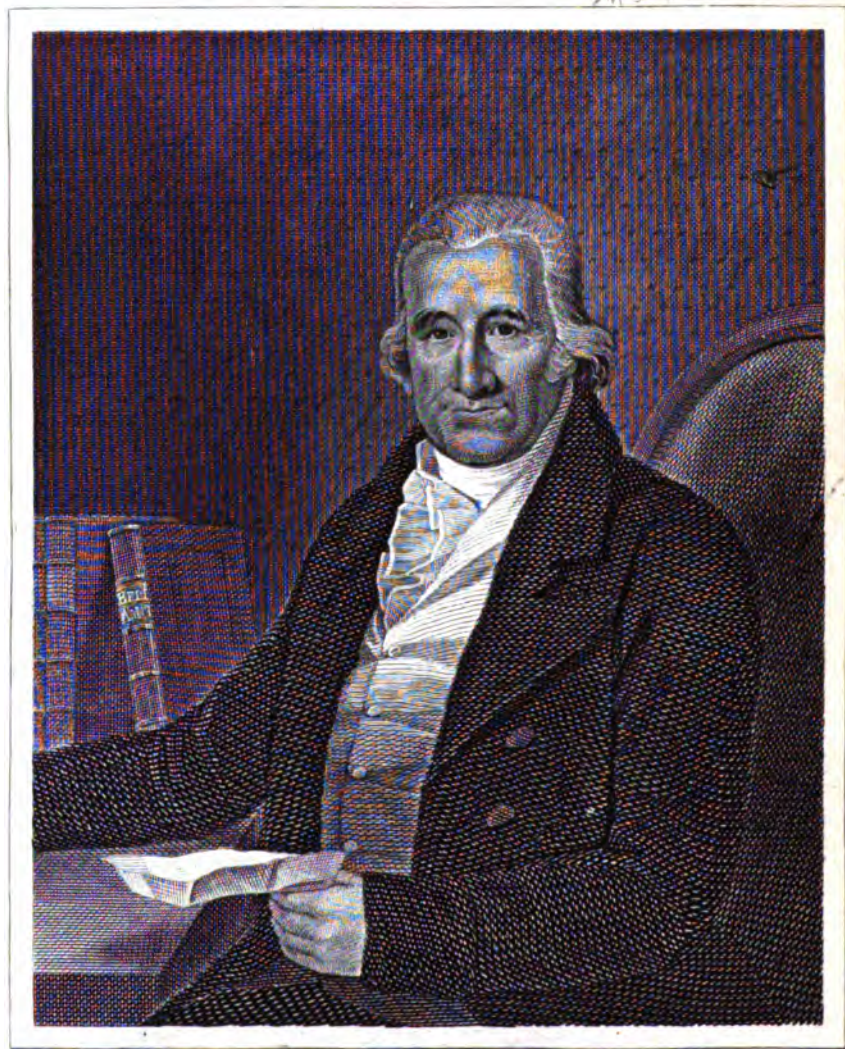
Sambo. Dead! O crickey, is dat good old nigger depart dis life? Hope he leave you some property, Cuff.

Cuff. No, Sambo; he is represented *convincent*—
Lowell Journal.

FORCE OF HABIT.—"A decayed gentlewoman being obliged for her livelihood to go about with muffins, used in a faint voice to ejaculate, "muffins and crumpets," adding, in a still more under-tone, "I hope to goodness nobody hears me."—*My Village.*

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CASPAR WISTAR M.D.

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sweetheart. No painter's shop, no flower meadow, no graceful aspect in the storehouse of nature, is comparable to a *noviœta*, or Venetian virgin, who is dressing for a husband.—Burton.



CASSAK WEBSTER M.D.



OR GEMS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Learning is an addition beyond
Nobility or birth: honour of blood,
Without the ornament of knowledge, is
A glorious ignorance.

No. 9.] PHILADELPHIA.—SEPTEMBER. [1833.

CASPAR WISTAR.

This distinguished gentleman, of whom a finished and accurate likeness accompanies the present number, was born in the year 1760. He was the son of a German, a respectable glass manufacturer, who emigrated to this country and settled in New Jersey. He was educated at a grammar school, established in this city, by William Penn; attended the lectures in the Philadelphia Medical School, and in 1782, received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. In the next year he left America for Europe, and in 1786, he graduated at Edinburgh, with high reputation. He travelled over England and Scotland, on foot, observing closely every thing deserving of attention, that fell in his way. In this tour he formed many friendships, and established a name honourable to himself and his country. He was chosen a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and after an absence of between three and four years, returned to Philadelphia, where he was afterwards appointed Professor of Chemistry and Physiology, in the Philadelphia College, and also consulting physician to the Dispensary. He was further appointed physician to the hospital, and afterwards became adjunct professor to Dr. William Shippen, in the departments of anatomy and surgery. As assistant to Dr. Shippen, he acquired the practical skill, as a dissector and demonstrator, which laid the foundation of his subsequent reputation. On the decease of Dr. Shippen, Dr. Wistar was appointed to fill the chair of his departed friend: he had, in fact, long performed the duties of this department. In 1815, he was elected honorary member of the literary and philosophical society of New York. In 1816, he was unanimously elected president of the American philosophical society. Doctor Wistar was too actively engaged to appear often in the character of an author; but his Remarks on the Fever of 1793, his Memoirs on the Ethmoid Bone, and on the Remains of an Animal of the Bos Species, were well calculated to enhance his

reputation. At the time of his decease, he was fast rising into reputation as a comparative anatomist, and had instituted a correspondence with Cuvier, Sommering, and other eminent naturalists in Europe. His System of Anatomy, (2 vols. Philadelphia, 1812), comprising the heads of his course, is a most useful compend, embracing not merely the anatomy, but the anatomical physiology, of the parts noticed, according to the best views at present known of that branch of the subject. Doctor Wistar was a most active contributor to knowledge of all kinds, by his scientific meetings at his own house, which was the place of resort of all strangers who had information to communicate, as well as of his friends who were engaged in any scientific pursuit. As a professor of anatomy, he was very eminent.—Perfect master, not only of the minutiae of his profession, but of the most effectual modes of teaching it, his lectures were always crowded. He was remarkable for the skill and care with which his subjects were prepared and brought forward; the simple, neat, intelligible style of his lectures; the kind and friendly character of his voice and manner; and his anxiety to make his students fully comprehend what they had to learn. He died on January 22, 1818, of a slow fever, caught by attending a poor family in a confined apartment. Doctor Wistar was twice married, and, by his second wife, left two children.

All politeness is owing to Liberty. We polish one another, and rub off our corners and rough sides by a sort of amicable collision. To restrain this, is inevitably to bring a rust upon men's understandings.—*Shaftesbury.*

A ship is not so long a rigging, as a young girl is in trimming herself against the arrival of a sweetheart. No painter's shop, no flower meadow, no graceful aspect in the storehouse of nature, is comparable to a *novitice*, or Venetian virgin, who is dressing for a husband.—*Burton.*

Written for the Casket.

The Hanging of the Spy.

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

"I'll take thee in the good green wood,
And make thine own hand choose the tree."

The summer of 1800 I spent at those mineral springs of Western Virginia, so abundantly scattered over the face of a country unsurpassed in the grandeur and beauty of its aerial prospects, and in spontaneous fertility of soil. But attractive as are the views and natural curiosities of this fine region, to a lover of the picturesque, the speculative tourist will meet with a study still more interesting, in the noble mountaineers who people it. A bold, primitive race, much assimilated in character and habits to the Scottish Highlanders—for like them, they are mostly warriors and breeders of cattle—our trans-montane brethren may be well described by garbling the strong lines of the poet-traveller, as

"Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold—
Pride in each front, and freedom on each brow,—
True to imagined right—above control,
And fierce in native hardihood of soul."

My longest stay, while among them, was made at the Sweet Springs, in Monroe, on the borders of Allegheny county. Here, shunning the throng of health-hunters, and pleasure-hunters, and fortune-hunters, congregated from every quarter of the continent, my chief delight consisted in exploring along the romantic environs of this celebrated watering-place, and in making what acquaintances I could among the plain but superior natives. A day or two after my arrival, having gone forth without guide or

"More sweet companions

Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,"—

I wandered within sight of the Rattle-snake Mountain, long pre-eminent among the *lions* of the neighborhood. A huge heap of rocks reared itself before me, barren of tree or shrub, or growth of vegetable life, every crevice swarming with hundreds of the genus *crotalus horridus*, since aptly suggested as the appropriate emblem of our United States. I had stood for some time, surveying a scene, wild, desolate, and solitary as the savage deserts of the Andes; nought moving or living was visible save the creeping and gorgeously variegated denizens of the rocks, that, as they crawled among the clefts or basking in the sunshine, wreathed themselves about the fantastic points, recalled and almost realized the fine passage in *Paradise Lost*, which narrates the serpentine metamorphoses of satan and his infernal legions. Suddenly a sharp, quick sound behind me startled away my poetic reminiscences—'twas the report of a rifle; and one of the most ancient and magnificent of the beauteous reptiles, that lay coiled on a stone at a little distance, testified by the writhings and contortions of its dying agonies, to the fatal precision of the aim. At once the myriads of party-colored snakes, erst so still and peaceable, were roused to every motion of rage and tumult, darting out their forked tongues, shaking their rattles as they threw themselves in attitude to strike, and sending forth a horrid and simultaneous hiss, that might have matched that ascribed by Milton to

his transformed fiends. I made a hasty retreat from the dangerous vicinity; and, turning, confronted in a man of most majestic proportions and bearing, the marksman whose unerring skill had awakened the "sound perverse" of this "hiss of hell." My first glance mistook him for an aboriginal son of the woods; for such his garb and gait bespoke him as he approached me, stalking in erect dignity, and lifting his feet high with the action of one accustomed to walk over rough and encumbered ground. His height was upwards of six feet; his person of symmetry robust, yet perfect as if cast in the mould of the Farnese Hercules, was clad in a hunting-shirt of dark green cloth, the original colour nearly obliterated by every variety of stain contracted from bough and brake, and bound about the waist with what had once been a splendid wampum belt; a cap of rough bear-skin, with the feathers of an eagle's wing rising stiffly across it, covered his locks, "coal-black, yet grizzled here and there;" and on his broad and sinewy legs were laced a pair of moccasins of Indian manufacture. In his hand he poised with as much ease as a child bears a reed, a gun of that peculiar make so famous and so fatal in the hands of our western foresters; and of such weight that I found myself, on trial, scarce able to raise it from the ground. Exposure to the sun and elements had embrowned a complexion naturally fair, to the hue of the red men, from whom, in dress and mien, he was undistinguishable to a slight observation. As he drew near, however, his keen eye met mine—the gaze of recognition was mutual—and I knew Col. Walter Lewis, one of my father's best and oldest friends, and a man of wealth and influence in these parts. Our encounter here greatly surprised me, for I had deemed him a resident in Kanbawa; but it was not the less pleasant because totally unexpected to both parties. Shaking my hand again and again, with the grasp of a giant, and premising that he kept bachelor's hall a mile or two off, he pressed me warmly to go home and spend a few days with him; which invitation, being readily accepted, we strolled on together, but not before the colonel had picked up and borne off in a careless hand, the yet warm trophy of his dexterity as a shot. Curious to see the domicile of one noted as a queer original, and as an adventurer, whose hair-breadth 'scapes and perils, by flood and field, equalled those of Othello himself, though he seemed not to have rehearsed them with the like effect to the ear of a gentle Desdemona. I was glad when we came in sight of the house, which, though large, had pretty much the appearance of an Indian wigwam, and was built of hewn logs, amidst a cluster of oaks, each one whereof might have been imagined the shelter of a Hamadryad, so vast and venerable did they wave in their verdant antiquity. Snakes of every size and species hung from the branches, or entwined around the stems, lifeless indeed, but so artfully stuffed and disposed, as to counterfeit the look and almost the motions of life. An enormous bear, tied to a tall pine in another part of the yard, incessantly repeated his melancholy circuit around the tree, alternately winding up and unwinding his chain, while two or three fawns, as many fox-cubs, raccoons, and opossums, running

about at large together, and keeping up an endless spitting and sparring at each other, rendered the premises a *menagerie*, somewhat after the fashion, though on a scale somewhat smaller, of "*Le Jardin des Plantes*." Beneath the ample shade of the central oak was spread an immense bear skin; on this we threw ourselves, and my host calling loudly for Kehoke, a handsome Indian boy appeared in answer to the summons, leading, in a strong leash, a panther, hardly full grown, but of extraordinary power and stature, that came bounding forward and fawned upon its master with the familiarity of a house-dog. I felt, as the reader may suppose, not particularly at ease within reach of this singular and dangerous pet; but my entertainer, after giving orders to have his legging loosened, and water brought for us to wash, endeavored to re-assure me with many asseverations, that the creature was as docile and harmless as a lamb. After reposing awhile in the open air, without other refreshment than a draught of the limestonelymph; for the colonel never drank, though he was profuse of his offers to me of wine and strong liquors, we were called in to supper; and here I found myself in an apartment apparently dedicated to Hubert, the patron saint of hunters. On one side of the door a wolf, grinning in gaunt fierceness, stood as sentinel, and preserved so naturally the aspect and posture of life, that I involuntarily started aside. Antlers garnished the rough cast walls, intermixed with the brushes of foxes, the skins of various animals of game, and a fine display of birds in their dried plumage. Guns of all sorts leaned in the corners amongst angling-rods, spears, and tackle; and shot bags, powder-flasks, and hunting-horns were suspended beneath a drapery of nets for fishing and fowling. After the evening meal, served with the utmost neatness, and substantial enough to satisfy the appetite of a hungry sportsman, I was shown to a chamber almost luxurious in its accommodations, and the colonel withdrew to his own sleeping-place on a pile of buffalo robes.

One week glided agreeably away in this sylvan abode, where I enjoyed every mode of the chase, diversified by the veteran's animated tales and recollections of former feats and failures.—Lewis, unbent by time and unbroken by hardships, was now sixty and upwards. One of the pioneers of the west, he had experienced all the vicissitudes of that eventful and spirit-stirring existence, and delighted to recount all that he had done and undergone of daring and difficulty. Full of wit and anecdote, and drawing on a lively imagination what he had seen, whether in the wilds of Kentucky, or in the camp of Washington, was painted to the very life. He had served in the army of the Revolution; and his beautiful ideal of a military man, was the renowned Gen. William Campbell, the friend of his youth, the commander of his first campaign. I had, from him, many descriptions of this illustrious patriot, who, according to his partial eulogist, was tall and raw-boned, with an iron constitution, capable of incredible endurance; hard-favoured, and large in limb and feature, he had light hair, eyes, and complexion, with a serious—nay, stern look; was slow and scant of speech, and in his manner uncommonly grave and constrained. Of Scot-

tish descent, he inherited the principles and predilections of the persecuted presbyterians of that northern land. His religious zeal and his devotion to liberty, were alike deep, fervent, and exclusive. In all domestic and social relations perhaps the most amiable of men, he set his face like a flint against the enemies of his country and of freedom; and he who would send his negroes (a rare property among the mountains) to work for a poor neighbour, and plough himself through the heat of the day in the fields—who gave each spare moment to his bible and his God, and scrupulously acted up to the golden rule of "doing unto all men as ye would they should do unto you,"—proved himself as pitiless and inflexible as Claverhouse or Cumberland towards those who betrayed or deserted the holy cause for which he contended and died. From many characteristic traits, related by the colonel, of the hero of King's Mountain, I select the following, not only as illustrating his Roman firmness, and integrity of patriotism—his resolute promptitude of action, but as an adequate sample of the horrors of that species of warfare, where brother must strive against brother, and kindred blood reek red and hot on the hands of either side.

At the period of the occurrence about to be narrated, the general lived on a branch of Holston River, in what is now Washington county. The crisis of the Revolution lowered dark and disastrous; the whigs were drooping and dispirited; the tories, rather more numerous than was natural in the mountain fastnesses, always sacred to liberty, full of malign hope and insolent exultation. The most active and conspicuous of this traitorous phalanx, was one Bradley Crowles, an American by birth, but an Englishman in politics and prejudices, who, six or eight years before, had come into the upper country in the capacity of a trader; and, opening an assortment of groceries and dry goods on the road side, had recommended himself much to the plain-hearted people who dealt with him. As a matter of great favour he was boarded and lodged in the family of the farmer, on whose land he had located his store; and who, besides his claims as a man of standing and substance, was scarce the less courted and considered for being father to the loveliest among the blooming and agile nymphs of Western Virginia. Crowles was remarkable for the comeliness of his person, and soon won general favor with the fair maidens round about, by the softness of his manners, and superior fashion of his dress; he played well too on the violin, and evening after evening was spent in soothing his old landlord's ear with the fine melancholy strain, commemorative of Brad-dock's Defeat, and expressing more plainly and powerfully than the strongest language could, the dismay and alarm which the news of that unforeseen catastrophe spread throughout the colony: moreover, the insinuating stranger, though lacking the high tone of careless courage and venturous resolution, which animated the fearless foresters around him, was acute, indefatigable, and intriguing, far beyond their simple ken. Still, despite his art and his accomplishments, he had to undergo a probation well nigh comparable, as he thought, to Jacob's servitude, ere his love suit was smiled upon by the rustic belle,

who monopolized and disdained the hearts of all the young men on the hill side. Jane Parish, a being "brightly bold," in eye and air, and soul, was just such another in beauty and bravery, as we fancy the "warrior-love" of Theseus to have been; but, unlike the Amazonian queen, she yielded up her young and pure affections to one the reverse in all high attributes of herself, and the hardy race from whence she sprung. Nature had endued her with the spirit of a Boadicea or a Brenhilda, and inured from her cradle to all bodily exercises, she was, like the rest of the mountain damsels, perfect as a horsewoman, a huntress, and a shot. In this and some other points, she painfully felt the inferiority of the handsome lowlander; yet she loved him with a tenderness and constancy that eventually overcame all opposition to their union. Jane was an only daughter, and her parents unaccustomed to thwart her wishes; so at length she gave herself, with their reluctant consent, to the man of her choice. The objections of the old folks proved, however, well-founded, as little by little his true character developed itself. Hemade, to be sure, a faithful and indulgent husband; he was frugal, industrious, and successful in business: so far so good. But the family of Enoch Parish, as staunch a republican as America ever bred—a freeman, who, alone and unaided amid a hostile host, would have rushed to uphold the stars emblazoning the proud national banner, not less holy in his eyes, than their Prophet's sacred standard to the Turks—a freeman, who held a royalist to be beyond the pale of redemption, and a traitor as a veritable and accursed incarnation of the evil one himself,—were all imbued with similar principles and feelings; and as their new relative, growing after his marriage less circumspect in conducting his disloyal and villainous practices, became suspected and stigmatized as "no better than an English spy," disunion began to pervade the domestic circle; and the young wife awakened from her dream of perfect happiness to see him, to whom she was pledged in love and honor for life, an object of contempt and abhorrence to her sire and her kindred, and herself still clinging to him the more fondly in proportion to their scorn and hatred, pitied and despised, in such sort as angels might view a fallen child of light, willingly wedded to the crimes and punishment of a demon. Crowles left the dwelling of his father-in-law, where they had continued till after the birth of their second child, and removed to an establishment of their own, some miles up the country. Here, availing himself to the utmost of his power over the neighborhood, mostly his customers and debtors, by withholding supplies and enforcing payment, or granting accommodation to any extent on either score, he went on with his unwearied and judicious efforts to promote the British cause, till serious dissension ensued thereby to the colonists, and public odium began to attach itself to his name. About this time Gen. Campbell returned home after a long absence; he soon heard of Crowles, and of the mischief he was doing. Alive to aught that touched the interests of the popular side of the conflict, he watched the accused with a wary and impartial eye; his sagacity was speedily satisfied of the necessity of his removal—his de-

termination formed as to the mode. It was far from his wont to ensnare an enemy unawares, or without giving him a fair chance for his life. The apostate spy was duly warned to desist from his obnoxious course and depart the country, in failure whereof this dreaded chieftain communicated his intention to string him up at the first opportunity, with his own hand. Crowles well knew the man with whom he had to reckon; he was aware of the like summary punishment having been inflicted by the champion of the west, on more than one tory; and that his treasonable and parricidal proceedings had richly earned the threatened halter: still, judging himself ensconced in a tower of strength by his connexion with a whig family, so respectable as the Parishes, and vainly relying on his consummate craft to cope with, and elude the vigilance of the terrible Campbell, he was so regardless of his safety as to persist in remaining, and in pursuing, though with more secrecy and prudence, the vile and dangerous trade which he had so long driven, no less to his own advantage than to that of his foreign employers. But his death-warrant was issued—his days already numbered. One Sunday the general was on his way to meeting—for he was regular in his attendance on public worship as in his private devotion—his wife, a sister of PATRICK HENRY, and in powers of speech almost equal to her immortal brother, rode with him, (wheel carriages there were few or none in that frontier region) and on a third horse a servant carried their only child before him. As the party paced sedately along, the distinguished couple engaged in religious discourse befitting the day and their destination, who should they suddenly come upon, at a turn of the road, but the doomed and desertless Bradley Crowles! To seize his bridle rein with one rough hand, and to tumble him from his saddle with the other, was but the work of a minute to the athletic warrior. Crowles deficient alike in muscular power and inward energy, attempted neither flight or defence, though his assailant was, like himself, unarmed. The sentenced tory felt that his last hour had come; gifted by the ecstasy of mortal terror with a superhuman eloquence, he besought not his stern judge, but Mrs. Campbell for pity and for life. One of the most excellent and compassionate of her sex, she was loud and impassioned in her intercession for the poor wretch, who cowered beneath her husband's grasp like a chicken in the clutch of a hawk. Calmly, but with immovable firmness, he bade her be silent in a matter which she understood not, and, unless she desired to witness an inevitable severity, to take the child from the attendant and ride on. Seeing the futility of her supplications, and eager to escape the horrid sight impending, she obeyed, weeping bitterly the while over a necessity so dreadful. Meanwhile the inflexible avenger of his country's wrongs, without one word of reply to all the agonized petitions for mercy, poured forth to him, had bound the hands of the victim fast behind him with a handkerchief; the strong limb of a stately chesnut tree, shooting horizontally across the road, was selected as able to bear the burden about to dangle from it, and the servant ordered to lead the spare horse beneath the convenient

bough, and to take off and twist together the bridle reins, one of which being made fast about the criminal's neck, the general, as he held the other in his ready hand, exhorted him to commend his soul to God for the last time. The bewildered wretch essayed to pray, but his ideas utterly failed him, and the words faltered slow and incoherent on his tongue; still, in the faint hope of succour or respite, he prolonged the imperfect orisons till they were stayed by the advance of his relentless executioner, who, motioning him forward, proceeded to perform the last act of the tragedy. Throwing the almost lifeless Crowles by main strength on the saddle, he ascended the tree and attached the other end of the leather noose securely to the branch above; this done, he hastened down, and giving a sudden lash to the horse it sprang from under the culprit; the body fell with a heavy wrenoh; the neck cracked, and every limb, violently convulsed, quivered long and fearfully in the air. Gen. Campbell stood in stern silence, looking on the dying struggles of the spy, till the last vibration of thong and limb had ceased; then directing his servant to take the horse to Mrs. Crowles, with the information of her husband's death, and where the body was to be found, he mounted his own gallant steed, and rejoining his wife, rode on to meeting in leisurely unconcern, as if nothing unusual had happened.

Mrs. Crowles was at this time the mother of three children, and on the eve of confinement with her fourth. She had been for some days awaiting, in great anxiety, the return of her husband, from an errand of more than ordinary peril. She was still a woman of great beauty; for though the freshened glow of her maiden bloom had vanished, it was replaced with a more touching, if less brilliant charm, in the air of matronly dignity, gently bleat with melancholy tenderness, now softening the expression of her fine features. As she sat in the door of her log cabin, (I am aware that *cottage* has the more refined sound, but I cannot help preferring the local term) her large black eyes alternately cast from the bible, in which she read to the infant on her lap, and then turned wistfully down the road in search of her Bradley's approaching form, she might have served as the model to a painter about to limn the Genius of America—full of majestic firmness, yet pale in saddened doubt, at that gloomiest juncture of our righteous war. Suddenly the clatter of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder, echoed on her eager ear; the two biggest children ran toddling along towards the gate, to meet "daddy," and get a ride to the house on "daddy's" horse. The glad wife made all haste to rise that her situation and burden of book and baby permitted, and went smilingly forth to meet the person dearest to her on earth, though he was the insidious betrayer of his country, and had placed her at deadly variance with all in her father's house. A black man with a led horse is seen slowly riding up to the door—that horse she instantly recognizes as her husband's—that rider is known for the servant of Gen. Campbell, the implacable foe, the pitiless destroyer of tory and of traitor. At once the whole truth is comprehended by the widowed sufferer; there needs no words to tell it. Neither

swoon, nor shriek, nor sigh succeeded the appalling conviction, as it flashed across her brain; calm, cold, and colourless as a corpse, she stood and heard the message by the negro, then mutely signed him to depart. There was no living soul about the premises but herself and her little ones, the only servant being gone on a Sunday's visit to her friends. But, possessed of the nature and habits of a Spartan female, the bereaved woman sufficed for herself, and wasted not the time in weeping and wailing words over her fatherless children. These she made ready to go abroad; then removing the saddle, that had been the owner's footstool to eternity, she accoutred herself and the animal in the riding gear proper to her own use, loaded and shouldered the gun with which, in her girlish days, she had brought down many a soaring bird, and many a bounding deer; and leading the horse by the bridle, with the youngest child in her arms, the two boys following her, she proceeded on foot to the nearest house, distant about a mile and a half. No womanly sign of grief burst all this while from eye or lip, or breast:

"Vengeance, de e; brooding o'er the slain,
Had locked the source of softer woe."

Her resolution was taken—her mind made up; her first care and thought was for the body of her murdered (as it seemed to her) husband; her next, to shoot the man who had but inflicted the just penalty of martial law on that husband's misdeeds. Buoyed up by the energy of her revengeful purpose, she reached the farm house of John Helms; he was from home. Jane told her tragic tale to its shocked in-dwellers, confiding her orphans to their kind charge, bade them raise the neighbourhood to follow her to the fatal spot; and, disregarding all persuasion or remonstrance, mounted her palfrey and rode rapidly off, on her pious duty of guarding the remains of her beloved partner from insult or injury by man or beast of prey. The inhabitants of these upland tracts were few and scattered far, the roads rough and circuitous, and besides, it was the sabbath day; so that much time necessarily elapsed before a sufficient number were collected, and the simple preparations made for cutting down and removing the corpse. These completed, the party pressed forward with all speed to the relief of the forlorn but high-souled heroine. They reached the place of execution; the evening shadows were gathering fast around, but the level rays of the sinking sun, as he shone behind the lofty chestnut tree, streamed in yellow lustre on the scene beneath. A dark object, strongly defined on the blue of the opposite horizon, first arrested their attention; it was the body of Bradley Crowles, swinging stiff and stark from the projecting bough; the only living thing in view was the horse, quietly grazing at the edge of the woods. Stretched on the ground, at the foot of the fatal tree, lay the hapless Jane Crowles; she was sometime dead. Overcome with fatigue and emotion at a sight so awful to the eyes of a wife, she had taken the pangs of travail before her time, and sunk under them. The cold autumnal winds, sadly sighing her requiem, lifted her long hair and blew the withered leaves over her as she lay in her pale loveliness, a martyr to conju-

gal affection, and one of the many sacrifices to the crimes and evils co-incident with, but unrecorded in the annals of Civil War. E. C. S.

I'D BE A RAY.

I'd be a ray—a *solar ray*,
To shoot through air and ether;
And dance *away* one endless day,
O'er highland, lawn and heather.

I'd be a ray—a *lunar ray*,
Reflecting Sol's bright beams;
And nightly *stray* the *milky-way*,
'To waken lover's dreams.

I'd be a ray—a *stellar ray*,
To ride on ocean's breast;
When lightnings *play* amid the *spray*,
And calm the soul to rest.

I'd be a ray—the *morning ray*,
To take the first aly peep;
Then like a *fay* so bright and *gay*,
I'd wake the world from sleep.

I'd be a ray—the *evening ray*,
O'er earth so mildly beaming;
And calm *away* the twilight *gay*,
Each hill and iceberg gleaming.

I'd be a ray—the *summer ray*,
To ride on golden wing;
Or sweetly *lay* on new mown *hay*,
And hear blythe maidens sing.

I'd be a ray—the *autumn ray*,
To cheer 'mid nature's gloom;
And light the way when *holiday*
Makes man forget his doom.

I'd be a ray—the *winter ray*,
O'er glittering worlds to roam;
Then love *obey* and quiet *stay*,
Upon my hearth at home.

I'd be a ray—the *sweet spring ray*,
To gleam in April showers;
And view for *aye* the beauteous *May*,
And sport among the flowers.

I'd be a ray—*soft Venus' ray*,
To shine in ladies' eyes;
Who ne'er say *nay* when Love's the *prey*,
Whom they so idolize.

I'd be a ray—*earth's humble ray*,
On freedom's dome afar;
And there *portray* her potent *sway*,
O'er haughty king and Czar.

I'd be a ray—*Religion's ray*,
To shed true light abroad;
Then cease *display* and quit his *clay*,
To calmly rest with GOD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE RED SATCHEL.

In the olden days of my grandmother, dame fashion was not permitted to intrude on the hallowed precincts of Aaronsburg, without receiving from the venerable looking personages of the village a reprimand, and a scowling visage for her presumption. I well recollect the time when honest John O'Blarney, the Irish pedlar, stopped to exhibit his budget of tapes and bandannas to the young misses of Aaronsburg, when all the maxim observing matrons of the village prophesied, that if he were permitted to lodge in any of their tenements, their prospects would be blighted as if by mildew touch; and that it would be the forerunner of general contamination of principles, moral and religious. "Not," said they, "that we object so much to the personal appearance of the man, or his talkativeness." For, barring a little limping, and somewhat of the brogue, John might have passed, among the countrymen of those days, for a weather wise and seed sowing sort of an agriculturalist, acceptable company for a neighbourhood of thrift-loving farmers.

But so great was the antipathy of the ancient matrons to the contents of his budget, that I am inclined to believe, that John would have been obliged to have marched even through a tempest, before admission could peaceably have been obtained in any family, whose girls were in their teens; or if admitted in consequence of their charitable demeanour, his imported furbelows, as they termed them, would have been kept in durance vile, under double locks, to prevent the contagious effluvia from operating on the visual organs and olfactories of the females of the then rising generation.

John palavered like a true son of Erin for the permission of just showing what John Bull had sent to the free country for their accommodation and good neighborhood; and indeed to take a look at them, he said, would be doing no harm at all. The good dames were actually proof against his imported lingo, muslins, and calico, and conjured their lords to hasten the departure of the outlandish merchantman, before their fascination of his vernacular might be complete.

Accordingly he decamped, and off it was the time that his story has admonished the peddling sons of Erin, not to seek the aforesaid village in their crusade through the states. But as in the days of Solomon, there was a time for everything under the sun, so in process of his march happened it to the rustic simplicity of Aaronsburg. Old time moved on as usual, and the lads and lasses of the village were learning morality and contentment from the parson's school keeping and Sunday exhortations, till the agitation of an unsettled land claim, by the holders in old England, brought Timothy Fife, Esq. and lawyer, into the village, to ascertain the why and wherefore he should or should not eject the present proprietors, and gain his fee, and raise his reputation for quirks and quibbles in every law-loving section of the confederation.

Timothy had an obscure relative near the village of Aaronsburg, whom he had not condescended to notice for many a long year since

Surmise is the gossamer that malice blows on fair reputations: the corroding dew, that destroys the choice blossom. Surmise is primarily the squint of suspicion, and suspicion is established before it is confirmed.—*Zimmerman*.

he graduated at Yale, and thinking it rather too bare-faced even for an attorney, to transact business so near the premises without calling upon his relation, Henry Mortimer, he ventured to renew the acquaintance of their youth, and introduced to the family his two daughters, who, till now, had never breathed the vulgar air of two hundred miles from their city residence. Of daughters, Mortimer had an equal number, and a son who was the pride of Eddington farm, and who welcomed with that kind of politeness, not frequently used at courts, which speaks the meaning of the heart, Timothy Fifa and Misses Amelia and Arabella Fifa to the hospitality and romantic scenery surrounding the village and the farm. The younger of the Fifas was a lovely girl of thirteen, who had not completed her education; and not expecting to find the well-stored library of Mortimer in the wilderness of their retreat, had brought a bright scarlet colored satchel of the finest silk, well lined with the latest novels, to amuse the tedious hours of gentility, till their return to fashionable communicativeness in the great city of New York. Fifa's eldest daughter was of the ripeness of love—admirable eighteen—when the city graces bloomed around her for the accomplishment of hymeneal honours. Their genteel demeanour soon attracted the attention of Dr. Sprig, who had handled bones and sinews in the great city, while at the Medical School; and therefore, to him a New Yorker's company was like treading the same path over again. In process of time, gentility began to manifest its appearance in the arrangements of Eddington farm.

The homespun frocks of the girls, with their large pockets, virtues inherited from their great grandmother, must give place to the calico investiture of their city cousins; and the scarlet coloured satchel of Miss Arabella Fifa was converted into an indispensable reticule, of the modern vocabulary, to hold handkerchief and snuff boxes, for the improving, corset applying, and citifying metamorphosis in the vicinity of Aaronsburg. When appearing at church, after the fashionable arrangement of all the articles of the new nomenclature, none attracted more conspicuously the attention of the rosy cheeked lasses of the village than the aforesaid red satchel, and Wonder was straining her optics to discover to what purpose the Misses Mortimer would give it the honour of an application. It could not be, said they, to carry the contribution money, for a purse would be much more convenient for that. It can't be to carry their dinner in, for they are too charitable to old Mrs. Guyon, the gingercake baker, for that. They could not hit upon the meaning, till a convention of the old grand dames proposed voting the wearers into purgatory, for upsetting the understanding of the swains and sweet-hearts of the village by this untimely and unseemly exhibition of the scarlet colour. Why, said they, it is an insult to our old demmie, who prefers any thing black to that British colour of the Mortimers; and I dare say, that the wearers think more of king George than of the Whigs of this free country. The scarlet had entered the imaginations of the young, and none would be satisfied with the olden fare of their grandmothers; swain and sweet-

heart envied the splendid appearance of the tight-laced belles of Eddington farm, and were determined that as they could afford it as well as the best, scarlet should be the reigning colour of the lasses of Aaronsburg.

The satchel having attained pre-eminence merely for the sake of uniformity of personal pretensions, the use to which it might be applied was yet to be learned from the innovators on the wholesome rules of the village. The *Senatus Consultum*, after a session of three weeks in the village, adjourned to meet at Eddington farm, to know precisely what was intended by this new fangled system of innovation on the venerable doings and usages of man and maid, in these regions of primordial simplicity. Here they learned that it would be very commodious to put fans, snuff boxes, combs, needle cushions, pin cases, knitting and netting of various kinds, and almost innumerable were the outlandish names which astounded the smoking group as they viewed the wonder-working scarlet. They soon discovered that plain linsey woolsey of the looms of Deidrich Knickerbocker's cousin, Stophel Vanderacraver, would not exactly correspond with the scarlet silk satchel, and it cost eighteen bushels of good wheat to furnish chintz calico and silk to match it, for one girl in the way of the Mortimers, for church going. This aroused the whole Sanhedrim of Aaronsburg, or Arrysburg, as the venerable termed it, in the vernacular. *Dunder und blitzen*, said their magistrates, if you go on at this rate, in a few years the whole village and the country round will not bring its taxes, set up at sheriff's sale.

Derrick Slaughterdam was right. Snuff and tobacco formed already a proportion of the expenditure of the village, not the most desirable to the economical part of it; and this sweeping declaration was sufficient to induce the authoritative to desist from their extravagancies, and among others, Henry Mortimer was not the most backward in retracing the steps his relatives, the Fifas' expedition, had brought upon him. It was time his son and daughters had improved admirably in genteel life. He and the girls, accompanied by Dr. Sprig, had visited New York, to renew the red satchel acquaintance, and the daughters more than once ventured with a brace of young gentlemen to summer it with the Mortimers, and it was even whispered that Henry's son and Miss Arabella would, in time, make a happy match; and it had been insinuated that Dr. Sprig might be coupled with Miss Amelia. Things were going forward in this kind of style, when Henry understood that one of the two farms which he possessed, and intended for his son to aid in the matrimonial contract, must be mortgaged to balance the expenditure of his genteel children. Brought to his senses by this exhibit of his affairs, he resolved, with the energy which accomplishes whatever it undertakes, not to retain the gentility which had made such sad inroads on his purse, and immediately inventoried the rings, bracelets, tortoise shell, silver plates, sideboards, and all the paraphanelia of his imaginary elevation, not excepting the fashionable shape-makers of the ladies—busk, corset, and all. Oh! the lamentation of some of the lasses

at this resolve of Mortimer, but his firmness conquered. "Richard was himself again."

The younger daughter of Mortimer was the most happy of the children at this reformation. She had never approved of the glitter in which her father had arrayed the family, and therefore regretted less the gewgaws which the Misses Fifas had selected, to the exhaustion of their purses. Another event, too, showed that she did not entertain the most respectful consideration for her cousins, as they had undervalued her lover, he being a country school master. On the second visit of the Fifas to Aaronsburg, Juliana Mortimer introduced her lover to her city cousins, and having mentioned his avocation, the two young ladies expressed astonishment, that any of their relations would condescend to admit to companionship a person, who would follow an occupation so much beneath the genius and dignity of a gentleman; which produced the retort, that the Fifas' father was a weaver, and that the greatest lawyer of which she had read, was Sir Matthew Hale, who took to the bar from the high way, having robbed for a livelihood in his early years. She thought that the occupation of her lover was at least as honorable, though not so oppressive as that of the citizen lawyer.

The Misses Fifas, in reply, asserted that the schoolmaster was elevating the ideas of the people far too high for such drudges, and that it was immaterial whether they were instructed or not; and that their pa had taught them to consider any who make pretensions to grammar and geography, etc., who were not either lawyers, doctors, or divines, as fops, and accordingly she had so considered and treated them.

"I pity your father," said Juliana, "for instructing you in sentiments so derogating from American ladies. Do you not know that in a free country, the people must be intelligent to preserve its freedom? If you know this, you must certainly know, that they cannot become intelligent without instructors: and if there be genius in language and literary pursuits, it follows, that he who communicates to the young tyro, in order to form the future lawyer, physician, or divine, must possess genius to render his instruction successful."

"I meant," said Miss Fifa, "that their employment was not estimated liberal, because their pecuniary compensation is small in proportion to the other professions; and money, you know, is the criterion of merit."

"That does not argue," replied Juliana, "that the most meritorious actions are the best rewarded; and I shall ever esteem mankind for their merit, leaving money matters to those who regard them more."

"But," answered Miss Fifa, "you should show some attention to family," &c.

"My lover's grandfather was a member of the American bar, and his father an officer of the revolution and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and he possesses sufficient republicanism to permit his son to instruct the rising generation, who are to become the future guardians of our country, when our fathers shall have mingled with the spirits of eternity." Thus said Juliana, and she further remarked, "that

the despots who oppose the education of the people will be viewed with but little gratitude by their successors, if, unfortunately, their attempts to arrest the progress of science be as operative as they desire."

"The Fifas did not deign to answer, and Juliana viewed herself as having overcome the sophists, but concluded that prejudice would direct them to act as they were educated by their Yale taught father. This argumentation gave Juliana cause to believe that most of the new arrangements of Eddington farm were as unrepugnant as the sentiments of Mr. Fifa's daughters, in relation to the people, and their principles were heartily detested.

Henry's son at length concluded, that unless Miss Fifa would consent to conform to the arrangements which his father had now persuaded him to be all important, why she must even continue to be Miss Fifa to the conclusion of the subject.

It is owing to the determined air of the magistrate, and the republican simplicity and good sense of the inhabitants of Aaronsburg and its vicinity, that they still adhere to the moral lectures of the pastor, and that M. Mortimer still possesses an unincumbered inheritance—being one other farm, unmortgaged, besides Eddington farm.

REMARKER.

Written for the Casket.

ON KNOWLEDGE.

OR AN INQUIRY INTO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS, AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE MODERNS.

"There is nothing new under the sun."—HOLY WRIT.

There is a dogma held by some philosophers, that genius is entirely dependent on opportunity, application and circumstance, and that one man is as likely to become great as another, if equal advantages are granted. Not less prevalent, and not less false than this hypothesis, is the notion among the superficial, that the moderns have far out stripped the ancients in general knowledge, and that the sciences have been carried in discovery and improvement far beyond any knowledge the ancients had of them. The falsity of this may be proven by many respectable authorities, and first I shall speak of Chemistry.

Chemistry, in which so much improvement has been made of late, and which a century ago was but the rude skeleton of a science, was nevertheless well known to the ancients. Chemistry had its origin in Egypt. Plutarch, in his Isis and Osiris, calls a district of Egypt Chamia; hence from Chamia or Chimia, comes the word Chemistry; or, as it is sometimes written, Chymistry. Scripture tells us of the land of Cham, and Bockhart says, the Copts still call themselves Chemia, or Chami.

Tubal-Cain is the first chymist we have any account, of who worked in brass and iron, and consequently, must have had a considerable knowledge of the science; for he had first to work the mine, and afterwards to separate and refine from the ore, all of which are chemical operations. The Vulcan of heathen mythology was no other than Tubal-Cain.

As there are now some chemical operations

which were unknown to the ancients, so did they understand some which modern science cannot fathom. The Scriptures inform us that Moses rendered the golden calf potable, which the great Berhaave acknowledged was beyond the power of any chymist of his time. Modern chymistry has a solvent for gold, which is the *aqua regia*, or nitric and muriatic acids united, but it does not render the gold potable; on the contrary, it would destroy life. The cement, with which they reared the monuments of their glory is unknown to modern times; and also the manner of embalming their mummies, which have resisted the tooth of time three thousand years. Every means have been tried by the moderns, to recover the lost art of embalming bodies, but without effect; which evidences in the Egyptians a superior knowledge of chymistry. The mummies of Lewis de Bils and Jean de Bois, who were celebrated in the art, have gone to corruption. There is a mummy in the museum at London, which is covered with grained glass of various colours, which serves to show that they were acquainted also with the manufacture of glass.

We are told by Pliny, that the emperor Caius by means of fire extracted gold from orpiment, which the Alchemists could never do, though in hunting for gold they stumbled on phosphorus. Cleopatra laid a wager with Marc Antony, that she would exceed him in the costliness of a supper, and, in conjunction with Phacae, her physician, dissolved a pearl of great price in a kind of vinegar, which was served up at table as a conserve. These processes are far beyond modern chemistry, and there is another I shall mention, equally as strange. Petronius informs us, that an artificer presented to Tiberius a vessel made of malleable glass, which he happened to let fall. The artificer took it up, and with a hammer beat out the dents which the fall had made. The emperor, upon asking if any one else knew the secret of making such glass, and being answered in the negative, ordered him immediately to be beheaded, least such a discovery should render gold and silver of no value. That such glass was made cannot be denied, for the authors of the time speak positively on the subject, among whom were Pliny, Petronius, Isidorus and Dion Cassius.

Painting on glass was carried to far greater beauty amongst the ancients than among the moderns. The windows of their churches were painted in the most brilliant manner, without clouding in the least degree the transparency of the glass. Berhaave declares that it cannot be imitated in modern times. The ancients also excelled in enamelling and mosaic works, as may be seen in the works of Pliny, if I mistake not. Also in their imitations of precious stones.

That the ancients understood the art of distillation, is proven by the fact that the alembic, one of the principle instruments, derived its name from the Greek language. Athensius tells us, that the word *ambic* meant the cover of a pot, and among the Arabians the same term was used, only with the addition of *al*, which begins most of their words, and hence the name alembic. Seneca describes an instrument of the same kind; and Aristotle tells us that oil was ex-

tracted from sea salt, which of course must have been distilled. Pliny gives evidence of the same. Galen performed many experiments by fire, and knew that by it many secrets of nature might be discovered. Hippocrates, the friend of Democritus, understood the general principles of chemistry, and was well instructed in its useful parts. Many passages from Plato are considered aphorisms in chemistry, and Dioxorides mentions many substances now known in chemistry. Ammonia, we are told, received its name from having been discovered near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Petronius declares that Democritus, the father of experimental philosophy, extracted the juice of every simple, and that there was not a quality belonging to the vegetable or mineral kingdom that had eluded his curious research.

The ancients are considered in the background with respect to the invention of gunpowder, but there is numerous proof upon proof that they were well acquainted with it. Virgil and Valerius Flaccus speak of the imitation of thunder, produced by Salmoeneus, in such a manner that we cannot but believe that they were effected by gunpowder. He fell a victim to his experiments, and it was believed that Jupiter destroyed him for his audacity. Dion informs us that Caligula imitated thunder, and the historian Agathias says, that Anthemius Traliensis fell out with the rhetorician, Zeno, and set fire to his house with thunder and lightning. But to set the matter beyond doubt, Marcus Græcicus gives a receipt, which is the same now used, for making gunpowder; namely, sulphur, charcoal and salt-petre. He then mentions the mode of making rockets. This proves that the ancients were not unacquainted with the science of chymistry.

The moderns claim all praise with respect to that part of philosophy which treats of sensible qualities, or which places sensation in the mind instead of the body. Yet Socrates, Plato, and a host of ancient philosophers, were well aware that odours and colours, heat and cold, were sensations produced in the mind; produced by the varied operations of surrounding bodies. Aristotle has told us, that "sensible qualities exist in the mind." The very doctrine of Descartes and Mallebranche was comprehended in the Pyrrhonic philosophy. Democritus was the first who denied that bodies possess sensible qualities, and Epicurus adopted his doctrine. Plato says, "we ought not to conclude that the wind is in itself hot and cold at the same time; but to conclude with Protagoras that he who is hot feels it hot, &c." Sextus Empiricus, when speaking of the doctrine of Democritus, says, that "sensible qualities have nothing in reality but in the opinion of those who are differently affected by them, according to the different dispositions of their organs; and that from this difference of disposition arise the perceptions of sweet and bitter, heat and cold; and also that we do not deceive ourselves in affirming that we feel such impressions; but in concluding that exterior objects must have in themselves something analogous to our feelings." Epicurus speaks in a similar manner.

Even Newton's theory of colours, which has

immortalized his name and shed glory upon the age and country in which he lived, was known to the ancients. As the ancients gave birth to the sciences, so they seemed determined to leave little for posterity to discover. Pythagoras had a just conception of the formation of colours, and his disciples taught the doctrine that they were the result of the different modifications of reflected light. Plato and his disciples taught, that light was emitted in straight lines, and proved that the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection. Plato has told us the same thing that Newton has told us; that colours are produced by light transmitted from bodies. Descartes held the doctrine that light was propagated in an instant, which, though wrong, he took from Aristotle. Modern philosophy teaches that light is progressive, that one particle sets another particle in motion, until it reaches the earth. Aristotle held the same opinion. He calls light a pure, subtle and homogeneous matter; and Chrysippus, with Philoponus says, that light is set in motion in the same manner that when one end of a stick is moved the other end moves also.

The attraction of gravitation is considered an immortal honour to modern discovery, but this too was known to the ancients, Sir Isaac Newton having only explained it in a clear and forcible manner. The followers of Pythagoras, and Plato himself, accounted for the revolution of the planets by the two powers of projection and gravity, and Timæus mentions the same. Plutarch, who was well versed in astronomy, speaks of that force by which the planets gravitate towards each other, and, in mentioning, the tendency all bodies have to fall to the earth, he says, it is owing "to a reciprocal attraction, whereby all bodies have this tendency, and which collects into one, the parts constituting the sun and moon, and retains them in their spheres." The ancients knew that gravitation was to a planet, as the inverse proportion of its quantum of matter and the square of its distance. Aristotle and Lucretius believed, that the gravity of a body was increased or diminished according to the quantity of matter contained in it. Galileo candidly acknowledges that he derived from Plato his idea of the mode of calculating how the different degrees of velocity ought to produce that uniformity of motion seen in the revolutions of the planets.

The Copernican System, which fixes the sun in the centre, the fixed stars in the circumference, and the planets in the space between, is another boast of modern discovery, though it was well known to Pythagoras, to Plato, to Aristarchus, and to many other celebrated ancient philosophers. Philolaus, who published the system of Pythagoras, remarks that the earth moves in an oblique circle, evidently meaning the zodiac. Aristarchus placed the sun, as a fixed body in the centre of an orbit, around which the earth revolved. Plato became convinced of his error in making the sun revolve round the earth, and reassumed the doctrine which he had long before imbibed from Timæus, the Locrian. He expressed himself sorry that he had not followed the indications of nature, and placed the sun in the centre. There is no

doctrine in philosophy so ancient as that which teaches that the earth is round, though Galileo in modern times was punished for asserting it. We are told by Diogenes Laërtius, that Plato was the first who called those people on the opposite side of the earth antipodes; Pythagoras having the honor of the doctrine. The doctrine was a subject of controversy in the time of Plutarch, as may be gathered from his works. The very appearances and circumstances, which were brought in ancient times as proof of the sphericity or roundness of the earth, are still used. From the circular shadow of the earth on the moon in an eclipse, and from the stars changing their position as we travel south, Aristotle concluded that the earth was round; and Pliny drew the same consequence from observing, that when the land has disappeared from a person on the deck of a ship, it is still visible to one on the mast.

Notwithstanding the great invention of telescopes, by which the moderns have discovered that the planets revolve on their own axis, the ancients discovered the same without any such aid. Atticus tells us, that Plato made each of the planets move about its own centre, while they were moving in their general course round the sun. Cicero tells us that the same doctrine was held by Nicetas of Syracuse. The very same doctrine, which is taught by the moderns concerning the moon, was held by the ancients. Thales taught that the moon had no light within itself, but shone by reflected light from the sun. From this, Empedocles accounts for the absence of heat in its rays, it being impossible by the strongest lens to produce fire. Orpheus, and after him Pythagoras, taught the doctrine that the moon, like our earth, was inhabited; though they believed that they were a nobler race than those on the earth. Orpheus speaks in his verses, of the mountains and valleys of the moon, and Democritus declares that the shadowy parts of the moon were occasioned by the lofty Lunar mountains, which prevented the valleys from reflecting light, by overshadowing them. Plutarch gives another reason for the existence of those spots. He says, "those deep and extensive shades on the moon, must be occasioned by the vast seas it contains, which are incapable of reflecting so vivid a light, as the more solid and opaque parts; or by caverns extremely wide and deep, wherein the rays of the sun are absorbed." It may be gathered from the works of the same author, that in his time, as well as in modern times, it was a subject of dispute whether the moon yielded vapours for the production of rain. He held the negative opinion, and believed that it was impossible, inasmuch as the moon was heated by the constant rays of the sun which must dry up its humidity. Therefore, he was convinced that clouds, rain, winds, plants and animals had no existence on the bright satellite of the earth. The moderns hold the very same opinions, and indulge in the same controversy. The doctrine of the true philosophy Herschel, that the fixed stars were suns round which other systems like our Solar system revolved, was taught by the ancient philosophers, proof of which I could bring from the works of many, if space would permit. Herschel's idea of the gal-

axy, or milky way, was familiar to the ancients. Aristotle's notion that it was caused by exhalations suspended in the air was false, and also that of Pythagoras, who believed it once to have been the sun's path; but Democritus tells us, "that what we call the milky way, contains in it innumerable fixed stars, the mixture of whose distant rays occasion the brightness which we thus denominate." This is precisely the doctrine of Galileo. The Grecian philosophers were familiar with the idea of a plurality of worlds, for Plutarch says he had no doubt of the existence of innumerable, though not an infinite multitude of worlds, and that like ours they were composed of land and water, and surrounded by sky. Anaximenes believed that there were other systems revolving round other suns, and Thales held the same opinion. Even Orpheus, who lived in the time of the Trojan war, hints at it in one of his poems. Democritus hints at the existence of satellites, which the telescope has since brought to light.

It appears that the ancients had a correct notion of comets, for Pythagoras and Aristotle both call them wandering planets, which appeared only in certain parts of their orbits. Seneca informs us that the Chaldeans considered comets to be planetary bodies, and Diodorus Siculus says that the Egyptians could foretell the return of comets. Seneca, in his seventh book of natural questions, speaks elegantly on the subject; he tells us, "that there was an immense number of them, but that their orbits were so situated, that so far from being always in view, they could only be seen at one of the extremities."

The ancients left the moderns far behind in making discoveries in Mathematics, a few of which I shall mention. It is conceded by all that Thales was the first who predicted eclipses, taught that the earth was spherical, and the ecliptic in an oblique position. No less service did he render to geometry than to the sciences generally. He demonstrated the properties of the circle, discovered that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and that the two opposite angles of a right line cutting another are equal. He also taught the Egyptians how to measure the pyramids by the length of their shadows. Pythagoras, who was versed in all the sciences, was the first who reduced music to the principles of a science, which was suggested by the different sounds which proceeded from the hammers of a forge. Noticing that they came into unison at the fourth, fifth and eighth percussions, he supposed that the difference in the weight of the hammers must be the cause, which he found to be the case from experiments on strings. He made many discoveries in geometry, among which is that, wherein he demonstrates that of all plane figures, the circle is the largest, and the sphere of all solids. Plato discovered the conic sections, and if we judge from the arithmetic of Diophantes, there can be no doubt but the ancients understood Algebra. It is further evident from the demonstrations of Archimedes, concerning the spiral line and its properties. Aristarchus was the first who concerted a manner of measuring the sun's distance from the earth, and Hipparchus, to his immortal

honour, first opened the way to the discovery of the procession of the equinoxes.

Though the invention of the printing press and the steam engine have conferred great honour on the moderns, yet they have not surpassed the ancients in mechanics and the general arts; indeed in many of them they are far behind. The vast engines by which Archimedes defended the city of Syracuse, have never been equalled. He invented an organ of very complicated construction, which, besides the sounds of flutes and other instruments, imitated the male and female voice in a variety of tones, though all in harmony. His machines for hurling at the enemy vast stones, and the iron arms, which were so constructed as to seize a ship and tear her to pieces, were truly wonderful. We are told that there was an engine at Alexandria, when that city was besieged by Julius Cæsar, that drew vast quantities of water from the river and hurled it in the faces of the enemy. To Archimedes we owe the invention of the screw which bears his name, and to Ctesibius the invention of the pump. Many others might be mentioned, but I shall pass on to architecture. The Pyramids of Egypt have never known a rival in modern times, and the magnificent temples and palaces of Palmyra, now in ruins, have never been even imitated, to say nothing of the noble buildings of Babylon. The grandeur of ancient Italy will perhaps never be surpassed or equalled in architecture.

With respect to statues and sculpture generally, the ancients excelled. The Colossus at Rhodes was a wonderful production, the thumb of which few men could encompass without stretched arms. Pliny tells us that Semiramis had a mountain cut into a statue of herself, which was nearly two miles high; and an artist, according to Plutarch, offered to make a statue out of Mount Athos to represent Alexander, which should hold a city in one hand and a river in the other. It would have been eight or ten miles in height, and more than a hundred in circumference. What sculptors of modern times can be compared with Praxiteles, Phidias, Polycletus, Cleomenes and others? What works can equal the Venus de Medicis, now in the Farnesian palace, at Florence, executed by Cleomenes, the Athenian; the Niobe of Praxiteles, at Rome; the Hercules strangling Anteus, by Polycletus; the statue of Laocoon, made by Polydorus, Athenodorus and Agesander; and the dying Gladiator, by Ctesias? And what modern artist has equalled the Apollo of the Belvedere, executed by Agathias of Ephesus? This statue has been admired by thousands.

The ancient paintings were also of a superior cast. Those found in the ruins of Herculaneum may serve as examples. The picture of Chiron and Achilles, supposed to be the production of Parrhasius, and that of Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur, are considered excellent; also those of Pan and Olympe and the birth of Telephus. These were all produced in the decline of the arts, and if they were so excellent, what must have been the productions of Apelles, Zeuxes and the great masters of their time?

Thus we see that the ancients were not deficient in a general knowledge of the sciences

and arts, though the superiority of the moderns is much harped on by those who are ignorant of the subject. The subject of this essay was suggested by hearing a gentleman in conversation say, that "the ancients knew nothing of the sciences in comparison with the moderns, and that no ancient undertaking could equal the proud achievements of modern times." Let the reader judge from the few instances here recorded, and they will teach those who scoff at the knowledge of the ancients, to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," or to bestow praise where praise is deservedly due. To know that we are so much indebted to the ancients, may also teach us to be grateful, and to improve those inestimable blessings, the sciences, which they have handed down to us.

Nor less are we indebted to the ancient historians, poets, orators and statesmen. We owe them not less for the examples they have set, than for the glorious emulation with which they have inspired us. Where among the moderns can we find historians equal to Xenophon, Thucydides and Tacitus? What poets equal to Homer and Virgil? Where can we find orators to compare with Demosthenes and Cicero, or statesmen to rival Solon and Lycurgus? The poems of the Iliad, Odyssey and Æneid, stand alone, and the moderns have a thousand times attempted to imitate them, but in vain. The grandeur and brilliance of ancient genius has never been equalled, and can never be surpassed. Ancient genius, like the proud pyramids of Egypt, stands everlastingly unique in the world, and to remain without a parallel. Never did any country produce so many eminent philosophers as ancient Greece. Alas! that Greece, and Rome, Egypt and Arabia, the very cradles of the arts and sciences, should now be sunk in gothic ignorance and trod by a race of slaves! Alas! that the light of those luminaries of the world should so soon have been extinguished!

DAFES.

FROM SKETCHES OF WESTERN ADVENTURE.—During the summer of 1787, the house of Mr. John Merrill, of Nelson County, Kentucky, was attacked by the Indians, and defended with singular address and good fortune. Merrill was alarmed by the barking of a dog about midnight, and upon opening the door in order to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, he received the fire of six or seven Indians, by which his arm and thigh were both broken. He instantly sunk upon the floor, and called upon his wife to close the door. This had scarcely been done, when it was violently assailed by the tomahawks of the enemy, and a large breach soon effected. Mrs. Merrill, however, being a perfect Amazon both in strength and courage, guarded it with an axe, and successively killed or badly wounded four of the enemy, as they attempted to force their way into the cabin. The Indians then ascended the roof and attempted to enter by way of the chimney; but here, again, they were met by the same determined enemy. Mrs. Merrill seized the only feather bed which the cabin afforded, and hastily ripping it open, poured its contents upon the fire. A furious blaze and stifling smoke instantly ascended the chimney, which quickly brought

down two of the enemy, who lay for a few moments at the mercy of the lady. Seizing the axe, she quickly despatched them, and was instantly afterwards summoned to the door, where the only remaining savage now appeared endeavoring to effect an entrance, while Mrs. Merrill was engaged at the chimney. He soon received a gash in the cheek, which compelled him, with a loud yell, to relinquish his purpose, and return hastily to Chillicothe, where, from the report of a prisoner, he gave an exaggerated account of the fierceness, strength, and courage of the "long knife squaw!"

From the Religious Souvenir for 1839.

TYRE.

Ages have died since the seers of old,
Oh, Tyrus, the fall of thy pride foretold;
Ages have passed—and we muse on thee
As a broken waste 'neath the desert sea;
Thy temples have sunk in the waters down,—
Oblivion rests on thine old renown:
Thou art crushed—thou art faded—thy strength is o'er—
Thy glory and beauty will gleam no more.

Where are the piles, which in days gone by,
From thy streets aspired in the lofty sky?
Where is thy brodered Egyptian sail,
Which shone of yore in the summer gale?
Where are the spices, the pearl, the gold,
Which once in thy marts did their wealth unfold?

There diamonds flashed to the gazer's eye,
And the air was sweet as it wandered by;
There, coral and agate in masses lay,
And were bathed in the sunlight's restless ray;
The merchants of Sheba were gathered there—
Where are thy treasures, oh Tyrus—where?

Thou answerest not—for the solemn wave
A requiem pours o'er thy hidden grave;
Over prostrate pillar and crumbling dome
The stormy billows arise and foam;
Where thy swelling temples were wont to stand,
The sea-bird screams by the lonely strand;
No sound effigy is upon the air—
Where are thy revels, oh Tyrus—where?

The time hath been, when a mighty throng
Of people filled thee;—when dance and song,
And harpers, with rapture the time beguiled,
And the sun of joy on thy splendours smiled.
Then in robes of beauty thy daughters dressed,
And pride was high in each sinful breast;
Then glittering shields 'gainst thy walls were hung,
While palace and garden with music rung;
The dance voluptuous at eve went round,
And hearts beat lightly at pleasure's sound.

Now thou art laid in the solemn tomb
Of ages vanished, mid storm and gloom;
Thy warriors, thy princes, thy flashing guns,—
Thy kings, with the wealth of their diadems,
Are gone like the light from an April stream;
As a voice which speaks in an evening dream;
As a cloud which fades in the summer air—
Where are thy glories, oh Tyrus—where?

Philadelphia. Digitized by Google W. G. C.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

"It is hard to die, to leave this joyous world, its beautiful and picturesque places—its fond associations and remembrances, and to go down to the dark tomb, to become food for loathsome, creeping worms. It is painful to be severed from the thousand ties of love and affection—from the home of our childhood, and its pleasant spots, hallowed by memory, to lie in the cold unfeeling embrace of death. I thought I was possessed of sufficient fortitude to endure the recurrence of such feelings; but my philosophy is deadened, and I feel the acute pangs my sensibility occasions. I do not covet the possession of worldly goods—I have not the sordid mind of the miser, nor his parsimony, yet I would cling to this earth with tenacity, and gaze upon the bright heavens and the innumerable hosts of stars, that I might render to my Creator reverence and adoration."

Thus I found my consumptive friend soliloquizing, as I entered his chamber the other evening. He sat at his window, gazing on the objects of nature, that the moon rendered visible with her placid light. L— had contracted a disease in his youthful days, of all the most rank and insidious,—Consumption. He had lingered with it, not, however, without hope, for who does not know its flattery? I feared much his short but interesting life had nearly terminated. The dominant trait of his mind was romance, with which it was deeply imbued. I have often studied his character, and find him full of love and tenderness. He is indeed an amiable being.

I have thrown together a little journal, which I present to the reader.

Monday, June 30. Called on L—. Found him labouring under a severe cough, which too plainly told me of the fatality of his disease. My sympathies were aroused.

Thursday. L— felt better. He spoke of his prospects and thought his troubles would leave him. I offered him my best wishes, and retired, promising a speedy return.

July 4. Have seen L—. "I have just been thinking of the doom that hangs over me," said he, "and meditating on its ultimate consummation. I have thought, too, of other things—of the millions who this day are revelling in health and pleasure, commemorating the circumstances that gave to them liberty. It is a great privilege to be thus able, the spirits buoyant, and hopes undepressed. For some unknown reason I am denied this. I might be capable of rendering the world essential service, but M—, I feel my days are numbered, and I am unprepared to die. I know I can only leave this world a wicked and sinful creature. The Judge of all things will sit before me, and I—I shall be condemned—to the communion of unrighteous spirits. The burning fire will crackle and sear—but no, I'll not talk of it; it is a spear that pierces my soul. I feel miserable, wretched. The curse of Cain is upon me. * * * And Mary—must I leave her, my chosen one, my guardian angel that has watched over my afflictions with tenderness?—She has never tired, she has never relaxed her care, she knows no weariness and she loves,

adores me. But I must die—and she will become broken-hearted, and sink to the earth, blighted in mind and body! Oh! 'tis too, too much!"

In evident anguish I left the poor invalid.—His feelings were wrought to positive horror, and they imparted to mine a deep tinge of sadness. I felt much for him, and had done every thing in my power, but he had already struck the breakers, and must soon be stranded.

July 20. Went to see L—. The flame was yet glimmering in the socket. He was feeble, and required support when he changed his position. The sepulchral stone must soon press his breast. I was forcibly struck at the sight of his hands—the skin parched, the bones protruding. His face too was pallid, and much corrugated. He coughed, and it cut me to the quick. It seemed to hurt him; he writhed so. My poor friend cannot die too quick.

July 30. To-day L— is no better. He feels the paucity of his days, and talks without hesitation about dying. He has given me directions where to lay his body, and the order in which he wants his funeral rites performed. I was affected to hear him converse. He talked of Mary, of her kindness, her love, and said she was unwell. He was much excited and asked for an opiate. I administered it, and he soon slept, though restless and disturbed. He raved impassionately. I left, sore at heart.

August 7. Received the following note from L—.

Dear M—. I am much better. I feel like a new man, and begin again to think of life and its joys. I have seen Mary, and my condition fairly inspirits her. We may both become like you, and enjoy life and its blessings. Do come and see me. My heart leaps with gladness.

Yours truly, L—.

Delusive indeed, said I aloud, are such hopes. It is but the brightening up of life previous to final extinction. I knew there was no chance of his regaining his health, and did not call to see him. His hollow expectations would have sickened me.

August 15. Was sent for in haste. L— was thought to be dying. I was not surprised. I hastened to his house, and found him a distressing picture of despair, prostrate, and fast verging to the grave. "I must reproach you, M—," said he, "for inattention." I made satisfactory apology. I saw he could live but few hours, perhaps less than I anticipated. Mary was there, and sobbed piteously. It was excruciating to behold a young and devoted girl about being estranged forever, by death, from the object she loves. Human life contains no scene, so terrific and awful. "M—," murmured L—, "I am now near my last moments. Earth is fading from me, and my vision is growing indistinct. After I am gone, I rely on you to preserve my memory, and to meet my detractors with calm and considerate opposition. My life has been short, but it has been honourable and virtuous. I have broken no human laws, I have impoverished no widows or orphans, yet I feel grievously wicked when I contemplate the duty I have paid my God. Of my error I repent sincerely, and trust in him for redemption. My property, what

little I have, you will bestow on some charitable objects. Do not blazen the giver's name. It is from the dead, let them rest. But I am failing—it hurts me—I must rest—I—” He ceased. His eyes were glassy. The vital spark was nearly extinct. “Mary,” said he faintly, “I leave you many tokens of regard. My love is undying.” He was silent a moment. At length he opened his eyes and faltered, “M—, M—, farewell—Mary, farewell, farewell till God shall call us to judgment.” With this he sunk to eternal rest. Mary wept as if she must have died too. She was inwardly corroding with grief. She prayed fervently for his disembodied spirit. I have never since doubted female love; can any one?

I attended to the melancholy disposal of L—’s remains. He lies under the umbrageous canopy of a tree, once his favourite resort. I wish all were as good as he, so kind, so unostentatious. Then would we be strangers to unholy deeds and wicked actions.

MELROSE.

BAVARIA.

From a recent work called “The Tyrol,” by Mr. Inglis, author of “Spain in 1830,” published in London, we copy the following little sketch of youthful amusements. The author draws a favourable picture of the paternal rule of the king, the flourishing state of his small kingdom, and the general happiness of the people, which might answer for model for imitation by some of his neighbours:—

“At Luitkirch,” says the author, “we rested two hours,—and these two hours I occupied very agreeably. There was a children's feast; about two hundred boys and girls, all the girls dressed in white, headed by a band of music, and several banners, walking to a neighbouring hill, where preparations had been already made for their reception. And first, having formed two circles, the girls inside, and the boys without, a grave, but good humoured elderly gentleman made a speech to the little people, commending them for their industry and proficiency at school, and telling them that they were assembled to enjoy themselves, to eat as much bun as they pleased, and to play till sunset; and he concluded by exhorting the boys to behave with gentleness and kindness to their female playmates.—Then the same old gentleman distributed prizes to the little boys and girls; and a quantity of embroidered and sewed work was then produced from a basket, and exposed to the grown up audience for sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to charitable purposes; and this being done, all the boys and girls were dismissed to their games.—The next moment all were at play, boys and girls mingling promiscuously; numerous tables too were spread with buns, and light wine and water, to which the youngsters resorted for refreshment. One beautiful little girl, about twelve years of age, appeared to be queen of the games; she wore a chaplet of flowers, and seemed to be invested with the authority which was yielded alike to her superior age and charming countenance. It was altogether a beautiful and pleasing scene. New-fangled notions of education and propriety had evidently made no progress

in Bavaria,—there was no torturing of nature; children were children, not ridiculous caricatures of men and women,—and the buoyancy of childhood was not curbed by the silly prosaic maxims of modern philosophers. As for the sensible and kind-hearted old gentleman who lent his countenance to the children's feast, I could not resist the temptation of introducing myself to him, and expressing the pleasure I had received. I found he was a magistrate of the town; and spent a pleasant hour over a bottle of Rhine wine, and in talking of the improvements of modern times. They know but little in Bavaria of the march of mind; the old gentleman had never heard of mechanics' institutes, or libraries for the people. ‘Tis a great discovery,’ said he, ‘but tell me one thing: are crime and vice diminished in your country, and are the people happier?’ but as my voirurier was impatient,—the reins already in his hand, and the pipe in his mouth, I had an excuse to rise suddenly, and take leave of my kind entertainer; and we were soon on the road to Meiningen.”

CRIMINAL INSTITUTIONS.

Neither do we find the economical and useful neglected for the refined and splendid.

“I was (says Mr. Inglis) greatly pleased by a visit to the prison of Munich. The principal of this excellently regulated establishment is, that every one in it gains his own bread. Every prisoner is obliged to work at his own trade; so that there is no kind of handicraft that is not going on within the prison walls. It is like a general manufactory—carpenters, blacksmiths, saddlers, tailors, shoemakers, dyers, all are occupying their trades; but not one is forced to work beyond what is necessary for his subsistence. Whatever he gains by his labour more than suffices to maintain him, is kept until the term of his imprisonment expires, and is then given to him—deducting a quota for the expenses of the establishment. There is a separate workshop allotted to each trade; the prisoners work in company, and are permitted to converse upon allowed topics—overseers being of course present.—Shortly after I visited the prison, a man whose term of punishment had expired received no less than 800 florins (about 83*l*. sterling) upon leaving the prison. Criminals, who are admitted at so early an age as not to have yet learnt a trade, are permitted to make choice of one, which is taught to them. Women (who are rigorously separated from the male prisoners) follow their trades also: we see embroidery stocking-weaving, straw hat-making and plaiting, and all other kinds of labour in which women are engaged. Women who have been servants before, are servants still: cooks are cooks—housemaids, housemaids. In fact, the interior service of the prison is performed by the criminals, and all their wants are supplied by themselves or their neighbours. I tasted the soup and meat in the kitchen, and the bread in the bake-house, and found both excellent. The proceeds of the sale of articles made in the prison (i. e. the surplus remaining after the expenses of the establishment have been paid, and the prisoners maintained,) is kept for the benefit of the prisoners themselves, generally amounts to nearly 50,000 florins (upwards of 6,000*l*. per

antrum)—a sum which, properly applied, as it doubtless is, cannot fail to produce most important results upon the future lives of the prisoners for whose benefit it is intended. I saw some prisoners confined for life, for crimes which in England would have sent them to the gallows; these are tasked to a certain quantity of work, and maintain themselves and benefit the state at the same time. No one has been executed at Munich since the year 1831. By a singularly humane enactment, prisoners for life are allowed some indulgences that are denied to those whose punishment is for a limited time: it is thought, for example, a fair and proper aggravation of punishment, and the use of tobacco should be prohibited to those who may hope, by good conduct and industry, to be restored after a time to the world, with the means of subsistence, and even of rational enjoyment; but this is considered an unnecessary cruelty towards a man whose punishment terminates only with his life. The utmost cleanliness and simplicity pervades every department of this excellent establishment; a proper discipline and just restraint are united to those arrangements that insure the health and improvement of the prisoners; and the building itself is one of the most complete that I have ever seen set apart for the correction of criminals. There is one singular part of the establishment—a phalanx of very large and fierce dogs, which, during the night, are turned loose into the open space that surrounds the prison, and are a sufficient security against escape. When I visited the prison, there were 666 persons confined, 140 of whom were women. A detail like the above may well lead to important reflection. The adaptation of punishment to crime, as well as the true end of punishment, have always been deep and important problems in legislation; and it is certainly the duty of the legislature to collect from every source—information that may direct them right in this matter.

Written for the Casket.

TO A BELLE.

Not for the smiles and bloom which thou art wearing,

As early life beguiles or charms thee now;

Not for thy reed-like voice, thy gentle bearing,

Thy golden tresses, or thy sunny brow:

'Tis not these witcheries that move my spirit—

(Though these thou hast, and richly.)—thou to play

With idle rhymes, thy memory to inherit

When here thine eye shall rest some future day.

No, friend of happy hours! This song is given,

A simple tribute to thy worth alone;

To recollections, sweet as dreams of heaven,

Fast linked with thee and thine, in moments gone:

They rise like flowers in spring-time, brightly glowing,

Or summer's morning light, on wave and tree;

Till warmest wishes from my heart are flowing,

That life's best joys may bless thy friends and thee.

May, 1832.

W. G. C.

Life is a picture; fortune the frame, but misfortune the shade. The first only its intrinsic ornament, but the latter, if well sustained, forms the intrinsic merit, by giving a bolder relief to the figures.

From the Book of Nature.

MEDUSA.

An intelligent physician of Philadelphia has furnished the best account of the *Medusa*, an order of animated beings but rarely described. We copy his account, which will be found highly interesting and graphic.

Those who have sought relief from the summer heats at Long Branch or Cape May, have probably noticed, in their ramblings along the beach, certain gelatinous transparent masses deposited by the receding tide on the sands. They resemble very large plano-convex lenses, and are devoid of colour except in a few minute points, which appear like grains of yellow sand, or the eggs of some shells embedded in their substance. This has led many to consider them as the spawn of some marine animal.

If one of these jellies be placed in a tub of brine immediately after it reaches the shore, the observer will be surprised to find it possessed of animation. The superior, or convex part, will expand like the top of an umbrella; and from its under surface several fringed and leaf-like membranes will be developed. The remains of numerous threads, or tendrils, will float out from the margin of the umbrella, following the motions of the animal as its swims around the tub. These threads are often several feet in length before they are broken by the sand; they are probably employed both to entice and to secure the prey, and they produce a sharp stinging sensation, when applied to the skin. It is from the appearance and offensive power of these last organs, that seamen have given the animal the title of the sea-nettle, and naturalists the generic name *Medusa*.

I have offered this rude description of the *Medusa*, as a familiar example of the class of animated beings, which are the subjects of the following remarks. They are all alike gelatinous and transparent, and many of them melt and flow away when exposed in the open air to the direct rays of the sun.

Of all the tribes of Mollusca which are scattered over every part of the ocean, the most splendid and best known is the Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*). This is an oblong animated sack of air, elongated at one extremity into a conical neck, and surmounted by a membranous expansion running nearly the whole length of the body, and rising above into a semicircular sail, which can be expanded or contracted to a considerable extent, at the pleasure of the animal. From beneath the body are suspended from ten to fifty or more little tubes, from half an inch to an inch in length, open at the lower extremity, and formed like the flower of the blue bottle. These have been regarded as temporary receptacles for food, like the first stomach of cattle; but as the animal is destitute of any visible mouth or alimentary canal, and as I have frequently seen fish in their cavities apparently half digested, I cannot but consider them as proper stomachs; nor indeed is it a greater paradox in Zoology that an animal should possess many independent stomachs, than that the strange carnivorous vegetable, *saricinea*, should make use of its leaves apparently for a similar purpose.

From the centre of this group of stomachs, depends a little cord, never exceeding the fourth of an inch in thickness, and often forty times as long as the body.

The size of the Portuguese man-of-war varies from half an inch to six inches in length. When it is in motion, the sail is accommodated to the force of the breeze, and the elongated neck is curved upwards, giving to the animal a form strongly resembling the little glass swans which we sometimes see swimming in goblets.

It is not the form, however, which constitutes the chief beauty of this little navigator. The lower parts of the body and neck are devoid of colour, except a faint iridescence in reflected lights; and they are so perfectly transparent, that the finest print is not obscured when viewed through them. The back becomes gradually tinged, as we ascend, with the finest and most delicate blue that can be imagined; the base of the scale equals the purest sky in the depth and beauty of tint; the summit is of the most splendid red, and the central part is shaded by a gradual admixture of these colours, through all the intermediate grades of purples. Drawn as it were upon a groundwork of mist, the tints have an aerial softness far beyond the reach of art, and warranting the assertion, that they are often dressed in beauty before which the lily would fade, and the rose hide its blushes, and producing some of the sublime phenomena which have astonished the philosopher.

The group of stomachs is less transparent, and although the hue is the same as that of the back, they are on this account incomparably less elegant. By their weight and form they fill the double office of a keel and ballast, while the cord-like appendage, which floats out for yards behind, is called by seamen the cable.

The mode in which the animal secures his prey, has been a subject of much speculation; for the fish and crabs that are frequently found within the little tubes are often large enough to tear them in pieces, could they retain their natural vigour during the contest. Deceived by the extreme pain which is felt when the cable is brought in contact with the back of the hand, naturalists have concluded, I think too hastily, that this organ secretes a poisonous or acrid fluid, by which it benumbs any unfortunate fish, or other animal, that ventures within its toils, allured by the hope of making a meal upon what, in its ignorance, it has mistaken for a worm. The secret will be better explained by a more careful examination of the organ itself. The cord is composed of a narrow layer of contractile fibres, scarcely visible when relaxed, on account of its transparency. If the animal be large, this layer of fibres will sometimes extend itself to the length of four or five yards. A spiral line of blue bead-like bodies, less than the head of a pin, revolves around the cable from end to end, and under the microscope, these beads appear covered with minute prickles, so hard and sharp that they will readily enter the substance of wood, adhering with such pertinacity that the cord can rarely be detached without breaking.

It is to those prickles that the man-of-war owes its power of destroying animals which are

its superiors in strength and activity. When anything becomes impaled upon the cord, the contractile fibres are called into action, and rapidly shrink from many feet in length to less than the same number of inches, bringing the prey within reach of the little tubes, by one of which it is immediately swallowed.

This weapon, so insignificant in appearance, is yet sufficiently formidable even to man. I had once the misfortune to become entangled with the cable of a very large man-of-war, while swimming in the open ocean, and amply did it avenge its fellows, who now sleep in my cabinet robbed at once of life and beauty. The pain which it inflicted was almost insupportable for some time, nor did it entirely cease for twenty-four hours.

I might now proceed to describe many analogous animals scarcely inferior in interest, but it is time to notice some individuals of another tribe, residing beneath the surface, and therefore less generally known.

The grandest of these is the beroe. In size and form it precisely resembles a purse, the mouth, or orifice, answering to one of the modern metallic clasps. It is perfectly transparent; and in order to distinguish its filmy outlines, it is necessary to place it in a tumbler of brine held between the observer and the light. In certain directions, the whole body appears faintly iridescent; but there are several longitudinal narrow lines which reflect the full rich tints of the rainbow in the most vivid manner, for ever varying and mingling the hues, even while the animal remains at rest. Under the microscope, these lines display a succession of innumerable coloured scales, or minute fins, which are kept unceasingly in motion, thus producing the play of colours by continually changing the angle of reflection.

The movements of the beroe are generally retrograde, and are not aided by the coloured scales, but depend upon the alternate dilatation and contraction of the mouth. The lips are never perfectly closed, and the little fish and shrimps that play around them are continually entering and leaving them at pleasure. The animal is dependent for its food upon such semi-animated substances as it draws within its grasp by moving slowly backwards in the water, and retains them in consequence of their own feebleness and inability to escape the weakest of snares.

Another tribe of the sea purses, (*Salpa*), though much smaller than the beroe, are more complex in structure, and possess a higher interest in consequence of the singular habits of some of the species. They are double sacks, resembling the beroe in general form, but destitute of iridescence. The outer sack, or mantle, rarely exceeds an inch in length, and is commonly about half as wide. The inner sack is much smaller, and the interval between these forms a cavity for the water which they breathe, and for some of the viscera. Their visible organs are, a transparent heart, which can only be seen in the strongest light; a splendid double row of whitish bead-like cavities, forming a spiral line near one extremity, and supposed to be either lungs or ovaries; numerous broad flat pearly muscles,

barely distinguished by their mistiness; and an alimentary canal, as fine as horse-hair, with a slight enlargement at one spot, which has been called a stomach. This enlargement resembles, both in size and colour, a grain of sand. From the base of the animal arises two longer and four or five shorter conical spines of jelly, curved into hooks at the points, by means of which numerous individuals attach themselves together in double rows like the leaflets of a pennated leaf. Cards of this kind, composed of forty or fifty animals, were often taken, but they separate and re-attach themselves at pleasure.

To the gregarious habits of this little mollusc, we owe a very singular and striking phenomena, which I have never seen noticed by naturalists, although we frequently witnessed it near the Cape of Good Hope. The animals are occasionally found associated together in such countless myriads, that the sea is literally filled with them, sometimes over three or four square miles of surface, and to the depth of several fathoms. The yellow spots which have been described, being the only coloured portions of their body, give to the whole tract the appearance of a shoal, or sand-bank, at some distance below the surface. The description is heightened by the great smoothness of the water at these places, particularly in calm weather; for so closely are the animals crowded together, that the water is rendered in a manner less fluid; the smaller billows break around the margin and are lost, while the heavy waves of the Southern Ocean are somewhat opposed in their progress, and take on in a slight degree the usual appearance of the ground swell. There can be but little doubt that many of the numerous shoals laid down in the charts of this region, but which have never been seen by any but the supposed discoverers, have been immense banks of these gregarious molluscs. In sailing through a tract of this description, in which the progress of the ship was very sensibly retarded, I have dipped up with the ship's bucket a greater bulk of animals than the water in which they were suspended. How wonderful are the effects produced by the minute links of creation!

RELIGION.—Man, in whatever state he may be considered, as well as in every period and vicissitude of life, experiences in religion an efficacious antidote against the ills which oppress him, a shield that blunts the darts of his enemies, and an asylum into which they can enter. In every event of fortune it excites in his soul a sublimity of ideas by pointing out to him the best judge, who, as an attentive spectator of his conflicts, is about to reward him with his inestimable approbation. Religion, also, in the darkest period appears to man as the Iris of peace, and, dissipating the dark and angry storm, restores the wished for calm, and brings him to the port of safety.

SYMPATHY.—It is by this passion we enter into the concerns of others, that we are moved as they are moved, and are never suffered to be indifferent spectators of almost any thing which men can do or suffer. For sympathy must be considered as a sort of substitution, by which we can put in the place of another man, and be affected in many respects as he is affected.—Burke.

COMMUNICATED.

THE FORSAKEN ONE.

BY THOMAS H. BAILY.

"Oh! woman's love's a holy light,
And when 'tis kindled ne'er can die;
It lives—though treachery and slight
To quench the constant flame may try."

Oh! name him not, unless it be
In terms I shall not blush to hear;
Oh! name him not, though false to me,
Forget not he was once so dear.

Oh! think of former happy days,
When none could breathe a dearer name,
And if you can no longer praise,
Be silent, and forbear to blame.

He may be all that you have heard,
If proved 'twere folly to defend;
Yet pause are you believe one word
Breath'd against the honour of a friend.

How many run in haste to tell
What friends can never wish to know?
I answer—once I knew him well,
And then, at least, it was not so.

You say, when all condemn him thus,
To praise him leads to disrepute;
But, had the world thus censured us,
Father! he would not have been mute.

He may be changed, and he may learn
To slander friends, as others do;
But if we blame him, we in turn
Have learnt that hateful lesson too.

Desertion of myself, his worst,
His only crime, perhaps may prove,
Shall be of all men be the first
Condemned for being false in love?

The world has never yet denied
Its favour to the falsest heart;
Its sanction rather seems to guide
The hand again to aim the dart.

You hate him, father, for you know
That he was cruel to your child,
Alas! I strove to hide my woe,
And when you looked on me, I smiled.

But on my faded cheek appears
An evidence of all I've felt;
I prayed for strength, but falling tears
Betrayed my weakness as I knelt.

Oh! hate him not; he must have seen
Some error, that was never meant;
And love, you know, hath ever been
Prone to complain, and to resent.

Hate him not, father, nor believe
Imputed crimes till they are proved;
And proof should rather make us grieve
For one who once was so beloved.

AWAKENING SUDDENLY.—To awaken children from their sleep with a loud noise, or in an impetuous manner, is extremely injudicious and hurtful; nor is it proper to carry them from a dark room immediately into a glaring light, against a dazzling wall; for the sudden impression of light debilitates the organs of vision, and lays the foundation of weak eyes from early infancy.

Written for the Casket.

THE FRIAR OF SAINT LUKE.

The Friar gently pulled aside the tapestry and entered. The Knight slept, in despite of the pain of the deep wounds on his breast and forehead, and yet it seemed the sleep of a troubled spirit.

Coldly and calmly at first the friar gazed upon the slumbering knight; suddenly, a gleam of light flashed across his placid and wrinkled countenance, and his deep blue eye gazed earnestly, and with something in its glance of mingled awe and surprise, upon him. "Holy Saint Luke," he exclaimed, half audibly, "can this—but no, no it cannot be."

Low as his exclamation was it awakened the knight. He turned anxiously around, as his eye fell upon the form and visage of the friar, in a low murmuring tone he exclaimed, "Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis,—who, who art thou?"

"A humble friar of the order of Saint Luke, come to admonish thee to prepare for thy departure from this world of woe. If thou hast aught, Sir Knight, which weighs heavily upon thy spirit; if thou hast done aught (as who of us has not) which requires expiation, confess I entreat thee, and be absolved."

"Holy father," returned the knight, "I have been a man of blood. I have fought in the battle field, when the voice of the infidel cried 'alla illa allah' in the fight; I have borne the banner of the cross to the walls of Ascalon; I have beheld around me, Christian and Infidel wounded and dying, beneath the rays of yonder sun, which shines alike upon Moslem and Frank; I have fought for the cross. Holy father, in the dread day of judgment will this avail me aught?"

"God only must judge of that, Sir Knight. If when ye fought the infidel, and was solely and entirely for the glory of the only true God; if no vain passion for worldly fame, no earthly ambition bid thee draw thy sword, then mayst thou hope to find thy deeds in the right scale. God, who knows all things, and beholds each spring of action in the human heart, God only must judge of that."

The knight turned upon the friar a dark and troubled eye; a deep, awful groan burst from his bosom; he would have spoke, but the words died on his tongue.

"My son," continued the friar, "if I read ought of that groan and the fearful glance of thine eye, there are other things of which thou shouldst speak: ah, I conjure thee by thy hopes of heaven, by thy christian faith, conceal nothing from me; unbosom thyself to thy spiritual father."

A holy enthusiasm spread over the countenance of the man of mercy, and he spoke as a kind father would to an erring son; yet the knight turned and rolled on his wearisome couch, and his dark eye flashed with a mixture of pride and sorrow.

"Thou hast been in Florence, holy father?"

"'Tis now twice ten years, my son, since I beheld that city."

"Twice ten years," repeated the knight musing; and he bent another stern enquiring gaze upon the friar; the calm, placid look of the friar again quieted him, and turning away his eye, in a voice almost rendered inaudible by

emotion, he said; "Then thou hast heard of the Lady Vincenteo?"

Well was it, that the knight marked not the feelings which this question awakened. The friar for a moment lost all command of himself, seizing his missal with a grasp, more like the hand of a warrior on his sword, than a holy friar on his book of faith, he raised it in the air, and his eye flashed from beneath his bent brows, with a haughty and fierce glare; a word was upon his tongue, yet he spoke not: by a powerful effort he recalled his composure, and when the knight looked up for a reply, there was no vestige of the fiery passions on his brow.

"Methinks," said he, "I do remember, a lady bearing that name."

"Remember her, holy father! ah, who that hath once gazed upon her will forget her. Ye little reck, here pent up as ye are from the world, what love is, or what it can accomplish. Bend ye down here, or sit upon my couch, and I will tell thee a tale will move thy very soul. Yet tell me first, how came I in this monastery? I remember me of the fight, and of a stunning blow upon my helmet, yet more I cannot—all is dark and lacks remembrance."

"Thou wert found in the field by a brother of our order, senseless, yet breathing; before thee lay the bodies of three knights, mangled and bloody. Hence thou wert brought hither."

"Enough! I slew them all; yet I appeal to heaven for the justice of the cause."

"Sir Knight, thy strength is waning fast, thy tale"—

"I feel it all, holy father; scarcely another hour can I hope to live; nearer, nearer."

And the friar bent over the dying man, as he confessed.

"The Lady Vincenteo de Vampt Bras, was my first and only love. Thou hast been in the world, holy father; thou hast seen her; perhaps thou hast loved some lady in vain; or thy love perchance has been requited, and some mischance has torn from thee thy bride—Nay speak not; thy eyes tell me thou hast. Then mayest thou form some idea of the deep engrossing passion which filled my soul. I loved her; I adored her; I would have died, rather than the ungentle blast of misfortune had blown upon her; she was beautiful. Her hair, dark as the face of night, flowed in beautiful ringlets adown her neck; fair and beautiful as the drifted snow was her gentle bosom, and her eyes, oh who could gaze upon them, and not be willing to forfeit his life for one bright glance of tenderness from them? But thou art cold, holy father, thou heedest me not."

"Go on my son," said the friar, and again he bent over him.

"I loved her, and her own lips had told me that my love was requited. Yet we were too young then, to think of marriage, and in an unlucky day, boy as I was, I placed the cross of Christ upon my breast, and with the army of the good Saint Louis, set sail for the holy land. For five years I fought for the cross, and on the day of Acre, was knighted by the hand of Richard Plantagenet, in the field. The day of my return came round: with a heart full of love and romance, and of tender recollections I set sail for Florence. From that day, nought but evil o'er-

took me. A storm drove us on the coast of Barbary, and we were overpowered by numbers, and captured. Ah! bitter, bitter were those days of bondage. The agony of separation, perhaps forever, from the dear object of my soul's affections; the horrors of captivity, the taunts, the bitter malice of our masters, were too much for human strength to support.

"One after another, my companions died around me, until I alone was left of all the noble hearts with whom I sailed from Palestine. My tyrants grew less and less watchful, and an opportunity at length offered to escape. I made good use of it, and the next day saw me at sea in an open boat, far out of sight of land, and with but an uncertain hope of being relieved from my perilous situation. Three days of suffering were past, and as the sun for the third time was approaching the verge of the horizon, I saw a ship bearing the colours of my own beautiful Florence, stemming the seas in her pathway towards me; my signal was seen, and I was taken aboard the friendly vessel, and in a few days beheld my native city.

"But, gracious heaven! what a tale was told me when I entered my father's mansion. But thy countenance changes, holy father, what is the matter that ye bend your brow?"

"Something of this, Sir Knight, I have heard before, and the memory is painful; but on with thy tale, I am calmer now."

"I was told, holy father, that my Vincenteo, her for whom my soul had pined during my absence; on whom my heart doted; that she, holy father, was married to another, to my bosom friend the Count Auselini of Florence. Oh, merciful Heaven! why, why did I not perish in the wilds of Barbary; why was I alone saved, to be made the tool of passion."

"Arraign not heaven, Sir Knight; man cannot conceive the purposes of the deity, and whatever is—is meant for a wiser end."

"I believe it, yet by my faith, 'tis sometimes difficult to quell the murmurings of my heart.—Under the dominion of what fiend I acted, I know not; but my thoughts, my purposes were deadly—I sought revenge, with the avidity of a devil; would I had perished ere I gained it. One night, my false love and my traitorous friend, were alone on the bay of Florence. They stood upon the beach, gazing at the beautiful moon, which cast a fitful light over the scene. I marked them well, and stealing behind them, I plunged my stiletto first in her back to the heart, and then in the bosom of the count, who turned round hastily to meet me. She fell with a smothered groan, but the count was not so easily dismissed. We struggled long, yet he fell, and muttering curses on me he expired. Merciful Heaven! what a life, holy father."

A deathlike change came over the friar—he gasped for breath, and his hands were clenched in an agony of rage and grief.

"Inhuman villain!" he exclaimed, at length, "Thou then, wert the murderer! Thou it was who in that hour of sacred happiness stole upon me, and like a serpent murdered my love."

The friar sunk exhausted on the floor, for long abstinence had rendered him weak as a child,

"And thou," exclaimed the Knight, "who, who art thou?"

"Roger De Auselen," returned the friar.

"Roger De Auselen, living!"

"Aye, living; thy blow was strong, and the wound was deep, yet the Count De Auselen lived to end a life rendered miserable by thy villainy, in a monastery."

"And Arnulf, lived to pass a life of horrid misery in the battle field, seeking in vain for death. Roger De Auselen, by thy hopes of mercy, by thy former friendship, I conjure thee, forgive, forgive, the frantic deed of a man rendered mad by disappointed love. Oh didst thou know the feelings which passed through my bosom, when I beheld *her*, my only love, leaning with fond affection on *thy* arm, thou wouldst not think me so utterly a villain. Forgive, forgive me!"

"Forgive thee, Arnulf! may the forked lightning of Heaven blast thee—yet no, no, gracious God forgive me my implacable hatred. Sir Walter—I do forgive thee; and I pray Heaven may forgive thee;" and the count grasped the hand of him who had been his friend and a tear flowed down his cheek, and fell upon the hand he grasped.

"A tear, De Auselen," murmured the dying man, "nay, nay, this is too much."

The noble friends for a time in silence gazed upon each other. The awakened tenderness of other years struggled in vain for utterance. The pious resignation of the friar, and the deep and sincere repentance of the misguided man, who had wrought on himself and others such awful misery, were meet objects for the gaze of angels.

Death began to assert its sway over the knight; "my friend," he said, "my long lost, dearest friend, thinkest thou there is, in the mercy of Heaven, hope for a man so stamped with guilt as I am?"

"Heaven is full of love, Walter; and I do believe me thy repentance is sincere."

And the friar knelt over the form of the knight, and muttered ave and pater for the soul of his friend. A deep groan interrupted him and he looked upon the knight; his spirit had departed—God who alone knew his sincerity in repentance—only knows whither. But the soul of the friar believed it was to Heaven.

A. L. L.

PROVERBS.—They embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colors of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm of their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humor, the playfulness of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of Proverbs should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought.

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." This truth, so often repeated, never deserved to be more warmly urged than at the present time. The nation is now reposing from the toils of party strife, but its repose should not be lethargic.

Written for the Conker.

MADNESS.

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the Mases' fires;
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis Madness self inspires.

Hail! awful Madness, hail!
 Thy realms extend, thy power prevails
 Far as the voyager spreads his venturous sails,
 Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee
 Folly. Folly's only free.

Hark, to the astonish'd ear
 The gale conveys a strange, tumultuous sound—
 They now approach, they now appear,
 Firenze leads her chorus near,
 And demons dance around.

Pride—ambition idly vain,
 Revenge and malice swell her strain,
 Devotion warp'd, affection cross'd,
 Hope in disappointment lost,
 And injur'd merit, with a downcast eye,
 (Hurt by neglect) slow talking by.
 Loud the shouts of madness rise,
 Various voices—various cries,
 Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
 Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans,
 All seem to pierce the skies.
 Rough as the wintry wave that roars
 On Thule's desert shores,
 Wild raving to the unfeeling air
 The fatter'd mania foams along,—
 Rage the burthen of his song—
 In rage he grinds his teeth and rends his streaming hair.
 No pleasing memory left, forgotten quite,
 All former scenes of dear delight—
 Cannibal love—parental joy,
 No sympathies like these his soul employ,
 But all is dark within, all furious black despair.
 Who's this wretch with horror wild?
 'Tis Devotion's ruin'd child,
 Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
 Nor can he feel—nor dares he ask relief.

Thou fair Religion wast design'd,
 (Outcast daughter of the skies,)
 To charm and cheer the human mind,
 To make man happy, good and wise;
 First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
 Till Superstition, fend of wo,
 Bade doubts to rise and tears to flow,
 And spreads deep shades o'er view and Heaven between.
 Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
 His beams of mercy thrown aside—
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands
 And hurling vengeance wide.
 Hope at His frown aghast yet lingering flies.
 And dash'd on Terror's rock, Hope's best dependence lies.

THEODORE.

People do not care to give alms without some security for their money; and a wooden leg or a wooden arm, is a sort of draftment on Heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there.—*Mackenzie.*

THE FIRST BLISS OF MATRIMONY.

The charming society, the tender friendship it affords. Without a friend, it is not for man to be happy. Let the old Maderia sparkle in his goblets, and princely dainties smoke upon his table, yet if he have to sit down with him no friend of the love-beaming eye, alas! the banquet is insipid, and the cottager's dinner of herbs where love is, is to be envied.

Let the self-scraping bachelor drive on alone towards Heaven in his solitary sulky; Lord help the poor man, and send him good speed! But that's not my way of traveling. No! give me a sociable, with a dear good angel by my side, the thrilling touch of whose sweetly folding arm may flush my spirits into rapture, and inspire a devotion suited to the place; that best devotion, gratitude and love!

Yes, the sweetest drop in the cup of life is a friend; but where on earth is the friend that deserves to be compared with an affectionate wife! that generous creature, who, for your sake, has left father and mother—looks to you alone for happiness—wishes in your society to spend her cheerful days—in your beloved arms to draw her latest breath—and fondly thinks the slumber of the grave will be sweeter when lying by your side! The marriage of two such fond hearts, in one united, forms a state of friendship of all others the most perfect and delightful. 'Tis marriage of souls, of persons, of wishes, and of interests.

Are you poor? like another self she toils and saves the better of your fortune. Are you sick? she is the tenderest of all nurses; she never leaves your bed-side; she sustains your fainting head, and strains your feverish cheeks to her dear and anxious bosom. How luxurious is sickness with such a companion!

Are you prosperous? It multiplies your blessings ten thousand fold, to share them with one so beloved. Are you in her company?—Her very presence has the effect of the sweetest conversation, and her looks, though, silent, convey a something to the heart, of which none but happy husbands have any idea. Are you going abroad? She accompanies you to the door—the tender embrace—the fond, lengthened kiss—the last soul melting look—precious evidences of love!—these go along with you—they steal across your delighted memory, soothing your journey—while dear, conjugal love, gives a transport to every glance at home, and sweetens every nimble step of your glad return. There, soon as your beloved form is seen, she flies to meet you. Her voice is music—the pressure of her arms is rapture, while her eyes, Heaven's sweetest messengers of love! declare the tumultuous joy that heaves her generous bosom. Arms in arm she hurries you into the smiling habitation where the fire blazing, and the vestment warm, the neat apartment and delicious repast, prepared by her eager love, fill your bosoms with a joy too big for utterance.

Compared with a life like this, merciful God! how desolate is the condition of the old Bachelor! How barren of all joy! Solitary and comfortless at home, he strolls abroad into company. Meeting with no tenderness nor affection to sweeten company, he soon tires, and with

a sigh gets up to go home again. Poor man! his eyes are upon the ground, and his steps are slow; for, alas! home has no attractions. He sees nothing there but gloomy walls and lone- some chambers. Alone he swallows his silent supper—he crawls to his bed, and trembling, coils himself up in cold sheets, sadly remembering, with tomorrow's joyless sun the same dull round begins again.

MERCANTILE DRUMMING.

That mode of getting custom, employed by certain merchants, and commonly known by the name of Drumming, has been very rife the present season. Sundry new houses had opened, whose business it was to get custom by hook or by crook. It would not do to sit with folded hands and see all the trade going to the old establishments. The new firms must bestir themselves, and draw off the business from the old ones if possible. It would not do to be too modest neither. A little impudence, well employed, will sometimes do wonders in the way of making money. To ask a man to buy of you, instead of your neighbours, is but asking him in other words to benefit himself—inasmuch as you will sell cheaper, of course, and give him better bargains than your neighbours. At least, it is your interest to make him believe so; for as to telling the precise truth, that would not by any means serve your turn.

Among all the drummers, who have distinguished themselves in this Commercial Emporium the present season, none perhaps have made themselves more notorious than the firm of THUMGDUDGEON, PUMPHANDLE & Co. The first named gentleman is the chief drummer to the establishment. He hires his board at a Hotel where country merchants "most do congregate;" and like a certain ancient personage, who at present shall be nameless, is constantly on the lookout "seeking whom he may devour." If he spies a gentleman, the brim of whose hat is of somewhat broader dimensions than the well-known dandy style, and whose unmentionables are not the biggest on the little end—he forthwith takes it into his head, that the gentleman is a countryman; that he is in all probability a merchant; that he has come to purchase goods; and that ten to one he can bamboozle him. At all events he will try; and it shall not be his fault if he does not succeed.

But every countryfied looking man is not so easily bamboozled as Messrs. Thumgdudgeon, Pumphandle & Co., and others of their class, are apt to imagine. A man is not necessarily a Johnny Raw, because he makes a rustic appearance; as many a drummer has no doubt found out to his cost.

It was but the other day that Mr. Thumgdudgeon found himself prodigiously mistaken in a gentleman of this sort. Judging from the cut of his clothes that he was a man for his money, he accosted him, as is usual in such cases, with some preliminary observations about the weather, and then proceeded to the main point.

"Very fine morning," said he, bowing and smiling.

"Why, yes sir," said the man, with a strong Yankee accent, "I dare say 'tis so, for I've heard ever so many people say the same thing since I got up."

"From the country, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, I come from up country—where did you come from, if I may be so bold?"

"I—Oh—I—for that matter I live here."

"Oh, you do, ha? You live in this 'ere great city, do you?"

"Precisely so, sir. I am engaged in the dry goods line. My name is Thumgdudgeon, of the firm of Thumgdudgeon, Pumphandle & Co."

"Well, you're a darned queer soundin' set, any how. Pumpgudgeon, Thumphandle & Co.! That beats me, by hokey. I thought we had some mighty odd names in Vermont, in the town of Linkumstipple, where I came from; but, by gorree! they're nothin' to compare with your'n."

"Oh, as to that," said the merchant, a little mortified, "it's of very little consequence what a man is called, so that—"

"He isn't called too late to dinner," interrupted the Yankee—"that's jest what I tell my wife. Says I, Mrs. Flipper—my name, sir, is Flipper, of Linkumstipple—says I, Mrs. Flipper, call me what you please, but don't call me too late to dinner."

"Mr. Flipper," said the merchant, bowing, smiling, and giving his hand to the countryman, "I shall be happy in your further acquaintance. But as I was saying about a name, 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' as the divine Miss Kemble says."

"Miss Kimball! did she say that?—I understand she's a stripper, that Miss Kimball."

"She's a heavenly creature, faith. But haven't you seen her yet?"

"I! no, Mr. Pumpgudgeon, I very seldom go to the play-house. I can't afford it."

"Oh, as to that, sir, it shall cost you nothing—if you will do me the favor to accept a ticket—"

"I'm much obliged to you, Mister Gumphudgeon—so small a favour as that I can't refuse no how in politeness."

"I suppose you're engaged in trade in your town?"

"Yes, sir, I live by trade, and have done ten years or more."

"You're down here now I presume to make your purchases?"

"Yes, sir, I've got a little grain of cash in this 'ere old pocket-book"—taking out and displaying a greasy bit of old leather apparently pretty well filled—"which has come down to me from my granther, and which has contained many a good bank bill. I've got a little trifle of cash here, which I want to lay out to the best advantage."

"Of course," said the merchant, his eyes eagerly devouring the old money-case, "and I'm the very man to give you good bargains. I—that is our house—don't shave like some of our neighbors. Our principle is to—"

"Look out for your interest—I dare say 'tis so, Mister Pumphandle Gudgeon. That's the very principle I go upon. I like to buy cheap and sell dear—I do."

"Exactly so, Mr. Flipper—you're the very man we shall like to deal with. We'll sell you goods twenty per cent. cheaper than any other house in Pearl street."

"Will you, by hokey? I'm amazin' glad I happened to light on you."

"I hope we shall be mutually satisfied. You'll want some dry goods, of course?"

"Why, yes, sir, I mostly deal in the dry way."

"I hope you'll do us the favour to call at our store, No.—Pearl-street. You'll stay some days in the city, I dare say?"

"Yes, sir, it'll take me some days to get through with my business."

"Do you attend the races?"

"No, I can't no how afford it—I've got a wife and seven children to support."

"Oh, it shan't cost you a cent. I'm going over, and shall be very happy to bear all the expense."

"I'm much obliged to you Mr. Thumgdudgeon—as I said afore, it would'n't be polite to refuse so small a favor."

"Confound the fellow!" said the merchant, aside, "if he wasn't a great flat, I should think he intended to insult me by talking about small favors." But small

as they are, if I can only get a bill of goods on to him, I'll make up for all—by heavens, I'll shave him."

"Ahem! sir, if there's any other pleasure I can treat you to—such as the Museum, Saubert's exhibition, Tam O'Shanter, or any thing of that kind, I shall be very happy."

"Oh, sir, I'm much obliged to you—You're very polite, Mr. Gumpthudgeon—I couldn't no how in reason, as a body may say, refuse sich small favors."

In short, not to make our story tedious, the wooden-headed Yankee, as he appeared to the very knowing and shrewd Mr. Thumgudgeon, accepted all the invitations of the latter, whether to attend the various amusements, drink wine, eat oysters, or what not. After getting him thus well baited, as he thought, the merchant resolved to make a lunge upon him. Having one day treated him to two or three bottles of champagne, which the Yankee declared to be tarnation good cider, he took him to his store—laughing at the same time in his sleeve to think how well he was going to get paid for the twenty or thirty dollars he had laid out in pleasures and amusements for the countryman.

The latter, appearing to be tolerably drunk, began to gaze about the store as if to feast his eyes with the variety of goods around him, while Mr. Thumgudgeon, tipping the wink to his partners, asked him if he had a memorandum of the articles he wanted?

"Why, no, I han't got nothin on paper," said the countryman—"I've jest merely set them down in my head. But what kind of hides are your'n? Do they come from Buenos Ayres, or—"

"Hides!" exclaimed the merchant—and "Hides!" echoed his partners, with astonishment. "We thought you were in pursuit of dry—"

"Sartinly—I'm a tanner by trade, and *dry hides* is the very thing I want—if you have any sich that you can put me at a good lay, I'd as lieves deal with you as any other gentleman whatsoever, secin you've been so polite as to confer various small favours upon me."

"D—n the favours!" muttered Thumgudgeon—who finding, that in his attempt to bite the countryman, he had bitten himself—"You are welcome to the favours, if you'll go and say nothing about it."

"I couldn't possibly think of such a thing," said the other, who all at once seemed to have got rid of the effects of the champagne—"it's too good a story to keep. A New York merchant undertake to get round a Yankee tanner! Ha, ha, ha! I shall never forget the small favours as long as I live."—*N. Y. Constellation.*

DUELS.—The message having been carried by a friend, the seconds are appointed. They are immediately to put themselves in communication with each other, and from that moment are not to have any direct parance with each other's principal. The principals are in the hands of their seconds. The seconds are to appoint the place and time of meeting, which must be subject to no change after the principals are informed of them, unless the seconds think proper to alter either, to prevent interruption. So soon as the time and place shall be appointed, the seconds will select the spot, taking notice that there shall be as little advantage as possible on either side in the position of the ground, twelve paces making the extremities. The seconds will toss up four ends, and the principals will be placed accordingly. The pistols having been loaded by the seconds in presence of each other, the brace will be separately given by them to their principals. The principals will stand right hand to right hand, each with the pistol cocked; this being done, the seconds will move wide off the centre, where, on arriving, they will stand together. One of the seconds, previously appointed with the knowledge of the principals, will give

the word "ready," upon which the principals will each bring their pistols to the "present." The same second will then give the word "fire." The seconds will be at liberty to cry "stop," in the event of either of the parties not having fired directly after the word "fire." Either of the parties firing after this word, "stop," must be liable to the consequences before a court of law. In the event of the party who has offered or provoked the challenge not returning the fire, or firing in the air: this is to be considered as an apology, and the challenger's second must be satisfied, unless a blow or any such violent insult may have been the cause of the challenge. If neither of the parties be killed, or so severely wounded as to prevent further proceedings, the second of the principal who conceived himself aggrieved, or who sent the challenge, will be asked whether he is satisfied; if he should be, the affair ceases, if he should not be, the second of the adversary will be asked whether, after his principal having received the fire of the other whom he has offended or aggrieved, he will acknowledge it, so as to render further proceedings unnecessary; the affair may then be arranged by the seconds. Should the intervention of the seconds be without success, a second round is to be fired with the other brace of pistols; the same words being given, but by the other second. If a blow should have passed, which can hardly be supposed between officers, the second of the party who struck the blow must contend that his principal shall not be fired at so long as the apology is made by the offending party. The evading the operation of the civil law, in fatal cases, must be left entirely to the judgment of the parties concerned; but in the event of the duel being fatal to either party, it is the first duty of the seconds to proceed immediately together, and make written note of the proceedings of the whole transaction, which should be signed by both of them, each keeping a copy.—*United Service Journal.*

TREATMENT OF CHOICE PLANTS IN ROOMS.

The greatest difficulties in preserving plants in rooms are, when they are placed in a dark or close apartment, where they do not receive a sufficiency of light and air,—so essential to their health and vigour,—preserving them from the severity of our frosts in winter,—watering them when not requisite,—filthiness collected on the leaves,—or in being planted in unsuitable soils.

The first point, *want of proper light and air*, is one of the most essential to be considered. Plants should invariably be placed as near the light as they can conveniently stand, admitting as much air as possible, when the weather is favourable. During the severity of winter, they should be placed in an apartment where the temperature is never allowed to descend below from 35° to 40° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Should any accident occur and the temperature decrease, below 35° the plants will certainly suffer. The only remedy is, as early as possible, water the whole plant over with cold water, and put it in a shady place in the room for the ensuing day.

SCALE OF MARRIAGES.—A calculator has made out the following estimate of the chances of matrimony a girl has at the different periods of her life. Out of 1000 women, 32 are married between 14 and 15; 101 between 16 and 17; 219 between 18 and 19; 233 between 20 and 21; 165 between 22 and 23; 102 between 24 and 25; 60 between 26 and 27; 45 between 28 and 29; 18 between 30 and 31; 14 between 32 and 33; 8 between 34 and 35; 2 between 36 and 37; and 1 between 38 and 39. To judge by this table, a lady of 30 years would have only 28 chances of getting married out of 1000; when passed 40, the chances are far less.

JAY'S LIFE.

The following extract from this highly interesting work, will show the singular manner in which Congress became acquainted with the views of the French government in relation to the affairs of this country in 1775.

America had commenced a contest for the preservation of her liberties, trusting solely to the goodness of her cause, and her own courage and patriotism; and probably without the most remote expectation of foreign aid; nor was it easy, in the existing state of Europe, to devise from what quarter such aid could possibly be derived. A singular occurrence, however, soon took place, that excited a gleam of hope, that in the approaching struggle the colonies would not be wholly left to their own unassisted efforts. Mr. Jay used to relate the following anecdote.

Some time in the course of this year, probably about the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin, and Mr. Jefferson was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenter's Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication; upon which he said that his Most Christian Majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them. The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, "Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head." They then asked what demonstrations of friendship they might expect from the King of France. "Gentlemen," answered the foreigner, "if you want arms, you shall have them; if you want ammunition, you shall have it; if you want money, you shall have it." The committee observed that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. "Gentlemen," said he, repeating his former gesture, "I shall take care of my head;" and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give these indirect assurances, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed if necessary. Mr. Jay stated that his communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of this Congress. This remark probably related to the appointment, on the 29th of November, of a secret committee, including Mr. Jay, for corresponding "with the friends of America, in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world."

NAMES IN LANCASHIRE.—It is notorious that in the moors of Lancashire, there are numerous instances where females, after having enjoyed the marriage state for several years, only know their husbands by the "*nom de guerre*," custom has given them, and not by their real names; nay, in some cases, it has actually transpired, that the men do not even know their own names. We heard that the Cockey Moor postman once carried a letter addressed to himself, a whole fortnight, consulting all the parsons, clerks, and schoolmasters in the district as to the probable owner of it: and all because it happened to be directed as he was registered in the church books, namely, "James White-

head," instead of "Purring Jim, o' owd Mall o' Fums o' long Ben fowd;" and great was his astonishment when the wise man of the village, who happened to have been present at the christening, informed him that, "if he were not misluppent, parson namt him Jim Whitehead, as his mam stood w' him in ur harms." Indeed, we much question whether our ancient friend "Rowf Tum," would have known what name to have directed the painter to put on his sign agreeable to the "Act of Parliament," if he had not had his licence to consult! We almost fear that the march of intellect will never be able to reach these aboriginals. It is evident from the following circumstance, that the "Reform Bill" cannot touch them; and the wonder is, how the registry is managed to be completed. At the recent county election, an East-wistle freeholder, who had had his registry attended to by his landlord, was brought to the polling booth at Newton to tender his vote. On being asked his name, he readily replied, "Mad Bill." He was reminded that that must be a nick name; he scratched his head, Hodge like, and said, "Houd a bit! Awst think on soon. Aw think i' my heart, its Juon K—, because they sed Squire o' did um at Bouton, a gud deal o' years sin, wart same name os me." The next query was, "Where do you abide?" The answer was, "Entwistle." The clerk being nonplussed, gently enquired, "How is it spelled?" The voter replied, "Aw'm no great skollard, but aw believe it begins e—n—t, ent; but as for 'twistle, its more than aw con manage, so you mun just put deawn that os voun o' mind."—*Bolton (Eng.) Chronicle*.

[On this, as we give the authority, we have no comment to offer, except that either in fact or fiction, the Bolton Editor can tell a full grown story.]

ANECDOTES OF BLIND PERSONS.—A French lady, who had lost her sight at two years old, was possessed of many talents which alleviated her misfortune. "In writing to her," it is said, "no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper; and, by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her fingers' ends. She herself in writing makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry: her guide on the paper is a small thin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter, she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil, that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who, accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards of pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then, by the remembrance of the shape of the letters, to delineate them on paper, and lastly, to arrange them so as to form words and sentences. She sews and hems perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needle for herself, however small."

We have a very remarkable instance in John Metcalf, of Manchester, who very lately followed the occupation of conducting strangers through the intricate roads during the night, or when the tracts were covered with snow. And, strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment of this man was afterwards that of a projector and surveyor of high-ways in difficult and mountainous parts! With the assistance only of a long staff, he has been several times seen traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms, and situation, so as to answer his de-

signs in the best manner. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly those in the vicinity of Burton; and he has since constructed a new one between Wilmslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.

COMICALITIES.

The following anecdote was related at the late temperance meeting in Philadelphia, by Rev. Mr. Hunt, of North Carolina.

Of all reforms in the world, said Mr. Hunt, that of a confirmed drunkard, though not absolutely impossible, was certainly the most hopeless. When once the habit of drinking has been formed, and the appetite for liquor fixed in the system, it required little less than a miracle to eradicate it. If it were true that men carried into the eternal world, the lusts and vices they had indulged in this, it was not too much to say, that even in the world to come, could the means be had, a drunkard would be a drunkard still. In illustration of this remark, Mr. Hunt related another anecdote. In one part of Virginia, there were certain abandoned coal pits, which had been formerly worked to a great depth, and which presented a series of dark and dismal caverns, well calculated, if any thing in this world could be, to exhibit a visible representation of the regions of despair. A certain man, of respectable connections and good education, resided not far from these pits, who was in the habit of constant inebriety, inasmuch that his friends told him, if he did not desist, he would certainly die in one of his fits of beastly excess. The man, however, thought there was no danger: he should not die: they were only a parcel of fanatics, and wanted to destroy all his joys. He continued to drink, till, in one of his frolics, he became what is called dead drunk—totally unconscious and insensible to every thing around him.

In this situation his friends conceived, as a last expedient, the design of alarming him, if possible, by a near prospect of death and eternity. They accordingly provided a coffin, and arrayed him in grave clothes, placed his body in it and lowered him down into one of the deepest of these pits. One or two of them accompanied him, to witness the result of the experiment. The place was perfectly dark, and profoundly still. After a considerable time the fumes of the liquor began to evaporate, and the drunken man came to himself. He opened his eyes, and after a few moments they heard him exclaim, "What! is it so?—am I dead?—am I really dead?" They answered in a feigned voice—"Yes: and buried." After some time a glimmering light was seen at a distance, men in disguise approached, and taking him out of the coffin, commenced the application of a pretty heavy bastinado. The man now believed himself in the regions of sorrow, and began to beg very hard for mercy. They told him that he had been condemned as a drunkard, and that there was no mercy for him. They then laid him down again and retired. As they were going away, intending to try the result of solitary reflection on his mind, they heard his voice calling suddenly and loudly after them, "Hallo! Mr. D—! have you any drink down this way?"

[Shouts of laughter, and it was some minutes before the audience became composed.]

ROMANTIC.

"I recollect a pretty incident, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having been long addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not entirely disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure

and sweet a disposition, every reason to suspect that she did not hold that place in his affections which was her right; but this reflection scarcely ever intruded upon her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her, but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed to grow worse rather than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not of derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must necessarily be of several days duration, yet remembering distinctly that the fatal letter was left exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret which he would not have revealed for the world.—He paced the deck in an agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, and turning pale with horror and indignation; perhaps fainting with anguish; alarming the servants; flying to her father—renouncing him forever. As soon as possible he returned, but with a sinking heart, to his dwelling, bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over her table busily writing. A placid smile sealed her mouth with a perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy, and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music, that flows only from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around, and read as her pen traced her gentle thoughts:

"Your letter is lying by me. The very very letter containing the 'profound secret.' Now could I punish you for your carelessness; but, my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy, and confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife, &c."

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience-stricken husband.

"She started up with a cry of pleasure—and as Charles met the light of her clear unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad, and if the pure and happy being whose influence had thus allured him to the path of right, had perused all his subsequent letters, she would have found nothing concerning herself, save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love."

QUEEN COMPOSITION.—In the year 1766, Mr. Bartholomew, composed his first Italian serious opera, entitled *Pelopida*, which he presented at the opera-house, and it was received with uncommon success and applause. Garrick, hearing of his success, paid him a visit, unasked and unexpected, one morning, and asked him if he could set *English words to music*. He replied, he thought he could. Garrick called for a pen and paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Dodd, in the character of *Sparkish*. While the Roscius was writing the words, Bartholomew, looking over his shoulder, set the song! Garrick gave him the song and said, "There my friend, there is my song." Bartholomew instantly replied, "Then, sir, there is the music for it!"





Rotterdam.



Burns's Monument.

ROTTERDAM.

This celebrated, ancient, and popular town, of which the accompanying picture is in part an accurate sketch, is a city of the Netherlands, province of South Holland, on the right bank of the Meuse. The town, as will be seen by the engraving, resembles Venice in situation, though it is sadly different in architecture. A modern traveller says, the usual noises of a city are absent from Rotterdam; the very people, he remarks, have a talent for holding their tongues; and the vessels, that glide among the water streets, and stop at their own warehouse doors, are laid out in alleys of enormous trees, beneath the shadow of which the sailors work. In consequence of the numerous bridges, and the narrow, winding streets, the geography of the place is rendered somewhat intricate to a stranger. The Exchange is reckoned one of the architectural wonders of the city.

Rotterdam, which lies twelve miles south-east of the Hague, and thirty-three west of Amsterdam, is the second city in the Dutch provinces for commerce and wealth, and contains 53,093 inhabitants. Its form is triangular, and the largest side, which is above a mile and a half in extent, stretches along the bank of the Meuse.

The town is surrounded by a moat, and entered by six gates towards the land, and four towards the water. It is traversed by the Rotte, a broad canal, which here joins the Meuse. Rotterdam is intersected, even more than other towns in Holland, by canals, which divide the half of the town, near the river, into several insulated spots, connected by drawbridges. These canals are almost all bordered with trees. The row called the *Boompjes* is the finest in the city, as well in regard to buildings as for its pleasant prospect across the Meuse. Next to the *Boompjes* comes the *Haring-vliet*. The other streets are, in general, long but narrow. The houses of Rotterdam are rather convenient than elegant: their height is of four, five or six stories. Of the public buildings of Rotterdam, the principal are the exchange, finished in 1736, and the great church of St. Lawrence, from the top of which there is a most extensive prospect. After these come several other churches, the whole number of which is fifteen, the town-house (an old edifice), the admiralty, the academy, the theatre, the extensive buildings of the East India company, a number of large warehouses, and a few manufactories. Rotterdam has an active transit trade; the manufactures are not extensive; sugar refineries and distilleries furnish the chief articles of industry. There are several learned societies. It is the birth-place of the celebrated Erasmus. Rotterdam received the title and privileges of a city in 1370. Its commerce suffered severely from the French revolution; and, in 1825, an inundation of the Meuse did great damage to the city.

The numerous canals and dykes about Rotterdam, and the different kinds of water communication, give a picturesque and beautiful appearance to the scenes, and render them much admired. Now, in Holland, as in the days of Goldsmith, to prevent the encroachments of the waters:

"Diligently slow,

The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;

Spreads its long arms amid the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign."

BURNS' MONUMENT.

Perhaps no memento of departed genius and worth was ever more fully deserved, than the one of which the annexed engraving presents an accurate sketch. Burns was the poet of nature; and his melodious numbers find an echo in every heart. Of humble birth, and obscure in his childhood, he rose to be an associate of noblemen, and to see his fame spreading to the remotest corners of the British realms. These flattering evidences, however, were unable to destroy the unbending independence of his mind. He lived a man of unswerving honour, and died regretted by thousands who knew him only from the mental gems which he had scattered around him while living, to be treasured for ages by the intelligent world.

The first efforts to erect a monument to the memory of Burns, were made at Dumfries, (in the churchyard of which beautiful and rural town the remains of the poet had been deposited,) in the year 1813, at a large public meeting, in which General Dunlop, a son of Burns' friend and patroness, presided. Contributions flowed in rapidly from all quarters, and a costly mausoleum was at length erected, in the most elevated site which the churchyard presented. Thither the remains of the poet were solemnly transferred, on the 5th June, 1815; and the spot continues to be visited every year by many hundreds of travellers. The structure, which is said in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*, to be more gaudy than might have been wished, bears the following inscription, of which we shall hereafter offer a translation:

In æternum honorem
ROBERTI BURNS

Poetarum Caledoniæ sui ævi longe principis
cujus carmina eximia patrio sermone scripta
animi magis ardentis vique ingenii
quam arte vel cultu conspicua
facetis jucunditate lepore affluentia
omnibus litterarum cultoribus satis nota
cives sui necnon plerique omnes
musarum amantissimæ memoriæque viri
arte poetica tam præcarii foveantes

HOC MAUSOLEUM

super reliquiis poetæ mortales
extremundum curavere
primum hujus ædificiî lapidem
Gulielmus Miller armiger
reipublicæ architectonicæ apud scotos
in regione australi curio maximus provincialis
Georgio Tertio regnante
Georgio Walliarum principe
summam imperii pro patre tenente
Josepho Gas armigero Dumfriensis præfecto
Thoma F. Hunt Londinensi architecto
posuit

nomie Junis Anno Lucis MDCCLXXV
salutis humanæ MDCCCLV.

Written for the Casket.
LAMENT OF CANOVA.

When Napoleon informed Canova that the bust of himself was a failure, the sculptor replied, "Sire! the clouded sky of France does not inspire me like the warm sun of Italy."

My hand hath lost the wondrous power,
Which almost made the marble speak,
And oft I curse the luckless hour
I left my sunny clime, to seek
In distant lands a deathless name,
To shine upon the scroll of Fame.

Though bright thy vine-clad hills appear,
Of Genius, France, thou art the grave!
There is no flower-wreathed Arno here,
No Tiber with its yellow wave;
Nor crumbling fane, nor classic shrine
To fill the breast with thoughts divine.

The feathered monarch of the air,
Denied the glorious light of day,
The plumage from his breast will tear,
And, sorrow-stricken, pine away;
France thou art lovely! but my eye
Grows dim beneath thy clouded sky.

Italia! thou art dear to me,
Though fled alas thy day of power;
And though thy sons degenerate be
Still beauty is thy glorious dower;
Thou art the Paradise of earth
The mother which to arts gave birth!

Land! where the partial God of day,
His beam of gold delights to shed,
The classic pilgrim loves to stray
Where shrined, repose thy mighty dead!
And still the splendor of thy sky
Gives lightening to the poet's eye.

Sweet perfume from thy orange-bowers
By gentle winds are ever brought;
The painter from thy deep-dyed flowers
His matchless colouring hath caught;
A name thy clime alone can give,
Which mine own statutes will outlive.

AVON BARD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
**On returning a Lady her Miniature and a
Lock of her Hair.**

There is one spot to my memory dear,
Would that it were as dear to thine—
It is that spot where first I clasped
Thine own fair hand in mine.

It is a spot o'er which is cast
Remembrance saddened by my tears—
One sunny spot—the first—the last—
Amidst the waste of blighted years.

It is that spot where first I told thee,
The deep, pure love my bosom felt;
Thou didst not then regard me coldly,
But smiled upon me as I knelt.

Now, broken by thy thoughtless hand,
The spells thy love once round me threw,
Have passed like pictures, traced in sand—
Like summer clouds, or morning dew. W. M.

Written for the Casket.
**Washaloo, the Indian Sachem:
OR, FAITH UNBROKEN.**

"Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
His courage dwelt not in a troubled flood
Of mountain spirits and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue overruld,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown.—ANDERSON."

"Si sciens fallo, me Diespiter, salva urbe arceque, bonis
ejiciat ut ego hunc lapidem."—FEST. AP. LIL.

In the year 1682, did the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, a philanthropist no less renowned for the benevolence of his heart than for the liberality of his enlarged views, conclude a treaty with some Indian nations, under the wide spreading branches of an *Elm Tree*, that stood upon the banks of the Delaware at Shackamaxon.—This compact, unlike most others, it is well known, was never violated on the part of the natives. Cemented by the indissoluble bonds of justice and religious solemnity, and subsequently confirmed by a beneficent deportment towards the aborigines, Penn secured their lasting friendship; and thus, whilst blood and carnage, breach of faith and base ingratitude, on mutual sides, followed close upon the heels of similar contracts, the stability of this **GRAND TREATY** stood unshaken—firm as the basis of the majestic and stupendous Chimborazo, around whose head the heavens war without effect; at whose feet the earth rocks in vain.

Among the sachems who negotiated the articles of treaty with William Penn, when the tomahawk and scalping knife were hung upon the tree of peace, and the pipe of friendship was smoked under the shadow of its luxuriant branches, was the celebrated warrior, **WASHALOO**, the subject of the following tale. As Lucifer shines resplendent among the stars of the morning, so did Washaloo among the children of nature; what Achilles had been in the Grecian camps before Troy, such was Washaloo upon the soil of America. Nature, in bestowing upon him the corporeal energy of an Ajax Telamon, did not withhold those more noble qualities, the wisdom and prudence of an Ulysses. Did he prove his prowess on the field of battle? The proud spirit of King Philip, of Mount Hope, was compelled to acknowledge his superiority—the scalps of a host of victims bore witness to it. Did he claim the merit of being an expert hunter?—Common consent awarded to him the high honor; as he passed, old women raised up their children to behold the man, and young women held down their heads and blushed at his approach.

Sheer ignorance of the manners and customs, habits and disposition of the Indians, has too often sanctioned the despicable cant of traducing and calumniating them in unmeasured terms, both in regard to their physical and moral nature. *Savages*, we are pleased to call them, merely because their ideas of men, principles, and things, do not quadrate with ours, which we would fain regard as the perfection of civility—aye, the rule and touchstone by which to test the refinement of other nations; but, in point of po-

liteness and hospitality, the customs of the white man compared with those of the Indian, are surely put to the blush. Those, whom the vanity of the civilized world has seen fit to stigmatize as barbarians, have, indeed, in all ages and countries, been allowed in an eminent degree, the virtue of hospitality. The wild Arabs are celebrated for it; on this account did the Greeks applaud the Scythians. With regard to politeness, the rules of the Indian are carried to such an extreme, that it may really be looked upon as a positive evil, inasmuch as his notions on this subject do not permit him to contradict or refuse his assent to any proposition made in his presence.

In holding public councils, the greatest order and decorum obtain; the front rank is occupied by the old men; the warriors hold the next, and the women and children are placed hindmost. When young, the Indian men perform the duties of hunters and warriors; when old, that of counsellor devolves upon them; but to him only who has faced the enemy on the field of battle, is allowed the privilege of addressing the audience in a tone of authority. Hence, eloquence is one of the chief objects of their ambition, since this power alone, exerted in popular assemblies, may control the destiny of nations. The duty of the women consists in rearing the children, cultivating the soil, preparing the food, and in preserving and transmitting to posterity, a traditional history of all public transactions. The deeds of valor performed by the hand of the young and chivalrous warrior, find an ample reward in the smiles of his sweetheart. Is he unsuccessful in the chase?—In vain does he solicit the hand of youthful beauty. The butt of general ridicule, even the old women tauntingly invite him to remain at home and perform the more congenial offices of scouring pots and nursing children.

But two predominant passions hold a place in the breast of the North American Indian, friendship and revenge. Their passions are slowly moved, but when once excited, they manifest the most inveterate malignity and cold-blooded cruelty towards their enemies. That their ideas of revenge are cruel and vindictive in the extreme, visiting their wrongs, regardless either of age or sex, upon the innocent of the race from whom they have sustained injury, no one will be disposed to deny; but, that they have been, and still remain a deeply injured and persecuted people, is certainly not the less true. The whites on the frontiers have, indeed, been represented as no less ferocious and inhuman—both parties delighting in blood, and languishing in peace.—However, to estimate properly the character of the red men, it must not be forgotten that it was a border warfare, conducted in a manner peculiar to the situation in which a certain concurrence of circumstances had placed the two people. It is not at all surprising that the jealousy and resentment of the natives were roused into action, when they beheld their white neighbors gradually encroaching upon their hunting grounds, thus invading their most sacred rights—a right, granted by the God of nature; and when their passions were often still more inflamed by the misrepresentations of artful and reckless agents.

Indomitable chivalry in battle, unexampled

fortitude in adversity, and wonderful talents in eloquence, are, in a word, the chief characteristics of this once numerous and powerful people, who have been compelled gradually to recede before the advancing step of their Anglo-Saxon conquerors. The primitive lords of the forest have vanished from the presence of the descendants of Penn; the terrific sound of his deathsong and war-whoop, has long since died away—he is no longer to be seen on the borders of the Atlantic; but, already driven beyond the mighty river of the west, the period is not far distant, when the remnant of this ill-starred nation, pushed to the shores of the Pacific, will become an extinct race! In surveying his present degraded destiny, the eye of humanity is forced to shed the sympathetic tear; for, had the white man performed but a tythe of his duty, he would not be doomed to grovel in abject misery and degradation. The intellectual capacity and moral affections with which nature has endowed the brothers of the twenty-four fires, render them capable of pursuing the paths of refined and civilized life—of treading the flowery mazes of the arts and sciences. Many a high-souled genius, wrought for immortality, and stamped with the patent of the Deity, for want of proper culture, has returned to his parent dust, unknown and undeveloped. Some WASHINGTON, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant—some JEFFERSON, whose philosophic spirit, like the bright luminary of day, shot forth the effulgent rays of his genius, to illuminate the mind of a young republic—some FRANKLIN, who, Prometheus-like, tore the lightning from the heavens, "*eripuit fulmen coelo*," and subjected it to the dominion of his philosophy—may all, at this moment, banished beyond the Mississippi, be dragging out a miserable existence, estranged from the fountain of true wisdom and of knowledge.

But, despite of envy, the Treaty of Penn will stand in bold relief on the page of history, as a cenotaph, more immutable than marble, more durable than brass, to rescue the national honor of the persecuted Indian, from the foul opprobrium by which it has been so wantonly aspersed; it demonstrates, clear as the light of the meridian day, that the American native, when dealing with the spirit of a Penn, will cling to his word with unshaken adherence and religious devotion.

The character I have portrayed under the title of Washaloo, is not an imaginary one; along the vast sweep from the estuary of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Sabine, thousands, possessed of such moral and intellectual powers, have risen, flourished, and died, like the flower that

— "Is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Whereas, had their feats of valor been performed under the extended wings of the Roman or American Eagle, the laurel wreath of victory would have decorated the warrior's throbbing temples, and the trumpet of fame would have sounded pæans of praise in celebration of his triumph; the page of history would have recorded his imperishable renown, and the nation's gratitude would have bid the gorgeous mausoleum to arise, and the sculptured marble to start

forth into the form and features of animate man; to perpetuate the glory of his venerated name.

But to proceed to our immediate subject. In the peaceful possession of sovereign power, blessing his people and by his people blessed, Washaloo reigned for many years over his tribe on the Delaware. His steady justice, impartiality, and public faith, rendered him the arbiter of surrounding nations, when contention distracted their peace. If a stronger power attempted to subjugate a weaker one, over which it had no equitable right, the arms of Washaloo were always interposed in behalf of the oppressed. He never engaged in any enterprise that could interrupt the harmony subsisting between himself and other tribes; but, wherever the beacon of even-handed justice directed the way, thither he led his invincible warriors. Of this nature was that ever memorable and distressing contest, well known under the name of the Rhode Island chief, King Philip's War, whose grand object was, totally to extirpate the English. The reason assigned, on the part of the Indians, for this movement, which occurred a few years antecedent to Penn's Treaty, was, the rapid extension of the European settlements, affording a well grounded apprehension that they would, ere long, be wholly dispossessed of their hunting grounds; a bitter provocation moreover existed in the circumstance of several Indians being betrayed on board of a vessel, and thus treacherously sold for slaves. To attain his end the more effectually, Philip combined all the forces of the various tribes whose assistance could be enlisted in the cause. In this juncture of affairs, it did not escape his eagle eye that could he obtain the co-operation of Washaloo and his warriors, from the Delaware, his confederacy would receive a vast accession of strength. The Delaware chief, considering the war sanctioned by reason and justice, acceded to the proposition of the Rhode Island sachem, and immediately hastened to join the coalition. Shortly before his arrival, the Narraganset warriors had sustained a severe defeat, when the English, with savage cruelty, burnt about six hundred wigwams, with all their defenceless inmates, consisting of old men, women and children. His presence was consequently hailed with great exultation by the natives, and not without adequate reason, since his name alone struck terror to the hearts of the dispirited, although partially successful colonists, and infused a new spirit of animation into the souls of his own countrymen. The face of the war now assumed a new aspect; the tide of success quickly reverted its course, and in a current too, that was nigh overwhelming the English. Although not ultimately successful, yet Washaloo sustained his high character throughout the whole conflict; day after day did he unceasingly display the valor of his arms; whole hecatombs of victims were untimely sent to the shades of death, weltering in their gore.

Passing over the diversified events of many horrid scenes, which signalized that bloody period of American history, the circumstances connected with the fate of Captain Wadsworth and his intrepid band of fifty men, from Boston, demand a passing notice. Having encountered a small party of Indians, who fled from him as if

under the influence of fear, Wadsworth pursued them about a mile into the woods, where, thus drawn into ambuscade, he was surrounded by the warriors of Washaloo. Like the host of Roderick Dhu, it appeared as if their mother earth had produced a warlike birth of subterranean warriors. Grim death appeared on every side like a spectre led on by an infernal fury, denying even the hope of flight to those whose limbs yet possessed nerve enough to obey the mandates of the will. A desperate engagement ensued; the crimson current of life flowed around in a deluge; but what could the bravery of a handful of Bon-tonians avail before the death-dealing blows of a far superior number of raging antagonists, whose fury exceeded that of lions and tigers, laniating the shepherd with the flock. Few were so unfortunate as to be taken alive; and into their phrenzied minds, despair precluded even the ingress of the cheering rays of hope, that only solace of human misery; but fired it still more, by the gloomy anticipations of the protracted tortures of a lingering dissolution!

This victory, however, was a dearly purchased one to armipotent Washaloo; for among the mortally wounded, was his own son Mianko, who had always accompanied him in his warlike expeditions, and upon whom he had doated with the warmest affections of a father.—Yes, he, whose youthful aspect wore the impress of a parent's grandeur and exalted mien, also partook, in an eminent degree, of a father's courage, vigor, and dexterity. The just pride of an heroic camp, the high hopes of a paternal chieftain's heart, who fondly saw, in the perspective, an old age of happiness and a posterity of glory, the orient orb of day had beheld him arrayed in all the fantastic trappings of savage warfare. Lycarn's hide, a trophy yet maculate with the vital current that followed the lethiferous arrow of young Mianko, now served the purpose of a corselet for his breast, whilst the ample spoils of the Buffalo, hung loosely over his back in graceful ostentation, over which floated his long black hair, more beautiful than that of Atys or Gany-mede. Across his shoulder the bended bow and well stocked quiver hung negligently suspended, and a speckled baldrick sustained the scalping knife that glittered at his side; whilst in his warlike hand, a thirsty tomahawk of polished steel, he swung with easy grace. His neck and arms, no less than his ears and nose, bore precious tokens of his high rank and pedigree; a crimson tuft of feathers supplied a helmet's place; and, last of all, his variegated visage, streaked with black and vermillion red, seemed to claim for him some demoniacal affinity.

But ah! the fatal contrast! Before bright Phœbus's chariot had run his daily course, the disconsolate father embraced in his arms the body of his dying son, the lustre of whose black eyes was now being gradually extinguished in the sable shades of death; his long black tresses, stiff with dust and clotted blood, now gave him a ghastly appearance; his voice sent forth a faultering tone; a hollow groan issued from his breast, and a cold sweat overspread his body—the indications of approaching dissolution.

Washaloo still pressed him to his bosom in agony that pierced his very soul; and, in his trans-

port of grief, he burst into bitter complaint against the cruelty of fortune. "Ah! wretched man," exclaimed he, in his vernacular tongue, "to have once felt the unbounded pleasure arising from the possession of an heroic, a generous, and a dutiful son! Wherefore, O great and universal Spirit, did I not suffer death when chasing the shaggy white bear in the regions of the setting sun? Why, O ye cruel Powers, that delight in the calamities of mortals, did ye not order the arrows of the enemy, thirsting for my blood, to drink up the very fountain, when courting danger on the banks of the Mississippi in the days of my youth? Then—then indeed, should I have died in glory, unalloyed with the bitterness of death!" His thoughts now turned upon his wife and children;—the scenes of his home upon the banks of the Delaware, now crowded upon his mind, where the light of heaven had first blessed his infant view, endeared to him by all the liveliest and fondest associations that entwine themselves around the tenderest sympathies of the human heart; but they, alas! soothed not the hour of his despair. Bursting into another paroxysm of grief, he sobbed aloud: "Is this but a dream from which I shall awake?—No! ah, no! it is dreadful reality! O, my son! my dear son, Mianko! would that I could have died in thy stead! The winds of autumn, rushing through the forest, waft away the leaves that are searest—the hands of the reaper cut down the ears that are ripened into golden harvest, but death, alas! has found thee in the flower of youth, and in the full pride of manhood! Yet, thank the Great Spirit, covered with honorable wounds, thou diest as it becomes a warrior! In the midst of danger and of glory thou didst willingly meet the death of a hero!"

Mianko, having revived his spirits a little, looked up and made an effort to express the last token of his tenderness, but his torpid lips refused their wonted office; the languor of death quickly succeeded, and a few convulsive sobs announced the presence of Mercury, who, with his magic wand, liberated the soul from the chains of the body, and conducted the shade, by the dim twilight, to the confines of that gloomy region into which it was destined to be conveyed by the boat of Charon. Washaloo was now again seized with a fit of despair, when, had his rash hand not been restrained by his friends, he would have put a period to his own existence with that scalping knife which had ever been impatient to drink the warm and bubbling blood of his enemies.—The corse of Mianko, silently sleeping in the cold embraces of death, and doomed no more to hear the shouts of war, was then forced from the arms of the father, when nature, exhausted in the raging conflict of the body and the soul, sought repose in a state of quiet insensibility.

In the mean time preparations were being actively made to immolate the captives upon the altar of the god of war, among whom was a youth, whose tender years were better suited to the private walks of social life, than to undergo the toils and hardships inseparable from a soldier's duty. Influenced by the ardor of pure patriotism, he had foregone the pleasures of the fireside in exchange for the horrors of war; with the sword in one hand and a torch in the other, he had

volunteered his services in that sanguinary contest, which swept away the flower of the New England Colonies. When the deep and solemn silence of midnight was continually broken by the shrill and frantic war-whoop of the savage, exulting in his cold blooded deeds of havoc and death, and by the expiring cries of innocent victims, whose doleful shrieks were borne upon the gale and echoed through the deep recesses of the forest, whilst the crackling elements cast a lurid glare over a heart-rending scene that beggars description. When the sun of prosperity, which one moment shone forth in meridian splendor, was, the next, concealed behind the black horizon of accumulated misfortunes. But the weal of his country's glory, bleeding at every pore, cried aloud for succor; nor did she cry in vain—the proud spirit of young Templeton knew not to disobey the righteous summons, for which he was now to suffer the ignominious death of the faggot and the stake.

His turn came first; the horrors of a lingering dissolution now stared him in the face; the flames began to sparkle among the combustible materials of his torture, but, undismayed by impending prospects, he calmly surveyed the tragic scene, resolved to die with the fortitude of a man and the resignation of a christian. By this time Washaloo, who had regained sufficient strength, arrived on the spot; infuriate vengeance was depicted on his countenance; flourishing in his herculean hand the naked blade, yet stained with the purple gore of slaughtered enemies, the scorching prisoner anticipated a speedy consummation of all his woes and torments; but, on a sudden, the fierceness of the warrior's eye relaxed into the mild expression of paternal affection, and the disappointed captive beheld his bonds lying at his feet, himself unharmed! What could all this mean? The passion of the love of offspring now held predominant sway over the intellectual operations, and impelled the bereft father to pacify the irresistible importunities of nature, by adopting the youthful prisoner. Awed into silence by the majesty of the dreadful son of Mars, not a murmur escaped the lips of Templeton's tormentors, who, with augmented fury, applied the instruments of a cruel death to the remaining captives; whilst the adopted son, caressed in the chieftain's arms, knew full well, that as long as Washaloo should breathe the vital air, no impious hand would dare molest a single hair of his head.

But the days of Templeton's captivity passed away slowly and heavily. Although secure from personal violence, yet the noble spirit that prompted him to aid his country's cause, could ill brook his inglorious restraint. Studiously endeavoring to seclude himself from all human intercourse, he sought the most lonely solitudes, where he frequently indulged in soliloquizing upon his degraded destiny.

"The love of liberty," said he, "is a principle that reigns through all animated nature. The most contemptible reptile of the field, no less than the lord of the forest, either terror-stricken flies from the monster that would deprive it of liberty, or, with commendable courage, repels the tyrant at the hazard of its own life. Who has not seen the encaged songster of the grove, lo-

ing all the loveliness of its disposition and drooping its gaudy plumage, pining away in unavailable grief within the precincts of those barriers that separate it from the flowery fields, and from the companion of its pleasures? Who has not seen the majestic lion, in the proverbial nobleness of his nature, uttering groans of agony at his cruel destiny, and striking with indignation the bars of his prison? And shall man, the lord of Creation—aye, that immortal being to whom the God of Nature whispers *os tibi sublimis dedit*, meanly bow his neck to the foot of the oppressor in spiritless submission?"

One day he was so fortunate as to discover, among some neglected rubbish, several books, which served in a great degree to shorten the tedious hours of captivity and solitude.

"Happy," exclaimed he, "are they who, despising the tumultuous and enervating pleasures of the body, seek amusement in the cultivation of the mind. Wherever the caprice of fortune may cast their lot, the means of employment are still within their reach. The supreme delight which reading and reflection now afford me, dispels that weary listlessness which renders life insupportable to the idle and voluptuous votary of ease and sensuality."

Imitating the fabled example of Telemachus in Egypt, and of Apollo during his exile in Thesaly, he resolved to improve his time in imparting knowledge to those around him; he studiously infused into the expanding mind of the young savage those principles of truth and virtue, by which human existence is heightened into felicity; he taught him how to enjoy those uncorrupted pleasures which, flying from the mansions of the rich, seek the abode of the humble and contented cottager—the pleasures of innocence and retirement, which are not dependent upon the caprice of fortune.

On a pleasant evening in the month of May, conformably to daily custom, the sachem's adopted son, George Templeton, walked out to inhale the salutary breeze and to enjoy the beauties of nature. The bright luminary of day was just sinking behind a tissue of clouds tinged with his glory. The hoarse rumbling of distant falling waters contrasted beautifully with the whispering zephyrs and the murmuring waves of the silver rivulet, that glided hastily through an adjacent meadow, which lovely Ceres had just clothed in verdant livery; whilst Flora, luxuriating in her wildest exuberance, was putting forth her buds and blossoms variegated with a thousand hues, and exhaling a grateful fragrance. The summits of the distant hills were hid in massy clouds, decorated in all the various colors of the goddess of the painted bow, which diversified the glowing horizon with pleasing and romantic figures. Although all nature thus harmoniously conspired to produce a rapid flow of agreeable feelings, yet entirely the converse of this held absolute sway over the mind of young George; ever and anon, did he attempt to shake off this mental incubus by directing his attention to the majestic grandeur of the surrounding scenery; but its genial influence was invoked in vain.

Suddenly his attention is attracted by the noisy tumult of a returning party of warriors, bearing in their arms the body of a female, who appeared

to be wholly insensible to all surrounding objects. This sad spectacle instantly excited in his generous breast feelings of sympathy and of indignation; but to what pitch did his passions attain when, on their near approach, he discovered the captive to be a lovely and charming girl, whose dishevelled tresses had scarce been warmed with sixteen summers; the bloom of whose countenance had given way to the ashy paleness of death—whose roseate cheeks and vermilion lips were forsaken by the crimson current, now stilled and stagnant in their own vital channels; and whose swimming eyes, so beautifully black, were suffused with misty shades, and obeyed no more the mandates of her soul, wandering on the verge of death! But the shaft of the destroying angel had not yet winged its flight; the mysterious principles of vitality had merely suspended their functions, soon to be resumed with renewed vigor.

George beheld the scene—a scene, what obdurate heart could behold without compassion?—over which it were fit the sensibility of an angel's heart might expand in pitying floods of grief; cost what it may, he resolved to rescue the fair prize, nor did he resolve in vain.

Straightway he turned his steps to the tent of Washaloo, by whom he was welcomed with heart-felt caresses and parental smiles.

"What sorrows now," said he, "afflict thy youthful breast? Make known the cause to him that loves thee best;—a parent's sympathetic heart cannot deny thee aught."

"Thy bold warriors," replied the son, "have just returned laden with their accustomed spoils, the fruits of matchless bravery; the chance of bloody war this day has bestowed upon their hands a heavenly prize, too soon, alas! to reascend to the home of her nativity, upon the pyre, unless thy behest now stays the uplifted hand of death! Grant then, oh father!—a son's request! Vengeance, already glutted, may well relax a moment in its path of blood! Restore to liberty the blooming prize, again to bless a father's sorrowing eyes—again to meet a mother's warm embrace!"

These words, accompanied with a flood of tears, the melting heart of Washaloo could not resist.

"I grant, I grant," hastily rejoined the father, "that her life be saved. Although thou hast made a great and unprecedented demand upon my sovereign power, yet my love for thee, boundless as immensity itself, urges me to sanction thy request. Receive, my son, this mark of favor as a special pledge of my affection."

The stern command of Washaloo now issues forth; the beauteous prize of war departs in reluctant haste from its savage possessors' hands, soon to know the sad realities that had befallen her.

Overwhelmed with joy, young Templeton now saw his high hopes accomplished; but the object of his solicitude required his ceaseless care to guard the lamp of life still flickering in its vital socket. Joyful he sees her laboring bosom heave in deep inspiration, as the fragrant breeze plays gently among her neglected tresses. Again her pulses beat the stroke of time, and recal her wandering senses from the shades of death, and

replace the mind upon her native throne. Roused, as it were, from a dream, she casts about her vacant eyes, unable to recognize surrounding objects, until at length they centered in steadfast gaze upon her unknown deliverer. By him the balm of consolation was administered to her drooping spirits;—by him the visionary thoughts which yet hovered around her distracted brain, were dispelled, as the rays of the rising sun dissipate the impendent mist of the mountain top; and in him she found a being whose every look and gesture told her, plainer than words could indicate, that his own happiness consisted in her contentment, which she certainly enjoyed so far as the peculiar circumstances of their condition would admit.

A few days passed by, and the captive girl, Isabel Stewart, was again restored to blooming health; the delicate glow of the sweet rose resumed its native station on her lovely cheek; and her naturally vivacious eye again shone forth in brilliant and sparkling lustre. Having attained that age when female beauty possesses the most attractive charms of which it is susceptible, it were utterly vain for me to attempt the task of delineating her unrivalled corporeal and mental qualities. Would that I could, at this moment, inherit the descriptive talent of a Scott, a Byron, or a Thompson, that I might do adequate justice to this *chef d'œuvre* of nature.

"She had the Asiatic eye,
Dark as above us is the sky;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moon-rise at midnight—
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream
Which seemed to melt in its own beam:
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire."

Her unsullied brow was partly overshadowed with rich clusters of jet black hair, that hung abundantly in careless tresses, the sport of every breeze, upon her finely moulded neck and stainless bosom; an irresistibly captivating smile played about her sweet lips and cast, as it were, a halo of enchantment around her angelic countenance. With proportions so symmetrical as to contest the palm of victory with the light and graceful Hebe—with a heart as innocent and spotless as the new-fallen snow; and blessed by nature with an amiableness of disposition and unsophisticated purity of mind, that far excelled her external qualities, George beheld the youthful being whose life he had been the fortunate means of preserving from an untimely end—aye, George, who had also arrived at that age, when strange mysterious thoughts take possession of the soul—a flame—

"O need I tell that passion's name?"

at whose altar both the monarch and the peasant bow with equally submissive obedience, and the resistless fascination of whose burning shafts declares its celestial emanation.

When we consider the peculiar circumstances under which Isabel and George had become acquainted, in connection with the striking similitude manifested in the mental endowments, the nobleness of heart, and the prepossessing exterior of both, the presumption that a mutual attachment also obtained, follows as a natural con-

sequence, inasmuch, as true moral excellence is always capable of appreciating and ready to acknowledge the inestimable value of similar virtues. Now, would this be a mistaken inference, for such was the actual reality of the case. Cupid, the arch rogue, not content with exercising absolute sway in the groves of Idalia, is ever upon the wing to obtain new conquests, when, by lucky chance, he observed these two fit subjects, and instantly drew from his quiver two golden arrows, with which he transfixed their hearts, and diffused imperceptibly through their breasts his unquenchable fires. Henceforth, whenever Isabel and George came into each other's presence, whether upon the flowery lawn, the margin of the silvery streamlet, or the uncourtly wigwam, a mutual embarrassment appeared to prevail. Although a natural inclination induced them to converse, yet neither was able to maintain the thread of the discourse, which was always incoherent, sometimes quite unintelligible, and at the same time interrupted by frequent sighing, by violent palpitations of the heart, and anon, by a sensation of instant suffocation; their countenances became suffused with deep and burning blushes, which, by the way, added new lustre to their beauty, and served to enkindle the nascent flame—the prelude to that intense ardor, which quickly insinuates itself into the innermost recesses of their souls.

What, however, appeared most mysterious was, that neither could account for these remarkable phenomena—phenomena, which appeared to them wholly inexplicable, upon general principles, being, in fact, powerful effects without the shadow of an operating cause; hence, all their fine spun philosophy was totally confounded. Little, indeed, did their innocence permit them to know of the Protean shapes which love assumes, when entering the secret labyrinths of the human heart! These singular sensations, however, were soon succeeded by a different train of feelings; this peculiar embarrassment, which is totally incompatible with all our ideas of that happiness which lovers derive from each other's presence, quickly yielded its place to a state of mind, favorable for the communication and reception of those tender sentiments which are the offspring of true love.

Not far from the respective habitations of Isabel and George, was a romantic grotto, formed in a stratum of solid limestone, whither, the monarch of day sinking into the bosom of the western deep, would always behold our lovers wending their way, since Cupid had roused up their tender passions. This grotto, embellished with the rural simplicity of nature, despised such studied ornaments as gold or silver can bestow; instead of the richly colored tapestry, fabricated by the utmost efforts of human ingenuity, nature's architect had garnished the entrance with racemiferous vines, suspended after the manner of rich festoons, the lively verdure of which was adorned with the delicious fruit of Bacchus; whilst its various apartments were decorated with more than regal pomp and oriental splendor. Immediately upon entering, the visitor found himself in a room of large dimensity, with a hemispherical roof, where the virtuous might indulge his ruling passion in contemplating *lunus naturæ* in

her wildest and most capricious pranks. From various parts of the ceiling, beautiful cream-colored and diaphanous stalactites projected in fantastic grandeur, over which an aqueous fluid was incessantly flowing, which petrified at their extremities; and thus perpetually enlarging, some had finally reached the floor, representing massy columns supporting the spacious dome; here and there were niches in the wall, containing gigantic figures, as it were, the monuments of departed heroes; and anon, by way of variety, different species of insects and of reptiles, branching antlers, and various antiquarian relics, that had, ages before, undergone the slow process of petrification, met the inquisitive eye. In another place was represented, to the vivid imagination, a magnificent throne, with three embossed pillars on either side, and a number of dazzling stalactites above, whilst in front the petrifications had assumed the appearance of rich and heavy drapery; the *tout ensemble* of which, when illuminated by torches, as the suspended drops at the extremities of the stony icicles, performed the part of prisms, exhibited to the view a scene than which the poet's brain could not well conceive a more sublime and imposing spectacle. In front of the grotto stood an aged oak, whose towering summit had repelled the storms of successive generations; and although its mouldering trunk bore evident marks of the hand of time, yet its thick foliage of verdant green was impervious to the ardent rays of the sun. Beneath this cool, refreshing shade, there gently flowed a bubbling brook, whose translucent waves waltzed in sportful eddies around the projecting rocks and abrupt flexures of the meandrous banks, which serpentine with pleasing intricacy through a luxuriant meadow, where nature had spread out her verdant carpet, variegated with the various hues of a thousand flowers. And from these flowers, where the hum of the industrious honey bee is incessantly heard, emanated a delightful effluvia, which impregnated the gentle zephyrs with a grateful fragrance.

Under the wide spreading boughs of this venerable oak, sacred to the memory of Jove, the delightful summer evenings glided happily away. Here the lovers breathed into each other's souls the ardor of their affections, and the fervor of their feelings. Here was made a mutual avowal of that mysterious flame which, during the smiles of prosperity and the frowns of adversity, remains the same—nay, more; which, when the agonizing fires of sickness and sorrow are consuming the tender vital cords of its object, shines forth with augmented lustre. It is then, indeed, that this virtuous passion appears in its own true image, being like the protecting ivy, which encircles more closely the withering trunk of the age-stricken oak, as the storms of winter rage with increasing fury.

In the contemplation of two such lovers as these, whose ardent vows were as free from the least tincture of corruption as their unpractised hearts were from the alloy of guilt, there is something that affords peculiar satisfaction—that impresses the mind with something more than natural. Here is presented a devotion as pure and immaculate as that of a dying martyr—a passion so ethereal, that if there be aught of mor-

talinity that can survive the grave, this certainly must. Nurtured in the bosom of rural solitude, simplicity and openness of manners were principal traits in the character of Isabel, whose innocent and unsuspecting heart was the seat of affections of a nature too subtle to be perceived by the obtuse senses of the vicious, into whose perceptions the grosser passions can alone find an entrance. The felicity to be derived from a union with a female of this stamp, cannot possibly be estimated; for, as her devotion is more intense than that of the fiery enthusiast, so her love is more priceless than the inexhaustible mines of Peru and Golconda. "I would rather," says a certain author, "be the idol of one unsullied and unpractised heart, than the monarch of empires. I would rather possess the immaculated and impassioned devotion of one high-souled and enthusiastic virgin, than the sycophantic flatterings of millions."

Meanwhile, as Isabel and George were beguiling time upon the banks of the silver rivulet, whose borders were adorned with the rose, the jessamine, and honeysuckle, the war between the red and the white men was hastily approximating its issue, which the young captives regarded as a favorable opportunity to escape from their protracted, though not rigorous imprisonment. On the part of the Indians, defeat followed close upon the heels of defeat, until they were scarcely able to make the show of resistance. Philip had been to solicit the alliance of the Mohawks, the most fierce and warlike of all the North American Indians; but this important mission proved unsuccessful. Skulking about in the woods and swamps near Mount Hope, on his return, much disheartened by the series of misfortunes which attended the exertions of his countrymen, this renowned chief was surprised by Capt. Church, and the greater number of his few remaining adherents were put to the sword; and among the prisoners were his own wife and son; Philip, however, found means to effect his own escape. Hunted down like a wild beast, and exasperated by the repeated failure of all his ambitious schemes, he now basely attempted to repair his own losses at the expense of one of his most faithful auxiliaries. The recent deprivation of his son, proved to him a severe affliction, which impelled him to demand of Washaloo the son that he had adopted. So unreasonable a request did not fail to excite the just anger and indignation of the latter, who resisted this arrogant assumption of power with that firmness which had always marked his character. A bitter altercation ensued, which resulted in a single combat between the two chiefs; and, as a consequence, Washaloo withdrew his warriors from the field of action and departed for his own dominions.

Having no prospect of attaining his object by peaceable means, Philip rashly endeavored to secure Templeton by force, when the Delaware sachem rushed upon him with a ferocity like that of the mountain cat, guarding her young. Unrelenting vengeance and hostile fury were now expressed in the looks of the combatants—their eyes sparkled with fire like those of the lion and tiger, when they fight upon the extensive plains fertilized by the Ganges. Now they are in close grapple, shoulder to shoulder and foot to foot,

with their arms entwined like serpents around each other. To either might then, indeed, the encouraging exclamation of the poet have been offered:

"Now, gallant knight, now hold thy own,
No maiden's arms are round thee thrown."

Each one exerted his utmost skill and strength to throw his adversary—at one time by mere force, at another by surprise; at length Washaloo, summoning up all his native energy of body, in an unguarded moment, threw himself forward with so desperate an effort, that the muscles of the back of Philip gave way; he fell to the ground and received upon himself his brawny antagonist. During this violent struggle, both had been so closely engaged that neither was able to make use of his scalping-knife until this moment, when Washaloo, having fairly secured his opponent upon the ground, seized Philip's own blade, and brandished it victoriously through the air. The image of death now stared Philip in the face; but he was too much of a hero to quake at its presence. Finding resistance vain, he bared his bosom and cried aloud, "Strike;" but instead of the blood of the famous Rhode Island sachem streaming in vengeance upon the thirsty blade, the naked weapon dropped its point in peace.

"The brave honor the brave," was the reply; "and not when unarmed and powerless, can Washaloo sheath Philip's own scalping-knife, that has drunk the blood of thousands, into the breast of an heroic confederate chief. Live! but learn from your defeat, that there are principles of honor and justice to direct men in their intercourse among one another! With you my connexion is now eternally absolved!"

Thus was the life of Philip preserved, soon, however, to be sent to the gloomy regions of the dead by the hand of a Mohegan.

This open rupture between the chiefs, plainly indicated to the love-sick prisoners that the long meditated scheme of escaping, must be put into immediate execution, inasmuch as orders had already issued forth that every warrior be ready to take up the line of march at the dawn of the succeeding day. As no time was to be lost, it was at once agreed that shortly after midnight they would meet under the venerable oak at the mouth of the grotto, and then, as there could be no difficulty in obtaining a horse from a neighboring enclosure, the rising sun would find them far beyond the reach of their pursuers. The descending god of light now marked the silent approach of the grey twilight, and soon the shady veil of night overspread the hemisphere; whilst the earth seemed to gasp after the circumambient moisture. "Tired nature's sweet restorer" ere long sealed each mortal eye in the balmy blessings of the night, save the two captives, whose agitated souls refused the gifts of soft repose. The dead hour of midnight arrived, when George, with noiseless pace, stole forth from among surrounding savages, locked in the silent embrace of Morpheus; and the beauteous Isabel, with trembling steps, forsook her faithful protectress, whose anxious care, foreseeing her every wish, had always ministered to her wants with maternal kindness. As but a short distance

seemed then to separate the lovers, both anticipated the joyous meeting with exulting hearts. Alas! how futile are the most highly wrought schemes of mortals, when adverse fortune frowns. How soon are the balmy dreams of felicity rendered visionary, and succeeded by the heart-felt pangs of real and burning affliction! George arrived in safety at the appointed place; but Isabel, intercepted in her flight by straggling savages of a different tribe, when danger was least dreamed of, was doomed to experience another and a more protracted trial of wretched captivity. With painful anxiety he waited at the grotto for her arrival; every moment seemed an hour; in dreadful suspense he leaned forward and endeavored to catch the sound of her footsteps, borne upon the scarcely stirring breeze of the dark and dismal depth of night. At one time, half frantic with soul-felt anguish, he forebodes the most gloomy disasters; but the rustling of a few leaves again inspires his heart with the hope of her immediate presence, too soon, alas! to realize its fallacy. Again his mind relapses into its former mood; but anon, unwilling to give credence to such idle fears, he persuades himself into the belief that, wearied by the tedious vigil, her heavy eyelids had yielded to the gentle influence of sleep. In this manner did the heavy hours glide away, until the night was so far spent that prudence no longer warranted the hazard of the enterprize. He now ventured to approach the wigwam where he fondly supposed the dear object of his solicitude rested in quiet repose; and in confirmation of which, the melancholy silence of the grave reigned on every side. Ah! cruel delusion! Already the east began to indicate the dawn of approaching day, and to gild the courts of heaven with sacred light, when George, to avoid suspicion, sought his own tent with unwilling pace, resolved patiently to await an explanation of this mystery.

No sooner were the golden doors of morning again unlocked by the rosy fingers of Aurora, and had the stars of heaven, influenced alike with fear and envy at the diffusing beams of Phœbus, retired to conceal their fading fires in the bosom of the ocean, than the noisy tumult of raising the camp, resounded in every quarter; when George, his bosom heaving with the painful vicissitudes of hope and fear, approached with hasty strides the wigwam commonly occupied by Isabel and her uncivilized guardians, where he found the latter in great distress, occasioned by the absence of the important charge intrusted to her care. The feelings of Templeton can be better imagined than described, when he learned that she had disappeared during the night. A diligent search was immediately instituted; runners were sent out in various directions, but it was all in vain: no tidings of her having been seen or heard of, arrived by those that returned.

Among the bustling warriors, every countenance gleamed with the rays of delight; the buoyant hearts of all were elated with unbounded joy at the not far distant prospect of again beholding their long deserted homes, and all the fascinating scenes connected with that sacred name; but in the midst of this joyous jubilee the adopted son of Washaloo stood alone, seared, as it were, by the

lightnings of heaven. The bright hopes, which the day before were the cherished inmates of his breast, were now as a visionary dream; they had vanished like the glittering meteor that shoots athwart the firmament of night; the ideal images of felicity, upon which his lips had loved to dwell, and his extasied soul had delighted to linger in enraptured meditation, were now as burning coals to his bereaved and desolate heart. But, just on the eve of setting out upon their march homewards, one of the runners returned, bringing intelligence that a female captive had been seen the preceding night, in possession of a party of Indians, supposed to be from the Hudson River. This information afforded George a gleam of consolation and of hope, as their own route lay through that section of the country; but its effects were not unlike that of the vivid lightning, which flashes with a transient corrosion through the dismal darkness of a tempestuous night, serving only to render the benighted traveller more sensible of his gloomy condition.

Already are the deserted fortifications beyond the reach of the naked eye; onward they march day after day, no incident occurring to interrupt the monotonous regularity of their motion. However, the best directed efforts of Washaloo to obtain information relative to Isabel, proved utterly abortive; but onward still the valiant band progresses with measured pace, until finally the romantic Delaware, rolling along in silent dignity and majestic grandeur, bursts upon the eager gaze of the delighted sons of the forest. And soon a scene of heart-felt interest was displayed on the surface of its waters: with hasty sweeps the pliant oar urges forward through the liquid expanse a multitude of scattered canoes, laden with old men, women, and children, in whose countenances were strangely blended the sensations of pleasure and of pain; that, because the mind already feasts upon the exquisite delights flowing from an interview with one whomay constitute the charm of existence itself; and this, because some anxious fears, peradventure too well grounded, may forebode his absence in the returned ranks, having, long since, on the field of battle, glutted the cravings of a dog or vulture's voraciousness. Although George was received into the family of Washaloo with all imaginable marks of kindness, yet, to him, it was far from affording him the least gratification; Isabel was the all-engrossing object that wholly absorbed his every thought, and it was naught but her restoration that could restore his perturbed mind to its proper equilibrium. Her image every where pursued and unceasingly haunted him, as it were, an incubus preying upon the vitals of his constitution, and chaining the current of his heart's blood.

He made no attempt to desert the family of Washaloo; for his assistance, which was freely granted to the utmost of his power, held out the only plausible hope of regaining the lost object of his affections. Month after month passed heavily along; but the most steady exertions were unable to elicit the least knowledge in regard to the lost girl, until, finally despairing of ever again beholding the idol of his soul, he was nigh falling a victim to the influence of his depressing passions; the gifts of soft repose became a

stranger to his dejected eyes; mindless of food and drink, he wasted away with life-consuming sighs and sorrows—a sad spectacle of human woe. At length new prospects opened upon his view, affording a gleam of hope to his disconsolate and melancholy spirits; but it too was not unlike the forms traced upon the sand of the beach, by the finger of gay and thoughtless infancy—erased by the next breeze, or the succeeding tide—the eye discerns naught save the ever-changeable surface of the barren, chaotic strand.

Learning that a treaty was to be negotiated between various Indian tribes and an Englishman, named Penn, who had formed a settlement several miles above the confluence of the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers, he imagined that this convention would offer a favorable opportunity for ascertaining something in relation to the fate of Isabel; even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that her gentle and loving spirit had winged its flight to that undiscovered country whence no traveller returns, would have been far more preferable than his present state of dreadful uncertainty; for then, indeed, he would have cherished the fond hope that, ere long, his own spirit might roam with her's through the boundless regions of ethereal essence—those sacred domains of peace, which are neither invaded by war, thirsting for blood, nor by envy which, like a viper, wounds with envenomed tooth, the bosom that fostered this emblem of ingratitude—where the chilling frosts of winter and the burning heat of the dog-star are never felt—where fountains of living water and trees of life have a ceaseless existence—where the hunger of the soul is satiated with ambrosial food, the inexhaustible source of such pleasure and joy as a mother feels at the return of an only son, whom she believed to be dead; and where there is no death to cloud the meridian blaze of eternal light and life; but, absorbed in celestial radiance, the soul swims in sacred and supreme delight.

The period assigned for the concluding of the treaty arrived, and Washaloo, accompanied by his adopted son, attended in person, to whom the duty of officiating as chief arbiter on the side of the natives, was awarded by universal consent, in consideration of his well known character of steady justice and unwavering integrity. The conditions of the compact were soon amicably settled, with entire satisfaction to both parties; and the signature of Washaloo, once fixed upon the parchment, was a sufficient guarantee for the faithful performance of its stipulations. These national affairs being transacted, the personal concern of Templeton now claimed some notice. A diligent inquiry was instituted among the chiefs of the different tribes, as well as among the English settlers, but the result proved worse than vain; for the delightful vista of a last hope, the only solace that yet sustained his drooping spirits, was now obscured by the heavy clouds of disappointment. The cup of woe had been drained to its very dregs, and these too now fell to his afflictive lot; inexorable fate demanded a further sacrifice, and bitter indeed was the draught.

George was now undetermined whether to return with Washaloo, or to endeavor to escape and seek his way to Boston; but when he re-

flected that were he to fail in his attempt, the punishment of an ignominious death would be the consequence; and should he secrete himself among the colonists, and not be delivered up when demanded, open hostility would be the inevitable result; moreover, that he had now lost all reliſh for the enjoyments of ſocial life, and that exiſtence itſelf, on its preſent terms, was ſcarcely any longer deſirable,—his own inclinations led him to ſeek that ſolitude which the home of Waſhaloo afforded to his perturbed mind. Accordingly he returned to the roof of his Indian parent, more diſpirited than ever; a picture of ſad deſpair, he now wandered about among the children of nature, an iſolated being—aye, the verieſt miſanthrope in Chriſtendom.

Although Penn's Colony, conſidered as a whole, conſiſted of men no leſs remarkable for their purity of manners and honorable deportment, than for their ſteady obſervance of the principles of juſtice and integrity, yet, as in every other ſociety, there were ſome that utterly diſregarded even the common laws of morality. The depredations of this latter claſs upon their red neighbors, were high ſeveral times involving the whole ſettlement in a bloody conteſt with the natives; but the conciliating ſpirit of the illuſtrious Penn, always prevailed over the not unreaſonable wrath of the natives, burning with the deſire of fierce revenge; and thus, by ſatisfying the demands of juſtice, he not unfrequently brightened the chains of friendſhip, when the lowering clouds of the horizon threatened momentarily to burſt upon the heads of the coloniſts, with all the fury of the howling tempeſt.—In one of theſe rencontres, the Indians retaliated with ſuch ſpirit that the whites were obliged to ſeek ſafety by flight, to the no ſmall hazard of their own lives; but the Engliſh, entertaining an exalted opinion of their own ſuperiority, were unwilling to brook this outrage upon their dignity, and hence they determined to puniſh them for exerciſing the unwarrantable arrogance of aſſerting their own rights and liberties. With this object in view, they reſolved to put to death the firſt natives they ſhould meet, regardless either of age or ſex, fooliſhly imagining thus to intimidate the proud ſpirit which knows no reſtraint. Proceeding along the Delaware, a canoe was perceived at a conſiderable diſtance, ſlowly approaching—aye, a canoe, in which glided along the ſmooth waters, in imaginary ſecurity, all that is held moſt dear in the paternal boſom—a wife, and the ſacred pledges of their mutual affections. The helliſh ſouls of the whites now burned for the ſlaughter; each one, with his riſe, took unerring aim, and the next moment the shrieks of five innocent victims weltering in their gore, echoed along the banks of the Delaware. As each ball had played its mortal part, their ſufferings were but momentary, and ſoon the ſilence of the grave held dominion over the tragical event. *It was the family of Waſhaloo!*

The ſetting ſun was now darting his laſt rays obliquely acroſs the variegated landſcape bordering on the Delaware, when Waſhaloo, returning from a hunting excursion, obſerved a canoe ſilently floating along the current of the ſtream. His practiſed eye ſoon diſcovered from

its blood-ſtained ſides, that the hand of death had been at work. Urged by motives of humanity, he ſwam into the river with the laudable intention of bringing the canoe to the ſhore, and conſecrating upon its tenants the rites of burial; but what mind can conceive the intensity of anguiſh that penetrated his ſoul, when he recognized in the ghately and diſtorted countenances of the enſanguined victims, thoſe whom he had left that morning under his own roof, the abode of hoſpitality, in the full enjoyment of health and proſperity! The boated wealth of language wears but the garb of penury, when employed in the deſcription of a ſcene like this;—the moſt highly wrought representation of ſoul-felt horror and dark deſpair, portrays but in faint colors the ſtern reality. But, in the miſt of this lamentable ſcene, his wonted firmneſs of mind did not, for a moment, forſake him; the remains of the dead demanded the performance of a laſt office, which he reſolved forthwith to have accompliſhed.—With his mournful cargo he immediately proceeded homewards, where the direful ſpectacle did not fail to excite in the breaſts of his warriors the fierceſt paſſions of revenge, the ſudden ebullition of which, even the ſternneſs of Waſhaloo could ſcarcely reſtrain; nor did George Templeton, who had, in the interim, been abſent on one of his ſolitary rambles, ſurvey the ſcene with unaffected looks;—the preſence of actual miſery, roused his morbid imagination from indulging in its all-abſorbing thoughts, and his abſtracted mind for once again took cognizance of the ſober realities of life.

The heroic valor and reſtleſs ſpirit of the warriors, ere long, again and again impelled them to urge their chief to conduct them to battle, to avenge the blood of murdered innocence; but the unfortunate ſachem as often curbed the boiſterous vehemence of their paſſions.

"The great Penn, in his intercourse with us," replied he, "has always evinced the moſt ſtrict principles of equity, and in no inſtance has he for a moment heſitated to deliver into the hands of juſtice, thoſe that have heretofore violated the conditions of our treaty. How inconſiſtent with uprightness were it then on our part, before acquainting him with the facts and demanding juſtice, to cut down the tree of peace with the battle-axe, and ſtain the green graſs, that grows under its branches, with the blood of our white brethren! It is true, that the nature of the injury is ſuch that it cannot be repaired; but were I to yield the ſanction of official authority to your importunities, we, in fact, would be the aggressors—we would violate the principles of *good faith*, that lofty virtue upon whoſe ſtability depends not only the happineſs of individuals, but the peace, proſperity, and glory of nations." He ſaid: inſtantly the raging tumult ceaſed, and, obedient to wiſdom and admonition, the warlike band obeyed with obſequious demeanor.

Thus ſpake the virtuous man and the conſummate ſoldier, as long as reaſon and volition held dominion over his actions; but, ere long, the violent claiſhing of the moſt powerful paſſions of the human heart, dethroned reaſon itſelf, when the inſtinctive feelings of revenge, no longer controlled by moral laws, irreſiſtibly impelled him into the moſt precipitate raſhneſs which the

wildest delirium is capable of perpetrating. His noble mind had suffered a wreck upon the arid deserts of despair, where no redeeming oasis kindly offers refreshment to the exhausted spirits of the disheartened wanderer. A curse as dark, deep, and deadly, as the malediction of a fiend, against the entire race of whites, now rested on his feverish lips. Unobserved by his unsuspecting Indian friends, he issued forth in the dead hour of midnight, and directed his hasty strides towards the settlement of the whites, firmly resolved to immolate on the altar of vengeance, every European whose ill fortune it might be to fall into his power; but the generous heart of his adopted son, who perceived his mental aberration, with filial solicitude bestowed upon him a watchful eye; quite ignorant of the bloody object that Washaloo now so fondly cherished, he followed his footsteps with unfatigued pace, through the dark and illimitable forest—over hill, over dale, through swamps and thickets.

It was early on a pleasant morning of the latter part of June, that a lovely young female, with pensive looks and downcast eyes, was strolling along the banks of the Delaware, indulging the vain hope of quenching, for a short time, the incessant fires that rankled at her heart, in the roscid pleasures flowing from contemplating the delightful prospect of nature, and inhaling the salutary breeze of the morning. The glorious luminary of day, arrayed in unrivalled splendor, was just mounting the orient vault of heaven, renovating the delighted earth with fresh animation, and clothing all nature with new beauty; soft and gentle were the odoriferous zephyrs that whispered through the verdant forest, but still more sweet were the dulcet notes of the songsters of the grove, chaunting their matin hymn of praise—strains more melodious than the Æolian harp—more charming than the lyre of Orpheus, or the tuneful voices of the sacred Nine—aye, strains to which even Apollo might have listened with admiration and delight. The surrounding scenery was magnificently grand and romantic: on the one side the majestic Delaware rolled along its tributary waters towards the ocean, with silent dignity and imposing grandeur; on the other side, the golden harvest, ready for the reaper's sickle, waved upon the luxuriant fields, to reward the labor of the agriculturalist, like that which Ceres matures on the plains of Enna. All the objects of nature seemed to vie with one another in producing the most delightful and picturesque landscape; but in the midst of this profusion of nature's beauties and blandishments, the youthful maiden, but lately ransomed from captivity through the munificence of the benevolent Penn, found no astagating balm to soothe the bitter asperities of the rugged path of life. A monument of woe, she wandered solitarily along the green and flowery banks, whilst her active thoughts were roaming among far distant objects—the lovely scenes of her childhood—the endearments associated with the sacred name of a long lost home—the anticipated embrace of a disconsolate mother, mourning her daughter as numbered among the victims of Indian barbarity—and last, though not least, the holy vows of her betrothed, from whom a cruel destiny had torn

her, when circumstances bid most fair to realize the speedy consummation of their fondest hopes. Such were the all-engrossing subjects that alternately absorbed her whole attention, and fixed her mind in a steadfast reverie.

On a sudden, her ears are saluted by a shrill and frantic war-whoop—a terrific yell, expressive of that horrid satisfaction which the prospect of revenge afforded to the burning passions that revelled in the breast of the American native; her eyes beheld a blood-stained object, in whose countenance where blended the looks of demoniacal phrenzy and horrid desperation.—With a gigantic grasp he seized her swooning body and cast it to the ground. Although his own spirits were now succumbing under the fatal drain of the vital current issuing from a wound, caused by his own furious hand, yet he eagerly endeavored to gratify his predominant passion of revenge, by inflicting a mortal blow with his tomahawk; but as the weapon gleamed on high, vertigo seized his exanguious brain, and the keen edge, directed by his quivering eye, was buried in the soil, remote from its intended aim. The exhausted system of the wounded Indian, however, soon reacted, when reason resumed her native throne, and all the fire and wonted energy of the warrior again shone forth in the expressive eye of WASHALOO; but instantly the visage of despair overclouded his brow, and an horrid chill penetrated the depth of his soul, as the recollection of his mighty woes flashed with electric quickness across his mind. With feelings of harrowing remorse, he now felt conscious of having acted inconsistently with the whole tenor of his life; and, in the bitterness of his soul, he exclaimed,

“Why has an evil spirit, in the gloomy hour of tribulation, tempted me to violate, with a sacrilegious hand, the sacred laws of nature? Was it not sufficient to fill up the spacious measure of my woes, that I was plunged to the utmost depths of dark despair and unutterable wretchedness? Oh! ye cruel powers, that sport with the destinies of mankind! could it not suffice that the lamp of life should be extinguished in the damp and dismal shades of an ignominious death; but must needs dishonor the fair escutcheon of my fame with the indelible stigma of having infringed that faith, which has always been arrayed in a garment pure and unsoiled as the new-fallen snow—which has always been as clear as the crystal current from the rock, and sincere as the smile of infant innocence, when it rests on the bosom that bore it, in peaceful slumbers.”

Whilst he yet spoke, the adopted son arrived with fatigued pace, panting from the effects of his violent exertions in pursuing the footsteps of his foster-father, whom he had, all the way, traced by means of a small dog, the only companion of his solitude. The eyes of young Templeton instantly met those of the unwounded, though much terrified, girl, whose senses were just awakened from a state of insensibility; and no sooner were their glances interchanged, than a mutual recognition ensued. *It was Isabel Stewart!* The imagination of the sympathetic reader is left to conceive the intense surprise and unbounded ecstasy that followed this joyful discovery. Involuntarily they rushed to each other,

er's arms, and in silence flowed the unrestrained tears of glowing transport, suppressing the power of giving utterance to the rapturous delights that pervaded their ravished souls; however, to attempt a description were but to expose the poverty of language, even though my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of a Milton's sublimity—of a Virgil's tenderness, and a Homer's simplicity.

In the visage of Washaloo, the impress of death's signet was plainly visible; although he was conscious of the silent approach of the stern tyrant, yet he still retained his self-possession and equanimity of mind. A smile of satisfaction seemed to play over his moribund countenance, as he cast a long and a last look upon Isabel and George, whom he now saw restored to that happiness which they had so long desired; but the noble spirit of the illustrious chief, whose thread of life had been destined, that hour, to be divided by the fates, was now compelled to yield to the iron grasp of the frozen hand of death; a dying languor diffused itself through all the members of his body; a thick mist overspread his eyes; a cold sweat covered his body; and a hollow unearthly groan issued from his breast. He sank down convulsively into the arms of those whom he had always regarded with the tender affections of a father, and, the next moment, eternal darkness veiled his eyes.

Due obsequies being paid to the chieftain's reliques, and his lonely grave bedewed with the tears of the lovers, it yet remains for me to mention, as will be readily conjectured, that shortly after this occurrence, our children of misfortune were restored to their parents and friends, and subsequently united in the bonds of matrimony; and a more lovely pair surely never breathed the holy vows of marriage, before the hymenial altar. In the bliss of the present they forgot the dangers and privations of the past. Time winged along his ceaseless course almost unobserved, his pinions glittering with the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. And thus did the tide of ill-fortune ebb at last, whilst ISABEL STEWART and GEORGE TEMPLETON were borne upon its retiring waters to the blissful regions of an Eden of happiness.

We published, not long since, an interesting biographical sketch of General Mercer, a revolutionary officer, who fell fighting for our independence. The editor of the *American System*, published at Princeton, near which Mercer fought and died, adds to the biography these remarks:—

This short historic sketch is well written, and we fully believe, true to the very letter, a part of which we have more than once listened to the recital of with thrilling interest, while it fell from the lips of her who nursed and watched over the dying hero, during his excruciating sufferings for nine days after the battle. When it is recollected that those wretched, half-starved, half-clothed, frost bitten troops, had been fighting the regular British army under Lord Cornwallis, at Trenton, the day before—that they had been marching all night, with scarcely any supper; the ground, which was muddy and almost impassable the day previous, but from the sudden change of the weather to excessive cold, had become frozen very hard and

rough; under all these distressing circumstances General Mercer, with his small detachment of two or three hundred, who were nearly half a mile in advance of the main body of Americans, rushed gallantly forward to seize a favourable position to hold the enemy in check until Washington should come up; but for want of bayonets, and being attacked by nearly double his number of fresh British troops, his men were obliged to fall back a short distance—although not until they had given a close and well-directed fire, which brought down the British captain and several of his men.

The British, after returning the fire, rushed on with the bayonet; at this critical moment General Mercer's horse was shot, and before he could extricate himself he was surrounded by the enemy, who refused him quarter. Thus died this gallant officer, in the prime of life, regretted by all who knew him.

Written for the Casket.

THE DEAD MOTHER.

"Come hither, child, and kneel!
A blessing's gone! A noble form is risen,
To darken this cold earth, and gladden Heaven."

My mother slumbers yet,
Although the sun arrayed in robes of light,
Hath rent in twain the ebon veil of night,
And gilded lawn and hill;
The breeze is playing with her locks of jet,
And the lark carol's shrill.

Mother open your closed eyes!
Dew-drops are sparkling on the bending flowers,
You used not thus to spend the morning hours,
But knelt with me in prayer
To Him, whose dwelling is the vaulted skies,
Who reigneth every where.

Cannot those pale lips speak?
My once-loved voice is unregarded now,
And drops have gather'd on that marble brow
Of cold and heavy dew.
There is strange beauty in that sunken cheek,
Though fled its rosy hue.

Her sleeping-dreams are sweet;
The calm expression of that shrouded eye
No sign betrays of mental agony;
So placid is her rest!
One fold she stirs not, of the snowy sheet
Which wraps her breast.

Dear sister, hither come!
Print one fond kiss upon that pallid face
Where smiles in sleep retain their dwelling-place;
You heed not my request!
If thou art, sister, sorrowful and dumb,
I am indeed unblest.

Her hand is icy cold!
Its grasp was once with love-maternal warm;
Can nothing, Father, wake her slumbering form
From that unearthly sleep?
You answer not, but tear-drops I behold
In eyes unused to weep.

"Father."
Cease! cease thy prattlings child!
Thy words no balm to wounded breasts impart,
But pierce like daggers keen, my stricken heart.
Tears I have cause to shed;
With phrenzied grief my brain is growing wild,
Thy mother, boy, is dead!

AN INDIAN BATTLE.



From the Saturday Evening Post.

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Waccos and Tawackanies, Indians, in Texas, amounting to 164, and a party of Americans—nine men and two boys, eleven in number—is related by Razin P. Bowie, Esq. one of that party, now in this city.

On the 2d of November, 1831, we left the town of St. Antonia de Baxar for the silver mines, on the St. Saba river; the party consisting of the following named persons:—Razin P. Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas R. Hamm, James Corriell, Thomas McCaslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until the 19th, on which day, about ten, A. M., we were overhauled by two Camancha Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isaonie's party, a chief of the Camancha tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their road to St. Antonia, with a drove of horses, which they had taken from the Waccos and Tawackanies, and were about returning them to their owners, citizens of St. Antonia. After smoking and talking with them about an hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c., they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Illano river.

We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse very much fatigued; and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he

had been sent by his chief, Isaonie, to inform us we were followed by 124 Tawackanie and Wacco Indians, and forty Caddos had joined them, who were determined to have our scalps at all risks. Isaonie had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged, and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated, that his chief requested him to say, that he had but sixteen men, badly armed, and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succour as he could give us he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey and endeavour to reach the old fort on the St. Saba river, before night, distance thirty miles. The Mexican then returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

Throughout the day, we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks; and the horses' feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot where to encamp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live-oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them was a thicket of live-oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at the distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

The surrounding country was an open prairie.

rie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks, and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge all around, and clearing the prickly pears from amongst the bushes, we hobbled our horses, and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards, in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working the silver mines, which are a mile distant. A few years after, it was attacked by the Camancha Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it has never been occupied. Within the fort is a church, which, had we reached before night, it was our intention to have occupied to defend ourselves against the Indians. The fort surrounds about one acre of land, under a twelve feet stone wall.

Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time, in the morning, in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a footman about fifty yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of Indians was given, and all hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and pack horses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping, preparatory to action. A few mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground; amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians, by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

Their numbers being so far greater than ours, (164 to 11,) it was agreed that Razin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavour to compromise rather than attempt a fight. He accordingly started, with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within about forty yards of where they had halted, and requested them, in their own tongue, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with him. Their answer was—"how de do? how de do?"—in English, and a discharge of twelve shot at us, one of which broke Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutation with the contents of a double barrelled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon us, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and piercing Bowie's hunting shirt in several places, without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by his party, who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other four retreating back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

We then discovered a hill to the north-east, at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire on us, with loud yells.

Their chief, on horse-back, urging them in a loud and audible voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamm's. James Bowie cried out, "who is loaded?" Mr. Hamm observed, "I am." He then was told to shoot that Indian on horseback. He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of these were shot down by our party. The whole body then retreated back of the hill, out of our sight, with the exception of a few Indians who were running about from tree to tree, out of gun shot.

They now covered the hill the second time, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows; which we returned by a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant, another chief appeared on horseback, near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of who was loaded, was asked; the answer was, nobody; when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired, and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and bore off under our fire. During the time we were engaged in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear, at about forty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering in the left breast and out the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas McCaslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, "where is the Indian that shot Doyle." He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture there, as, from the report of their guns, they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, was shot through the centre of the body, and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed, "damn the Indian that shot McCaslin, where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and while bring his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters.

Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it, and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were within point-blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advan-

tage of seeing them when they could not see us.

The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous, gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemy, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one man wounded, James Corriell, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it.

They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which brought half a dozen down at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us from our position, and, under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west, and they placed the fire in that quarter, where it burnt down all the grass to the creek, and then bore off to the right and left, leaving around our position a space of about five acres that was untouched by the fire. Under cover of this smoke, they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the mean time, our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage, to prevent the fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breastwork.

They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire, as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. We soon learned our dangerous situation, should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all round. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling up rocks and placing them around the wounded men. The remainder of the party were warmly engaged with the enemy. The point from which the wind now blew being favourable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, was killed by Robert Armstrong.

At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What was to be done—we must either be burnt up alive, or driven into the prairie amongst the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful, their shouts and yells rent the air; they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we

collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However, we finally came to a determination, had they charged us, to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives, and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins, and blankets, which, after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

Our thicket now being so much burnt and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was made round our wounded men and baggage; and commenced building our breastwork higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During this last fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready for fight, drew off at a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced to work in raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by ten, P. M. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over their dead, which is their custom; and at daylight, they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning, two of our party went out from the fortification to the encampment, where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass where the dead and wounded had been lying. As near as we could judge, their loss must have been forty killed and thirty wounded.*

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed, Thomas M'Caslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan and Matthew Doyle, and James Corriell—five horses killed, and three wounded—that we recommenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labours until one, P. M., when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us into our fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there, and ready for action and well fortified, they put off. We after that remained in our fort eight days, recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the

* We afterwards learned, from the Camanche Indians, that their loss was *eighty-two* in killed and wounded.

expiration of which time, being all in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonio de Baxar. We left the fort at dark, and travelled all night and next day until afternoon, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, where we remained two days, expecting the Indians would again, when recruited, follow our trail; but, however, we saw nothing more of them.

David Buchannan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live-oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it, and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it; when it was opened, the mortified parts had all dropt off, and it was in a fair way for healing, which it finally did, and his leg now is as well as ever it was. There was none of the party but had his skin cut in several places, and numerous shot-holes through his clothes.

On the twelfth day we arrived, in good order, with our wounded men and horses, at St. Antonio de Baxas.

The following sketch of an introduction to the Prince Regent of England, and of the throng at the royal levee, is from Rush's Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London:

A competent knowledge of the world may serve to guide any one in the common walks of life, wherever he may be thrown; more especially if he carry with him the cardinal maxim of good breeding every where, a wish to please, and unwillingness to offend. But if, even in private society, there are rules not to be known but by experience, and if these differ in different places, I could not feel insensible to the approach of an occasion so new to me. My first desire was, not to fail in the public duties of my mission; the next, to pass properly through the scenes of official and personal ceremony to which it exposed me. At the head of them was my introduction to the Sovereign. I desired to do all that full respect required, but no more; yet—the external observances of it—what were they? They defy exact definition beforehand, and I had never seen them. From the restraints, too, that prevailed in these spheres, lapses, if you fall into them, are little apt to be told to you, which increases your solicitude to avoid them. I had, in some of my intercourse, caught the impression that simplicity was considered best adapted to such an introduction; also, that the Prince Regent was not thought to be fond of set speeches. This was all that I could recollect. But simplicity, all know, is a relative idea. Often it is attainable, in the right sense, only through the highest art, and on full experience.

I arrived before the hour appointed. My carriage having the *entre*, or right to the private entrance, I went through St. James' Park, and got to Carlton House by the paved way, through the gardens. Even this approach was already filled. I was set down at a side door, where stood servants in the Prince's livery. Gaining the hall, persons were seen in various costumes. Among them were yeomen of the guard, with halberds

in their hands; they had velvet hats with wreaths round them, and rosettes in their shoes. From the court yard, which opened through the columns of a fine portico, bands of music were heard. Carriages, as in a stream, were approaching by this access through the double gates that separated the royal residence from the street. The company arriving by this access entered through the portico, and turned off to the right. I went to the left, through a vestibule leading to other rooms, into which none went but those having the *entre*. These consisted of cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, persons in chief employment about the court, and a few others, the privileged being in high esteem. Knights of the Garter appeared to have it, for I observed their insignium round the knees of several. There was the Lord Steward with his badge of office; the Lord Chamberlain with his; *gold stick and silver stick*. The foreign ambassadors and ministers wore their national costumes; the cabinet ministers, such as we see in old portraits, with bag and sword; the lord chancellor, and other functionaries of the law, had black silk gowns, with full wigs; the bishops and dignitaries of the church, had aprons of black silk. The walls were covered with paintings. If these were historical, so were the rooms. As I looked through them, I thought of the scenes described by Doddington; of the Pelhams, the Bolingbrokes, the Hillsboroughs; of the anecdotes and personalities of the English court and cabinet in those days. The prince had not yet left his apartment. Half an hour went by, when Sir Robert Chester, master of ceremonies, said to me, that in a few minutes he would conduct me to the Prince. The Spanish Ambassador had gone in, and I was next in turn. When he came out, the master of ceremonies advanced with me to the door.

Opening it, he left me. I entered alone. The Prince was standing, with Lord Castlereagh by him. No one else was in the room. Holding in my hand the letter of credence, I approached as to a private gentleman, and said, in the common tone of conversation, that it was "from the President of the United States, appointing me their Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the court of his Royal Highness, and that I had been directed by the President to say, that I could in no way better serve the United States, or gain his approbation, than by using all endeavours to strengthen and prolong the good understanding that happily subsists between the two countries."

The Prince took the letter and handed it to Lord Castlereagh. He then said, that he would "ever be ready on his part to act upon the sentiments I had expressed; that I might assure the President of this, for that he sincerely desired to keep up and improve the friendly relations subsisting between the two nations, which he regarded as so much to the advantage of both." I replied, that I would not fail to do so.

The purpose of the interview seeming to be accomplished, I had supposed it would here end, and was about to withdraw, but the Prince prolonged it. He congratulated me on my arrival. He inquired for the health of Mr. Adams, and spoke of others who had preceded me in the mis-

sion, going back as far as the first, Mr. Pinckney. Of him, and Mr. King, his inquiries were minute. He made others, which it gave me still more pleasure to answer. He asked if I knew the ladies from my country, then in England, who had made such favourable impressions in their society, naming Mrs. Patterson, since Marchioness of Wellesley, and her sisters, the Miss Catons, of Maryland. I replied that I did, and responded to his gratifying notice of these my fair countrywomen. A few more remarks on the climate of the two countries, closed the audience.

It would be out of place in me to pourtray the exterior qualities of this monarch. The commanding union of them has often been mentioned; he was in his fifty-sixth year; but in fine health, and maintaining the erect, ambitious carriage of early life. I will only say, that he made his audience of foreign ministers a pleasurable duty to them, instead of a repulsive ceremony. The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Sicily and Naples, Count Ludolf, had his reception immediately after mine.

When the Prince came from his apartment, called, in the language of palaces, his closet, into the entre rooms, I presented to him Mr. John Adams Smith, as public secretary of the legation, and Mr. Ogle Taylor, as attached to it personally. Other special presentations took place; among them, that of the Prince of Hesse Homberg, by Lord Stewart, both distinguished in the then recent battles of the continent. The Prince Regent moved about these rooms until he had addressed every body, all awaiting his salutation. Doors hitherto shut, now opened, when a new scene appeared. You behold, in a gorgeous mass, the company that had turned off to the right. The opening of the doors was the signal for the commencement of the general levee. I remained with others to see it. All passed, one by one, before the Prince, each receiving a momentary salutation. To a few he addressed conversation, but briefly, as it stopped the line. All were in rich costume. Men of genius and science were there; the nobility were numerous, so were the military. There were from forty to fifty generals; perhaps as many admirals, with throngs of rank inferior. I remarked upon the number of wounded. Who is that, I asked, pallid but with a countenance so animated? "That's General Walker," I was told, "who was pierced with bayonets whilst leading on the assault at Badajoz,"—and he, close by, tall but limping? "Colonel Ponsonby; he was left for dead at Waterloo; the cavalry, it was thought, had trampled upon him. Then came one of like port, but deprived of a leg. As he moved slowly onward, the whisper went, "That's Lord Anglesea." A fourth had been wounded at Seringapatam; a fifth at Talavera; some suffered in Egypt, some in America. There were those who had received scars on the deck with Nelson; others who carried them from the days of Howe. One, yes one, had fought at Saratoga. It was so that my inquiries were answered. "All had done their duty;" this was the favourite praise bestowed. They had earned a title to come before their sovereign, and read

in his recognition their country's approbation. The great number of wounded was accounted for by recollecting, that little more than two years had elapsed since the armies and fleets of Britain had been liberated from wars of extraordinary fierceness and duration in all parts of the globe. For so it is, other nations chiefly fight on or near their own territory—the English every where.

Taking the whole line, perhaps a thousand must have passed. Its current flowed through the entre rooms, got onward to the vestibule, and was finally dispersed in the great hall, where it stood in glittering groups and fragments. Those who composed them, found themselves there, by a course reverse to that of their entrance, and went away through the grand portico, as their carriages came up.

PURCHASING A HORSE.

Sergeant Bond related the following anecdote of himself with great good humour:—"I once bought a horse from a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had any fault. I, therefore, when I paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money, and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed: but do, like an honest fellow, tell me of any fault which he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears. 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'if that's all, I am not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to Uxbridge.' It, however, so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the Sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups, at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long left in doubt of what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him, and tapping him on the shoulder. 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you!' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, 'this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information," said the Sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where the theft would be discovered; I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord." What they were he kept to himself.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CROWNING THE WISEST.

Not many years ago, it happened that a young man from New York visited London. His father being connected with several of the magnates of the British Aristocracy, the young American was introduced into the fashionable circles of the metropolis, where, in consequence of his very fine personal appearance, or that his father was reported to be very rich, or that he was a new figure on the stage, he attracted much attention, and became quite the favorite of the ladies. This was not at all relished by the British beaux, but as no very fair pretext offered for a rebuff, they were compelled to treat him civilly. Thus matters stood when the Hon. Mr. M. P. and lady made a party to accompany them to their country seat in Cambridgeshire, and the American was among the invited guests. Numerous were the devices to which these devotees of pleasure resorted in order to kill that old fellow who will measure his hours, when he ought to know they are not wanted, and the ingenuity of every one was taxed to remember or invent something novel.

The Yankees are proverbially ready of invention, and the American did honor to his character as a man accustomed to freedom of thought. He was frank and gay, and entered into the sports and amusements with that unaffected enjoyment which communicated a part of his fresh feelings to the most worn out fashionists in the party. His good nature would have been sneered at by some of the proud cavaliers, had he not been such a capital shot, and he might have been quizzed had not the ladies, won by his respectful and pleasant civilities, and his constant attention in the drawing room and saloon, always showed themselves his friends. But a combination was at last formed among a trio of dandies, staunch patrons of the Quarterly, to annihilate the American. They proposed to vary the eternal evening waltzing and piping by the acting of charades and playing various games, and having interested one of those indefatigable ladies who always carry their point in the scheme, it was voted to be the thing.

After some few charades had been disposed of, one of the gentlemen begged leave to propose the game called "Crowning the Wisest." This is played by selecting a Judge of the game, and three persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who are to contest for the crown by answering successively the various questions which the rest of the party are at liberty to ask. The one who is declared to have been the readiest and happiest in his answers receives the crown.

Our American, much against his inclination, was chosen among the three candidates. He was aware that his position, the society with which he was mingling required of him the ability to sustain himself. He was to be sure treated with distinguished attention by his host and hostess, and generally by the party, but this was a favor to the individual, and not one of the company understood the character of republicans or appreciated the Republic. The three worthies had arranged that their turn for him should fall in succession and be the last. The first one, a perfect exquisite, and with an air of the most ineffable condescension put his question.

"If I understand rightly, the government of your country acknowledge no distinctions of rank, consequently you can have no court standard for the manners of a gentleman; will you favor me with information where your best school of politeness is to be found?"

"For your benefit," replied the American, smiling calmly, "I would recommend the Falls of Niagara, a contemplation of that stupendous wonder teaches humility to the the proudest, and human nothingness to the vainest. It rebukes the trifler and arouses the

most stupid; in short, it turns men from their idols; and when we acknowledge that God only is Lord, we feel that men are our equals. A true christian is always polite."

There was a murmur among the audience, but whether applause or censure, the American could not determine, as he did not chose to betray any anxiety for the result by a scrutiny of the faces which he knew were bent on him. The second now proposed his question. He affected to be a great politician, was mustachioed and whiskered like a diplomatist, which station he had been covetting. His voice was bland but his emphasis was very significant.

"Should I visit the United States, what subject with which I am conversant would most interest your people and give me an opportunity of enjoying their conversation?"

"You must maintain, as you do at present, that a monarchy is the wisest, the purest, the best government which the skill of man ever devised, and that a democracy is utterly barbarous. My countryman are proverbially fond of argument, and will meet you on both these questions, and if you choose, argue with you to the end of your life."

The murmur was renewed, but still without any decided expression of the feeling with which his answer had been received.

The third then rose from his seat, and with an assured voice which seemed to announce a certain triumph, said,

"I require your decision on a delicate question, but the rules of the pastime warrant it, and also a candid answer. You have seen the American and the English ladies; which are the fairest?"

The young republican glanced around the circle. It was bright with flashing eyes and the sweet smiles which wreathed many a lovely lip, might have won a less determined patriot from his allegiance. He did not hesitate, though he bowed low to the ladies as he answered:

"The standard of female beauty is, I believe, allowed to be the power of exciting admiration and love in our sex, and consequently those ladies who are most admired and beloved, and respected by the gentlemen must be the fairest. Now, I assert confidently, that there is not a nation on earth where woman is so truly beloved, so tenderly cherished, so respectfully treated as in the Republic of the United States, therefore the American ladies are the fairest." "But," and he again bowed low, "if the ladies before whom I have now the honor of expressing my opinion, where in my country, we should think them Americans."

The applause was enthusiastic; after the raith had subsided, so as to allow the Judge to be heard, he directed the crown to the Yankee.—*Ladies' Magazine.*

RICHES.—What are they? Who is rich? Is it he who has fifty thousand dollars, or one million dollars? Kings are beggars sometimes on their thrones, and merchants whose ships float on every sea; yet a poor mechanic has enough to lend. To be rich is to want nothing—to have no wishes which you cannot gratify; and the term, "getting rich," should not mean laying up money, but retrenching superfluous desires. Napoleon, with his imperial power, was more a slave than a common soldier, who received a certain stipend a day, however mean. Wealth brings wants, "hills on hills and Alps on Alps arise." It is incompatible with true independence. Diogenes was richer than Alexander. The one had all he desired in the warmth of the sun; the other, although master of a world, wept over the narrowness of his power.

"When I am a man!" is the poetry of childhood—"When I was a child!" is the poetry of age.

THE DESERTED BRIDE.

POETRY AND MELODY BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.,—THE SYMPHONIES AND
ACCOMPANIMENTS BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Espressiono.

Am I then so soon de-sert-ed? Is my boast-ed beau - ty gone? Was I sought and

was I court-ed For my gold a-lone? Ah! dear girl, my grief be - hold! Love will not be

bought with gold.

In my home the

lo - ver found me, Then these eyes had ne'er been dim. Ma - ny friends were ami - ling round me,

Yet I welcomed him! Oh! how could you change such

bliss, False one, to a doom like this?

ad lib.

THIRD VERSE.

Yet I loved you, and I swerve not
 From the love I once profess;
 Though such duty you deserve not,
 I'll not love you less:
 No, I came with my free will,
 And, alas! I love you still.

FOURTH VERSE.

Take my gold, ah! could I weave it
 Into love's own precious chain;
 Trust me, I would freely give it,
 Were it mine again.
 Faithful love forgets its pride,
 Come to your deserted bride.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL.

My next door neighbour, beats the tabor,
His children beats the drum;
There's Mr. Morgan, plays the organ,
With one eternal hum:
There's no more music in mine ear
Than in a horse's foot;
My sister says, she's sure that I
Must be without a soul!

I have no pleasure in the notes
Of Braham or Rossini;
In vain, alas! the time to pass,
I visit Paganini;
And pretty Inverarity,
Her prettier tones may roll;
They bring no vision of spot Elysian,—
I am without a soul!

I never heard Malibran,
And only once heard Pasta!
Fast as old Orpheus moved the brutes,
He would have moved me faster;
I once heard half an Opera,
But could not stop the whole;
Alas! it is a mournful thing
To be without a soul!

Oh! Music,—let my father talk
Himself into a passion;
Oh! Music,—let enthusiasts rave,
Because it is the fashion;
Let amateurs the trumpet sound
Till they're as black as coals;
I don't believe, for all their boasts,
That they themselves have souls!

The bagpipes play outside my house,
My cousin plays within;
My brothers about their songs about,
To the Pismo's din;
Where'er I go, its always so,
And if from pole to pole
I wander, there is music still
For one without a soul!

I never played a single tune,
I never sang a song;
I very seldom go to church,
I know its rather wrong,
Oh! would that every instrument,
And every music scroll,
Might never, never more offend
The man without a soul!

The following duetto, which we have taken from the Nottingham Review, (England) is full of humour and keen satire; although some of the points in it will, no doubt, be better understood and felt by the English than the American reader.

A DUETT.

STATE PAUPER.

When I was born the third of three
As jolly lads as you might see,
Who paid the expense of rearing me?
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

Who pined mother's sad mishap,
And gave her pay to give me pap,
And nurse me in her own dear lap?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Who bonfires made, and made a fuss
Upstairs and riotous,
And wished my mother more of us?
The People.

BOTH.

When I was come to boy's degree,
Who didn't know what to do with me,
So rigg'd me and sent me off to sea?
The Parish.
The People.

When war was up and Boney down,
And I came back to London town,
Who tipp'd me handsome with a crown?
The Parish.
The People.

For several little slices of grace
That happened in my younger days,
I wonder who the paper pays?
The Parish.
The People.

And now that I've a lawful wife,
Who makes us lead with little strife,
A pretty comfortable life?
The Parish.
The People.

Who knows our means are very small,
And won't refuse us when we call,
And never wants no work at all?
The Parish.
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

Who pays our house rent every year,
And keeps our rates and taxes clear?
Who buys our gin? Who buys us beer?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Who gives us tax-free houses fine,
And finds us wherewithal to dine,
On turtle and on Bordeaux wine?
The People.

PARISH PAUPER.

When sleeves or shoes are worse for wear,
And toes and elbows getting bare,
Who furnishes another pair?
The Parish.

STATE PAUPER.

Should phatons be worse for wear,
Or parks and temples want repair,
Who suffers when we take the air?
The People.

BOTH.

My Parish } how I love that name?
My People }
Thro' grief, thro' joy, thro' grief, thro' blame;
To me they ever were the same.

Kind } Parish.
People.

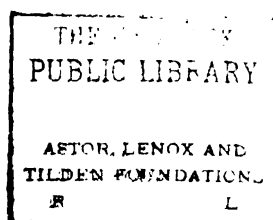
And when I'm dead, as die I must,
And these poor bones return to dust,
Ah! who will bury me? I trust

The Parish.
The People.

CURIOUS EPITAPH.—A gravestone has lately been erected in Carisbrooke church yard, to the memory of the late Mr. Charles Dixon, of Newport, smith and farrier. The following humorous epitaph is inscribed on it:—

"My sledge and hammer lie reclined,
My bellows they have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decayed,
My vice low in the dust is laid.
My coals are spent, my iron gone,
My last nail's drove, my work is done."

Spirit.—"I have been gunning." "Did you get any thing?" "Yes; I got fired."



F 466-55



LOS MUSICOS.



Juan Alvares was a native of Seville, a city of ancient date, the capitol of Andalusia, situated near the river Guadalquivir, of a round form, and one of the richest and most imposing and important of all Spain. It is a common saying with the Spaniards, *Quen no ba visto Sevilla, no ba visto maravilla*: that is—he who has not seen

showed no emotion, he always imagined that every one before whom he played was necessarily in love with him. Every look, every smile, and even every frown, to him was the evidence that the grand passion had taken possession of his object's heart. Don Juan was often invited to the Alcazar, the palace of Seville, built by the Moors; where, in his own opinion, he did





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs of martial, brisk or grave.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

No. 10.]

PHILADELPHIA.—OCTOBER.

[1833.]

Written for the Casket.

LOS MUSICOS:

OR, THE SPANISH EXQUISITE.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:

She is a woman; therefore to be won.—SHAKESPEARE.

The passion of love has been designated the universal tyrant, the absolute autocrat to whom (keeping up the personification) all hearts have bowed and given in their allegiance. Love, when seated on the throne of beauty, is irresistible, and his power is almost unbounded. He not only sets foreign opposition at defiance, and storms the castle of feudal aristocracy, but he breaks down, with a giant arm, the bulwarks of birth and the battlements which fortune has reared to oppose his approach. Whether love is voluntary or involuntary, has long been a subject for debate among those who are in the morning of life, and who delight in its luxuries. Sometimes it steals upon its victim without giving a warning, and that victim finds himself unhappy without knowing the cause, and hence it is called involuntary. But then he certainly knew that he had opened his heart to a growing partiality for the object—here, then, it becomes voluntary.

There is no nation on the globe, with the single exception of the children of Italy, so susceptible of love as the Spanish. Like the Italians, love seems to be the grand dream of their lives, and like them, too, they are given to jealousy, with all its attendant horrors. Pedantry, in a variety of forms, and connected with the tender passion, is often found among the Spanish dandies; one of which I shall now relate the story of, as perspicuously as my memory serves. Don Juan Alvarez was a native of Seville, a city of ancient date, the capitol of Andalusia, situated near the river Guadalquivir, of a round form, and one of the richest and most imposing and important of all Spain. It is a common saying with the Spaniards, *Quen no ba visto Sevilla, no ba visto maravilla*: that is—he who has not seen

Seville has not seen a wonder. Don Juan Alvarez was descended from an ancient aristocratic branch of the nobility, a remnant of feudal barbarity and Gothic grandeur, whose fortunes had fallen beneath the rubbish and ruins of a hundred revolutions. The most celebrated branch of Don Juan's family, and the one which he prided himself the most upon, belonged to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, at the time Christopher Columbus immortalized his own fame and the ingratitude of Spain. Don Juan never spoke of his ancestry later than that period, though the Inquisition had immortalized many whose histories were written in blood by the Duke of Alvar. His father and grandsire were both musicians, and their art descended to Don Juan, in whom it perhaps found as concealed a votary as ever thumped upon a guitar. He was a complete pedant in music, for in him all the extravagant, though not unmeaning, fables of Orpheus, were revived; and though he did not believe that he could make stones and trees dance to his music, yet he was convinced that no lady, however beautiful, accomplished, and exalted by birth, could listen to his guitar without feeling in her heart an involuntary passion for the player. So much was he deceived by this notion, that he often found himself involved in ridiculous difficulties, from which the sublime art could not extricate him. Don Juan in appearance might be called a handsome man, though he was a musical pedant, a lady's man, a male coquette, and a flirt of the first water. His sole delight seemed to be in experimenting on the hearts of the ladies, by means of the exquisite music of his guitar; and though they showed no emotion, he always imagined that every one before whom he played was necessarily in love with him. Every look, every smile, and even every frown, to him was the evidence that the grand passion had taken possession of his object's heart. Don Juan was often invited to the Alcazar, the palace of Seville, built by the Moors; where, in his own opinion, he did

mighty execution on the hearts of the noble damsels who listened to the magic of his guitar. Many of the noble *donnas* smiled upon the exertions of the musical pedant, and he went away tickled with the consciousness of having won at least a dozen hearts. Among the dozen, and one that most flattered the vanity of Don Juan, was the Countess Isabella Donzella de Bertrandi, a lady of the most exquisite accomplishments, and whose very look spoke the language of love, captivating all hearts. Though the Countess was not a perfect beauty, as respects form and features, yet there was an archness in her manner, a cunningness in her eye, and a something—a *je ne sais quoi*—in the cast of her countenance which was absolutely irresistible. The countess had the character of a most egregious coquette, a character of all others that finds least favour in the eyes of men. But Don Juan had the same quality himself, and why should he complain of it in another? He did not, but waylaid and watched the countess day and night, with the view of procuring an interview and of perfecting the conquest which he positively believed he had partially achieved over her affections. In the suburb of Seville, on the opposite side of the river, are public walks, where the citizens take the air, and it was there Don Juan went as a likely place to meet the countess. It was a beautiful evening in July that our musical hero, with his guitar, was seen wending his way over the bridge of boats that formed the passage across the Guadalquivir. He was pacing slowly by that den of ecclesiastical tyranny, the Inquisition, and musing upon the charms of the glorious conquest he had made, when suddenly the Countess, resting on the arm of an acknowledged suitor, brushed along by him. Suddenly Don Juan touched the guitar to the tune she had praised at the Alcazar, and saw with delight that she paid his compliment with a bow and a smile, which was half ridicule, though he imagined it all love. Don Juan silently followed, and gazed upon that moving form which had taken full possession of his soul. They had not proceeded far ere he saw the countess fold up her loose evening robe and seat herself beneath a venerable tree, her attendant also taking a seat beside her. Now is the appointed time, thought Don Juan, and advanced rapidly to the spot.

It is here necessary to mention that he who attended the countess, was, according to rumour, the intended husband, though she had been some time a novice in the Convent of St. Francis, preparatory to the supposed intention of taking the black veil. Don Alonzo Gonzales was not so handsome as Don Juan, but he was reported to be vastly rich; and riches cover a multitude of sins. His wealth, therefore, was put in balance against the Countess Isabella Donzella's nobility, which is by no means a new invention. Whoever has visited Seville, will know that the Convent of St. Francis is one of the handsomest and most curious in Spain, having a large public square with a beautiful fountain in the middle, and wonderfully calculated for the intrigues of love—the delight of the dark-eyed damsels of Spain. But to business.

Don Juan, though he had been in the pre-

sence of the Countess but twice, once at the Alcazar and once at the Cathedral, was deeply and devotedly in love with her, and had no doubt but that she entertained the same passion for him. I have said that the Countess was a coquette, and as it is the delight of the Spanish demoiselles, she now played with the heart of Don Juan as a cat plays with a mouse, constantly bestowing caresses which bore the semblance of a real regard, yet having their origin in feelings far different. She pressed him to play on the guitar, and then quizzingly smiled on, and commended his performance, declaring him to be the perfect master of that favourite Spanish instrument, the guitar; which Don Juan swallowed at one gulp, as a precious and pure panegyric, and not as it really was intended to be, gross flattery. The Spanish have a smooth way of feeding the vanity of the superficial and pedantic, and never was musical pedant so completely dosed to his heart's content, as was Don Juan on this occasion. The Countess Isabella Donzella would have her lover to play also on the flute in concert with Don Juan, that she might lengthen out her enjoyment, and add to the pleasure of her coquettish heart, by playing with the feelings and affections of the man who stood before her enraptured with her charms, and sighing for an opportunity to disclose his passion.

A great writer has observed—Dr. Johnson, if my memory serves me right—that we should never trifle with or hold in contempt the meanest of our fellow creatures; that there is not one so mean but that has some good quality, and may in the course of changing fortunes, or in some casual situation, be absolutely necessary in rendering assistance. This aphorism, as a postulate, proved true in the future eventful lives of the Countess Isabella Donzella and Don Juan Alvaras. But it is unwise to anticipate future events, and therefore let us proceed with the present disposition of our luckless wight and his fair dulcinea. The lady showed every symptom of love, though all was counterfeit; and Don Juan looked unutterably tender on the bosom which he supposed throbbed alone for him, with an all-absorbing and unextinguishable passion. The countess was determined to humour our musical exquisite; for she knew she would not confer more pleasure on him than she would feel herself, in thus trying the extent of the power of her charms, and in ministering to her own coquettish vanity. She therefore resolved to give him an opportunity of declaring his passion; and as she rose to return, and while the attention of her acknowledged lover was attracted by a flower, she whispered in the ear of Don Juan, that she would be happy to see him the next evening in the retired grotto of the convent, at the same time giving him a real coquette's smile, which he mistook for a genuine one from the mould of cupid. Don Juan was near fainting with joy; but recovering, he gave her one of his most tender looks, and bowed in acquiescence to her request.

Don Juan, after following in sight of the countess to the bridge, and having seen her across in safety, parted with the object of his soul's most delicious dreams, and hastened to his humble

abode to ruminate on the past and muse on the anticipated hour of bliss. Some of my fair readers may feel a glow of indignation rise on the cheek, at the reckless manner in which the Countess Isabella Donzella appointed an assignation with our musical hero; but then our modest ladies, perhaps more modest than those of any other country, must be informed that the *donnas* of Spain, the *demoiselles* of France, and the beautiful *signoras* of Italy, all have their own way of doing things, and that their heads do not stop at trifles when their hearts are full of love. But heaven forbid that I should intimate any thing derogatory to the character of the fair Countess Isabella Donzella, for she was strictly a modest lady in the ways of Spain. The Countess was a woman; I beg pardon, I should have said a lady; for though the term woman is to me the tenderest epithet that is applied, yet it is out of fashion with the fair. I say the Countess Isabella Donzella was a lady who, though fond of flirting and coquetting, was nevertheless alive to the dignity of her sex; and though she sometimes suffered from her unconquerable desire of humoring a coxcomb, she always suffered unjustly, further than her turpitude as a coquette. If there ever was a woman who could keep a secret, which some bachelors crustily doubt, that woman was the Countess Isabella Donzella, for she never communicated her designs to another, which certainly was wise; for whether the lady may be truly in love or trifling, a confidant will always spoil the matter, because she does not feel herself beloved, nor the interest felt by one beloved.

But to return to our musical pedant, Don Juan. For his part, he was snuggled away in his humble dwelling, and had gone to his straw without his supper; for in following the Countess Isabella Donzella, he had neglected to procure, by his guitar the means of procuring his supper. The reader, after this, will say that it was preposterous in one in the low circumstances of Don Juan, to address a countess; but then I have not let the cat out yet. There are two things to be considered besides the fact, which should be remembered, that the people of Spain do things in their own way, and that there are much queerer things to be met with in *Seville*. The first is, that the countess was at best but playing with Don Juan; and the second is, that our musical dandy took especial care that she should not know the state of his finances; for he went dressed like a prince, putting, like other *ladies' men*, all he got on his back. All night Juan's dreams were full of love, and the glorious prospects before him. Sometimes he awoke with the intensity of his emotions, and found himself clasping the straw pillow for the charming Countess Isabella Donzella; and again, he was kneeling before her and clasping her small white hand, while his enraptured tongue poured forth the sentiments of his heart. The morning dawned over the eastern hills of Spain, and the day passed lazily away until the evening came, and then he flew to meet the charming Isabella Donzella. He passed the superb pile of the monastery, where many a heart sighed over its blasted hopes and the dark veil which hid for ever from their view the brilliant blandishments

of the world, and the beauties of social intercourse. Don Juan reached the grotto just as the moon rose, and tipt with silver radiance the distant ornamental trees of the convent; but he found not the object of his visit—the Countess Isabella Donzella was not there. "Can she mean to deceive me?" ejaculated Don Juan; "can she trifle with the best affections and feelings of my heart?" He sat down in a beautiful Spanish kiosk, something after the manner of the Turkish summer-houses. It was at the end of a long avenue of orange trees which poured forth the most delicious odour, and here, illuminated by the moon, he sat to meditate on the magic of his guitar, and mark the approach of the charming Isabella Donzella. Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by the sound of a light footstep along the winding avenue, which no ear save that of a lover could have distinguished. She came, tripping soft like a wood nymph, or a Diana, alternately seen and concealed by the luxuriant foliage of the fruit trees. Nearer and nearer she came, until her loose flowing robe, floating on the gentle breeze, convinced him that it could be no other than the fair Countess Isabella Donzella. Don Juan rose from his seat, and welcoming her to the happy interview, he seized her hand, and sinking on one knee, poured out, in all the eloquence he was master of, a confession of the passion that swayed his heart. The countess was surprised that love should lend such language to his tongue, but she concealed it, and with pretended diffidence congratulated her musical lover that they had both been actuated by the same impulse in seeking the interview. Don Juan asseverated that his whole heart was eternally hers, and the Countess declared that she had long parted with her own. Juan rose by the assistance of the lady, which, in Spain, is considered a fortunate omen, and having seated her, he sat himself down beside her. Many sweet things, as is always the case on such occasions, were said; but as a tell-tale is a bad character, it would be exceedingly impolite in me to publish to the world these delicious *morceaux*. Suffice it to say, that Don Juan was afraid lest he should lose by delay—that he paved the way for another assignation the next evening, and that he did then and there pop the awful question which has made many a hero tremble who had faced the cannon's mouth undaunted. The Countess replied to his question, that her friends would be opposed to her union with him or any untitled man, if they knew it; but she hoped that that obstacle would not be insurmountable. Don Juan then pressed her to elope, and assured her that ere the authorities could pursue they would be indissolubly bound by the golden fetters of Hymen. The Countess demurred at first, then reasoned the case, and finally agreed that they should elope the next night, and fly to the suburbs, where lived an old priest who followed the same avocation as the blacksmith at Gretna Green, in England. Thus agreed they parted.

The hour of elopement arrived, and our musical dandy drove round to the western wing of the convent, where he had been told he should see a light, the signal that she was in preparation. The light was gleaming from her cell, and

Don Juan chuckled at the prospect of being united to so accomplished a countess. Amid a clump of trees he drew up his carriage, and awaited with impatience the appearance of his heart's adored. He saw her wave her kerchief from a little window in the convent, and in a few minutes after saw her airy form approaching from the gloom of the shrubbery. She came to inform him that she would be with him in a few minutes, and enjoined it upon him that he should not speak to her until they arrived at the priest's house and were married, lest her imprudence should be discovered. She returned again to the convent, and Juan stood musing, not a little puzzled at her injunction of silence, particularly as it came from a woman. But he did not muse long ere a rustling of silk announced her approach, veiled from head to foot. She made motions indicative of silence, and Juan, without speaking a word, handed her to the cabriolet, and bade the postillion to drive on. Away went our musical friend, with his musical trophy, the Countess Isabella Donzella: and who so happy as Juan?

The marriage was consummated by the old priest, the next morning came, and Juan found himself the husband of—Oh! Jupiter Ammon!—not of the Countess Isabella Donzella, but simply of the Donna Inez, maid of honour to the Countess Isabella Donzella, with whom Don Juan had been flirting and playing the male coquette, having first won her affections, and then forsaken her in the pursuit of the Countess. Gods! what a situation was Don Juan placed in! He had never loved Donna Inez, and who may express the misery of being tied to a woman we do not love, and forced to bestow those endearments which we do not feel, and not feeling, do not bestow from inclination? Who can careen what he does not love? Who can imagine the surprise, astonishment, grief, vexation, and horror of Don Juan the next morning, when, instead of looking upon the plump, rosy, and roguish countenance of the Countess Isabella Donzella, he beheld the picture of the very reverse in the face of a waiting maid. Don Juan could bear it no longer, and raved like a maniac at the Countess, declaring he would have revenge for the imposition she had practised upon him. He also declared the marriage null and void, and that he would not live with the woman he had not chosen. Several times did he touch his guitar ere reason returned to her throne, and the troubled waves of passion subsided.

But providence many times avenges the injuries heaped upon us, and turns what we considered injuries, to blessings in the end. The very calamities which we sometimes deplore eventually prove the stepping stones to our fortune, and raise us above those who inflicted them upon us. Such was the fortunate fate of Don Juan. Mortified at his situation, he cut the acquaintance of his wife, and after having informed her that he did not wish the honour of starving with her, and returned to the convent to breathe vengeance on his roguish persecutor; but alas the countess has eloped with Don Alonso Gonzales, and gone no one knew whither. Don Juan, perplexed and disgusted, seized with avidity an offer by the Prior of the Convent, and

entered immediately; where, as chance would have it, he occupied the same cell vacated by the countess. Here he applied himself to study, and astonished his brother monks by the rapidity of his attainments. It seemed that he had struck upon the vein of his genius, for in a few years he was no longer the insignificant being he had been, but a philosopher, versed in all the learning of Spain. On the death of one of the professors of the University of Seville, great interest was taken by an unexpected friend in favour of Don Juan, and he was soon after installed in the vacant chair of the University. Sympathising in the unhappy situation of his wife, Donna Inez, and being now able to provide for her, he generously took her to his arms and bed again. He remained in this situation several years, when his fame had spread over Spain, and the renown of his wisdom reaching the ears of Ferdinand, King of Spain, Don Juan was called to Madrid to be invested with a diplomatic character. He was shortly after sent ambassador to Naples, with full powers to negotiate a treaty of a very important nature. This was happily accomplished to the satisfaction of Ferdinand, and he returned to Madrid to find himself loaded with favours.

A little incident now occurred, which eventuated in placing Juan on the very pinnacle of fortune. He was a second time sent to Naples, and one day while sauntering along the shore of the beautiful Bay of Naples, with his wife hanging upon his arm, she was accosted by an aged and miserable looking man, who addressed her by the name of Donna Inez Androzzi, whose family he said he had known twenty years before in Venice, Florence, and Rome, which cities were successively the residence of the family. He reported her parents to have been of noble birth, and descended from the Doges of Venice.

"Nay," said Inez, "I am of Spanish birth—you do not know me."

"I may not be in error," replied the stranger, "for a trifle I will satisfy you of all."

"You are amusing us with trifles," retorted Don Juan, "the lady's language is Spanish."

"Tell me the history of my family," said Inez, giving him money, "for I should joy to know."

"Lady," said the stranger, bowing, "you have been most unmercifully dealt with, and by the very person who should have been the last to injure you. Know then that the Countess Isabella Donzella has been a traitor to you. She was taken at an early age into your father's palace, and provided for as an orphan without a friend. Your father, as I said, was of noble birth, and possessed of a princely fortune, which he used in rescuing unfortunate orphans from misery. More than fifteen years ago the plague, in Florence, swept both your parents to the grave; but ere they died, they enjoined it upon Isabella to take care of you, and see that proper guardians were appointed for their only child. Amid the consternation that then reigned in Florence, man heard not the cries of his fellow man, nor heeded his misery, for every one was concerned only for himself."

"And what did Isabella promise?" asked the Lady Inez, still incredulous.

"That she would take care of you," returned the stranger, "and that she would take care that you should not be wronged out of one tittle of the vast estate bequeathed unto you. But no sooner were your parents deposited in the tomb of the Doges, than Isabella seized plate, jewels, and money; discharged the whole retinue of servants, or that part that had remained faithful after the appearance of the plague, and appropriated all to herself."

"What became of Isabella, after this event?" inquired the Lady Inez.

"In the character of an orphan child she took you with her on a travelling tour through the continent. She travelled through the northern Italian States into France, and thence through Switzerland and some of the Germanic States to England, where she remained a short time, long enough however to marry an English Count, who was drowned in a shipwreck soon after, in the passage to Spain."

"What is my age?" asked Inez, with the view of testing the truth of his story.

"Nineteen, next All-Soul's Day," said the old man. "Well do I remember the joy which rung through the hall when you were born."

"You are right," returned Inez, "it is precisely the same which Isabella taught me. Know you any thing concerning Isabella's residence in Spain?"

"Ay, she fixed her residence at Seville, where she represented you as an indigent orphan whom she had taken in pity, and as you grew older kept in the character of a waiting maid. This I learned from an old fellow servant who returned from Seville to Naples, and who watched every movement of the Countess; afraid, however, to make a disclosure to you, least her power and ill-gotten wealth should bring him to the Inquisition. But, lady, you are now able to vindicate your wrongs, to recover your splendid fortune, and to punish the wicked and ungrateful woman who made the child of her benefactor and father her slave, and broke the solemn vow given to those who snatched her from poverty and ruin."

Inez wept, and taking a purse of gold from her bosom, gave it to the old faithful servant of her father, with the promise to provide for his old age, when she should recover her long lost estates. Thus they parted: and Don Juan, astonished at the turpitude of the Countess Isabella Donzella, now blessed his stars that her own duplicity had shielded him from her arms. A month after this event, Don Juan and Inez, the former having completed his business with the government, were on the point of embarkation, when news arrived that a conspiracy against the King of Spain had been discovered, and that Don Alonzo Gonzales and his wife were at the head of it. They had fled, it was supposed; into Italy; for their apprehension a large reward was offered. In a light felucca, Juan and Inez set sail for Sicily, intending to tarry awhile at the cities of Palermo and Messina, and from thence proceed to Spain. They had not remained long at Messina ere was rumoured that Don Alonzo and the countess were there. Pursuit commenced, and they fled.

Having no hope of arresting the fugitives at that time, Juan and Inez embarked for Spain,

and arrived some time after at Madrid, intending, after the government business was adjusted, to return to Italy, and take possession of their property. Six months after, when Juan was on the point of embarking for Italy, it was rumoured that the traitors had been arrested on the high seas, and that they were lodged in one of the dungeons in Madrid. They were ordered for trial first, on the charge of Juan, of having his property in their possession; but there was no proof, as he had neglected to inquire the name and residence of the individual whom he had seen at Naples. The Countess denied the charge in toto, and swore to avenge her injured innocence. She knew not that it was Don Juan who stood before her, the favourite of royalty, but once the musical pedant with whom she had trifled; and great was her mortification and surprise to find herself in the power of a man whom she had once held in ridicule and contempt. Such are the strange vicissitudes of fortune, and such the mutability of human grandeur. He who triumphs to-day over his insignificant fellow being, may find himself in a few fleeting years sunk beneath his notice, or trembling at the footstool of his unexpected power, and almost mysterious superiority. These mutations of time often change the fool to the philosopher, and the pedant to the prince—the miserable becomes a monarch, and the proud nabob sinks to poverty. Mysterious, though wise are the ways of Providence.

Don Juan, after the culprits had denied all knowledge of such characters as Juan and Inez, made himself known; and they wept, not at the turpitude of which they were guilty, nor in penitence therefor—but they wept at the visible change which had taken place, and the evil fortune which had thrown them at the mercy of those upon whom they once looked with pity or contempt. The sarcasm of an acknowledged inferior is severe, but to be bound at the feet and compelled to feel and acknowledge the dominance of those who had once trembled at our fiat, is the very acme of misery. The Countess Isabella Donzella now felt that keenest of all stings, save that which arises from the imputation of a weak intellect—for the Countess had shone in all the courts of Europe, had visited all the galleries of Italy and the learned societies of the continent, and had been pronounced the most accomplished and the most opulent lady of all Spain. But she had fallen—aye, fallen beneath the power of him whom she had scorned, and whose vengeance she knew she had merited. But her haughty spirit shrunk not before her accusers; she was still the same proud and imperious woman. It has been said, that when woman aberrates from the path of rectitude, she becomes incorrigible in crime, and far outstrips man in the ingenuity of her plans, her suddenness of thought and presence of mind in danger, and in the reckless, daring, and desperate intrepidity of her deeds in the moment of execution. Thus it is, extremes are visible throughout all nature. The mind that is intensely bitter, is generous in the same ratio; and woman, the most gentle in virtue of all creatures, becomes the most vicious and revengeful when she descends to vice.

The Countess denied all knowledge of the crimes with which she was charged, and as it is customary in Spain to put the accused to the rack, and extort by torture what, in the absence of witnesses, cannot be obtained, she was condemned to be stretched upon the rack the next day. So long accustomed to intrigue, it is not strange that the Countess now, in the hour of danger, should have her emissaries. These contrived to elude the vigilance of the jailor, and convey to her the instruments necessary to make her escape. She did not fail at night to use them, and after long and lingering toil she found herself at midnight in the archway of the prison, where slept the keeper of the many miserable victims confined within its walls. The groans of the miserable sufferers alone broke the silence of the solemn hour. By the glimmering rays of the moon that entered through the iron lattice at the end of the arch, she could distinctly see the sleeping turnkey, as he lay stretched at full length upon his couch. Every moment was pregnant with danger, and she advanced, took from beneath her robe a poignard, and stood a moment to designate the spot where she should strike with effect. In the hurry, she dropped the poignard; in stooping for which, she placed her hand upon a locket containing the portrait of one she had known in better days. Curiosity overcame the sense of danger, and for a moment she gazed upon it with intense feeling. It was the portrait of her mother; but who could the being be who possessed it? Could he be her brother? He might not be; and if she waked him, her doom would be eternally sealed; and, oh! the agonies of the rack which she must endure. Thus she reasoned, and at last determined to plunge the poignard to his heart, rather than risk the consequence of his waking. She grasped the poignard, and raising her arm, said, in a low tone—

"No, I must kill him—my own life depends upon his death."

"Hold! rash woman, hold!" cried the turnkey, springing from his bed, "would you murder your own brother? I knew you, when first arrested, and it was through my agency that you received the instruments by which you have escaped. Would you, then, imbue your hands in the blood of your brother?"

"Pardon me," said the Countess, "my own life"—

Nay, you are free," interrupted the turnkey, "fly this moment from the shores of Spain: fly! fly!" And he bore her along the deep, resounding vault, towards the massive door.

A moment sooner, and the Countess would have been free; but the noise had aroused the higher officers of the prison, and before the turnkey could unbar the door, an officer rushed forward and attempted to seize the Countess. In an instant, ere the officer could fix his grasp, she gave him a tremendous blow, the poignard was buried to the hilt, the blood gushed in a torrent against the wall, and sprinkled the loose robe of the infuriated Countess. The next moment a second officer seized the uplifted arm of the desperate woman with one hand, while he grasped her white neck with the other, and attempted to wrench the poignard from her supernatural grip

by choking her till her beautiful dark eyes started from their sockets. But she yielded not until her head swam in dizziness, and she was about falling, when her sturdy antagonist wrested the reeking weapon from her hand. But his triumph was of short duration, for, quick as the lightning's flash, she struck the poignard from his hand, and held it a moment glittering in the moonbeam, aimed at the shuddering breast of her combatant. Her arm descended, and he fell as falls the bullock of Spain beneath the knife of the dexterous butcher.

In the next moment, the desperate heroine was beyond the walls of the prison; and ere the next sun rose and set, she was in the gloom of a far distant forest, where the hungry wild wolf howled in concert with the maddened spirit of the murderous Countess. Her soul now breathed nothing but revenge on Don Juan, and was occupied only in the contemplation of the plan by which she might gratify her new passion. She had passed the Rubicon of crime, and was prepared, in the daring spirit of fallen woman, for those deeds which outstrip romance, and set at defiance even the most extravagant pretensions of turpitude. Quick in intellect, it did not require long for the countess to mature her plans against Don Juan; for, in three days, she was again in the streets of Madrid, watching every movement of her intended victim. She discovered, by means of her disguise, that Juan would leave Madrid in a few days for Italy, which was all her dark soul, brooding on revenge, desired. Juan and Inez accordingly set out; and, after visiting Valladolid, Saragossa, and Barcelona, crossed over the gulfs of Lyons and Genoa, and landed at Lucca, in Italy. After visiting Pisa, Florence, and several other cities, they departed for Venice, the idol of the isles. The sun was just casting his last red rays on the silvery surface of the Mediterranean, when they reached a defile of that long chain of mountains, the Apennines, which runs through almost the whole extent of Italy. Passing through this gloomy pass, Don Juan amused Inez by reciting the story of a bandit who had stopped an English nobleman and his lady in that spot, and after murdering him, bore off the lady to a fate worse than death.

"I see him now!" said Inez, "behind that fallen tree. Oh, God! we are lost!"

"Nay, 'tis but your fancy," returned Don Juan, "I see no living creature."

"See, see! he moves," cried the lady, "O! save me, save me!"

At that moment a being dressed in the garb of a bandit, with long dark whiskers, sprung from behind the fallen tree, and seized the bridle of Juan's horse. Two large horse pistols hung in the belt round his body, and two stilettes peered from his bosom; at his side hung a long glittering poniard or attaghan.

"Who art thou, audacious villain?" interrogated Don Juan, "that thus darest to cross my path."

"It matters not," muttered the bandit, "further than I am thy deadly foe. I have sought revenge, and now the hour has come, I would have followed you over the world, but fortune has favoured me. Nay, think not of resistance;

my band of brave hearts are feasting in the distant cavern, and one stamp or call of mine shall bid an hundred start to avenge my wrongs."

"I never wronged you," said Juan, "and why do you seek revenge?"

"No, the wolf never wronged the lamb," sarcastically retorted the bandit, "but you shall taste death, and Donna Inez, the generous Donna Inez, shall!"

Don Juan, alarmed, hastily drew from his bosom a small pistol, levelled it at the heart of the bandit, and drew the trigger. But the pistol flashed, and the next moment he was in deadly conflict with the bandit, each struggling for the mastery. The bandit being small, was thrown by Juan; but was busy in attempting to draw one of the instruments to stab Juan, which, after some time, was effected. But the wound was given only in the arm; and Juan, in the mean time, had drawn one of the stilettes from the bosom of the bandit, and as he supposed had pinned him to the ground. But the wound Juan had given was not fatal. The weapon had struck the ribs, and glanced down through the flesh on the side. A small artery, however, had been severed, and the bandit bled profusely. Juan finding his antagonist so weak, raised himself and looked full in the face of the fainting bandit. "Tell me, this instant, who thou art," cried Juan, "or this moment is thy last."

He held the stilette glittering in the gaze of the fainting bandit, whose beautiful melancholy eyes, rolling in their sockets, touched the soul of Juan with compassion.

"Know, then," said the bandit, rising on one arm, "that your most deadly foe is no other than the Countess Isabella Donzella, whose arm of vengeance shall yet reach thy heart."

Juan, at the sound of that name, sprung upon his feet, with surprise and horror.

"Nay, threaten not—remember, you are in my power," said Juan, holding up her pistols.

"Aye, I am in thy power, but I fear thee not," retorted the dauntless woman, rising on one knee. "Here I swear never to rest till I have avenged the wrongs I bear."

"Go," interrupted Juan, "weak woman, I fear thee not. Thy weakness I pity, thy threats I despise."

"I swear that the time yet shall come, proud man, when you shall tremble beneath the arm of that woman you once loved. I will follow thee from country to country, and never will I rest till this dagger is buried in thy cruel heart."

"Go, bid thee to some cloister," said Juan, "and wash with repentance the blood that reeks upon thy guilty hands."

The large dark eye of the countess scowled on Juan, as he recalled her degradation; and she would have rushed upon him, had she not fainted at that moment with the loss of blood. Juan and the insensible Inez now pursued their journey, and stopping a few days after, at a small town, they were informed by a traveller who had just left the mountains that the unfortunate countess was dead on the highway where she fought. Sorrow stole into the heart of Juan, for he had once devotedly loved her, and it is hard to hate whom we have loved. Yet he could not but feel that a great suspense and uncertainty

had been removed by her death, knowing the desperate character of his adversary. The countess had hated Juan with all the rancour which is common to women who have loved, and whose love has been slighted. Juan now felt free from all dread, and passed on to Venice, where he arrived in safety. They were conducted through all the canals of this grand city of the sea, until the gondolier conveyed them to their own splendid palace of marble, situated near the Rialto, the most sublime bridge in that sublime city of bridges and canals. Here they passed their time in the most refined and luxurious enjoyment, until some months had worn away. It was late one evening after having been on a pleasure excursion, in a gondola, that Juan retired to bed, fatigued and somewhat overcome with wine. He slept soundly, but was awakened in the dead of night by a voice near his couch, which called loudly on his name. He awoke in his fright, and what was his horror when he beheld a stern, unearthly being, brandishing a dagger in the moonlight.

"I swore I would not rest until this dagger had reeked in thy heart's blood, and now I have come to execute my purpose. I am not dead—'twas but a tale told to lull thy fears."

Juan sprung from the couch with horror—for so much like an apparition did the countess appear, that he could not dispel the idea.

"Ho! help, here—help! help!" cried Juan, raising his voice to the highest pitch.

"Nay, struggle not, call not, for I have secured thee ere I waked thee," said the countess, "and now the hour of my vengeance has certainly arrived. Not for all the splendour thou hast robbed me of, nor all the wealth of Italy, would I relinquish the luxury of reaching thy heart. Now thou tremblest—did I not tell thee thou shouldst tremble at my gaze? Thou wouldst have gluttied thine eyes on my agonies—now I will feast on thine."

Juan, bound hand and foot, stood on his knees before her, and was in the act of imploring mercy, when footsteps were heard on the stairway leading to the apartment. No time was to be lost, and the Countess again hurriedly addressed him.

"Juan, I revenge the wrongs you have heaped upon me, and this blow will obliterate them for ever from my memory. Die! traitor—die like a man, by the hand of her you loved."

She struck at the moment she spoke, and Juan fell backwards, with a groan, on the floor. At the same instant Inez rushed into the room, and seeing her husband fall, snatched the dagger from the hand of the countess, and in an instant plunged it into her heart. The blood gushed upon the floor, and the countess, springing upwards, fell dead at the foot of Inez. Juan finding all danger passed, raised himself, and found that his wound was not mortal. The blade had glanced. He recovered both his health and property afterwards.

MILFORD BARD.

The aim of Education should be to teach us rather how to think, than what to think—rather to improve our minds, so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie*.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE VOICE OF THE STREAM.

'Tis sweet, as day's declining ray
Fades in a lingering beam,
By softened evening's light to stray,
Beside the silver stream:

And listen to the gurgling sound,
Its pebbly waters make—
While insects, from the enamel'd ground,
In echoing numbers wake.

Oh! there's a voice so softly low,
Of gently varying theme,
In the calm waters' sparkling flow,
Of that bright silver stream.

'Tis with the music-breathing tongue
Of love's peculiar tone,
Whose softest whispering notes are sung,
To rocks and woods alone.

Even trees and leaves are music-stirr'd,
Bright flowers in chorus seem,
And the clear warblings of the bird,
Are mingling with the stream.

And when that fairy light alone,
Which gentle evening brings,
O'er the deep woods and rocks, has thrown
Its far-spread, shadowing wings:

Then soft, unmingled, murmuring notes
But break on nature's dream,

'Tis the fond voice that gently floats
O'er that bright silver stream. C. H. W.

The following interesting article, illustrating a beautiful plate in the Book of NATURE, is taken from the third number of that work.

Great African White Ant.

(*Termites. Termes Bellicosus*, LINN.)

Smeathman has given the best account of the habits and instincts of these curious insects; and they are so singular that they cannot fail to be interesting to the reader. Whole volumes have been written respecting the various tribes of ants, and the curious reader is referred to those of Huber and Satreille, where he will find examples of an industry that has become proverbial, and traits of affection and feeling that would do honour to our own species. Love and courage, patience and perseverance, almost all the higher virtues of human nature, seem to be the ordinary springs of action in the ant.

The termites are represented by Linnæus as the greatest plagues of both Indies; and, indeed, between the tropics they are justly so considered, from the vast damages and losses which they cause. They perforate and eat into wooden buildings, utensils, and furniture, with all kinds of household stuff and merchandise; these they totally destroy, if their progress be not timely stopped. A person residing in the equinoctial regions, although not incited by curiosity, must be very fortunate if the safety of his property do not compel him to observe their habits.

"When they find their way," says Kirby,

"into houses or warehouses, nothing less hard than metal or glass escapes their ravages. Their favourite food, however, is wood; and so infinite is the multitude of assailants, and such the excellence of their tools, that all the timber-work of a spacious apartment is often destroyed by them in a night. Outwardly, every thing appears as if untouched; for these wary depredators—and this is what constitutes the greatest singularity of their history—carry on all their operations by sap or mine, destroying first the inside of solid substances, and scarcely ever attacking their outside, until first they have concealed it and their operations with a coat of clay."

An engineer, having returned from surveying the country, left his trunk on a table; the next morning he found not only all his clothes destroyed by white ants, or cutters, but his papers also, and the latter in such a manner, that there was not a bit left of an inch square. The black lead of his pencils was consumed; the clothes were not entirely cut to pieces and carried away, but appeared as if moth-eaten, there being scarcely a piece as large as a shilling that was free from small holes; and it was further remarkable, that some silver coin, which was in the trunk, had a number of black specks on it, caused by something so corrosive that they could not be rubbed off, even with the hand. "One night," says Kemper, "in a few hours, they pierced one foot of the table, and having in that manner ascended, carried their arch across it, and then down, through the middle of the other foot, into the floor, as good luck would have it, without doing any damage to the papers left."

The destructiveness of these insects is, perhaps, one of the most efficient means of checking the pernicious luxuriance of vegetation within the tropics; no large animal could effect in months what the white ant can execute in weeks; the largest trees, which falling, would rot, and render the air pestilential, are so thoroughly removed, that not a grain of their substance is to be recognized. Not only is the air freed from this corrupting matter, but the plants destroyed by the shade of these bulky giants of the vegetable world, are thus permitted to shoot.

The different species of this genus resemble each other in form, in their manner of living, and in their good and bad qualities, but differ as much as birds in the manner of building their habitations, and in the choice of the material of which they compose them.

Some build on the surface of the ground, or partly above and partly beneath, and some on the stems or branches of trees, sometimes aloft at a vast height.

Their societies consist of five different descriptions of individuals.

Workers, or larvae, answering to the neuters of bees. These constitute the most numerous division of the community; they construct the nest, and take charge of the young until the latter are capable of providing for themselves.

Nymphs, or pupæ; which differ nothing from the larvae, except in possessing the rudiments of wings.

Neuters: which are known by their large heads, armed with very long mandibles. These exceed the labourers much in bulk, and are in

numerical proportion to the latter as 1 to 100.—They are the soldiers of the community.

A male and female arrived at their full state of perfection. Each community contains but one of each of these, and they are strictly king and queen; they are exempt from all the ordinary duties falling upon their subjects. When first disclosed from the pupa, they have four wings; but like the ants, they soon cast off these members. They are known from the blind larvæ, pupæ, and neuters, by their having two large eyes.

"In this form," says Smeathman, "the animal comes abroad during or soon after the first tornado, which at the latter end of the dry season proclaims the approach of the ensuing rains, and seldom waits for a second or third shower, if the first, as is generally the case, happen in the night, and bring much wet with it.

"The quantities that are to be found next morning, all over the surface of the earth, but particularly in the waters, is astonishing.

"On the following morning, however, they are to be seen running upon the ground in chase of each other. From one of the most active, industrious, and rapacious; from one of the most fierce and implacable little animals in the world, they are now become the most innocent, helpless, and cowardly; never making the least resistance to the smallest ant."

The ants are to be seen on every side in infinite numbers, dragging to their different nests these annual victims to the laws of nature. It is wonderful that a pair should ever escape so many dangers, and get into a place of safety; some, however, do in fact escape, and being found by some of the labouring insects that are continually running about the surface of the ground, under their covered galleries, they are elected kings and queens of new states. All those who have not the good luck to be so preserved, certainly perish, and most probably in the course of the following day.

The little industrious creatures immediately inclose the favoured individuals in a small chamber of clay, suitable to their size, into which at first they have but one entrance, just large enough for the workers and the soldiers to go in and out.

About this time a most extraordinary change begins to take place in the queen, to which nothing similar is known except in the chigoe, and in the different species of the coccus tribe. The abdomen begins gradually to enlarge, and at length acquires such an enormous size, that an old queen will have it increased to an extent which equals fifteen hundred or two thousand times the bulk of the rest of her body, and twenty or thirty thousand times the bulk of a labourer.

The skin between the segments is distended in every direction; and at last the segments are removed to the distance of half an inch from each other, though at first the length of the whole abdomen is not half an inch; they preserve their dark brown colour, and the upper part of the abdomen is marked with a regular series of brown bars from the thorax to the posterior part of the abdomen; while the intervals between them are covered with a thin, delicate, transpa-

rent skin, and appear of a fine cream colour, a little shaded by the dark hue of the intestines, and watery fluid seen here and there beneath.

The abdomen is then of an irregular oblong shape, being contracted by the muscles of every segment, and is become one vast matrix full of eggs, which make long circumvolutions through an innumerable series of very minute vessels. This singular matrix is not more remarkable for its amazing extension than for its peristaltic motion, which resembles the undulation of the waves, and continues incessantly without any apparent effort on the part of the animal; so that there is a constant protrusion of eggs, to the amount, as Smeathman has frequently counted in the case of an old queen, of sixty in a minute, or eighty thousand and upwards in twenty-four hours.

These eggs are instantly removed by her attendants, of which a sufficient number is always found waiting in the adjacent chambers, and carried to the nurseries, which, in a great nest, may be four or five feet distant, in a direct line, and consequently much farther by the winding galleries which conduct to them.

The nests of these insects are usually termed hills by natives, as well as strangers, from their outward appearance, which being more or less conical, generally resemble the form of a sugar-loaf; they rise about ten or twelve feet in perpendicular height above the ordinary surface of the ground.

One inch of the terme's building, being proportionate to twenty-four feet of human building, twelve inches, or one foot of the former must be proportionate to twelve times twenty-four, or two hundred and eighty-eight feet, of the latter; consequently, when the white ant has built one foot, it has, in point of labour, equalled the exertions of a man who has built two hundred and eighty-eight feet: but, as the ant-hills are ten feet high, it is evident that human beings must produce a work of two thousand eight hundred and eighty feet in height, to compete with the industry of their brother insect. The great pyramid is about one-fifth of this height; and as the solid contents of the ant-hill are in the same proportion, they must equally surpass the solid contents of that ancient wonder of the world. These hills are sufficiently strong to support the weight of a large bull, to whom they furnish a convenient stand for watching the rest of the herd ruminating below.

There are also around large subterranean galleries, to which the Roman sewers are not to be compared, when the size of the worker is taken into account. Some of these are thirteen inches in the bore, extending more than a hundred yards under ground, and forming the great thoroughfares of the community. The tender bodies of the termites, compared with the armour-like integument of their mortal enemies, makes it necessary for them thus to conceal themselves.

Fig. 1, represents the labourers, less than a quarter of an inch in length. When its formidable jaws are examined, and its immense industry and activity are considered, the effects resulting from the labours of myriads of these insects, will scarcely excite surprise.

Fig. 2, are the soldiers, with the huge head armed with awls.

Fig. 3, the king, which after losing its wings never increases in bulk.

Fig. 4, the males.

Fig. 5, pregnant females, or queens, represented on branches, to show the entire figures.

Fig. 6, nests.

On attempting to knock off the top of one of these nests, a soldier will run out, and walk about as if to reconnoitre; he is followed by two or three others, and to them succeed a large body, who rush out as fast as the breach will permit them. It is not easy, says Smeathman, to describe the rage and fury they show; being blind, they bite everything they come against, making a crackling noise. They make their hooked jaws meet at every bite; and if it should be on the leg of a man, a spot of blood, extending an inch on the stocking, follows the wound. Nothing can tear them away, and they must be taken off piecemeal. The same author saw an army of the marching ants, *Terres viarum*, emerge from the ground, and observed their motions. Their march was orderly, and very rapid, and their numbers prodigious. They were divided into two columns, sixteen abreast, composed chiefly of labourers, with here and there a huge soldier, that appeared like an ox among sheep; other soldiers kept a foot or two from the column, acting as videttes, appointed to guard against a surprise; others mounted the plants or blades of grass, which flanked the main bodies, and thus elevated a foot or more, looked over and controlled the proceedings of the moving multitude. They turned their heads in the different directions where danger might arise, and every now and then struck their forceps against the plant, producing a ticking sound, to which the whole army answered simultaneously with a loud hiss, and quickened their pace. The stream continued to flow on for an hour, and then sunk into the earth; the rear was brought up by a large body of soldiers.

As the termites have a portion of their community expressly set apart for the duties of war, they may be expected to exhibit the most perfect form of insect tactics; and such, indeed, is the fact. Upon an alarm being given, the labourers, being incapable of fighting, betake themselves to the interior, while the soldiers take their places. A sentinel starts out, walks rapidly about, and after ascertaining the nature of the danger threatened, retires to give the alarm. Upon this, two or three more hurry out, and the intelligence spreading, the vicinity is soon filled with warriors in a state of great fury. These, in their haste, being only capable of directing their movements by feeling, frequently lose their footing, and tumble down hill. The soldiers, says Smeathman, fight to the very last, disputing every inch of ground. Neither can a building stand so as to get a view of the interior parts without interruption; for the labourers keep barricading all the way, stopping up the different galleries and passages which lead to the apartments, particularly the royal chamber, all the entrances to which they fill so artfully as not to let it be distinguishable while the work remains moist, and externally it appears like a

shapeless lump of clay. It is large enough to hold many hundreds of the attendants, besides the royal pair. These faithful subjects never abandon their charge, even in the last distress.

"If," says Huber, "we are desirous of beholding regular armies wage war in all its forms, we must visit the forests in which the wood-ant (*Formica rufa*) establishes its dominion over every insect in its vicinity. We shall there see populous and rival cities, and regular military roads diverging from the ant-hill like so many rays from a centre, frequented by an immense number of combatants of the same species, for they are naturally enemies, and jealous of encroachment. I have witnessed in these forests the inhabitants of two large ant-hills engaged in spirited combat; two empires could not have brought into the field a more determined body of combatants. The rival cities were a few paces from each other, and alike in population."

The author describes the ground covered with the ants, when both armies met. Thousands took their stations on the highest ground, and fought in pairs. Many were engaged in leading away prisoners, who endeavoured violently to escape. The scene of warfare was almost three feet square, and a penetrating odour exhaled from all sides. Numbers of dead ants were seen covered with venom. The little creatures laid hold of each other's legs and pincers, and dragged their antagonists on the ground. They were often so closely wedged together that they fell on their sides, and fought a long time in that situation in the dust, till a third came to decide the contest. Sometimes both received succour at the same moment, when the whole four, keeping firm hold of a foot or antennæ, made ineffectual attempts to win the battle. On the approach of night, each party retired gradually to their own city, and next morning returned to the conflict with increased fury. The event remained for a long time doubtful, but by mid-day the contending armies had removed to the distance of a dozen feet from one of the cities, whence it was concluded some ground had been gained. The ants fought so desperately that they did not perceive they were watched, seeming to be wholly absorbed in the object of finding an enemy to wrestle with. This battle terminated without any disastrous results to the two republics; and in fact its duration appeared to be shortened by long-continued rain, which compelled each of the belligerents to keep within their walls, and the warriors ceased to frequent the road which led to the camp of the enemy.

The simplicity of religious feeling is one of its most touching beauties. It is a sunny and child-like, and single-hearted repose upon plain and realized truth. The very charm of it is, that it is so ingenuous and transparent that there is no mistaking its nature or its reality. Its expression is, "Read, recognize, receive me;—there is in me no reservation or disguise,—welcome me, and I will make you happy."

GLEANINGS.—In Shakespeare's time all the world was a stage, and all the men and women merely players. In ours, all the world's a book, and all its population simply readers.

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luv o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luv grows cule.

O dear, dear Jennie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears;
They blind my een wi' saut saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sittin on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans laughin said,
We cleek'd the tegither hame!
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braces—
The broomy braces o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As aye by aye the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luv!
Oh lightsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang.

Oh mind ye, luv, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water's croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood,
The throesal whuslitt sweet;

The throesal whuslitt in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jennie Morrison,
Tears trinkled down your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,

When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllab'd—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wand'rings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luv o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered yaung,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygone days and me! *Motherwell.*

ROMANTIC TALE.—There is something approaching to the romantic in the fate of the younger Cathlinean, whose family suffered more than any other in the cause of the Bourbons: no less than thirty of the name died in arms or on the scaffold. "The younger Cathlinean, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berri, associated in his successes with M. de Suriac, M. Morriest, and M. de la Soreme, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaupreau; they took refuge in a chateau in the neighborhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain, not a single human being was to be found in it. Certain, however, that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the chateau, they closed the gates, set their watch, and allowed no one to enter except a peasant, whom they employed to show them the hiding places.—This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties and the bellowing of the cattle which were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot, when one of the officers, however, thought, previous to doing so he would go over the chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels.—Suddenly the officer turned towards him, "Give me a pinch of snuff, friend," said he. "I have none," replied the man: "I do not take it." "Then who is there in this chateau that does." "No one that I know of. There is no one in the chateau, as you see." "Then, whence comes the snuff that I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some that was scattered on the ground. The man turned pale and made no reply. The officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and, at last, thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below was hollow. He scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board—he raised it up, and then, alas! he beheld Cathlinean, in front of his three companions, with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate: he fired; Cathlinean fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told to us by the keeper of the Musée, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed.—*Six Weeks on the Loire.*

A Traveller's Story.

THE ALLIGATOR AND THE LEOPARD.

Capt. James Edward Alexander, of the 42^d Royal Highlanders, F. R. G. S., M. R. A. S., &c., has lately given to the world the record of a new series of personal adventures, of which the scenes were laid in various parts of this continent. We annex one of his narrations. In the South American forests he fell in with a countryman named Frazer, from whom, among other facts, [?] he learned the following:—

"You see Antonio there, a Spanish Indian, in the bow of the canoe; well, he and myself, and a few others, once went up to the Apoori, a branch on the Orinoco, to look for turtle's eggs, and on that expedition we saw a very strange sight, which might not be believed at home—and I don't like to tell it to every one." "Don't hesitate to tell it me, Frazer. I have seen sights myself that I don't like telling, as I would rather have a character for veracity than be considered one who has seen wonders, and is fond of doing them full justice in the narration; but communicate freely, and I'll reciprocate." "Well, then; we went up the Apoori and came to the sandbanks where the nests were, and whenever there was a smooth part of the sand we dug down eight or nine inches, and commonly found five and twenty eggs, with a soft shell, like parchment. After procuring as many as we wanted, we dropped down the Apoori and got into the Orinoco, broad and deep, and bordered by heavy forests. We were passing a spit of sand, on a clear afternoon, when we saw a large cayman, ten feet long, asleep on the sand, at a few feet from the water's edge. We approached in the corrial to shoot the monster in the eye; but as we neared him, a spotted jaguar was seen to issue from the edge of the forest, and stole towards the alligator, creeping with his belly on the ground like a cat preparing to surprise a bird. We drew off to see what would happen. The leopard made a sudden spring on the cayman, and they both disappeared in the river in a cloud of spray and foam. The cayman did not re-appear, but the nimble jaguar, soon rose to the surface, blowing with his exertion; sitting on his haunches, like a dog, on the sand, he licked himself for a few moments, and recovering his breath, he again plunged into the river like a Newfoundland dog. Up he came again; still no cayman was seen, though the water was much agitated, and airbells rose to the surface. At last, after a third dive, he dragged the alligator on the sand in a dying state. We wanted to secure them both, and fired away all our powder and ball at the jaguar, but he just sat looking at us, grinning and growling as we fired, and we were obliged to move off; but next day we got the dead cayman, but don't know what became of his conqueror. No part of the cayman had been eaten; perhaps a ball may have spoilt the jaguar's appetite." "Yes, or perhaps he had attacked the cayman merely through natural animosity, like the ichneumon the snake."

KENTUCKY SPORTS.

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and been witness of rifle sports, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that state.

Several individuals expert in the management of the gun, meet for the purpose of displaying their skill; and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The distance may be forty paces. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting right on the head is satisfactory. Well, one out of the three shots generally hits the nail; and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can

have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair. This is technically termed, "Driving the Nail."

"Barking off Squirrels" is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed the manner of procuring squirrels, whilst near Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boon. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky river until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks and hickories; squirrels were seen gamboling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings. We moved not a step from the place, for the squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boon pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually until the head (that being the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills, in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal and sent it whirling through the air. Boon kept up his firing, and before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many squirrels as we wished; for, to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours.

The "snuffing of a candle" with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the spot, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall stout men, who told me they were exercising for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a deer or wolf, by torch-light. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended as an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity with numerous hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven.—*Audubon's Biography.*

HORRORS OF WAR.—Nothing is more dreadful than to follow a few marches behind a victorious army. We lodged indiscriminately among the dead and dying, who had dragged their wounded limbs through the mud of the field of battle, to die, without help, in the nearest hovels. Thousands of enormous vultures had assembled from every part of Spain; perched on heights, and seen from a distance against the horizon, they appeared as large as men. Our videts often marched towards them, to reconnoitre, mistaking them for enemies. They never left their prey on our approach, till we were within a few paces of them, and then the flapping of their enormous wings echoed far and wide, over our heads, like a funeral knell.—*French Officer.*

The Whigs of Scotland.

We extract the following sketch from the *Whigs of Scotland*, a historical romance, recently published by the Harpers, of New York. It furnishes a fair specimen of the descriptive powers of the author.

"Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder."

The Bailey and his committee had been busy men all that day, and all the succeeding night. And by the aid of the mechanics, carpenters, blacksmiths, and carters, who cheerfully volunteered their aid in great crowds, they had contrived to make the Auld Brigg and the vicinity, assume an imposing air of a strongly occupied military position.

They had caused something, which looked like a breast work of heavy timber, to be thrown up in the middle of the Stockwell-street, fronting the passage over the Auld Brigg. And, contrary to all expectation, they had mounted on it a very threatening line of heavy looking guns. To the eye of the beholder, at a distance, this work seemed to be flanked by mounted cannons, possessing something of a new construction. They had stationed by those guns tall men, fantastically dressed. And in front of them, as if designed to mask them, there were a few corps of guards of very ferocious looking men, with every variety of armour which human ingenuity, or sheer necessity could put into requisition. And beyond this formidable looking fort, in the distant back-ground, at the crossing of the streets, which could be seen by the expected Highland companies, as they ascended to the centre arch of the Auld Brigg, there appeared a strong corps of men mounted in an imposing manner.

They had placed the finest looking men, and the best armed, immediately on the Bridge, and on each side of the street to flank the approaching Host as they passed over the Bridge into the city. The students were dressed in their scarlet gowns, with belts, and swords. Each had a brace of pistols in his belt, and a musketoon slung on his shoulder. The broad brims worn in those days, being smartly turned up, lent a fierce look to their cocked hats. An immense crowd of young men, of fine appearance, and tolerably well armed, poured down the Stockwell and Salt market: defiled before the committee, and gravely waited their orders.

"My certes! the thing succeeds gloriously," exclaimed the Bailey. "Wha wad believe it, that this fine corps of braw Glasgovvegians, hae contrived this imposing appearance, by clappin' on a shirt for a tunic; a yellow ribbon for a buff belt, and their grandmither's red mantles for military cloaks."

A long column of strong, blackaviced, fierce looking men, next followed. They were the carpenters with long shafted lances, and the blacksmiths with spears. Each, in the hurry, had fabricated his own lethal weapon; not made for inspection but for a job of terror. These men were placed in a line, two file deep, on each side of the passage of the Auld Brigg. In short, such was the zeal suddenly inspired by the alarm of these marauders approaching, for the city now rang with the evil doings of the Host in

the South and West, that the committee were, in a brief space of time, fully ready to receive the Host.

The Bailey, no mean looking man, was well mounted on his fine grey horse, and sat bolt-upright in the huge saddle of the construction of those days. His dress was not like that of a modern Glasgow Bailey. There were none of the courtly velvets, and black broad cloths about him. There was no gold chain, falling down in copious and rich links over his breast. These appendages of the venerable officers of justice, whose grave and majestic carriage creates respect and awe in the minds of every beholder, were of a later date by nearly a century. He had put on a cocked hat, of no small dimensions, and his snuff browns. He had girded a sword on his loins by a huge buff belt. And, by an especial arrangement of the committee, he had thrown over his shoulders a wide yellow sash, for the purpose of making him conspicuous among the other members. And a star had been got up for the occasion, and was fixed on the left breast, which, for its size and splendour, might have been sported by a Duke.

"These vanities!" cried the Bailey to young Annandale, on whose ancestor's breast this star had blazed, in some more terrible scenes of conflict. "I ferley at the menseless foppery o' man!" added he, as he continued to rub it brighter with the great buff glove which extended up to his elbow.

The Bailey took his station in the middle of the centre arch. "It's canny," cried he, as he pranced up with some feelings of pride, which he could not conceal. "It's canny to meet the faemen here, on Lady Carlow's arch.* And if we warn a' unco weel prepared to foregath'er wi' them, I suld be tempted to offer up a supplication, that the south arch wad fa' since mair, as it lately did, and that it might fa' just as the Heelan reivers were a' fairly on it. But I'm forgettin' mysel, Master James, it's no richt to wush for the destruction o' any body, not e'en for the destruction o' the deevil, as Jemmie Bogue, the weaver, in the Lang Lees, ance prayed, when his wee bit bairnie was deeing. He began wi' an intent to pray that the deevil, the cause o' sin, whilk is the cause o' deeth, might be clean destroyed. And waes me! the crater committed twa fearfu' blunders in this same thing. For he prayed on his knees that 'the Lion o' the tribe o' Judah might be destroyed, stump and rump!' Weel! here we are on the centre arch, on the very key stane. And we can stow our guards on ilka side, in sic a way, that only four of the Athole men, at a time, can gang abreast. And then we can maister them yeffectually!"

The Bailey had for his aid-de-camps, the young men of the committee, twelve in number, all on horseback, well mounted, and presenting an imposing aspect. Lord Annandale was in splendid style; and Lord Mauchlin, and several others, were not much inferior in appearance.

The good Bailey was evidently much agitated in his novel station. He was often heard to

*Lady Campbell, of Carlow, insisted on bearing the entire expense of this arch, when Archbishop Rao built the Auld Brigg of Glasgow.

whisper a vow to the Almighty, for his most holy benediction and countenance. And at times he would talk aloud to every one who came in his way.

"Ye may weel lairn, frae the scenes afore you, maist beloved youth," cried he, after a long silence, and raising himself in his saddle, "what ony truly patriotic and enterprising man may do for his kinty. Only enlichten the people—only enlichten *them*;—just show them what's what—be disinterested, honest, and undaunted, and ony man,—it disna require a Wallace, God bless his memory,—ony ordinary man shall deliver his kinty frae ony foemen. To be free, a kinty only needs to *wull it*: and it wulls it, when its enlightened. Knowledge is *erlength*. An enlightened people will burst through the strongest chains o' slavery—ay, were they even forged by Sathan himsel." And saying this, he reined his steed, plunged his rowels into his flanks, and galloped to the south end of the Bridge.

For just as he uttered them with exultation, a distant roll of the kettle drum was heard. And the discharge of a gun, from the advanced guard, announced that the Athole men were within sight of the Gorbals.

A deep silence pervaded all ranks on the Bridge. Each man stood firm at his post, and sent an inquiring look on the Bailey and his youthful group of attendants, as they returned slowly back to their former stations. The bagpipe sent forth its martial music. The shrill note, and the deep and monotonous boom of the bass, floated on the air. Now it was slow and solemn: at another time, rapid and harsh. The youthful aids of the Bailey were busily deciding on the peaceable, or hostile air of the pibroch, and divining from the piper's tune, the spirit which played in the breasts of these half savages. The conclusion was what every stranger to the martial airs of the Highland bagpipe, would naturally adopt on hearing its music. It sends forth proud defiance. It proclaims fierce and unsubdued impetosity. The sweet note of peace finds no place in its loud screams, its tumultuous redoublings, and the overwhelming booming of its never varying bass. It braces the mind to terrible deeds. It was not composed by Lowland amateurs, nor among love-sick swains, nor amid polished courtiers, nor laughter-loving dames. It was composed by martial spirits, amid the terrible sublimity of their mountain scenery, and the roar of conflicting hosts!

"I think, Bailey," said young Annandale, with some agitation, "that you had better order up your cannon in front; we must sweep the Bridge. That Heelan' music gars a Lawlander's flesh a' grue. I'd sooner meet a legion o' deils than thae craters wha mak sic music!"

Burleigh and Mauchlin smiled. The Bailey cast a grave look on the youthful speaker, who evidently would rather have been at close blows, than standing deliberately at a distance, biding the pelting, and threatening of the *Heelan' Bagpipes!*

"Ye kenna what speerit ye're of, dear Annandale," cried the Bailey, who could with difficulty keep his own teeth from chattering in his head!—"Hech man! I must tell ye, as a magistrate,—hem,—hem,—that thae men,—hem,—

are no just at open,—open,—hem,—war, as it were, wi' us here. Nor hae we proclaimed war *formally*, as it were, against them,"—and he cast his eyes over his men, and his military preparations. "Na, na, were that sae, ye wadna find Bailey Wardlaw, a Glasgow magistrate, here awa,' I tell you. The wicked half savages are the tools o' a misguided and profligate council, whilk will be brocht to its richt senses ere lang, or it will be broken like a potsherd, by a rod o' iron! I just tak the Heelan' craters in the light o' reivers, returnin' frae a successful spreagh; whilk their commanders canna control at a'; nor indeed are they willing, were they able. I tak them just in the licht o' highwaymen, chased oot o' the fields intil the toon; and we place, as it waur, a line o' guards, and shut up ilka nook and bore; and then throw open the yetts o' the Tolbooth, and thence compel them, as it were, to rin intil them; for fien hate o' a door, or winnoch else, is there for the craters to rin intil."—

So saying, he shook Annandale heartily by the hand, and called on young Lord Kardross, one of his aids, to take a file or two, and "ride up to meet the Heelan' men. Find yer way to their commander, and just tell him e'en a' ye see: and tell him, mairover, that some o' the ceevil powers—ye ken what to tell him—beg leave to salute him at the head o' his officers, on the centre arch o' the auld Brigg o' Glasgow."

Lord Kardross rode up at full gallop; and with hat in hand, called out for the officer commanding. He speedily presented himself in the person of a stately Highlander, of a bronze complexion, with heavy red haired eye-brows, and of a fierce aspect. He had on his head a graceful bonnet, set on in an easy jaunting air, with an eagle feather or two, forming his simple plume. He demanded, in a harsh tone, "the wull o' the Duiwassel."

Kardross began with mock solemnity—"His illustrious excellency, the commander in chief, at the ither end o' the auld Brigg, with the noble Lords, his right honourable aid-de-camps, waits your presence, noble Heelan' Sir Chieftain! to escort you through the liberties o' gude auld Glasgow. For my certie, he says ye mauna come intil his city, nor walk a street o' it."

"Wha is he, speak?" cried the chieftain.

"He's ane o' the Toon Council, and nae less than a BAILEY! Yer Heelan' Chiefs are naething to him. Weighed in the scale wi' him, the biggest o' ye a' wad be found wantin'," said Kardross, with the gravest face imaginable.

"Has he a military company?"

"Ye maun e'en come yer wa's up and see for yoursel."

"How many?"

"Why—not exceeding sax thousand five hundred, or there about."

The Highlander started, and clapt his hand on the hilt of his Andro Ferrara, while he threw his eyes over his own men. He then muttered some Gaelic words to his officers, in a hurried manner, as they gathered round him.

"Sax thousand five hunder," repeated our messenger to him, with great *sang-froid*. "Besides his militia corps, wha are comin' in to pay their respects; and whilk I see already advanc-

ing on this side of the Clyde. And the brave Cathcart men will be in yer rear soon."

And as he said this, he pointed to the Rutherglen men coming down the banks of the river, at a quick march; and to the Govan men, pouring their strength up into the Gorbals.

"Go, call up the three sax pounders," cried the Highlander to an officer. "But stay a bit—thas the Bailey ony cannon?"

"Only some thirty lang toms, includin' all the Quaker guns." And he spake truly: for they were nearly all of this class, *non-resistance guns*.*

Our student added, after a pause, "We Sassenachs are a kittle race o' people, when aince fairly roused up!"

"Mean ye, in blude earnest, to impede my course?" cried the chieftain, fiercely.

"Why—yes—no—" replied Lord Kardross, hesitating, and speaking with an air of mysteriousness, "that is to say, it just depends on your putting yourselves on gude behaviour. And let me just add, by way of information," continued our youth, as he cast his eyes, with some affectation of contempt, over the divisions of the Highland Host,—"Aiblins, we can clap some four stout Sassenachs on the back o' ilka ane o' yer Heelan' men, and may be sax o' them. I hae delivered my message. We wait your approach." And he rode off without waiting for his reply.

The commander looked after him for some time in silence. He was evidently in some degree of confusion. He found himself actually hemmed in. He formed his men into close rank and file, six abreast, which he had to reduce to four as he approached the centre arch. "Screw your daggers on your musketoons," he called to his men, "and see that your pieces be weel loaded, and in good order. We'll hae hett wark o't. We hae been thus far tulzien' wi' auld wives and weans; wi' priests and herd callans. We're like to meet wi' men noo, *Seid suas gillie!*" added he, raising his voice to a scream.—"Blaw up the pibroch, club yer airms, march warily, in close file; preserve a deep seelance: and be ready to fire."

He placed himself at their head, and his officers took their position on each side of him. And he pranced along on a gallant steed, which he had taken out of the stables of the Earl of Cassilis, on the same terms as his father and himself took a cow or a horse from the stable of the Sassenach, who happened to refuse the tribute of *Black Mail*.

The town's men and students looked on in deep silence, upon the mass of nodding black plumes, and the glittering musketoons, and the waving sheen tartan. And when they arrived at the centre arch, the whole of them in mock solemnity uncovered for a moment, and lowered the points of their swords and spears before the host—but in such a manner as really to assume, awkwardly enough, a very ambiguous posture and doubtful kind of salutation.

At that moment a salute was fired from the rear of the temporary fort in the middle of the Stockwell. And the close column of men stationed in advance of it, wheeled suddenly to the

right and left, and presented to view what seemed to be the muzzles of a threatening battery of cannon, and the gunners in their places, making a wonderful display of their lighted matches, waving them round their heads to have them in prime blazing order to fire off their cannon. And in the distant perspective, squadrons of horsemen were seen advancing and defiling, in an imposing manner. And the company of Carters backed their tumbrils more into the street, which they sported before the astonished Highlanders as mounted cannon, ready for cross firing.

"Conduct the officers and forty of their men in advance," cried the Bailey, as he gave a flourish with his sword, somewhat in the awkward style of a military novice, and made a low bow to the Highland chief and his staff. They moved on at a quick step.

"Hully—hully a bit, you the rest," cried the Bailey, with a tone and air of authority, after the forty men and officers had passed on. Then raising his voice still louder, he called out, "Let the rest of the Heelan' Host halt, *instanter*, unless ye want to be blawn a' intil the air, like peelins o' ingens." He paused a moment and added, partly to the Highlanders and partly to his own men, with a laugh—

"My certes! only forty o' ye, my gallants, shall enter the royal liberties o' Glasgow at ae time—ay! and no ae soul mair at aince"—adding in a lower tone to his associates—"Divide and conquer, eh? as my duce auld father, the Barony Kirk-elder used to say."

As the Bailey uttered his order, a line of his guards threw themselves across the passage of the bridge. The Highlanders halted. There was no officers near them to give them orders. They looked on each other, and muttered their astonishment and fears.

The Chieftain and his staff were meanwhile marched on, *in terrorem*, towards the cannons' mouth, then suddenly defiled to the right. And as they turned the corner out of the Stockwell, they found, to their fresh astonishment, the street lined with stout, threatening looking men, in arms. The Highlanders were crowded through a narrow space, where not more than a single man could go at once. Thus, by the simplest contrivance imaginable, they were separated from each other, and thrown personally into the power of strangers.

"My orders," cried the person commanding there (it was Sir Robert Hamilton) are to rid you of your cumbersome baggage; in short, to take away from you ilka thing whilk ye hae come by, without the tedious process of buying and paying for it. That's only fair, ye ken, my gallants!"

One of his associates, a Highland student, repeated in Gallic, this order of Sir Robert. They laughed in Sir Robert's face. "That horse," added the commander of the students' party, "wi' a' manner o' humility permit me to say it, belongs, I am just informed, to Lord Kennedy—dismount—seize him, guards—" added he, in a thundering voice, as the chief was drawing out both his pistols from the holsters, and uttering Gallic oaths, mingled in a grotesque manner with the court oaths of Charles, in a voice half choked with rage and vexation. The guards

* These, as in ships of later times, were literally so, being made of wood.

seized him on each side, and he was dismounted in a trice. The staff rushed in to the relief of their commander, with a kind of howl which was gradually heightened into a shriek, and which sent the word "*Claymore*," loud on air. It was a moment of frightful confusion. They threw themselves on the guards. Fresh guards, consisting of students, poured themselves in upon them. And in their turn the forty men in the rear fell upon those. A fresh supply of townsmen and students rushed in upon them. The swords clashed. Poignards glanced in the air. They screamed: they cursed: they fought. The women and children shrieked, and tumbled down in heaps; while others ran *pell mell* upon them, as they lay groaning, and sprachlin, and bannan those who had broken their limbs, and peeled their shins. Meantime the kettle drum, in the rear, kept up a constant roll, which effectually drowned the noise of the tumult, so that the main body neither saw their officers, nor, for this reason, heard them.

The result was, that they were all disarmed, and the officers deprived of their horses.

Written for the Casket.

COME BACK TO ME.

When the light upon the mountains
Shall have lost its ruddy glow,
And the music of the fountains
In untroubled murmurs flow;
When the evening birds are singing,
Their mild notes from the tree,
And echo's voice is ringing,
Wilt thou come back to me?

When the tired sun is sinking,
More glorious in its leave,
And the thirsty flowers are drinking
Distillments of the eve;
When the veil that gently trembles
Over land and over sea,
Soft evening shade resembles,
Wilt thou come back to me?

When softened winds are stealing,
Like spirit forms in chase,
Their mystic charms concealing
In some far off flavour'd place;
When the weary world is sleeping,
Like moonlight on the sea,
And the stars their watch are keeping,
Wilt thou come back to me?

Oh! wilt thou view the mountains
By that dim and shadowy light,
And the gently flowing fountains,
And the murmuring birds of night;
And the brightly glittering shower,
On the flow'ret and the tree;
Then, in the evening hour,
Thou wilt come back to me.

C. H. W.

It matters not whether our good humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction, by what the world thinks of it.—*Goldsmith*.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

VIEWS OF THE WEST.

CONCLUDED.

MISSISSIPPI.

Very little is known of the interior of this State from the reports of travellers, compared with what we learn of our Eastern States, from the same source. Descending the Mississippi river to New Orleans, the passenger is shown the State which takes its name from the magnificent stream on which he is floating; but he sees a succession of bluffs and receding hills with very few inhabitants, and from so superficial a view would be led to conclude there was no population. Such a conclusion, however, would be very erroneous, the cultivated lands being situated more in the interior, and the planters themselves little given to travel.

Mississippi is bounded on the north by Tennessee; east by Alabama; south by the gulf of Mexico and Louisiana; west by Louisiana and the Mississippi, and contains according to Darby 32,640,900 acres, but Mr. Flint is probably nearer the fact when he states it at twenty-eight millions. It is 300 miles in average length, and from 150 to 160 miles in average breadth. The soil may be divided into three distinct positions, thus: the alluvial borders of the rivers, the bluffs adjacent to the Mississippi alluvion, and the pine forest land. There are several distinct ranges of hills and eminences, some of which are washed by the river; two of them divide the State much as in Pennsylvania into sectional divisions, and a considerable portion of the table lands have precipitous sides which expose them to the misfortune of washing. Pine Ridge is a singular elevation, seen from the river and resembling an island. The bluff zone of Mississippi is supposed to equal in intrinsic value any other tract of similar extent in the Union. In its natural state this region was covered with a dense, heavy forest, consisting of oak, hickory, laurel, magnolia, sweet gum, ash, maple, the tulip tree or American poplar, and pine, with a great variety of vines and underwood, and so, much of it still continues. The soil is rich, black and deep, and presents the singular appearance in some places of hills covered with cane brake. The part inhabited by the Chickasaw Indians abounds in valleys of great fertility. Loftus Heights, 150 feet high, contain the last stones that have been discovered in descending the river, which washes the shores of the State, including all its meanders, for a distance of nearly seven hundred miles! The right line of the shore is less than half that distance, but the river here is remarkably circuitous, often curving round seven or eight leagues and almost returning back on its course. Much of this long line of river coast is inundated swamp, inhabited only by woodcutters for the steamboats, whose residences are peculiarly inconvenient and unwholesome. An occupied elevation occasionally peeps up, where a solitary settler has fixed upon a farm, and lives a life like Robinson Crusoe, except that for a servant *Friday*, he counts two or three for each day of the week.

The Yazoo river is the most considerable river having its whole course in the State. There are

some of our readers who will remember the speculation in Yazoo stock with the unenviable feelings of *lame ducks* on the stock exchange.—The first broker who offered the scrip for sale was laughed at, but those who bought low and held it, ultimately realised a large profit. This river rises near Tennessee, runs a north-west course, receiving many tributary streams, and by a mouth 300 feet wide falls into the Mississippi twelve miles below the Walnut Hills, having its course through a high, salubrious, and pleasant district, mostly inhabited by Indians, who live along its banks for a distance of 150 miles from its mouth. The Yazoo is boatable for large boats fifty miles, and in high stages of the water much further. Building stone is brought down it for the New Orleans market, being the nearest point where the article is met with. Twelve miles above its mouth are situated the Yazoo Hills, and four miles higher is the site of the old Fort St. Peter, where an old French settlement was destroyed a hundred years ago by the Yazoo Indians, who in turn are now extinct. On the Big Black, or Lousa Chitto river which has a course of 200 miles, some New England settlers, headed by General Putnam, selected a place for a town in 1773. On Bayou Pierre is the important settlement of Port Gibson, in the centre of a rich country, and rapidly becoming populous and wealthy. Pearl river is next to the Yazoo the most important, and has its whole course in this State, through a country generally fertile, though it sometimes traverses the sterile region of pine woods. Some efforts have been made to improve its navigation, which is of great importance, as it is one of the chief points of communication between the State and the Gulf of Mexico. The Pascagoula river has a course of 250 miles, and at its mouth broadens into an open bay, where is a town of the same name, resorted to by the inhabitants of New Orleans in the sickly season.

There are several islands on the coast, but they are low and inundated, sterile and covered with pine.

The climate may be said to be between the wheat and sugar cane regions, or in other words, the climate adapted to the growth of cotton. The long moss as in most cotton regions is abundant, and the palmeto in the brightness of its winter verdure gives a tropical aspect to the landscape, and the traveller feels himself in a new region for botanical research. Compared with Louisiana, its waters are inhabited by the same fish, and covered with the same water fowls, and birds of beautiful plumage and song. In health it is acknowledged to have decidedly the advantage, and those planters remote from stagnant waters, with access to spring water, enjoy as good constitutions as any where in the Union.—The summers it is true are long and warm, when bilious attacks more or less prevail, but pulmonary consumption is almost unheard of, and they look upon that disease which kills its thousands on our Atlantic coast as much the worse evil of the two, wondering how any body will risk his life in a climate where the bills of mortality exhibit their hundreds of victims of that disease in every city. From October to June no climate can be more delightful; many of the inhabitants

exhibit a vigour which approaches to that of the New England States.

The principal bodies of Indians belong to the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, amounting in all to about 24,000, in a semi-savage state, exhibiting a curious compound of character. Many of them hold slaves, have good houses, enclosures and cattle—ploughs, looms, and black-smith shops, but their ancient instincts and changes may be traced even through the changes introduced by the missionaries, and municipal regulations. They have an Indian judge, who endeavors to imitate our mode of judicature.—They keep good houses of entertainment for travellers, and many white men have married into their families, and seem quite contented to adopt some of their customs. A rich squaw is quite a belle with the whites, and may be seen riding on horseback behind her husband going to church, dressed in all her finery, ear bobs, turban, &c. like an Eastern princess.

The missionaries have established boarding schools, where the young Indian ladies really sometimes acquire much information, and are trained to habits of domestic economy like our own, which they retain after going home. We have taken tea with a family thus educated whose manners would have graced a Philadelphia drawing room. The tea service was neat and in good taste, and the politeness of the fair entertainers was extremely fascinating, though they evidently had not many ideas they were willing to communicate, and probably very few in common with our party. The missionaries continue to witness a growing partiality for our modes of life, and their late reports respecting the schools are encouraging. Christianity makes certain progress, and instead of the savage war song and dance, the praises of God resound in these ancient forests. These benevolent individuals are patronised and countenanced in some degree by our government.

As much excellent land exists along the streams of the whole State, all the kinds of grains, fruits and vegetables suited to the climate are grown here. The sugar cane has been attempted near the southern frontier; the sweet orange is found to succeed in places, and in the middle regions, figs, grapes of all sorts, tobacco, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, rice, melons, plums, peaches, &c. &c. come to perfection. Castor oil beans are cultivated, and on high and middle regions, the apple and pear may be found, but cotton is the great staple, growing in great perfection all over the State. Cotton is the grand topic of conversation every where, and a man who can't talk the cotton language, calculate a crop, or tell its price in every market of the world might as well talk Spanish or Portuguese, for he would be quite as much listened to. Many planters realised immense fortunes when cotton bore a high price, and some of them visit us in the summer months to spend their large revenues, but in general Mississippians are a home people, who have their own habits, and perhaps know less of those of other States than is common in America. They are plain, simple, honest and industrious, and withal very hospitable. Many have 200 slaves and even a larger number is common, who are treated humanely. A few,

says Mr. Flint, who have acquired fortunes without much previous education or refinement, and measuring their own knowledge, acquisitions and importance, by their intercourse with their slaves, are astonished to find, when they go abroad, that there are other requisites, in order to be sought after and received into the best circles, than the possession of money and slaves.

Monticello is a pleasant and flourishing town on the Pearl river. Port Gibson we have already alluded to. Greenville, Woodville, and Winchester, are flourishing villages. Shieldsborough is on the west side of Bayou St. Louis, and a resort from New Orleans during the ravages of yellow fever.

Jackson near the head of Pearl river has been recently selected as the permanent seat of government. Being central and healthy, it will probably become an important place. Warrenton on the banks of the Mississippi is a considerable village. Vicksburgh which has rapidly sprung up, is rising very fast in importance. It is a great point for the shipment of cotton, and steamboats regularly ply to New Orleans. It is on a shelving declivity of hills on the bank of the great river of the West, with the houses scattered on the terraces.

Natchez is incorporated as a city, and by far the largest place in the State. Romantically situated on the east bank of the river, about 260 miles above New Orleans, with a free navigation for vessels of great burden. Natchez is an important city. So many boats are always lying here, it may be supposed the population partakes of the character of its interior visitors, and access may readily be had in the lower town to all kinds of dissipation and gambling. The upper town is on a bluff 300 feet above the level of the river, from which a most romantic view is presented. The public buildings are handsome, the streets broad, and the whole place wears the aspect of a capital, where the people of the State resort for society and amusement. Being the great cotton mart of the vicinity, the streets in the fall months are barricaded with cotton, and if you arrive there from New Orleans you must be sure to carry accurate accounts of prices and quantities. The opulent planters who reside here, and many distinguished lawyers and physicians, give a tone and polish to the society, not met with in other sections. From this place may be seen the site of Fort Rosalie, the scene of Chateaubriand's wild romance of Atala. The churches are well attended. It has occasionally been visited by yellow fever, which circumstance has retarded its advance in population; it numbers now from 3 to 4000 inhabitants.

The smoking steamers, as they ascend and descend the river mostly round to here, and from the upper town add greatly to the picturesque appearance of the scene.

Mississippi was admitted into the Union in 1817. Near the city of Natchez, was situated the villages of the Natchez tribe of Indians now extinct, about whom so much interesting tradition remains in the histories of the Catholic missions. The first actual settlement was made at this point by the French about 1716, but the colony consisting of 500 persons was massacred by the natives in 1729.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

The following little circumstance, the particulars of which I received from one of the parties engaged, will possibly amuse for the moment, and at the same time illustrate the humanity and noble disinterestedness of our late lamented hero Decatur, and form an interesting and true incident of one of the scenes during the late war.

It was when the English Fleet lay off New London, among which were the *Ramilies*, *Majestic*, *La Hogue*, *Bulwark*, &c. &c. that a boat's crew belonging to the first ship, formed the resolute determination of freeing themselves from that oppressive yoke which galled so many noble necks, and forced them to raise their arms against those, whom their hearts readily acknowledged as brothers and friends, but which a cruel and unjust policy forced them to oppose as enemies.

Amongst those who were most obnoxious to this boat's crew, for his tyranny and cruelty, was a Master's Mate, by the name of *Briley*, and it so happened that this officer was ordered to take charge of the boat to row guard, the day formed by these men to effect their emancipation. They had previous to this circumstance settled every thing, and strange as it may appear, depended upon a boy of fifteen years of age, to conquer this formidable tyrant. Their hearts dilated with hope and anticipations of the most sanguine nature when they reflected, that a few short hours would place them upon the land of liberty. For to go, says my informant, we were resolved, be the consequence what it might—aye, even to the death itself.

There were six rowers belonging to the boat, and the lad *Alexander Scott*, who acted as coxswain. It was settled that the man who pulled the after oar, by name *Benjamin Baker*, (since a gunner's mate in our service) was to give the signal when little Scott was to show his mettle and free himself and boatmates from the British yoke.

At length the hour arrived. The Boatswain's Mate's shrill pipe and "array there, black cutter's array," sounded through the atmosphere of a clear October evening, and each man belonging to the boat again felicitated themselves upon their near approach to liberty, at the same time watching the boy's movements, to observe if he betrayed signs of reluctance or dismay at this critical juncture, but nothing of the kind was seen. They tossed their oars. Little Alexander with a silver star in the front of his hat to denote his station—jumped nimbly into the stern sheets—their victim and tyrant muffled in a cloak, seated himself—the word was given—"let fall, give way," and immediately the boat began to leave the *Ramilies* astern. They pulled on for some time in utter silence, the lad's eye fixed upon *Baker*, and the men "giving way smartly," that the distance between them and the ship might be the greater, and the chance of escape in their favor. At length the moment arrived, the sign was given, the boy gently drew the tiller from the rudder head, and as he sat immediately behind the officer, held it over his head—"shall I!" exclaimed Alexander (in his anxiety, probably, too, some feelings of remorse touched his heart at the thoughts of the officers' death.) The

signal was repeated and with all the force he could collect, he struck Briley over the head,—who being in a doze had not attended to the boy's exclamation,—he started instantly from his seat—staggered—Baker closed with and threw him—and another blow from the tiller left them masters of the boat. They resumed their stations and made for the land and in a very little time were all safe on shore at Gales' Ferry—having first secured their arms, a cutlass and pistol each, they turned the boat adrift, in which still remained the dead body, or apparently so, of the unfortunate Master's Mate.

They made for the first house they discovered, which proved to be Gale's Tavern, and were met at the door by an American Middy, who, seeing the men armed, and having paid his respects, too ardently at the shrine of Bacchus, retired in disorder, exclaiming gentlemen—gentlemen, New London is taken, the British are at the door! Upon the gentlemen appearing (who proved to be a party of officers at dinner) an explanation took place without bloodshed, and our heroes were regaled with a plentiful repast, received the congratulations of their new friends, and retired to rest half seas over.

On the following morning an officer conducted the black cutter's crew on board the Frigate United States, Commodore Stephen Decatur. My informer states, that although now in the place they had risked so much for, they felt somewhat aback, surrounded by strangers requiring explanations which the men did not think proper to give. Nine o'clock arrived—the Guard was turned out, the side piped, and the Commodore advanced towards the capstan—where he remained in conversation with the officers. The cutter's crew feeling diffident in their new situation and likewise knowing the necessity of an interview and explanation, were at a stand how to act, when little Scott stepped forward and said he would speak to the Commodore.

The boy advanced to the mainmast, where uncovered he remained standing: at length the Commodore turned, looked at him, spoke to an officer, who bowed and with that placid expression of countenance for which he was so celebrated, beckoned the boy to advance. Making his best bow, he obeyed.

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Alexander Scott, sir."

"What induced you to desert your country's flag?"

"Ill usage, Sir,—besides, it is not my country's flag. I am a Scotchman."

The commodore eyed him for a moment, then added, "did you kill your officer?"

"Not quite killed him, Sir, although Johnson there would have done so, (pointing to one of the men, all of whom, had by this time advanced)—but I begged for him, Sir."

"Then he was not dead?"

"Oh! no, Sir, his head is too hard for a few blows, like those we gave, to kill him."

"How so?"

"Because the men said he was a blockhead."

"You are a wag I see and a young one too," said the Commodore laughing—

Alexander seized this moment of saying, "you will not give us up, sir."

"Give you up? no—no—you are a brave little fellow." Then turning to the rest of the men, he added, "my lads, so long as that flag waves o'er my head, you shall receive its protection. You should have retained the boat—common humanity would have dictated this—but I hope—I trust the unfortunate man yet lives. No more at present (observing one of the men about to speak.) I know how to make allowances for your feelings, placed in the situation you were—go forward, I will see you again to-morrow." He now called the boy aside, interrogated him respecting the situation of the fleet—the size of their guns—their method of watching, &c. and finding his answers to correspond with his own notes, put such implicit confidence in his relations, that three nights after, in a heavy snow storm, the U. S. Sloop of war Hornet run the gauntlet, and passed clear through the enemy's fleet.

The day after the event occurred, a flag of truce was received from Commodore Hardy to Decatur. He demanded the men and offered an exchange of 5 to 1 for the black cutter's crew, but Decatur told the officer, that to give up men who claimed the protection of the American flag, was more than his commission was worth, and in short, as he believed the greater part were Americans, he would protect, but he would not exchange them, were they to offer 50 for 1.

It is only necessary to state, that Decatur furnished these men with money and a passport for New York, using them with great humanity. They wished to enter on board the United States. This he would not permit on their own account. Alexander he attempted to keep by him, but the boy insisted upon following his shipmates—and he did so.

From this time I lost sight of the boy, but no doubt he acted a pretty conspicuous part during the war, as he entered the service.

The present year, I accidentally learned that Alexander Scott was the Boatswain of one of our finest Sloops of war, upon the West India Station.

A travelling correspondent of the New York Mirror, now in Europe, gives the following overwrought description of two rare beauties whom he met at Florence. The pictures are evidently drawn by an enthusiast:—

"The Princess S— may be twenty-four years of age. She is of the middle height, with a slight stoop in her shoulders, which is rather a grace than a fault. Her bust is exquisitely turned, her neck slender but full, her arms, hands, and feet, those of a Psyche. Her face is the abstraction of highborn Italian beauty—calm, almost to indifference, of an indescribably glowing paleness—a complexion that would be alabaster, if it were not for the richness of the blood beneath, betrayed in lips whose depth of color and fineness of curve seem only too curiously beautiful to be the work of nature. Her eyes are dark and large, and must have had an indolent expression in her childhood, but are now the seat and soul of feeling. She dresses her hair with a kind of characteristic departure from the

mode, parting its glossy flakes on her brow with nymph-like simplicity, a peculiarity which one regrets not to see in the too Parisian dress of her person. In her manners she is strikingly elegant, but without being absent; she seems to give an unconscious attention to what is about her, and to be gracious and winning without knowing or intending it, merely because she could not listen or speak otherwise. Her voice is sweet, and in her own Italian, mellow and soft to a degree inconceivable by those who have not heard this delicious language spoken in its native land. With all these advantages, and a look of pride that nothing could insult, there is an expression in her beautiful face that reminds you of her sex and its temptations, and prepares you fully for the history which you may hear from the first woman that stands at your elbow.

The other is an English girl of seventeen, shrinking timidly from the crowd, and leaning with her hands clasped over her father's arm, apparently listening only to the waltz, and unconscious that every eye is fixed on her in admiration. She has lived all her life in Italy but has been bred by an English mother, in a retired villa of the Val d'Arno—her character and feelings are those of her race, and nothing of Italy about her, but the glow of its sunny clime in the else spotless snow of her complexion, and an enthusiasm in her downcast eye, that you may account for as you will—it is not English. Her form has just ripened into womanhood. The bust still wants fullness, and the step confidence. Her forehead is rather too intellectual to be maidenly; but the droop of her singularly long eyelashes, over eyes that elude the most guarded glance of your own, and the modest expression of her lips, closed but not pressed together, redeem her from any look of conscious superiority, and convince you that she only seeks to be unobserved. A single ringlet of golden brown hair falls nearly to her shoulder, catching the light upon its glossy curves with an effect that would enchant a painter. Lillies of the valley, the first of the season, are in her bosom and her hair, and she might be the personification of the flower of delicacy and beauty. You are only disappointed in talking with her. She expresses herself with a nerve and self command which, from a slight glance, you did not anticipate. She shrinks from the general eye, but in conversation she is the high-minded woman more than the timid child, for which her manner seems to mark her. In either light, she is the very presence of purity. She stands by the side of her not less beautiful rival, like a Madonna by a Magdalen—both seem not at home in the world, but only one could have dropped from heaven."

Rocks of Lake Superior.

BY GOVERNOR CASS.

Upon the southern coast of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from the falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitous cliffs, called by the voyagers, *Le Pottail* and the *Pictured Rocks*. This name has been given them in consequence of the different appearance which they present to the traveller, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty

dome, spires and pinnacles, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape which the genius of architecture ever invented. These cliffs are an unbroken mass of rocks, rising to an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the lake, and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles. The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblations, to propitiate the favour of their *Monitas*. The eye instinctively searches along this eternal rampart for a single place of security; but the search is vain. With an impassable barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably insure destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara. The rock itself is a sandstone, which is disintegrated by the continual action of the water with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses, as they are torn from the precipice, are concealed beneath its waves until they are reduced to sand. The action of the waves has undermined every projecting point: and there the immense precipice rests upon arches, and the foundation is intersected with caverns in every direction.

When we passed this immense fabric of nature, the wind was still, and the lake was calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which, in the most profound calm, agitates these internal seas, swept through the deep caverns with the noise of distant thunder, and died away upon the ear as it rolled forward in the dark recesses, inaccessible to human observation. No sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface. Resting in a frail bark canoe upon the limpid waters of the lake, we seemed almost suspended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which the smallest fragment would have destroyed us, we felt, intensely, our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined, more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a speck upon the face of creation. Our whole party, Indians and voyagers, and soldiers, officers, and servants, contemplated in mute astonishment the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.

In the pure heart of a girl loving for the first time, love is far more ecstatic than in man, inasmuch as it is unfettered by desire—love then and there makes the only state of human existence which is at once capable of calmness and transport!

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

Hark! what wild shouts disturb the air,
Along the gales of Russia driven!
'Tis the fierce triumph of despair—
It rolls—it bursts—and swells to heaven.
Rolling along the Kremlin walls,
And through the streets, that awful cry
Proclaims to Moscow's lordly halls,
The blow is struck for victory!

And see! a lurid glare of light
Springs up from cottage and from tower,
Gilding the darkness of the night,
As fiercely onward spreads its power.
Usurping the moon's paler beams,
It wafts destruction far and wide,
Reflecting in the silver streams,
And farther on, the frozen tide.

Around the birth-place of the Czar,
In sportive flames it fiercely twines
Its lurid ruin, wafting far
Its light through Russia's frozen climes,
Revealing, o'er the whiten'd plain,
Napoleon's vast and countless line;
His banner floating with disdain,
Though 'gainst him elements combine.

The conqueror, seated in his car,
As onward rolled his ponderous wheels,
Surveyed the dazzling lights afar,
And anguish, though reluctant, feels:
He sees his cherished hopes dashed down,
And by a rude and savage band—
No more is Russia's golden crown
Within the grasping of his hand.

Never the palace of the Czar
Shall ope her huge and ponderous gate,
And welcome from successful wars:
He, the imperial potentate!
No trophies will he homeward bring,
Nor monuments of lasting fame;
The crown of Russia's warrior king
Will never deck his splendid train.

The conqueror of many a throne,
The idol of imperial France—
Though all he views is now his own,
Reads his dark fate in that one glance.
Though he has felt the tropic sun,
And fiercely braved the northern snow,
He sees his miseries begun,
In this, stern destiny's first blow.

Still spread the wild flames uncontrolled,
A lurid ocean, raging bright,
Till round the Kremlin walls it rolled
Its huge devouring fangs of light.—
For days and nights it blazed around,
And seemed delighted there to dwell:
At last unto the heated ground
It tottered—and the Kremlin fell!

As long as he could fix his eye
Upon one hut or cottage there,
Would he, Napoleon, deign to fly!
Though man and fire, and e'en the air

Commingled—raged around his throne,
The earth—and heaven his canopy—
No! not till by the flames o'erthrown,
The capital in ashes lay,
The undaunted hero turned his car
Unto his own, his native land,
And sought in other realms afar,
New glories for his conquering hand.

OMEGA.

THE CAPTURED INDIAMAN.

We copy from Blackwood's Magazine for April, the following narrative of the horrible atrocities said to have been perpetrated on board a West Indianman, which, although under convoy, had been surprised and taken by the crew of a privateer schooner.

A line-of-battle ship led—and two frigates and three sloops were stationed on the out-skirts of the fleet.

On this evening, (we had by this time progressed into the trades, and were within three hundred miles of Barbados,) the sun had set bright and clear, after a most beautiful day, and we bowling along right before it; but there was no moon, and although the stars sparkled brilliantly, yet it was dark and as we were the sternmost of the men-of-war, we had the task of whipping in the sluggards. It was my watch on deck. A gun from the Commodore, who showed a number of lights. "What is that Mr. Kennedy?" said the captain to the old gunner. "The Commodore has made the night signal for the sternmost ships to make more sail and close, sir." We repeated the signal, and stood on hailing the dullest of the merchantmen, in the neighborhood to make more sail, and firing a musket shot now and then over the more distant of them. By and by we saw a large West Indianman suddenly haul her wind, and stand across our bows.

"Forward there," sung out Mr. Splinter, "stand by to fire a shot at that fellow from the boat gun if he does not bear up. What can he be after? Sergeant Armstrong,"—to a marine, who was standing close by, in the waist,— "get a musket, and fire over him." It was done, and the ship immediately borne upon her course again; we now ranged along side of him on his larboard quarter.

"Ho, the ship a hoy!"—"Hillo!" was the reply. "Make more sail, sir, and run into the body of the fleet, or I shall fire into you; why don't you keep in the wake of the Commodore?" No answer.

"What meant you by hauling your wind just now, sir."

"Yesh, Yesh," at length responded a voice from the merchantman.

"Something wrong here," said Mr. Splinter. "Back your maintop sail, sir, and hoist a light at the peak; I shall send a boat on board of you. Boatswain's mate pipe away the crew of the jolly boat." We also backed our maintop sail, and were in the act of lowering down our boat, when the officer rattled out "keep all fast, with the boat; I can't comprehend that chap's manoeuvres for the soul of me. He has not hove-to." Once more we were within pistol-shot of him. "Why don't you heave to, sir?" All silent.

Presently we could perceive a confusion and a noise of struggling on board, and angry voi-

ces, as if people were trying to force their way up to the hatchways from below; a heavy thumping upon deck, and a creaking of the blocks, and rattling of the cordage, while the mainyard was first braced one way and then another, as if two parties were striving for the mastery. At length a voice hailed distinctly, "We are captured by a—." A sudden sharp cry, and a splash overboard told of some fearful deed.

"We are taken by a privateer, or pirate," sung out another voice. This was followed by a heavy crunching blow, as when the spike of a butcher's axe is driven through a bullock's forehead deep into the brain.

By this time the captain was on deck, all hands had been called, and the word had been passed to clear away two of the foremost carronades on the starboard side, and to load them with grape.

"On board there—get below, all you of the English crew, as I shall fire with grape."

The hint was now taken. The ship at length came to the wind—we rounded to, under her lee; and an armed boat, with Mr. Treenall, and myself, and sixteen men, with cutlasses, were sent on board.

We jumped on deck, and at the gangway Mr. Treenall stumbled and fell over the dead body of a man, no doubt the one who hailed last, with his scull cloven to the eyes, and a broken cutlass blade sticking in the gash. We were immediately accosted by the mate, who was lashed down to a ringbolt close by the bits, with his hands tied at the wrists by sharp cords so tightly, that the blood was spouting from beneath his nails.

"We have been surprised by a privateer schooner, sir, the lieutenant of her, and twelve men, are now in the cabin."

"Where are the rest of the crew?"

"All secured in the forecabin, except the second mate and boatswain, the men who hailed you just now; the last was knocked on the head, and the former was stabbed and thrown overboard."

By this the lieutenant had descended to the cabin followed by his people, while the merchant crew once more took charge of the ship, crowding sail into the body of the fleet.

I followed him close, pistol and cutlass in hand and I shall never forget the scene that presented itself when I entered.—The cabin was that of a vessel of five hundred tons, elegantly fitted up; the panels were filled with superb damask hangings before the stern windows and side berths, and brilliantly lighted up by two large swinging lamps hung from the deck above, which were reflected from, and multiplied in, several plate glass mirrors in the panels. In the recesses, which in cold weather had been occupied by the stove, now stood a splendid cabinet piano forte, the silk corresponding with the crimson cloth of the panels; it was open, a Leghorn bonnet with a green veil, a parasol, and twolong white gloves, as if recently pulled off, lay on it, with the very mould of the hands in them.

The rudder case was particularly beautiful; it was a rich carved and gilded palm-tree, the stern painted white, and interlaced with a gold-fret work, like the lozengers of a pine apple while the leaves spread up and abroad on the roof.

The table was laid for supper with cold meat and wine, and a profusion of silver things all sparkling brightly; but it was in great disorder, wine spilt, and glasses broken, and dishes with meat upset, and forks and spoons scattered about. She was evidently one of those London West Indianmen, on board of which I knew there was much splendor and great comfort.—But, alas! the hand of lawless violence had been there. The captain lay across the table, with his head hanging over the side of it next to us, and unable to help himself with his hands tied behind his back, and a gag in his mouth; his face purple from the blood running in his head, and the white of his eyes turned up, while his loud stentorous breathing but too clearly indicated the rupture of a vessel on the brain.

He was a stout, portly man, and altho' we released him on the instant, and had him bled, and threw water on his face, and did all we could for him, he never spoke afterwards, and died in half an hour.

Four gentlemanly-looking men were setting at the table, lashed to their chairs, pale and trembling, while six of the most ruffian looking scoundrels I ever beheld, stood on the opposite side of the table in a row fronting us, with the light from the lamps shining full of them. Three of them were small but very square mulattoes; one was a South American Indian, with square high boned visage, and long lank, black glossy hair of his cast. These four had no clothing besides their trowsers, and stood with their arms folded, in all the calmness of desperate men, caught in the very act of some horrible atrocity which they knew shut out all hope of mercy. The two others were white Frenchmen, tall, bushy whiskered, sallow desperadoes, but still, wonderful to relate, with if I may so speak, the manners of gentlemen. One of them squinted, and had a hair lip, which gave him a horrible expression. They were dressed in white trowsers and shirts, yellow silk ashes around their waists and a sort of blue uniform jackets, blue Gascón cap from each of which descended a large bullion tassel, hanging down on one side of their heads.

The whole party had apparently made up their minds that resistance was vain, for their pistols and cutlasses, some of them bloody, had all been laid on the table with the butts and handles towards us, contrasting horrible with the glittering equipage of steel, and crystal, and silver things, and on the snow-white damask table cloth. They were immediately seized, and ironed, to which they submitted in silence.—We next released the passengers, and were overpowered with thanks, one dancing, one crying, one laughing and another praying. But merciful Heaven! what an object met our eyes! drawing aside a curtain that concealed a sofa, fitted into a recess, there lay more dead than a live a tall and most beautiful girl, her resting on her arm and her clothes dishevelled and torn, blood on her bosom, and foam on her mouth, with her long hair loose and dishevelled, and covering the upper part of her deadly pale face, through which her wild, sparkling black eyes, protruded from their sockets, glanced and glared with the fire of a maniac's, while her blue lips kept gibbering an incoherent prayer, one moment, and the next,

implored mercy, as if she had been still in the hands of those who knew not her name; and anon, a low, hysterical laugh made our very blood freeze in our bosoms, which soon ended in a long, dismal yell, as she rolled off the couch upon the deck and lay in a dead faint.

Alas, the day! a maniac she was from that hour. She was the only daughter of the murdered captain of the ship, and never woke in her unclouded reason to the fearful consciousness of her own dishonor and her parent's death.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

An Adventure, DURING THE LATE WAR.

One day in July, 1814, whilst fishing with two other boys, on the rocks below the Salt Works, at the mouth of New London harbour, we observed a boat with eight oars, approaching the small cove to the westward of us. At first we supposed it contained a party of young officers from the British squadron, as they frequently amused themselves by shooting, on the island, at the mouth of the cove; but observing them more distinctly as they approached, we could see none but those at the oars; and our conjecture, that the crew had run away from one of the British vessels, was fully confirmed by their running off with all their might as soon as they landed. After they had disappeared, and seeing no prospect of their being pursued by any of the boats' squadron, we rowed our small skiff behind the rocks, keeping close to the shore, until within a few rods of their boat, when we landed under cover of a large rock, and proceeded cautiously to the boat. In the boat we found a midshipman, with his arms and feet tied, and a handkerchief over his mouth. We immediately relieved him, and learned that the crew had risen upon him, about ten miles off—a very easy task, as they were all armed—the boat having been despatched by the frigate *Majestic*, to reconnoitre a sloop, that they supposed was Capt. Howard's, laden with flour, from New York, a fact the midshipman was unable to ascertain, as the crew preferred leaving the sloop to make its way to New London, where it arrived after some difficulty, as I shall relate presently.

The midshipman, (now Captain R—, of the Royal Navy, whom I have since had the pleasure of dining with) we ascertained, was one of a party that we had fallen in with two weeks previous, whilst shooting meadow hens. They then treated us very kindly, took some of our fish, and in return gave us some refreshments, requesting us to exchange our fishing apparatus for a pair of pistols.

Being an acquaintance we took him to my father's house, gave him some refreshments, &c. He remained with us during the day and part of the night; for, awaking very early in the morning, we found he had left us, leaving a note saying he would take our skiff, and in its place we might have the cutter. We were entirely disposed to connive at his escape, considering the manner he came into our possession; besides, our house was completely exposed to the whole squadron, without any defence nearer than Fort Griswold, distant seven or eight miles.

In fact they frequently landed near us, and took what provisions they wanted. Sometimes they would throw a few guineas at the women, and say if they did not think they were poor they would take what they wanted without leave.

The boat we took to New London, and sold to one of the American squadron, for seventy dollars, quite a sum for three boys, the oldest not fourteen.

Captain Howard's sloop was chased by the British sloop of war *Wasp*, on shore at the Salt Works. Guns were brought to her rescue.—Two companies of militia, under Captain Decatur, Lieutenant Biddle, and other officers, were attending the Presbyterian church, at New London, at the time; and hearing the guns, they, with all the congregation, left the church, expecting the fleet had made the contemplated attack on the town. Captain Decatur proceeded with six boats to the mouth of the harbour, and with two pieces of artillery succeeded in driving off the barges of the *Wasp*, and those of the frigate, that had come to their assistance.

In consequence of the calm the British vessels could not approach near enough to do us any damage; the flour was therefore landed, and carried to New London in wagons; the sloop was got off and warped into New London harbour. Capt. Howard continued to run down to New York, during the war, taking advantage of the dark nights, his knowledge of the sound, and the winds. As for the boat's crew, they all escaped except one, who, report says, was decoyed and taken by a tory, who was strongly suspected of supplying the British with fresh provisions.

The British Admiral, Hardy, had offered one thousand dollars reward to any one who would bring him a deserter. He was induced to offer this large sum in consequence of frequent desertions from the British Navy. I never heard of but one being taken back, and this was the person I alluded to. It was said at the time that Richard — carried him off one night when he took his usual supply of fresh beef; that, on his informing the captain of the *Ramifies* who he had, he (the captain) took a rope from the yard-arm, and hung the poor fellow from the boat, without taking him on board.

Richard — made a large sum of money, by fair and foul means, during the war, but never prospered; he committed suicide after the peace, from remorse, it was said.—In fact, all at once he appeared to be an altered man: *he never smiled after the night he took the poor fellow on board the Ramifies*. One of his fellow tories fled to Canada. On his return, after the peace, he was tried for high treason; but government not wishing to spill any more blood, did not make great efforts to convict him. Some of the witnesses absented themselves, and none felt willing that the man's blood should rest on their testimony. He was ably defended by a very eminent lawyer of New London, who named a moderate fee, considering the services he rendered, but the man had no gratitude or principle, and declined paying him his fee, saying, "Why, squire, a man had better have been hung than to pay such a fee." He is still alive—has accumulated property, but is respected by no one. D.

The Lion's Visit to the Market.

We published, some time since, an account of a panther who amused himself by "keeping shop" a little while in New York, and we were pleased to observe that no evil resulted to any one from his change of business. The love of freedom and the search for ease is not confined to the Panther: other animals, long caged, seek an outlet, and enjoy "the common air and common use of their own limbs."

Two women, some fifteen or sixteen years since, were sitting about two o'clock of a market day, at the head of Sixth street market, then the highest or last in Market street, and while they were lamenting the heat of the day, and counting and comparing their profits at the close of their sales, one of them lifting up her eyes, sighing, said,

"We shall have no more customers to-day."

"No," sighed the other, "the clerk will soon be along to clear us out—though by the way, what is that coming down the street?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the first woman, "that's a customer indeed—is it a dog, or a calf?"

"It's neither," shouted the other, "it's a lion, as I am a sinner."

The two beldames seized their moveables, and shot across the street into a cellar, pulling the door close after them.

Meantime, the tawny king of the forest, who had, while the keeper was taking his *siesta*, walked out of his cage into the street, pursued his way to the market, attracted probably by the savory smells that ascended from the beef and mutton, which a day's heat had acted on.

The lion, unlike the New York panther, despised shop-keeping; he ambled along at a round rate, his tail lifted right into the air, and his head joggling up and down, as if his whole mind was bent upon a good dinner.

"What ails the women?" said a butcher, as he deliberately took down the last piece of unsold meat, "what are they scampering after?"

"May be," said his neighbor, "a squall is coming up; perhaps the clerk of the market is coming with his broom."

"What is that?"

"That?—that is a lion!" shouted the other, and away he scampered, and his neighbor after him. The panic became general.

Slam went the shop doors. "Look out for the lion!" screamed a good lady from an upper window. "Where he," said a dray horse, as he turned up Sixth street with instinctive dread.

The coast was clear. The market was before the lion where to choose, and a good appetite his guide; he paused and nibbled at a fore quarter of lamb, he licked up a piece of beef, and smelled at a few radiabes. Meantime his going abroad became known, and a goodly number were assembled in the windows above, and here and there some bold ones were discovered peeping round the corners of the street, and springing back as the gyrations of the lion's tufted tail gave notice of its owner moving.

Market street has not since exhibited such an absence of passengers.

The clerk of the market arrived with his squad of men, armed with *besoms*; but no sooner were they apprised of the state of the case, than they threw down their implements and ran.

The lion, meantime, danced along down the market, examining the varied contents of the stalls and shambles, until, to his own surprise, he was saluted by the well known voice of his keeper, who had waylaid him with the cage. Eating and exercise had satisfied the wanderer with his adventure; he stepped into his cage, and in ten minutes was fast asleep.

We had not the good fortune to witness the gambols to which we have referred, but it was told to us with so much satisfaction by one who said he saw it, that we have often exclaimed,

"When next the lion goes abroad,
May we be there to see."

In *The Life of a Sailor*, is a narrative of the wreck of a vessel off the Havana. The crew took to the boat, which upset; they succeeded in righting her, and while two men were bailing her with their hats a shark was seen to approach. No language can convey an idea of the panic which seized the struggling seamen. Every man now strove the more to obtain a moment's safety. Well they knew that one drop of blood would have been

scented by the everlasting pilot fish, the jackalls of the shark—and that their destruction was inevitable if one of these monsters should discover the rich repast, or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. A few minutes after, about fifteen sharks came right among them. The boat was again upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape danger, and the twenty-two sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration. A loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain: a shark had seized him by the leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the dreaded attack took place: another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs. Some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavored to cling—some, it was supposed, sunk from fear alone. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast. By great exertion the boat was again righted, and two men were in her; the rest had all perished.—The two survivors resolved, with gallant hearts, to redouble their exertions. They lightened the boat sufficiently not to be overset. The voracious monsters endeavored to upset the boat; they swam by its side, in seeming anxiety for their prey, but after waiting some time separated. The two rescued seamen, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed, soon fell asleep, and were the next day fortunately picked up by a vessel.

THE CORN CRAKE.—This interesting bird, which visits the north of England and Scotland in summer, and keeps up in the meadows its cry of *crake, crake*, is well known, but is not easily seen. It runs with great rapidity, and is loth to take wing. When found, it has the instinct, in common with some other animals, and especially insects, to feign death. A gentleman had one brought to him by his dog. It was dead to all appearance. As it lay on the ground, he turned it over with his foot; he was convinced it was dead. Standing by, however, for some time, in silence, he suddenly saw it open an eye. He then took it up, its head fell, its legs hung loose, it appeared again totally dead. He then put it into his pocket, and before very long, he felt it all alive, and struggling to escape.—He took it out, it was as lifeless as before. He then laid it again upon the ground and retired to some distance; in about five minutes it warily raised its head, looked around, and decamped at full speed.—*Notes of a Naturalist.*

PROVERBS.

- A spur in the head, is worth two in the heel.
- A civil denial is better than a rude grant.
- An old dog can't alter his way of barking.
- A thread-bare coat, is armour proof against a highway man.
- A wager, is a fool's argument.
- Better wear out shoes, than sheets.
- Beauty is potent, but money is omnipotent.
- He that falls into the dirt, the longer he lies, the dirtier he is.
- He who says what he likes, hears what he does not like.
- Poverty makes a man acquainted with strange bed fellows.
- The horse shoe that clatters wants a nail.
- Unbidden guests know not where to sit down.
- A maid that laughs, is half taken.
- A woman that painteth, puts up a bill that she is to be let.
- A man's best fortune, or his worst, is a wife.
- A woman conceals what she knows not.
- A lass that has many wooers, often fares the worst.
- Fanned fire and forced love, never did well yet.
- Honest men marry soon, wise men not at all.
- If marriages be made in Heaven, some have few friends there.
- It is a good horse that never stumbles.
- And a good wife that never grumbles.
- Next to a wife, a good wife is best.
- While the tall woman is stooping, the little one hath swept the house.
- Smoke, raining into the house, and a scolding wife will make a man run out of doors.
- He who has no breed to spare, should not keep a dog.
- He who has but one coat, should not lend it.
- Wise men make proverbs and fools repeat them.





Bruges.



City of Benares, India, Digitized by Google

BRUGES.

The city, of which the preceding engraving furnishes a particular view, is the capital of West Flanders, and is situated at a distance of about six miles from the sea. It is the centre of an extensive canal commerce. The principal canals are those which lead to Sluys and Ostend, on the latter of which vessels of three hundred tons come up to Bruges. In the fourteenth century, it was one of the chief commercial places in Europe, and a very important member of the Hanseatic Confederacy, or League. It began to decline towards the end of the fifteenth century, but is still enabled to carry on a considerable trade with the north of Europe. Lace and linen are the main articles manufactured at Bruges. The Exchange is believed to have been one of the earliest establishments of the kind in Europe; and though very ancient, is spoken of by modern travellers, as still a fine building. The majestic church of Notre Dame, with its elevated spire, is one of the architectural wonders of the place. Within the walls of this sacred edifice, are the magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold, and of his daughter, the illustrious Mary of Burgundy. These tombs were constructed in the year 1550. The order of the Golden Fleece was founded here, in 1430, by Philip the Good. Here, also, Van Eyck, or John of Bruges, the supposed inventor of painting in oil, was born.

Bruges has a chamber of commerce, a large insurance company, a navigation school and dock yard; likewise an academy of painting, sculpture, and architecture; a national literary society, and many valuable specimens of architecture and sculpture. The town exports much grain, and immense quantities are shipped, when the English ports are open.

BENARES.

Desirous to present the readers of the Casket with as much variety as possible, in pictorial embellishments, we have selected, from a rare source, the preceding beautiful specimen of the scenery of India. With this vast country, in the minds of great numbers of the American people, more especially the religious community, are associated a thousand circumstances and considerations of interest. The idolatrous worship in which the inhabitants so generally indulge; the singular loveliness in which nature is there invested; the thoughts connected with her storied hills and rivers—all combine to render a scene from India worthy of particular regard.

Benares, of which the annexed is a careful and authentic view, is surrounded by scenes of the most romantic description. Of all the cities of Hindostan, moreover, Benares is held the most sacred by the Hindoos: here their principal pagodas or temples are situated, the most revered and celebrated Brahmins reside; here is the centre and seat of Hindoo learning; and here is the celebrated Observatory which is said to have been erected by command of the Emperor Acher, and is well known from the description of Sir Robert Barker, in the Philosophical Transactions.

Benares is likewise one of the most ancient

cities of India. It is there that the Brahminic influence exerts unbounded sway; while its opulence and trade entitle it to rank among the principal cities of the world. It is situated on the left bank of the Ganges, here a noble stream, and its extent along the bank of that river is full five miles; its breadth inland being in proportion. Built upon a rising ground, sloping gradually upward from the water's brink, its buildings appear very lofty when seen from the boats in passing it. Some of the ghauts are very fine edifices; one especially has six stories. Indeed the whole face of the river, towards the city, is one continued line of these ghauts, which, exclusive of the ornament they are to Benares, are highly commodious and useful in the facility for bathing which they present to its vast population; and the immense crowd of all sexes, in their varied and graceful costumes, who constantly frequent these public resorts, is truly wonderful.

Towards the east end of this city, and near to the Ganges, the Jameh Musjid, or chief Mohammedan temple, rises in great grandeur. It was built by the Emperor Aurungzebe, on the ruins of an ancient and highly venerated Hindoo pagoda, which the fanaticism of this bigoted Mussulman destroyed. This building is seen on the right of the view here given, with its two lofty minarets, and three noble domes of pure white marble. One of the smaller Hindoo pagodas may be observed very much out of perpendicular: this is occasioned by the foundation being undermined by the river, whose freaks and depredations have been often described.

ORIGINAL.**REFLECTIONS OF FIFTY-NINE.**

I'm growing old, I'm growing old,
My life's short tale is nearly told;
The locks that on my temples lay,
And my dark beard is turning gray;
My cheek and brow is furrowed dim,
And objects indistinctly swim
Before my vision, once so bright,
But now fast fading into night;
My nerveless limbs are parched and stiff,
And feeble tottering, seem as if
To court the earth, from whence they rose,
Anxious for their last, long repose.
Thus, as through all creation's range,
Time or myself hath wrought a change,
The step infirm, the form inclined,
The pensive, contemplative mind;
The sobered thought, the judgment cooled,
The tamed desire by reason ruled;
Prone to content, and loth to roam,
Pleased with the charms of blissful home.
These are the marks of Fifty-nine—
Reader, what years and thoughts are thine?

OSCAR.

I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded, that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life.
—Sterne.

THE CONVENT CELL.

On a bleak and gloomy morning in the month of march, 1827, two travellers walked up the aisle of the church of St. —, in one of the chief towns of the Netherlands. They were evidently strangers, not only to the place, which they gazed at with curiosity, but to the manners and feelings of the congregation, for they were observed to walk carelessly past the *Benitier*, without dipping their fingers in the blessed water; nor did they bend their knees as they crossed before the altar.

Still there was nothing of indifference in their manner; nothing, in short, which any liberal-minded devotee might not have excused in the bearing of two heretics, unaccustomed to Roman Catholic rites, and acting from impulses of inexperience and youth. For they were both young, under five-and-twenty; and they had that reckless and independent air which marks the citizens of a free country. They were, in fact, Americans, who, with a full fund of health, money, and ardor for variety, had just arrived in Europe, and were starting on their journey in quest of knowledge and adventures.

They had landed a day or two before at Ostend, from London, and this was their first visit to a Roman Catholic church in a Roman Catholic country. One of the strangers, who was a quaker, viewed the religious ceremonies without any other emotion than that of a painter or novelist, as if scanning the groups for the effect which they would produce portrayed on the canvass, or in description; while the other, of a more sanguine temperament, felt a deeper moral interest in the scene.

He was, however, after a short time, roused to a more minute and personal train of thought, by observing, that one of the nuns, who had most pretensions to beauty, fixed her looks upon him, with an uncommon intenseness, and in a manner so remarkable, as to cause him at length considerable embarrassment. There was something in the expression of her countenance, and in the determined scrutiny of her gaze, that made him almost shudder. She was handsome, certainly. Her features were regular and marked; but she was pale to sallowness, and her dark eyes had a restlessness of motion, that seemed caused by an unquiet mind.

He then felt his cheeks glow, and he gave to his looks the tenderest expression of which they were capable. He saw an answering flush rise on the pallid brow of the nun; and a smile, that thrilled through him, but not with unmoved delight, played for an instant on her colourless lips. Her eyes then sank down, and her face resumed its calm and sculptured look.

The service was at length concluded; the priests had retired from the deserted altar, and one by one the congregation left the church. Aroused by his less excitable friend, the enamored young gentleman also arose to retire.

They were on the point of quitting their places and retiring from the almost deserted church; the friend of the young lover, for so we must call him, had turned round and made a few steps in the direction of the door, and the lover himself was about to follow, when his parting look at the

nun was answered by an imploring glance from her quick raised eyes, and a momentary, but intelligible motion with her finger, that he should remain.

Determined, of course, to comply with this invitation, he found means to rid himself of his friend, and following the fair nun down a back stair, entered with her a narrow recess, lighted by a single lamp, before a shrine contained in which, she again resumed her kneeling position. The lover took a position at a few yards distant from the object of his gaze, and leaning against a pillar, awaited her communication.

With her head low bent, and inclined towards him, while she turned over her beads with much apparent devotion, she asked him, in a deep whisper, "Do you understand French?"

"Yes," murmured he.

"Do you speak it?"

"Not sufficiently to express your influence on me."

This was answered by her wonted smile—"Good Heaven, is it *satisfaction* or *triumph*?" thought the American.

"If you can see in me any thing to interest you," continued she, "are you inclined to do me a favour?"

"Am I!" replied he, with energy—"try me—put me to the proof!"

"It is no trifle," said she, solemnly.

"Any thing is trifling that can enable me to serve you; for any thing short of death command me!"

"And if death *did* cross your path in the adventure?" exclaimed she, with a full expression of voice, and a piercing solemnity of look.

"By Heavens! I'd even spurn that," cried he; "you have exalted me to a pitch of excitement, I know not how or wherefore."

"I am satisfied with you," resumed she—"I believe you to be a man of honor; and that your fine person and striking face cannot be allied to an ignoble soul; I feel myself safe in your hands. You perceive that the rules of my order are not the strictest! but their discovered infringement is ruin; and I am now infringing them. I can speak to you no more at present—I have run a fearful risk. But meet me outside that little portal to night at nine. I will admit you punctually as the clock strikes. You must not speak: but trust to me, follow me, and count on my gratitude."

At the hour of nine, the young American, followed by his anxious friend, rushes to the convent. The lover gains admittance, and shortly after is seen returning, bearing out a figure wrapped in his cloak, which, from its form and dimensions, is judged to be a human being. The alarm and anxiety of the friend, heightened by this occurrence, is aroused, and he follows at a distance and in silence.

After a little time, in which they traversed several by-streets, they reached one of those canals with which the town abounded, and the lover unhesitatingly descended one of the flights of steps, which facilitate the landing of goods from the barges, and the embarkation of persons employed.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the watchful friend to himself, "can he be wild enough to bear her off

at night in some open boat, God knows where! Where or how will this adventure end?"

He placed himself close to the quay wall and looked over the parapet. He saw his friend on the steps; there was no boat of any kind stationed near or in sight; yet the lover continued to descend!

"What can this mean? what frantic feat can be destined to conclude this affair?" muttered the careful guardian, as he watched with intense interest; and as he watched, he observed the object of his care to disencumber himself of his burden; a figure in black emerged from beneath the cloak, and a heavy plunge in the stagnant water was the signal of its disappearance.

The perpetrator of this appalling deed immediately ascended the steps. The shocked witness felt the blood curdling through his veins. His eyes seemed doubly fixed on his retreating friend and on the rippled surface of the water where the body sank. The safety of his friend kept him mute; for to call for assistance was to reveal the murderer!

Leaving the place, he quickly gained upon his companion, who, to his astonishment, took the direct road to the hotel. They arrived there at the same moment, and they recognized each other without exchanging a word. A simultaneous pressure of the hand was their only salutation; and the friend shuddered to feel, that the one he clasped, was cold and clammy. The door opened to their summons, and they mounted together to their chamber.

The explanation given by the young American to his friend, is full of that source of interest which lovers of the Ratcliff school of romances delight in—namely, the horrible. The nun, by whose appearance he had been captivated, had received some untold injury or slight from a young priest; and assassinated him in her cell. It was for the purpose of conveying away the murdered body, that she invited the traveller to this fearful interview. Maddened by her beauty and the draught of wine which she induced him to swallow, he consented to become the agent of her dark purpose. But to avoid the possibility of her crime being detected, she had mixed poison in the cup, and the unfortunate stranger, at once her agent and her victim, scarcely finishes his narration, before the drug takes effect, and he expires in great torture. His fellow traveller lays before the officers of the police a statement of the whole transaction, but a bigoted respect for the religious association, stifles the decrees of justice, and induces them, without making any investigation, to suffer the mysterious and dreadful circumstance to pass into oblivion.—*The Critic*.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S MOTHER.—The late John Randolph, some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend in terms something like the following:—"I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and caused me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

THE NEAPOLITAN BRIGAND.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The Governor of a city in Italy, in the kingdom of Naples, wishing to repress the depredations of a numerous band of robbers, who ravaged the surrounding country, published a decree, in which he promised pardon and a sum of money to every brigand who should deliver up to him one of his comrades, living or dead. This decree reached the ears of the brigands, who were collected together in their retreat in the mountains. They had just captured a rich booty, and were dividing the spoil, which they owed to their own audacity, and above all to the courage of their young and intrepid leader. He, seated apart from the rest, silent and dejected, partook not of the general satisfaction. Slightly wounded in the combat which had taken place with the travellers, who had dearly sold their lives and fortunes, he was holding out his arm to a pretty young girl, who bound up the wounds. Near him laid the black mask, which he had just taken off, and which served him as a disguise in these perilous enterprises.

Upon hearing the decree read, the brigands started up, and grasped their weapons in indignation at the governor who could believe them capable of purchasing their liberty and a few pieces of gold, at the price of treason and infamy. The lieutenant, especially, could not overcome his boiling fury; for although he had grown grey in crime, he possessed that species of honour which revolts at the idea of a meanness, and he swore he would punish the governor for having treated them so contemptuously.

The captain alone expressed neither indignation nor anger; he was heard to murmur these words: "The governor does his duty. Do we not merit the contempt of mankind, as well as their hatred? Are not they worthy of every species of affront, every kind of punishment, who daily outrage every law, human and divine?"

Guisardi (such was the lieutenant's name) entertained a violent hatred towards his captain: for this young man had disputed the command with him, which was due to his long services, and had proved successful. Deeds skillfully achieved, calmness, and daring courage, united with a mental superiority, which imposed upon these ferocious but simple minded men, had quickly obtained for Paola the title of their captain, and with the title the confidence and blind obedience of the whole troop.

This enmity towards the young commander, operated very powerfully in the unregulated mind of Guisardi, and was augmented by jealousy, for he had become enamoured of Floretta, the young girl whom he represented dressing the arm of the young chief. Floretta had accompanied this young man upon his joining the troop, and ever since she had constantly shared, with the devotion of love, the fatigues and dangers of his new condition, repulsing the addresses of Guisardi with just abhorrence. He was, however, in possession of an important secret.

The brigands had entered their mountain cave in order to take some necessary repose, and once more count over their treasure ere they gave themselves up to sleep. The captain remained alone, but soon retired to take his customary ramble among the recesses of the mountains. Guisardi followed his steps at a distance, when he suddenly took a winding road, and placing himself at the turn of a defile, awaited the arrival of Paola. As soon as he approached, Guisardi, with a stroke of his poignard, extended him dead at his feet; he then severed the head from the body, and placing it in an iron casket, immediately set off to the town where the governor resided.

Upon Guisardi's arrival at the governor's palace, every thing wore a joyous aspect; it was a day of fes-

sivity, for they were celebrating the marriage of one of the governor's daughters. Before admitting him, the guards demanded his name and business; he made himself known, pronouncing a name which was the terror of the whole country, adding that, taking advantage of the amnesty, he had brought the head of his chieft, the famous Paola, a name no less famous than his own. He was introduced into the saloon where the governor was seated, surrounded by his courtiers and family. The governor's daughters, horrified, would have retired from the apartment, had not their father prevented them. This man, said he, is guilty, but repentant, and has avenged society with his own hand. Remain, my children, and endeavour to overcome this weakness. Give, added he to the attendants, a seat to our new guest, and some refreshments. Lieutenant Guisardi, repose yourself awhile: here is wine; and when I rise from table, we will open your casket, for I am curious to behold the head of this famous captain who has caused us so much alarm, and in exchange for this present, you will receive your liberty and the promised reward.

The feast continued amid songs and rejoicing, when at length the governor rising from table, and approaching the brigand, silently seated near his casket; he opens it. What does he behold? The head of his own son,—of that son whose wild youth and ungovernable passions had long afflicted his family, and who, the previous year, had disappeared from the paternal home, without leaving any traces of his flight, at the moment of contracting a brilliant alliance, which would have fulfilled, not his own wishes, but the hopes and ambition of his father.

The unfortunate father subdued his grief, and presented the robber the promised reward. "Keep your gold," said the man haughtily, "I wished to punish you for believing us capable of such infamous treachery. The evil you wished to cause us, falls upon your own head. I am revenged! I am free! Adieu!"

NATURAL BONE-SETTER.

Doctor Pulltoggie was one of those rare geniuses, known as the *seventh son of a seventh son*. He was born with the capacity of setting bones; or, as the people expressed it, was a *natural bone-setter*. He had no knowledge from books or from instruction; and he required none. What is bred in the *bone*, says the old saw, stays long in the *flesh*; and Doctor Pulltoggie could no more help being a bone-setter, than the cat in the fable, who was changed into a lady, could help running after the mouse.

Why the mere circumstance of his being the seventh son of a seventh son, should convey this extraordinary gift, nobody undertook to explain. It was a thing utterly beyond comprehension. It was a mystery, which nobody thought of looking into; but which was valued the more for being a mystery. "It is very strange," said the people, "what a faculty of setting bones this Doctor Pulltoggie has! He never looked in a surgery book in his life, but took it all up of his own head; and yet he's the slickest hand to set a bone in all New England. Why he makes no more of slipping in a dislocated joint, than a common doctor would of slipping a guinea into his pocket."

With this reputation, Doctor Pulltoggie had a good deal of practice. He was particularly famous for the cure of old cases, which were reputed to have baffled the skill of the regular surgeons. This was especially the case in regard to long-standing injuries of the joints, which, whatever their nature might be, he generally contrived to metamorphose into luxations. But, whether the cases were chronic or recent, he knew how to make the most of them; and, by changing sprains into dislocations, to gain both money and reputation by reducing them.

He affected a sort of dexterity, or slight of hand, in his mode of operating; and would resort to various sly tricks to deceive the eyes of the beholders. He wished to conceal from all others the precise moment when the bone returned to its place, as well as the peculiar manner of effecting it. Of his marvellous dexterity, in this respect, several anecdotes are still current in the circle of his practice.

But Doctor Pulltoggie did not rely altogether upon the dexterous motion of the hand, for his success and reputation in the art of bone-setting. He had invented a kind of ointment, still famous in that region, by the name of *Toggie Grease*—an appellation doubtless derived from his own cognomen, the first syllable having, in process of time, been lopped off for the sake of ease in pronunciation. With this grease he used to anoint the injured part for some minutes, as a preliminary step; and it is avowed that, by the extraordinary powers of this ointment, the displaced bones could well nigh be induced, of their own motion, to return to their places.

Such was the reputation, and such the effects, of the Toggie Grease. But what it was made of nobody knew, except the inventor. There were indeed various conjectures about it; and certain wise persons, were ready to swear positively to one or more of the ingredients.

"It is," said one, "made of devil's bit, and a number of other strong arts, cooked in rattlesnake's ile."

"That's all you know about it," said another; "the principal ingredients, to my certain knowledge, is the marrow got out of the bones of a human man, and that is the reason it has such an effect in making people's bones come in their places."

"You're right," said a third, "about its being the marrow of a human critter; but it isn't every human critter whose marrow will have the same effect. It must be a man that was born on the 29th day of February, just between the old and new of the moon, that never sucked a human woman, that never tasted a drop of water in his life, and at last was killed with lightning."

"And that aint all," said another, "the marrow must be tried out in a good kittle; and when the other ingredients are put in, they must all be stirred together with a bone that come out of a catamount's leg."

"Now all that," said a fifth, "is a mere fodge, and just an old woman's notion. I have good reason to know it's just no such thing. There aint a bit of human marrow, of any sort or kind, in the Toggie Grease. The foundation is the fat of a Guinea nigger, roasted alive. To this is added a little dragon's blood, a little ile of spikes, a little goose-grease, together with about twenty kinds of arts and roots, all gathered in the dark of the moon, and simmered over a slow fire till they come to the inconsistency of ointment. I don't know exactly what the arts may be; but I'm aartin about the nigger's fat, and the dragon's blood—or it may be devil's blood, which I spose is all one and the same thing—and also about the goose-grease and the ile of spikes, and all them things."

Such were some of the various ideas entertained of the composition of the Toggie Grease; and indeed the inventor himself had done much to puzzle, mislead, and divide public opinion on this abstruse subject, by throwing out certain half expressed and mysterious hints, sometimes of one kind, and sometimes another, according to the nature of his auditors. But the composition of the Toggie Grease remained a secret till the day of his death; and, though transmitted to one of his descendants, in whose hands it now remains, still continues a secret to all the rest of the world.

When Doctor Pulltoggie could not, with propriety and safety, make dislocations of sprains, he cured

them under their proper name, by the application of his ointment; and some prodigious cures are reported to have been achieved by this means. One instance in particular deserves mention, on account of its suddenness.

A young lady, on going to a sleigh ride, had been upset, and got her ankle so severely sprained, that she could not walk nor stand. It was not only very painful; but, what was worse still, she could not dance. Injuries of this kind often require weeks, and even months, in healing. To a sprightly young lady, who was regretting every moment that she was kept from the dance, this was but poor consolation. Fortunately, however, Doctor Pulltoggle, who was on a journey, happened to arrive just at the nick of time, at the inn where the sleighing party held their ball.

The unfortunate young lady was sitting in one chair, with her sprained ankle in another—groaning and bitterly lamenting her fate, while she heard the fiddling and dancing so near her, without being able to join in it. With what joy then did she hear that Doctor Pulltoggle was then in the house. She requested to see him immediately, and begged, for the love of heaven, that he would cure her ankle, so that she could rise and join in the dance.

"How! do you expect me to perform a six weeks' job in half a dozen minutes?"

"I don't know how, I'm sure, doctor; but I know you can do it well enough, if you try."

"How do you know, my ducky, ha?" said Pulltoggle, chuckling her under the chin.

"Oh, I know it well enough, doctor, because I've heard, time and again, of the great cures you have performed."

"You have, ha? and you think I can cure your ankle in the twanging of a fiddle, do you?"

"Yes, do now, Doctor Pulltoggle, that's a good soul; you can't think how I want to be up and dancing."

"You'll give me a kiss then, I suppose, if—"

"Yes, but you must cure my ankle first."

"Well, I suppose I must try what can be done for the poor girl that wants to be shaking the foot so terribly."

Thus saying, he drew forth a box of the precious Toggle Grease, and began to anoint the red and swollen ankle; which, in less than three minutes, was reduced to its natural size and colour; and the lady, springing upon her feet, began to caper round the room as though nothing had happened.

"Ah, but the kiss now!" exclaimed Pulltoggle.

"You shall have it if you can catch me," returned the patient, gaily; and running into the ball-room, did more execution in the dance than any other person of the whole company.

Brown, in his sketches, says that a large setter, ill with the distemper, had been most tenderly nursed by a lady for three weeks. At length he became so weak as to be placed on a bed, where he remained three days in a dying situation. After a short absence, the lady, on re-entering the room, observed him fix his eyes attentively on her, and make an effort to crawl across the bed towards her. This he accomplished, evidently for the sole purpose of licking her hands, which having done, he expired without a groan. "I am," says Mr. Brown, "as convinced that the animal was sensible of his approaching dissolution, and that this was a last forcible effort to express his gratitude for the care taken of him, as I am of my own existence; and had I witnessed this proof of excellence alone, I should think a life devoted to the melioration of the condition of dogs far too little for their deserts."

LUSUS NATURÆ.

The story here versified is probably familiar, in a different guise, to many of our readers. It will bear telling again; particularly when embellished with the harmony of numbers. The rhymes are from the New England Magazine.—*Alexandria Gaz.*

Whilom in Gotham, that prodigious city,

Where dwarfs assume the character of giants.

Where splendor laughs to scorn what she should pity,

Where dwell rich advocates and well-fleeced clients,

And hordes on hordes, too numerous for my ditty,

There lived, for years, a votary of science,

A stern philosopher, a man of parts,

A master of all languages and arts.

He was a searcher for the hidden lore

Which buried lies beneath the dust of ages;

Long over rusty medals would he pore,

With brows all twisted like an ancient sage's;

Prizing them dearer than pure golden ore;

A foe to moths, that banquet on old pages,

He loved quaint books, devices, omens strange,

And things that were above the common range.

Lusus Naturæ was to him as great

A treasure, when discovered, as a mine

To a gold seeker; or a new estate

To a young spendthrift, or some choice old wine

To him who sits at dinner rather late;

And, more by far than relics of lang syne,

Did he admire the "inseparable boys:—"

Monstra horrenda were his favorite toys.

One day, as lost in deep, forgetful study,

The Doctor sat,—he heard a sudden rap;

And in stalked a tall and somewhat roddy

Good-humoured looking, jovial country chap,

With spattered clothes, and boots bedimmed and muddy,

While from his head he never took his cap,

But marching straightway to the Doctor's side,

With staring eyes and mouth extended, cried—

"Oh, Doctor! I have seen the strangest sight—

A man half black!" "Half black! upon my word,"

Exclaimed the Doctor, trembling with delight,

"'Tis strange, indeed,—half black! I've often heard

Of individuals not wholly white—

A *rara avis* this,—a most rare bird;

Half black?" "Yes, sir, he was, from head to foot,

As black—as black—yes—quite as black as soot."

"Sit down, sir, if you please; I'll get my book;"

Here the learned Theban on his table spread

A folio spacious—then a pen he took,

With inks that coloured were both black and red,

That he might make his annotations look

In hue according to what should be said

About the half black man; first in dark ink

His quill he dipped, and then began to think,

Or rather talk aloud—"One hundred, three;

Yes—that's the page on which I'll note it down,

Lusus Naturæ headed—let me see,—

Albino white-eyed women toasted brown,

Ring-streaked lambs, a monstrous humble-bee;

Child with two heads,—the offspring of a clown,—

Two heads than one are better,—people claim,

Hem! this child's father doubtless thought the same.

"Here will I draw a line,—and on one side

I will describe in black the half black part,

The other may be red,"—just then he spied

The stranger smile, and turning, with a start,

The doctor said, "perhaps the man was dyed!"

The stranger laid his hand upon his heart,—

"Upon my honour, there is no deceit.

Half black, he truly was,—head, arms and feet."

"Was half his head black?" "Yes." "One arm black?" "Yes."

"One leg black?" "Yes." "Foot, ancle, wrist and hand?"

"The fact is, Doctor, neither more nor less,—

If now before your eyes the man should stand,
All unrevealed in native loveliness,

And through his countenance, so broad and bland,
And through his body you should draw a mark,
One half would be unutterably dark!"

"What, black as Egypt?" "Yes, in every sense;
His darkness might be felt." The Doctor smiled;

For though a man of very learned pretence,

He loved a joke,—often had he beguiled

An hour in merry wit, and could dispense

With deepest study, gladly as a child,

On some weak pate a sudden joke to crack.—

The stranger's answers were all down in black.

Now, soberly, the Doctor wiped his pen,

And gazing round with self complaisant air,

Seized the red ink, that he might copy then,

The color of the part to be more fair.

"One half as black as Egypt," said again

The sapient scribbler; "please relate with care,

The hue of t'other half—white, red, or blue?"

"Why—that, sir, was as black as Egypt too!"

UNCLE NAT.

"A Yankee's a Yankee, find him where you will—
Try him as you may, he'll prove a Yankee still."

Not long since there lived somewhere in New England an old fellow, whose fame was extended many miles from the little spot which he called home, known by the name of Uncle Nat; and he belonged to that class of men, who, instead of eating that they may live, rather live that they may eat. That he had been no pretender in this business, would clearly and unequivocally appear, by a simple glance at his latitudinal and longitudinal dimensions.

He was a hero of a pot of beans, and place him in the region of estates, and no laundress would have occasion to complain of incivility on his part, for on such occasions he never failed to pay her a highly flattering compliment—a compliment that could by no means be mistaken. Uncle Nat never was guilty of *leaving one dish* to tell the fate of the others, and those who came at the *eleventh* hour usually found a strong argument for *fasting*.

Now our hero from his youth up, indulged a propensity to see the West, but it was not till grey hairs had made their appearance, that he resolved to make a tour of the Western and Southern States, and he was urged to this conclusion, by the firm conviction that he could not die in peace and quiet until his vision had been blessed with an actual view of those scenes, which he had so often heard described. Not many years ago, Uncle Nat, feeling that the time had *now come*, on a fine May morning, placed his saddle bags upon an old nag, yeilded Hugs, then mounted himself and summoning his only companion, a favorite dog, *Squire Rouse*, by a signal to the said Rouse well known, away he went, bidding an affectionate adieu to various old dames, whose skill in cooking he had not unfrequently had occasion to commend, and doffing his broad rimmed hat in civility to every old maid, with whom, in days of yore, he had enjoyed many an innocent frolic.

After having pursued his journey for many days over hill and dale, he at length found himself beyond the limits of New England, in the famous state of New York. It was towards the close of a beautiful day that he urged his old nag, by a few *striking* appeals from the whip, into the little village of —, where, to his great satisfaction, he saw a large collection of people

—for Uncle Nat always supposed that there was sport in progress, where he beheld a busy, moving crowd. As he approached, the characters of the individuals who composed it, were to our hero well known, as the language of jockeys, its dialects and idioms, was perfectly familiar to his ear. Into this group, sans ceremonie, Uncle Nat entered, with an open hearted "How do ye do?" to all, and a stranger would have supposed that he was one of their own number, late in his arrival. It was a *grand fair* for running, trotting and trading horses! Here Uncle Nat felt himself at home, and was a stranger alike to embarrassment and jockeys. It having been whispered among the group, that he was a Yankee, their cunning grimaces indicated that the tricks which his predecessors had practised were now, if possible, to be severely visited upon this inoffensive new comer.

Uncle Nat appeared to be a good-natured, credulous old fellow, easy to be imposed upon, which not a little sharpened the zeal and earnestness of the Dutchmen, who now needed nothing, by way of stimulus, already rejoicing at the anticipated dismay of the Yankee, when he should find himself *dazed*. Squire Rouse in the mean time seemed to be in an element to which he had been accustomed, and to have forgotten that he had endured the fatigue of a long journey.

"Is your horse a trotter?" asked one. "Why," replied Nat, "as for the matter of that, I guess the critter will jog along some!"

"Will you plank a ten dollar, and trot a mile?" continued the stranger—

This was a hard question for Uncle Nat to answer—he did not fear that Hugs would be distanced, but the journey which had been already long, was not half performed. After having carried the matter to the tribunal of his better judgment, he was about to refuse, when a second came up from the group, which had been holding a private consultation—

"I say, Jo," said he, "you don't want to trot your Ranger with that old shabby bundle of skin and bones —" "would be an everlasting disgrace to him."

Jo hesitated a moment, and gave a kind of half suppressed mutter, when the other resumed—

"Why I can run faster myself than that old nag can trot!"

"I'll plank a hundred on that!"—interrupted Uncle Nat, whose ire had been somewhat kindled at the outrageous abuse which had thus been heaped upon old Hugs—

"Tis done," said the stranger, "but pause. I'll bet a hundred, that I can jump up behind your back three times, before you shall have gone twenty rods!"

Uncle Nat could stand it no longer—the old purse was drawn out and the cash produced. He proposed to deposit the cash in the hands of a stranger, who at that moment arrived, after the conditions of the bet should be fairly stated and well understood, to which the other consented. The stranger was requested, and, after some urging, agreed to comply with their wishes.

"Now," said Uncle Nat, "he puts down one hundred, that he can jump up behind my back three times, before I can trot my horse the distance of twenty rods—if he does, you are to deliver the two hundred to him; if he does not, then I am to have the same."

"Is this statement correct?" said the stranger. Both said *aye*. The jockeys could hardly refrain from laughing as they looked upon the old Yankee, who did not suspect any *play upon words*.—"Poor old soul," said they, "he'll be bled for a hundred!"

"Perhaps I may," said Nat, happening to overhear, "and perhaps I may not—various opinions on that point." Old Hugs was now mounted and aroused from his stupidity, by the application of Uncle Nat's huge heels to his *rib visible sides*. "Now," said he, "I must get Hugs warm, and will ride him up yonder,

I guess"—so away went the trio, Uncle Nat, Hugs and Squire Rouse, to the great mortification of the jockey club, who were now congratulating themselves that Dutchmen were no more to be *duped* by Yankees; and it would have done one's heart good, to have witnessed their joy, when Uncle Nat returned with Squire Rouse at his side. Up he came, and appeared a little dejected as he began—"Any how, you, old Hugs, is rather stiff, and I'm *afraid* he won't do as he has—*however*, I'll try—but see here, Mr. better, you must agree that you won't hurt me."

"O yes. I'll not hurt you a hair"—"that's right," interrupted Uncle Nat, "and you'll agree not to jump ahead of my saddle!"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the other, who imagined that Uncle Nat would like to retreat—"If I jump or go further forward than the hind part of the saddle, then it is no bet."

"This is your agreement, is it?" inquired the stake holder—as before, they answered *aye*. Whereupon Uncle Nat insisted that a fleet horse and an expert rider should accompany them, in order that no difficulty might arise on this point; and to gratify his *nation*, as they called it, this was agreed to, and while these were being provided, Uncle Nat dismounted. Then twenty rods were now measured and the last scene of the drama was drawing to a close. "Wake up—wake up," shouted Uncle Nat, as he was applying his whip to Hugs's legs, "a hundred's to be lost or won!" Uncle Nat now mounted, to the surprise of all, and to the great dismay of the Dutchman better, with his back towards Hugs's head, and when the signal was given, away he went, yet *slowly*, exclaiming, "three times—remember!" with Squire Rouse at his side. Here was a sad change in the Dutchman's prospects—instead of jumping up three times, after the Yankee had started, as he expected, being all the while behind his back, he stood still, and was dejected with a grief—purchased at the expense of a hundred dollars! After having trotted his twenty rods, and having performed a grand right-about, he returned at a rate which confounded the already astonished Dutchmen, and approaching the stranger—"I'll take that money now, I guess," said he, and the money was delivered without a murmur on the part of the lately elated jockey. "Come in, my boys," said Uncle Nat, "come in, we'll have some supper now—by golly, I'll pay for't—come along, I say—My name's old Uncle Nat, the Yankee!"

* * * * *

In the history of our hero there are many rare specimens of a true Yankee—but he is now no more! We copy from a letter, which we have just received, our intelligence in regard to his unhappy fate—

"No news for you—not a bit—save that they have just found old Uncle Nat, who disappeared some time last winter. He was seen floating in—pond, frozen up in a huge cake of ice, as stiff as a poker—some say with his whip in his hand." Thus has ended the temporal history of the master of "Squire Rouse."—*Lansburgh Gazette*.

HOSPITALITY.—The voice of inspiration has enjoined hospitality as a duty. The dictates of nature concur in pronouncing it a virtue. In the simplicity of ancient times, it flourished as a vigorous plant. The traveller found beneath its wide spreading branches, a shelter from the noon-day sun, and a cover from the storm. But nations in their approaches to refinement, have been prone to neglect its culture. They have hedged it about with ceremonies, and encumbered it with trappings, till its virtues faded or its roots perished. Like the stripling shepherd, it hath drooped beneath the gorgeous armor of royalty, while it would fain have found among the smooth stones of the brook the strength it needed.—*Mrs. Sigourney*.

SNAKES.—"A stout negro, belonging to a friend near Stabrock, brought in from the bush two rattlesnakes in a box; he seemed to have completely subdued them by intimidation, and after a time he would let them out in the verandah, and they would return to him at his call. One day they were missing, and the negro's master going to an out-house, saw them coiled up under the step of the door; he was a long time imprisoned, but at last plucked up courage and sprang into the open air over them. The negro went out with his box to catch them: 'Ah! you rascal, you go way! Get in house this minute,' said Quaco, and the reptiles obeyed him! Sometimes he would irritate his pets, and they would bite him in the hand; then he would run out to the high grass near the house, and rub the wound with a plant, the name of which he would not reveal, for his fellow slaves looked on him with great respect for his being a snake charmer. At last, on one occasion, he got drunk, began handling the snakes, they bit him, he neglected to apply his antidote, went to the field to work, and in a short time was a bloated corpse. I have seen the cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India, caught in my garden; have watched the snake charmer with feathered turban, sitting beside a hole under the hedge of prickly pear, and piping on a rude musical instrument made from a gourd, and a bit of looking-glass in front of it; unlike the 'deaf adder,' the head of the cobra would soon appear above ground, as if listening to the wild strains, and his eye attracted by the dazzling glass. An assistant would be ready to catch him behind the neck, would draw forth his yellow and writhing length, and without extracting his poisonous fangs, would slip him into a covered basket, muttering the usual curse of 'Hut Tere!' Next day the charmer would return, place his basket on the ground, sit on his haunches before it and pipe, the lid would rise, and the subdued snake come forth, partly coil himself up, and move his head to the music, and ever and anon display his speckled hood, or hiss when the charmer approached his hand. The assistant would go behind and hold up the reptile by the tail, then he could not do injury; but if a fowl were to be thrown at him, it would be dead in a few minutes. What I have said of tame rattlesnakes is less surprising than the feats of oriental snake charmers with the cobra.—*Alexander's Sketches*.

BAD SPELLING.—You need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance—A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words: *Not finding Brown at home I delivered your messeg to his yf*. The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chamber maid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what *yf* was.—"Why," says she, "*yf* spells wife, what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling wife, than *Double you i f e*; which, in reality, spell *doubleyfe*.—*Franklin's Letters*.

Gaspard Balaus, who was both a poet and a physician, deranged his brain so much by excessive study, that he imagined his body was converted into butter, and on this account he always shunned the fire with the utmost care. Being at length worn out by a continual dread of melting, he put an end to his misery by throwing himself into a well.

WILLIE'S COURTSHIP.

Tune—"Bonnie Dundee."

Young Willie, the ploughman, has nae land nor tiller,
An' yet the blythe callant's as crouse as a ring;
He courts his ain lass, an' he sings a sang till her—
Tak tent, an' ye'se hear what the jaadie does sing:
"O, Jenny! to tell that I loe you fore ony,
Wad need finer words than I've gatten to tell!
Nor need I say to ye, Ye're winsome an' bonnie—
I'm thinkin' ye ken that fu' brawly yoursel'!"

"I've courted ye lang—Do ye hear what I'm telling?
I've courted you, thinkin' ye yet wad be mine;
An' if we suld marry wi' only ae shilling,
At the warst, only ae shilling, Jenny, we'se time.
But love doens aye lie in gowpens o' guineas,
Nor happiness dwell whar the coffers are fu';
As muckle we'll surely aye gather atween us,
That want ne'er eal meet us, nor mist'ry pursue.

"The chieft that are christened to riches an' grandeur,
Ken nought o' the pleasure that hard labour brings;
Whar in idleness comes, they in idleness squander,
While the lab'ring man toils a' the lang day, an' sings!
Then why suld we envy the great an' the noble?
The *thocht* is a kingdom—it's ours whar we hae!—
A boast that repays us for sair work an' trouble;
'I've earned it!' is mair than a monarch can say.

"The green buds now peep thro' the auld runkled tim-
mer,

The sun, at a breath, drinks the hale morning dew,
An' nature is glad at the comin' o' simmer,
As glad as I'm aye at the smiling o' you!
The flowers are a' springing, the birds are a' singing,
And beauty and pleasure are wooin' the plain;
Then let us employ it, while we may enjoy it—
The simmer o' life, Jenny, comes na again!"

Blackwood.

THE BULGARIANS.—The Bulgarian is handsome, robust, patient, stubborn, and very jealous; with primitive manners. The stranger who puts up for the night in a cottage, has the best of everything, and sleeps on the same floor with father, mother, sons and daughters.

The women are tall and beautiful—the finest race I saw in Turkey—with peculiarly small hands and feet. Their costume is elegant, consisting of a striped shift, which covers without concealing the bust, fastened round the throat with a heavy gold or silver clasp; a short worked petticoat, and embroidered pelisse; *a la Polonoise* confined by a broad ornamental girdle. Their hair is dressed in long braids, and their wrists and waists adorned with solid bracelets and buckles; the poorest have them. Yet these nymphs of the Balkans are household slaves, and are to be seen in the severest weather drawing water at the fountains.

No peasantry in the world are so well off. The lowest Bulgarian has abundance of every thing; meat, poultry, eggs, milk, rice, cheese, wine, bread, good clothing, and a warm dwelling, and a horse to ride. It is true he has no newspaper to inflame his passions, or a knife and fork to eat with, nor a bedstead to lie on, and therefore may be considered by some people an object of pity.—*Slade's Travels.*

THE HYPOCHONDRIAC PRINCE.—Many distinguished persons, from a disease in the imagination, have fallen to strange notions regarding their personal identity and character. In the memoirs of Count de Maurepas, there is an account given of a most singular hypochondriac in the person of the prince of Bourbon. He once imagined himself to be a hare, and would suffer no ill to be rung in the palace, lest the noise should scare him in the woods. At another time, he fancied himself to be a plant, and, as he stood in the garden, insisted on being watered. He some time afterwards

imagined he was dead, and refused all nourishment, for which, he said, he had no further occasion. This last whim would have proved fatal, if his friends had not contrived to disguise two persons, who were introduced to him as his grandfather and Marshal Luxembourg, and who, after some conversation concerning the shades, invited him to dine with Marshal Turenne. Our hypochondriac followed them into a cellar prepared for the purpose, where he made a hearty meal. While this turn of his disorder prevailed, he always dined in the cellar with some noble ghost. It is somewhat remarkable that this strange fantasy did not incapacitate him for business, especially where his immediate interests were concerned. Hypochondriasm is doubtless produced, in a great measure, from deep study, or from an artificial mode of living, and want of proper air and exercise. We seldom hear of a ploughman or an industrious artisan falling into that diseased state of the imagination, and considering themselves hares, vegetables, plants, or some disembodied spirit.

JUPITER AND HORSE.—"Father of animals and men!" so spake the horse, and drew near the throne of Jupiter; "I am considered the most beautiful creature with which thou hast adorned the world, and my vanity leads me to believe it. But yet would not some different construction be better for me?"

"And what do you think will be better for you? Speak, I will hear your instructions," said the good god, and he laughed.

"Perhaps," spake the horse again, "I should be fleetier, if my legs were higher and more slender; a longer swan neck would be no disadvantage; a broader breast would add to my strength; and since you have ordained that I shall bear your favorite, man, it might be well to create on me a natural saddle, upon which my benevolent rider might sit."

"Good!" replied Jupiter—"have patience a moment!" Then Jupiter, with solemn look, spoke the word of creation—"Let life enter the dust, and thou, matter, become organized and united!" And suddenly there stood, before the throne, the deformed camel.

The horse saw, and trembled at the frightful spectacle.

"Here are higher and more slender legs," said Jupiter; "here is a longer swan-like neck; here is a broader breast; here is a natural saddle; do you wish, O horse, that I should form you such?"

The horse still trembled.

"Go," continued Jupiter; "this time be taught without punishment. To remind thee now and then of thy presumption, the new creature shall continue, (Jupiter threw a preserving look upon the camel) and never be looked upon by thee without shuddering."

ADVANTAGES OF THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—An intelligent class can scarcely ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite. The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the powers, disclosed to the well-informed mind, present attractions, which, unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous or corrupt pleasures; and thus, in the end, a standard of character is created in the community, which, though it does not invariably save each individual, protects the virtue of the mass.—*Everett's Discourse.*

DUELLING.—Swift's observation upon duelling is certainly the best reason that can be assigned for the continuance of its practice. He says, "I should be exceedingly sorry to find the Legislature make any new law against the practice of duelling, as I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to ride the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law hath not been able to find an expedient."

COMMUNICATED.

Lady Byron's Reply to Lord Byron's
"Fare thee well."

Yes farewell! farewell forever,
Thou thyself hast fix'd our doom,
Bade *hope's* sweetest blossoms wither,
Never more for me to bloom.

"Unforgiving" thou hast call'd me,
Didst thou ever say "forgive?"
For the wretch whose wiles enthral'd thee,
Thou didst seem alone to live.

Short the span which time hath given,
To complete thy love's decay;
By unhallowed passions driven,
Soon thy heart was taught to stray.

Lived for me that feeling tender,
Which so well thy verse can shew,
From my arms why didst thou wander,
My endearments why forgo?

Wrapt in dreams of joy abiding,
On thy breast my head hath lain,
In thy love and truth confiding,
Bliss I cannot know again.

When thy heart by me "glanc'd over,"
First displayed the guilty stain,
Would these eyes have closed forever,
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.

But, by Heaven's recording spirit,
May that wish forgotten be,
Life, though now a load,—I'd bear it,
For the babe I've borne to thee.

In whose lovely features (let me
All my weakness here confess,
While the struggling tears permit me)
All her father's I can trace.

His, whose image never leaves me,
Whose remembrance, yet, I prize,
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,
Still to love where I despise.

With regret and sorrow rather,
When our child's first accents flow,
I shall teach her to say "Father,"
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.

Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow,
Wake me to a widowed bed,
In another's arms no sorrow
Wilt thou feel?—no tear wilt shed?

For the world's applause, I sought not,
When I tore myself from thee,
Of its praise or blame, I thought not—
What its praise or blame to me?

He in whom my soul delighted,
From his heart my image drove,
With contempt my truth required,
And preferred—a wanton's love.

Thou art proud, and mark me, Byron,
I've a soul proud as thine own,
Soft to love, but hard as iron,
When despite on me is thrown.

But, farewell!—I'll not upbraid thee,
Never, never wish thee ill,
Wretched tho' thy crimes have made me
If thou can'st—be happy still.

SUBMARINE FORMATIONS.

The following interesting account of the formation of a volcanic Island, descriptive of the subjoined engraving, we take from the fifty-seventh number of Harper's Family Library, containing *Mudie's Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature*.

In those parts of the ocean which may be regarded as covering the slopes of volcanic ridges, there are still occasional displays of the action of those vast powers; and there are in many places decided proofs of that action having been at some time carried on in situations where it had ceased before the record of history began. It is important, too, to bear in mind that the formation of large tracts of alluvial land so as to remove the sea to a distance, occasions the internal action to cease. In that ridge of mountains in France which stands nearest to the Mediterranean, on the right bank of the Rhone, there are many extinct volcanoes; and the plain of Languedoc, which lies between those mountains and the sea, is alluvial, composed in many parts of sand, in others of gravel and stones, and in others, again, of shells,—the whole giving the clearest evidence of having been under the sea, or formed by the action of its waters upon the shores.

The farther part of Italy and the island of Sicily are still volcanic countries. Vesuvius and Etna burn continually, and often pour out eruptions of melted matters; the whole of Calabria is subject to earthquakes; and fires are continually burning in the little islands which lie nearly in the line between Vesuvius and Etna.

One of the most recent displays of submarine action, extending above the surface, which has appeared in those seas, is

**HOTHAM ISLAND.**

That island, or rather the symptoms of its formation were first observed on the 10th of July, 1831; though on the preceding day quantities of charred sea plants and dead fish were observed floating on the surface; and sounds resembling that of thunder were heard. Shocks of earthquakes had, indeed, been felt by ships passing the same spot on the 28th of June; but there was then no appearance at the surface of the sea. At about eleven o'clock on the 10th, Cap-

tain Carrao, who commanded a Sicilian brig, and was then about twenty miles off Cape St. Mark, observed the water, at the distance of a gun-shot, in a state of agitation. A portion, more than a hundred fathoms in diameter, rose up to the height of sixty feet; and discharged volumes of sulphurous smoke. The elevated mass, as there is no action of the atmosphere mentioned that could sustain a column of water to that height, must have been steam. That steam, however, from the supply of a whole sea of cold water, and the powerful action of the fire under it, may have had the colour and apparent density of a mass of water. Indeed, the external part of it must have been condensed, and descending in a thick fog, which fog would be kept from spreading on the surface of the sea, by the wind which must have set towards it in all directions, to supply the air which was constantly rarefying and ascending over it. The smoke mentioned by the Sicilian captain was, most probably, the hottest part of the steam, because if the heated strata had so broken under water as to allow volumes of real smoke to escape, the solid matters would not likely have reached the surface. It appears from the observations made by other vessels, that the immediate bottom was mud, and that the depth, after the island was formed, was one hundred and thirty fathoms, at the distance of one mile. That was nearly three hundred and thirty-eight pounds (say three hundred weight) on the inch, from the mere pressure of the water, without taking into the account the condensation, the weight of the mud, and the resistance of the strata, which there are no means of ascertaining; but they, in all probability, exceeded the simple pressure of the water.

Now, if we suppose that the surface, acted under by the heat, was only a circle of about one hundred and twenty fathoms in diameter, we shall form a rude estimate of the power employed. The surface is about 11,310 square fathoms, or 407,160 square feet, or 56,631,040 square inches, which at three hundred weight on the square inch, gives a pressure from the weight of the water alone of the vast amount of 8,794,656 tons. But as there were other, and probably greater resistances to overcome, the force exerted at that single spot must have been far greater than would suffice to blow all the navies in the world into the air. That spot, too, was but a mere point on the surface of the globe: so that it is utterly impossible to imagine any material weight, or material strength, which those powers could not overcome.

It is only under the pressure of a depth of water that such a phenomenon could take place, as the water both supports and consolidates the upper part, and so enables the crust to rise in a mass, which, in the air, would burst and discharge the melted matters in an eruption, as is the case in those volcanoes that are on land.

The second observation of Hotham Island was made on the 13th, two days after the first; and the account was—the appearance of columns of smoke, the hearing of a sound like that of the paddle-wheels of a steamboat; and dark matter rising up to a height, and then falling with force into the sea: all those appearances, which we

have stated in nearly the words of the eyewitnesses, agree in establishing the same fact; namely, that by that time the volcanic matter had reached the surface, and been broken when it came in contact with the air, or even when so near the surface that the pressure upon it was much diminished. The smoke was a sure sign that the surface was reached, the hissing was the solid matter coming in contact with water at a lower temperature; and the ascent and fall of the dark solid matter was a direct confirmation of the other two.

The young island having thus attracted attention, Vice admiral Hotham directed Commander Swinburne, of the sloop *Rapid*, to examine it. The commander discovered the island at four, P. M., on the 18th of July. It was then about forty miles distant, and had the appearance of a column of white smoke. Advancing about thirty miles, he saw, at fifteen minutes past eight, bright light mingling with the smoke. The column then became black; but immediately “eruptions of lurid fire” shot up; and then the whiteness of the smoke returned. The same succession of appearances continued till five in the morning of the 19th, when they again steered for the island.

Whether Commander Swinburne did or did not see the very first eruption, he must have been near the time of the commencement, for early in the morning he saw, in the intervals of the eruptions, only a small hillock, a few feet above the level of the sea; but as the discharges of dust, and stones, and steam were frequent, the progress of the island could not be seen. At the distance of one mile north the depth was one hundred and thirty fathoms; and when the commander took his boat and rowed towards it, twenty yards from the weather-side, there were eighteen fathoms water. For two or three miles round, the sea was discoloured with dust and cinders; but at the distance of only twelve yards, the sea was but one degree above its ordinary temperature.

The island then appeared in the form of a crater or cup, seventy or eighty yards in diameter, twenty feet high in some places, six in others, and broken on the south-west. Through the break was seen muddy water in a state of violent agitation; from which hot stones, and cinders, and immense volumes of steam were incessantly ascending.

That was but the tranquil state of the volcanic action; for, at short intervals, the crater became filled with stones, cinders, and dust, which were volleyed upwards to the height of several hundred feet with loud noise; and when they again fell down and converted the surface of the surrounding sea into steam, the noise was still louder. So powerful was that steam as it rose, that it carried the dust with it, so that the whole had a brown colour, and a solid appearance; but the steam became white as it ascended, and the mud fell down in showers. These volleys and descents were so constant that one was often up before the other had fallen; and amid the columns, lightnings were continually flashing and thunders roaring, as if all the sublime and the terrible in nature had been collected at that one little spot. Commander Swinburne's description

is so circumstantial, that we shall give part of it in his own words:—

"Renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were," says he, "quickly succeeding each other, while forked lightning and rattling thunder darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust, and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirlwinds. The latter were most frequent on the lee-side, where they often made imperfect water-spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion, some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty, sparkling dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared to be more than half a foot in diameter, and many of them much smaller.

During the whole time the wind was steady at north-west, and the weather was serene, so that the action, violent as it was within its range, was very confined in that. Confined as it was, however, it brought all the elements into play. Its smallness is indeed an advantage to those who study it, because it becomes as near to being an experiment in the making of islands by the action of fire as it is possible for any thing in nature to come. The internal action, when deep below the water, was sensible only in the motion communicated by the quaking earth to the water over it; and as the heat was only one degree above the common temperature at twelve yards from the island, one can hardly suppose that any smoke or even steam could come to the surface, or be produced, until the solid matter had risen very nearly to that. On the 28th of June, when Sir Pulteney Malcolm and his companions felt the shocks, the action had begun, but was going on quietly under the water. It may be indeed that there is always an action under that part of the Mediterranean, as shoals are laid down near the place in some of the charts; and the Maltese have traditions about a former island there. But Swinburne found no bottom with a line of eighty fathoms, till he came within twenty yards of the island, and there as has been said, it was eighteen fathoms, or one hundred and eight feet. That is an exceeding abrupt slope, and would meet the bottom of one hundred and thirty fathoms deep, at little more than one-twelfth part of a mile, if we suppose the slope uniform. The rapidity of the slope, and the depth of the sounding are not very consistent with the supposition that a shoal in any way tended to the formation of the island, though it is true, that with the same external action, the bottom would rise more readily in shallow water than in deep.

The island was subsequently visited by various persons, and the nature of its materials examined. Ashes, a substance resembling cake, scoria of iron, and burnt clay, were the chief ones; and there were not many of the substances that are usually discharged in the eruption of volcanoes. It should seem that only the common matters at the bottom of the sea came to the surface, even when the walls of the crater attained an elevation of nearly two hundred feet; for the layers formed by the successive eruptions, which could easily be distinguished by the salt that was left when they evaporated the water, were friable and yielding to the action of the waves.

RAMBLER TO THE BOOKSELLERS' COUNTERS.—No. 1.

Under this title, our columns will hereafter be occasionally diversified, in such a manner as to convey with what little ability we possess, a knowledge of the prominent works which issue from the now prolific American press. After passing an opinion on these, we shall allow them to speak for themselves by extracts, in selecting which, attention will not only be paid to the gratification of the reader, but such parts will be seized on, as while they convey information or amusement, will also give a general idea of the character of the work in which they appear. For this purpose, every facility in the way of time and books is at our disposal, and we shall endeavour, without fatiguing the public with our remarks, to enliven our newspaper in a new and original department:—one in fact to which little attention is paid, though it be, as it undoubtedly is, the most fruitful and delightful.

We have before us a new work, just published in Cincinnati, entitled:—"*Indian Wars of the West; containing Biographical Sketches of those pioneers who headed the Western Settlers, in repelling the attacks of the Savages, together with a view of the Character, Manners, Monuments, and Antiquities of the Western Indians. By Timothy Flint.*"

As a writer, Mr. Flint has acquired an enviable reputation. His glowing descriptions of the Valley of the Mississippi, are conceived in the true spirit of the poetical fervour; and his delineations of the scenery, the inhabitants, the soil, productions, and so forth, of the truly great West, are among those passages which even an omnivorous reader of feeling and taste refers to, as having afforded him unalloyed gratification. In the present little volume, our author is no less in his element;—he details with power, scenes than which few presented in the pages of the historian, take more powerful hold of the sympathetic heart. The work opens with "a Physical View of the West," full of valuable facts. Chapter second, is on "the Discovery and Conquest of Florida, and Settlement of the Mississippi," in which the history is traced with a faithful pen to the discovery of these regions, and the following graphic page occurs; it is in Mr. Flint's best style:—

"The honour of the efficient discovery of the Mississippi, probably belongs to the fathers Marquette and Joliette, two French missionaries from Canada, who were detailed for that object by M. de Talon. They started on their journey of discovery from Quebec with three associates. They traversed the immense lakes in a birch bark perigoue, ascended lake Michigan to the bay of St. Joseph; and thence, it is supposed, over the present accustomed portage from that bay to the Ouisconsin, and down that river to the Mississippi, and thence down that stream, through its forests, and passing the mouths of its tributaries, to the Arkansas. Those early French discoverers seem all to have been distin-

guished by a full measure of the vivacity of their national enthusiasm. That imagination must be cold, that does not kindle in view of the grandeur of the forests, tributaries, precipices, prairies, animals, and birds discovered in a summer descent of that river, even at the present time, when the visions of fancy all have yielded to the often repeated surveys of experience. We need not admire, that those explorers saw in the numberless swans and waterfowls on the undisturbed bosom of the stream, in the fishes beneath its pellucid wave, in the tangle of grape vines on its shores, in the buffaloes and other wild animals of its forests and prairies, in the numerous tribes of red men along its shores, in its majestic sweep down its dark woods, in the grand bluffs, the influx of the mighty and turbid Missouri, the grand tower, and other precipices not far above the mouth of the Ohio, the entrance of that majestic and placid stream, in short, of forest, prairie, bird, beast, and production along such a prodigious length of unexplored empire of the fancy, ample materials for all the exaggerations, which we find recorded in the journal of their voyage."

Daniel Boone's romantic history is very pleasantly told, but it is to the anecdotal part of the book that our attention has been more particularly attracted, and we make the following miscellaneous extracts, which we marked in perusal, as among the numerous scenes of deep interest which are here set forth.

"In October, 1785, Mr. M'Clure and family, in company with a number of families, was attacked and defeated on Skegg's creek. Six were killed, and Mrs. M'Clure, her child, and a number of others made prisoners. The attack was made in the night. The circumstances of the capture of Mrs. M'Clure furnishes an affecting incident, illustrating the invincible force of maternal affection. She had secreted herself with her four children among thick brush, which, together with the darkness, screened her from observation. Had she chosen to have left her infant at a distance, she might have escaped. But she held it to her bosom, aware that its shrieks would make known her covert. The Indians, directed by its cries, killed the three larger children, and took her and her infant captives. This unfortunate woman was obliged to accompany their march on an untamed and unbroken horse. Intelligence of this massacre circulated rapidly. Captain Whitley immediately collected twenty-one men from the adjoining stations, overtook, and killed two of them, and retook Mrs. M'Clure, her babe, a negro woman, and the scalps of the six persons whom the Indians had killed. Ten days afterwards, another party of immigrants, led by Mr. Moore, were attacked, and nine of their number killed. Captain Whitley pursued the perpetrators of this bloody act, with thirty men. On the sixth day of pursuit, he came up with twenty mounted Indians, clad in the dresses of those whom they had slain. They dismounted and fled. Three of them were killed. The pursuers recovered eight scalps, and all the plunder which the Indians had collected at the late massacre.

"April 14th, 1787, a party of fourteen Indians attacked a family living on Coope's run, in

Bourbon county. As this attack may serve as a general sample of the undescribed detail of horrors in most cases of similar assault, and as the circumstances possess a peculiar and intrinsic interest, we will give them in detail. The family consisted of the mother, two sons of mature age, a widowed daughter with an infant in her arms, two grown daughters, and a daughter of ten years. They occupied a double cabin. In one division were the two grown daughters and the smaller girl. In the other the remainder of the family. At evening twilight, a knocking was heard at the door of the latter, asking in good English, and the customary phrase of the country, 'Who keeps house?' As the sons were opening the door, the mother forbade, affirming, that there were Indians there. The young men sprang to their guns. The Indians, being refused admittance, made an effort at the opposite door. They beat open the door of that room with a rail. They endeavoured to take the three girls prisoners. The little girl escaped, and might have evaded danger in the darkness and the woods. But the forlorn child ran towards the other door and cried for help. The brothers wished to fly to her relief, but the mother forbade her door to be opened. The merciless tomahawk soon hushed the cries of the distracted girl by murdering her. While a part of the Indians were murdering this child, and confining the other girl that was made prisoner, the third defended herself with a knife, which she was using at her loom, at the moment of attack. The heroism of this girl was unavailing. She killed one Indian, and was herself killed by another. The Indians in possession of one half of the house, fired it. The persons confined in the other part of the cabin, had now to choose between exposure to the flames, spreading towards them, or the tomahawks of the savages. The latter stationed themselves in the dark angles of the fence, while the bright glare of the flames would expose, as a clear mark, every person whose should escape. One son took charge of his aged and infirm mother; and the other of his widowed sister and her infant. The brothers separated with their charge, endeavouring to spring over the fence at different points. The mother was shot dead in attempting to cross.—The other brother was killed, gallantly defending his sister. The widowed sister, her infant, and one of the brothers escaped the massacre. These persons alarmed the settlement. Thirty men, commanded by Colonel John Edwards, arrived next day to witness the horrid spectacle presented by this scene of murder and ruin. Considerable snow had fallen, and it was easy to pursue the Indians by their trail. In the evening of that day, they came upon the expiring body of the young woman, apparently murdered but a few moments before their arrival. The Indians had been premonished of their pursuit, by the barking of a dog that followed them. They overtook and killed two of the Indians, who had apparently staid behind as victims to secure the escape of the rest."

Of the chapter on antiquities, we only quote the following remarkable passages:—

"Among the second class of Indian antiquities may be classed the idols, vases, and culinary

utensils, of which such numbers are found in the western country, as that they are no longer regarded as curiosities. The beautiful three-headed idol, the most remarkable specimen of Indian pottery and moulding that has yet been found, was taken from a mound in Tennessee. It consists of three heads of proportions of considerable accuracy, representing countenances of different expressions and ages. The whole workmanship is surprising, when viewed in reference to the common notion of Indian art. We possessed a beautiful and perfect specimen of Indian pottery in the shape of a drinking gourd. The aperture represented the mouth of a squaw, which the thirsty drinker would naturally kiss with a degree of eager appetite. In digging a ditch round a garden below St. Charles, in the forks between the Mississippi and Missouri, we came upon great quantities of fragments of this ware. Much of it in fine preservation has been dug from the chalk banks below the mouth of the Ohio. It is found in fact every where between Pittsburgh, Lake Superior, and New Mexico. The material is clay, with a considerable intermixture of sand, sometimes flinty, sometimes calcareous, but generally of a snowy whiteness. They were all moulded by the hand, without any aid from the potter's wheel. The shapes of natural objects were happily imitated, and they were hardened by the heat of the sun. Sculptured and inscribed rocks are among the most common of Indian antiquities. On the side of a mountain in Tennessee, are the marks of the footsteps of men and horses in the limestone, in great numbers, and as though they were the tracks of an army. Some of the tracks show, as if the party had slipped in miry clay. All have the appearance of being an actual impress in soft clay, which afterwards hardened to stone, retaining a perfect impression. Characters of great freshness of colouring, are marked upon many of the high bluffs, that impend over the western rivers. Inscriptions of this sort are found in Missouri, on the Illinois, and in various other places. A remarkable track of a human foot was found in a solid block of limestone, on the bank of the Mississippi, at St. Louis. The most ancient traditions of the west do not touch the origin of these mounds or characters."

"The recent excavation of the Louisville and Portland canal, afforded an impressive display of ancient remains. In the alluvial stratum immediately above the compact bed of slate limestone, and from nineteen to upwards of twenty feet below the surface, brick hearths were brought to view, with the coals of the last social domestic fires still visible. The bricks, as we have heard them described, were hard and regular, differing from those of present make, in being longer in proportion to their width and thickness. Along with organic remains of animals, similar to those found at Big Bone Lick, were skeletons of men in great numbers. Among others, was that of a man standing erect in the earth, one arm raised to an angle of forty-five degrees with the shoulder, and holding in the hand a semi-globular, or rather elliptical stone, striated with gay colours, beautifully polished, and of the size of half an orange."

In conclusion, we may safely say, that the

present production promises to become popular, and is very creditable to the author.

RAMBLES TO THE BOOKSELLERS' COUNTERS.—No. 2.

If the multiplicity of books be a grievance, we have truly fallen on evil times; the American press is most wonderfully prolific, but it has not yet reached its acme; reading is an appetite which increases with what it feeds on, and access to books is now so cheap that the whole nation reads;—the expression must of course be taken in a somewhat limited sense, and may be translated to mean—portions of every section of the union—for there are still some people who do not understand the pleasure which books afford, and who find their intellectual gratification in idle tattle and senseless conversation. We wish there were fewer such, and that all might enjoy the pleasures to be found in literary pursuits. An individual fond of books, no matter how busy he is, finds in the course of the week time for reading. We have been led into these remarks while perusing "*Transatlantic Sketches*," comprising visits to the most interesting scenes in North and South America and the West Indies, by Capt. J. E. Alexander," which has just issued from the presses of Messrs. Key & Biddle, than whom there are few more successful caterers for public taste. We would wish it to be in the hands of all who enjoy personal adventure, accurate description, good sense, and chaste style. His excursion was most extensive, and that we may not occupy unprofitably our brief space, we turn at once to the volume, which, by the way is sold at a moderate price, considering its 378 well stored pages.

On the voyage out to Guiana the island of Madeira was visited, and the following allusion to the climate occurs:—

"What an Elysian climate is experienced in the latitude of that last resort and faint hope of the worn-out invalid—Madeira! How bright the sky, and how gentle and soothing blows the trade wind near that favoured shore! 'Fortunata Insula!' but how painful it is to reflect on the many hundred fair forms and brave spirits who have been compelled to seek its climate to avert for a time the stroke of the fell tyrant—Death! How few with renovated constitutions have been permitted to revisit their father-land! Our captain had frequently taken out passengers to Madeira; young women adorned with every personal grace and highly cultivated minds, but on whose cheek was painted the fatal hectic flush; and young men, ornaments to their professions, but afflicted with a sepulchral cough, which told too plainly that their days were numbered, and that they were shortly to repose in the shade of the myrtles of the Funchal cemetery.

'The genius of the isle that showers
His germs of fruits, his fairest flowers,
Hath cast his robes of vernal bloom
In guardian fondness o'er their tomb.'

The account of British Guiana will be new to many. We cannot pass over the following extracts without regretting to miss many others of merit:—

"The Dutch form of government is still preserved in British Guiana, and the laws are administered by a governor and council. The members of council are elected by the keizers, or representatives of the people, and each burgher possessing twenty-five slaves, or six hundred guilders per annum, is entitled to a vote."

"I often wished that some of those who think that ere long the world will be overpeopled, and that we shall shoulder one another off it, or into the sea, could view the vast solitudes of Guiana, and reflect that nearly the whole of the interior of the South American continent, though capable of supporting billions of inhabitants, is as yet almost entirely in the keeping of nature. The cultivation in British Guiana is now confined to two hundred miles of the coast, and the same may be said of South America generally."

"In the West the general impression is that the climate of Guiana is unhealthy, but it is really less so than that of the neighboring islands. When the forest was first cleared on the coast, and the decayed trees and leaves exposed to the influence of the sun, when the sea unconfined by dikes was allowed to form salt marshes, then yellow fever prevailed, but for several years this fatal malady has been altogether unknown here."

"I was standing in the gallery of a house belonging to a half-pay officer (now a planter), when I observed a large jar in the garden. I inquired what it contained, and was told, an electric eel, 'but,' said my friend, 'I have had it a long time, it is sickly, and has entirely lost its electrifying powers.' I went to examine it, and saw a brown, flat-headed, broad-tailed eel, four or five feet long, with a look of *'noti me tangere'*, moving slowly round the inside of the jar. The planter then taking up a piece of old iron hoop, said in an off-handed manner, 'if you touch him with this you will perceive that he has lost all his power.' I did so, and was nearly knocked flat on my back: the shock was most severe, though the eel did not appear to be in the least agitated; of course my friend was highly delighted."

"Scenes of great diversion are occasioned among the English sailors who come to Stabroek by electric eels; they are told to bring them to be cooked. Jack bares his arm and plunges his hand into the jar, and in a moment receives a shock which benumbs him; he looks round in wild amazement, and then at the eel, all the while rubbing his elbow. 'Try again, Jack, for a bottle of rum?' he does so, grasps the eel firmly, grins and swears at the 'beggar,' receives shock after shock, drops the eel in despair, and runs off as if the devil had struck him. A little dog was thrown into a jar one day in which there was an electric eel, and was so paralyzed that it sunk helpless to the bottom, and was got out alive with some difficulty; and a horse that attempted to drink out of the jar was immediately thrown back on its haunches, and galloped off with main and tail on end snorting with terror."

Canibalism, it seems, prevails among the natives. A party visited the interior, and our author says:—

"Among the other interesting details I found in their notes, I may mention the following: High up the Essequimbo they fell in with a nation

of Anth'opophagi, of the Carib tribe. The chief received the travellers courteously, and placed before them fish with savoury sauce; on this being removed, two human hands were brought in, and a steak of human flesh. The travellers thought this might be a part of a baboon of a new species; however, they declined the invitation to partake, saying, that in travelling they were not allowed to eat animal food. The chief picked the bones of the hands with excellent appetite, and asked them how they had relished the fish and the sauce; they replied that the fish was good, and the sauce still better. On which he answered, 'human flesh makes the best sauce for any food; these hands and the fish were dressed together. You see these Macoushi men, our slaves, we lately captured these people in war, and their wives we eat from time to time.' The travellers were horrified, but concealed the state of their feelings as well as they could; and before they retired for the night, they observed that the Macoushi females were confined in a large logie, surrounded with a stockade of bamboo; so that daily, the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these unfortunate women saw them brought out and knocked on the head, and devoured by these inhuman cannibals; Lieutenant Gullifer, who was then 'in bad condition,' got into his hammock and slept soundly; but Mr. Smith, being 'in good case,' walked about all night, fearing that their landlord might take a fancy to a steak of white meat."

'For he could drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.'

"They afterwards visited a cave in which there was an enchanted pool of water; the Indians requested them not to bathe in this pool, for if they did, they would die before the year was out. They laughed at their brown monitors, bathed, and sure enough were both clods of the valley before the twelve months had expired."

The West Indies, to which all eyes are now turned, furnish to our author a fine field to expatiate in, and we have marked the following characteristic sketches:—

"Some time ago a Demerara merchant purchased a barrel of beef from a Yankee captain, who shortly afterwards sailed. On coming to the bottom of the barrel a horse's head was found in it: the merchant said nothing, but when the skipper returned to Demerara, he sold him a hogshead of sugar, which, when examined at the custom house at Boston, was found to have a head of the heavy green heartwood, six inches thick, which was forthwith hung up as a proof of British honesty; but no mention was made of the choice morsel which had been found in the beef-barrel."

"I was much amused with an elderly Barbadian dame on board; she delighted in 'porter cup,' made of Barclay and Perkins' entire, with the addition of water, sugar, and nutmeg. Occasionally she would call out to young Mungo, her servant, in a drawing voice, 'Bae, go to drip, and bring me a little waster, please; then in a lower key, 'when pass buffet, put a little rum in it, please.' 'Yees, Missa; want nutmeg, Missa.' 'Go lang, you black nigger you. What!

you tink I drink punch, eh?" "No, Missa, beg pardon, Missa."

"One evening whilst sitting in the marble verandah at Enmore, and listening to the ceaseless hum of the insects and the gentle rustling of the trees, and thinking of again venturing on the treacherous deep, I heard the lively sound of a drum at some distance, and immediately repaired to where the negroes were amusing themselves under the mild rays of the Cynthian queen. On a level spot, surrounded by small houses of colored and black people, was a bench on which were seated two negro fiddlers, and a thin fellow beating a drum; behind stood a man shaking violently a calabash filled with small stones and reeds, and singing with contortions an African air. The crowd formed a ring, and those who wished to dance the Joan-Johnny stepped forward, presented the leader of the band with a bit, and he

'Bid the fiddle to the banjar speak,
'The banjar to the calabash without,'

and a couple would twist their bodies, thump the ground with their heels, and circle round one another to the inspiring strains. The little black urchins, as usual, were setting to one another on the outskirts of the admiring crowd, or kneeling down behind their elders, who would be pushed over amidst shouts of laughter, or mimicking the actions of the white lookers on. I was much amused with the scene, but a violent end was put to the entertainment, for a huge stone was hurled at the musicians by some unknown hand, which wounded the leader's bow-arm. Immediately there was a great uproar, and a second stone nearly demolishing an instrument, the party broke up, venting curses on the unseen spoiler of the sport—probably some choleric freeman, who did not like sounds of obstreperous mirth near his dwelling."

"As we rode past the sable *blanchisseuses*, they laughed and joked with us. 'What for massa leave missus so early in the morning?' 'Alas! I had no wife to leave; for well has the Persian poet said—

'Is all thy day uneasy, be not afflicted
Should thou at night have a sympathiser in thy bosom.'"

But we must refer to the volume for much valuable information, and journey with our traveller to the "States." At New Orleans the captain tarried some time, and has given a good description of the town. The annexed quotation, we should hope, is overwrought:—

"The place of meeting in the evening, in New Orleans, is not a reading-room, but a coffee-house, with a sanded floor, and some indelicate pictures on the walls. Here, after sundown, the merchants who lingered about this silent city, congregated to talk of cotton and sugar, new banks, speculations in canals and railroads, and, above all, of elections. Most of them wore striped jackets, cocked their hats on one side with an air of defiance, and swung a sword-stick between their extended legs. Up-stairs there were billiard and roulette tables with closed doors; the players scowled at me as I entered. Hard by there was the cockpit; neither the American nor French theatre was open, though they are well attended in the healthy months;

and masked balls are then given, which in all other cities of the Union are unknown.

"I visited the gaol, which is small, and though crowded with prisoners of all color, yet it is never known to have yellow fever within its walls; there was no classification of prisoners, who are turned out daily in gangs to work on the streets; they passed my window every day, marching two and two, with hoes, spades, and pickaxes on their shoulders, and chained loosely together; the whites led, then the mulattoes, and then the negroes. Among the former a white man was pointed out who was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment and hard labour for murdering his mother."

For the credit of human nature it may be wished the following anecdote may prove untrue:—

"From the battle plain we continued our drive to visit some sugar estates farther down the river. At one of these, the proprietor of a comfortable single-storied house came out to receive us, without either neck-cloth or stockings on, and his trousers covered with blood. He had just been inflicting a severe punishment on a poor negro, who was shoved out of sight on our approach. This man was not an American, but of foreign extraction; and a story was told of him, that whilst Louisiana was under Spanish rule, he wished to marry a neighboring planter's daughter, but, his savage disposition being well known, the parents refused to give their consent. One day a message came for the old father to visit a friend at some distance, and in passing through a wood he was inhumanly murdered. Forty lawyers and their understrappers then sat down in the house of the afflicted widow, on pretence of investigating whether or not she had any hand in the crime; and after they had preyed upon her for six months they left her entirely ruined and heart-broken; the real murderer went unpunished, having amply revenged himself for his rejected addresses."

Ascending the Mississippi we have the following graphic picture of the squatters:—

"Most of the squatters looked very sickly and emaciated, and were living beside swamps, in which alligators wallowed; and they said they were obliged to look sharp after their children, lest they should be snapt up by these devourers. At particular seasons of the year the alligators cry and lament at night like human beings in the greatest distress, and the little ones whine like children. What a situation for a man to be placed in! A dark and swampy forest around him, a deep and turbid river in front, and alligators crying all night long about the wretched dwelling!"

Of the western people in general our author gives a tolerably correct picture, though a little disposed to caricature; a short extract is all in which we can indulge:—

"The people in the west are very plain in their manners, and dislike all pretensions to singularity, or to superior refinement. Thus a general from the eastward, in passing up the Mississippi, made use of a silver fork to eat his meals with—'hay-makers,' or two-pronged forks, are as yet only used there, and both these and the knives are set in carved buckhorn handles; and

a backwoods passenger, incensed at the refinement of the general, one day made himself a large wooden fork, and when the general called for his silver one at dinner, Kentuck produced his wooden one, and eat with it, in derision, immediately opposite the man of war."

In Ohio the captain was much pleased to see fine peach orchards, but the fruit was "flavorless," notwithstanding which he relates that one of the stage passengers 'eat a bushel!' Passing by the Canadian trip, we must land our tourist in Washington, where his visits to President Jackson are thus described:—

"After sitting some time with the ladies, we conducted them to their carriage, and then were shown into a room where the President was seated at a table covered with newspapers, and before a huge fire. He rose at our entrance, and shaking hands, inquired after our health with the formal politeness of the old school. The general is about six feet high, of a spare figure and upright carriage, dressed in black, with a black stock, wears his white hair combed back from his face, which is long, and his nose of corresponding dimensions. In face and figure he reminded me of the late Lieutenant-governor of the Royal Military College, General Butler."

"The day before I left Washington, I dined *en famille* with the President, and considered my being asked in this kind and friendly manner as a compliment to the service to which I belonged. The general had not begun to give dinners that season; and my stay being short, owing to my anxiety to return to England, from the stirring times that were anticipated, if I had not been invited to a family dinner, I could not have partaken of the hospitality of the chief magistrate at all.

"To a small and comfortable drawing-room, with mirrors and a chandelier, and in which there was a full length portrait of Washington, I was introduced by Mr. Baird (the butler) to General Jackson, who was seated in a high-backed arm-chair, round which were the members of the family, the ladies composing one quarter of the semi-circle, and the gentlemen the other. My excellent friend, General Wool, and his lady, were the only strangers besides myself.

"After another discourse on English Reform, we handed the ladies into the blue dining room, where a well cooked dinner and choice wines refreshed the senses. The services of plate and crystal were in excellent taste. Two brown domestics assisted Mr. Baird, who gave his opinion on the dishes and liquors as he helped them, and seemed to be the factotum of the establishment. After some lively conversation regarding ages of wine and ages of individuals, remarks on the changes in the face of the country, the increase of fields and the decrease of the forest, the general drank 'Our absent friends,' and we all rose, and handed the ladies back to the drawing-room, where they were arranged as before, till coffee was served, when two of the young demoiselles went to the piano, sang and played Scotch airs; the general regaled himself with a long pipe in his easy chair, à la Parr, and retired to bed at nine. Thus ended the party at the President's."

We cannot close the book without acknowledging that it has beguiled us of many pleasant hours. Though there are many passages which might have been safely omitted, on the whole it is a very racy and agreeable book, which we commend without hesitation to public favour.

Written for the Casket.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

There is a tone in every gale,
Which speaks of blossoms gone;
Which seems to pour a lonely wail
O'er hope and beauty flown;
The trees, the fields, which wore but now
The glory of the year,
Have lost the light and blooming glow
They kept, when Spring was here.

Yes, the pure radiance of the sun
On them no more descends;
The freshness of their birth is gone,
Like smiles of early friends;
The blight is on the forest tops,
And on the waving corn;
Their richness passed, as fade the clouds
Of some gay summer morn.

Thus, looking at the golden hours
That passed so sadly soon,
Like dew from the luxuriant flowers,
That melts before the noon—
I feel how fleeting are the joys
That human life can give;
How every hope the heart employs
On earth, is fugitive.

All save that faith-enkindled hope,
From virtue's fount that springs,
To lift the undying spirit up,
As on the eagle's wings:
A hope sublime—immortal—pure—
In love to mortals given—
Traced in the Word of Promise sure,
And fixed on God and Heaven.

How soon the dark, autumnal storm
O'er summer's sheen is borne!
The sad tree stands, a wasted form,
All wither'd in its morn.
'Tis thus with life—its dreams are new
And bright—still rolling years
Sweep each young vision from the view,
And dim the eye with tears.

And still, an ever-restless tide
The stream of time sweeps on:
Within its bosom sink the pride,
And hopes and raptures gone;
A troublous waste of moving years,
Beneath whose depths go down
The peasant, with his joys and fears—
The monarch with his crown;

The beauteous form—the clinging love,
That thought the world its own;
And deemed no earthly power could move
Its hold from that alone;—
These, with their charms, are rent apart
And in the ebbing wave,

That hides the past from every heart,
Ambition finds its grave.
Oh, Life! how vain a thing art thou,
If in thy little span
The spirit feels no heavenward glow
Above the world of man!
A waste thou art—where storm and gloom
With light and joy contend;
Where sickness steals o'er youthful bloom,
And friend departs from friend!

C.

FENURY OF THE GREAT.—Col. Frederick, whom I have mentioned before, as the son of Theodore, king of Corsica, was a particular friend of mine. He told me he was once in so much distress, that when he waited the result of a petition at the court of Vienna, he had actually been two days without food. On the third day a lady in attendance on the court, whom he had previously addressed on the subject of his petition, observing his languid and exhausted state, ordered him some refreshment; he of course consenting, she ordered him a dish of chocolate, with some cakes, which rendered him more able to converse with her; in a short time they conceived a regard for each other, and were afterwards married. * * * He said that while his father was in Fleet prison for debt, Sir John Stewart was a fellow prisoner on the same account. The latter had a turkey presented to him by a friend, and he invited king Theodore and his son to partake of it. Lady Jane Douglass was of the same party. She had her child, and a girl with her as a maid servant, to carry the child; she lived in an obscure lodging in Chelsea. In the evening, Col. Frederick offered to attend her home, and she accepted his courtesy. The child was carried in turn by the mother, the girl, and the Colonel. On their journey he said there was a slight rain, and common civility would have induced him to call a coach, but that he had no money in his pocket, and he was afraid Lady Jane was in the same predicament. He was therefore obliged to submit to the suspicion of churlish meanness or poverty, and content himself with occasionally carrying the child to the end of the journey. The Colonel used to consider that child as the rightful claimant of the property on which he was opposed by the guardians of the duke of Hamilton.

The Colonel related to me another curious anecdote, on which I rely, as I always found him consistent in his narrations. When Prince Poniatowski, who was afterwards Stanislaus, the last king of Poland, was in this country, his chief, I might perhaps truly say, his only companion, was Col. Frederick. They were accustomed to walk together round the suburbs of the town, and to dine at a tavern or common eating-house. On one occasion the prince had some bills to discount in the city, and took Frederick with him to transact the business. The prince remained at Batson's coffee-house, Cornhill, while Frederick was employed on the bills. Some impediment occurred, which prevented the affair from being settled that day, and they proceeded on their usual walk before dinner, round Islington. After their walk they went to Dolly's, in Paternoster row. Their dinner was beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented to the prince, who, on looking over it, said it was reasonable, and handed it to Frederick, who concurred in the same opinion, and returned it to the prince, who desired him to pay. "I have no money," said Frederick. "Nor have I," said the prince. "What are we to do?" he added. Frederick paused a few moments, then desiring the prince to remain until he returned, left the place, pledged his watch at the nearest pawnbroker's and thus discharged the reckoning. * * *

The prince, after he became monarch of Poland, occasionally kept up an intercourse with Frederick, and in one of his letters asked if he remembered when they were "in pawn at a London tavern."—[Records of my life, by the late John Taylor.]

DEBATES IN CONGRESS.—I served, [says Jefferson in his Memoirs] with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.

MARRIAGES IN AMERICA.—The conditions of life being perfectly equal, parents have nothing to oppose to the choice their daughters may make of a husband. Thus it is a received maxim throughout the Union, that this choice only concerns the young ladies, and it is therefore for them to be prudent enough not to enter into engagements unworthy of their hands. But it would be considered almost as an act of indiscretion, on the part of the parents, to wish to influence their choice. Nothing in the world can be so happy as the situation of an American young lady, from fifteen to twenty-five, particularly if she is pretty, as almost all are, and has some fortune. She finds herself the centre of general admiration and homage; her life passes in holidays and pleasures; she is a stranger to contradiction, still more to refusals. She has only to choose, among a hundred adorers, the one she thinks most likely to ensure her future happiness; for every body marries, and every body is happy in marriage. This state of "belle," as it is called, is too attractive to make young ladies consent to quit it too soon; accordingly, it is not, in general, until after rejecting many offers, and when they perceive that their charms are beginning to lose something of their empire, that they conclude by choosing a liege lord. It is to Washington, in particular, that the fine women of all the states come to shine; a sort of female Congress, in which the charms of every part of the Union are represented. An ardent deputy from the South is captivated by the modest charms of a beauty from the East, while a damsel from Carolina rejects the overtures of a Senator from the North. All, however, are not rejected; for at the end of every session, a certain number of marriages is declared. They serve to strengthen further the union of the states, and multiply the ties which unite all parts of the great whole in an indissoluble manner.—*Murray's United States.*

A VIEW OF MATRIMONY IN THREE DIFFERENT LIGHTS.

The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is, when two persons of no taste meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case, the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two persons of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils, poverty; and ensure to them riches, with every evil beside. These good people live in a constant restraint before company, and when alone revile each other's person and conduct. In company they are in purgatory; when by themselves, in torment.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness. The former we may in some measure defend ourselves from; the other is the common lot of humanity. Love has nothing to do with riches or state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp.

M.

ROBERT HALL'S FIRST SERMON.—"He was appointed, agreeably to the arrangement already mentioned, to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel, on 1 Tim. iv. 10. "Therefore, we both labour and suffer reproach because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men: specially of those that believe." After proceeding for a short time, much to the gratification of his auditory, he suddenly paused, covered his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," and sat down, his hands still hiding his face. The failure, however, painful as it was to his tutors, and humiliating to himself, was such as rather augmented than diminished their persuasion of what he could accomplish, if once he acquired self-possession. He was, therefore, appointed to

speaking again on the same subject, at the same place, the ensuing week. This second attempt was accompanied by a second failure, still more painful to witness, and still more grievous to bear. He hastened from the vestry, and on returning to his room, exclaimed, "if this does not humble me the devil must have me!" Such were the early efforts of him whose humility afterwards became as conspicuous as his talents, and who, for nearly half a century, excited universal attention and admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence."—(From Dr. Gregory's Life of Robert Hall.)

WATER SPOUTS.

When a whirlwind occurs at sea, it sometimes carries a column of water into the air; and this is called a water spout. Some have doubted the existence of any such thing, but it is now found that they really exist. They may be described thus:

A thick cloud, in the form of a cone, or trumpet, with the small end downwards, hangs down from the sky, and at the same time the surface of the sea under it is agitated and whirled round, till the waters are converted into a kind of vapor, and ascend with a spiral (screw like) motion, till they unite with the cone proceeding from the cloud. They are sometimes dispersed, however, before they unite. Both columns grow smaller as they approach each other. At their junction, they are sometimes no more than three or four feet in diameter.

In the middle of them there is to be seen, when at a distance, a white transparent tube. It consists of a vacant space, in which none of the small particles of water ascend. In calm weather, water spouts are perpendicular in their motion; but in a wind they are sloping or oblique. Sometimes they disperse suddenly, at other times they pass rapidly along the surface a quarter of an hour or more, before they disappear.

A notion has prevailed that these water spouts might sink a vessel, when they meet and break directly over it; but this is not true, for the water descends only in the form of heavy rain. Small vessels, if they carry much sail, do, it is true, run some risk of being overset by them, because sudden gusts of wind from all points of the compass are apt to accompany them.

A late number of the Long Island Farmer contains an account of a meeting with one of these water spouts, yet without names, or dates, or latitude, or longitude. We are not quite sure the story is true, yet such as it is we present it to our readers; begging them to remember that whether true or not, it is an undoubted fact that the firing of a gun produces a slight change in the surrounding atmosphere.

The men on board a vessel suddenly heard a loud hissing noise, and looking round, saw the sea bubbling and foaming, and rising up in hundreds of little sharp pyramids, to various heights; alternately falling and rising on a spot of the sea's surface not larger than the vessel, and only half the vessel's length from it. Believing that it was a water spout, all was alarm and confusion on the deck, but neither the captain nor any other person knew what to do. The sea boiled up with increasing rage and height, whirling round with great swiftness and much loud hissing. At times, the water was raised as high as the foreyard of the vessel, then it would sink again.

They had all heard of firing guns at water spouts; and accordingly orders were given to load and fire the guns. But all the people on board, except the mate, were so riveted and fixed with gaping astonishment, and the guns were in such bad order, that it was impossible to have it done. While they were trying to get the guns ready, the Captain and another person thought they would try the plan of making an impression upon the air, by getting all the people to make loud cheers. This they thought did a little good. By this time the mate had loaded one of the guns, with which they fired two or three salutes, when the agitation of the sea began to subside. Whether it would not have subsided just at this time without the firing or cheering, is unknown.

REAL RELIGION. A poor slave was once thus addressed by a lively gentleman, in a jocular way: "Well uncle, I hear you have become very religious lately, and I want to know what religion you are of." "Why mass," said he, "my religion is, to cease to do evil, and learn to do well. What religion are you of?" Could any one have returned a more appropriate answer?

A REPROOF.—"You remember Mr. —, Sir," said Robert Hall to Dr. Gregory. "Yes, very well." "Were you aware of his fondness for brandy-and-water?" "No." "It was a sad habit; but it grew out of his love of storytelling; and that, also, is a bad habit, a very bad habit, for a minister of the gospel. As he grew old his animal spirits flagged, and his stories became defective in vivacity; he, therefore, took to brandy-and-water: weak enough, it is true, at first, but soon nearly half-and-half." Ere long he indulged the habit in a morning; and when he came to Cambridge he would call upon me, and before he had been with me five minutes, ask for a little brandy-and-water, which was, of course, to give him artificial spirits, to render him agreeable in his visits to others. I felt great difficulty; for he, you know, Sir, was much older than I was; yet, being persuaded that the ruin of his character, if not of his peace, was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time that he called, and, as usual, said—"Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy-and-water." I replied—"call things by their right names, and you shall have as much as you please." "Why, don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy-and-water." "That is the current, but not the appropriate name: ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and you shall have a gallon." Poor man, he turned pale, and for a moment seemed struggling with anger. But, knowing that it did not mean to insult him, he stretched out his hand, and said—"Brother Hall, I thank you from the bottom of my heart." From that time he ceased to take brandy-and-water.

DESCRIPTION OF AN AMIABLE WIFE.

Dodley, in his Economy of Human Life, has finely depicted a valuable woman, pronouncing her with the wise man of old, the first and noblest of human benefactions; winding up his eulogiums with these remarkable lines:

Happy the man that shall call her wife,
Happy the child that calls her mother.

Among other merits which he celebrates, are the following:—"She presides in her house and there is peace; she commands with judgment and is obeyed. The law of love is in her servants' hearts; her children reverence her precepts and her husband with mature years her praise in the gate—she is the best counsellor, example, friend."—What higher felicity can be imagined than a union with so amiable a creature; and notwithstanding the degeneracy of the times, many, very many are to be found by those who seek them worthily.

WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The polypus receives new life from the knife which is lifted to destroy it. The fly-spider lays an egg, (or rather a collection of eggs,) as large as itself. There are 4041 muscles in a caterpillar. Hook discovered 14,000 mirrors in the eyes of a drone; and to effect the respiration of a carp, 13,300 arteries, vessels, veins, and bones, &c. are necessary. The body of every spider contains four little masses pierced with a multitude of imperceptible holes, each hole emitting a single thread; all the threads, to the amount of 1000 to each mass, join together, when they come out, and make this single thread with which the spider spins its web; so that what we call a spider's thread consists of more than 1000 united. Lewenhock, by means of microscopes, observed spiders no bigger than a grain of sand, who spun threads so fine that it took 4000 of them to equal in magnitude a single hair.

FIDELITY.—"After the execution of Sabinus, the Roman general, who suffered death for his attachment to the family of Germanicus, his body was exposed upon the precipice of the Gemina, as a warning to all who should dare to befriend the house of Germanicus. No friend had courage to approach the body, one friend only remained true—his faithful dog. For three days the animal continued to watch the body. His pathetic howlings awakened the sympathy of every heart. Food was brought him, which he was kindly encouraged to eat: but on taking the bread, instead of obeying the impulse of hunger, he fondly laid it on his master's mouth, and renewed his lamentations, but did not quit the body.

The corpse was at length thrown into the Tiber, and the generous creature leaped into the water after it and clasped it, between his paws, vainly endeavoring to preserve it from sinking. Digitized by Google

PROVERBS.

A bad style is better than a lewd story.
Bacchus has drowned more than Neptune.
Care not for that which you never can possess.
Death is deaf and will hear no denial.
Ease and honor are seldom bedfellows.
Faint praise is disparagement.
Gathering of riches is a pleasant torment.
Hasty resolutions seldom speed well.
Idleness is the greatest prodigality.
Jest not with the eye, nor with religion.
Keep good company and be one of the number.
Labor brings pleasure, idleness pain.
Make hay while the sun shines.
No fear should deter us from doing good.
Obedience is better than many obligations.
Paradoxes seldom bear a close scrutiny.
Quench all immoderate desires.
Rashness is the fruitful parent of misfortune.
Safe is he who serves a good conscience.
Take heed will surely speed.
Undertake no more than you can perform.
Vain compliments are mere equivocations.
Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.
Yielding tempers pacify resentments.
Zeno, of all virtues made his choice of silence.
A bad wound heals; a bad name kills.
Bad books are the public fountains of vice.
Change of fortune is the lot of life.
Debt is the worst kind of poverty.
Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
Fair and softly goes far in a day.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.
Hearts may agree, though heads differ.
Idle people have the most labor.
Jests, like sweetmeats, have often sour sauce.
Keep pot, nor covet, what is not your own.
Lazy folks take the most pains.
Make provision for want in time of plenty.
Never buy a pig in a poke.
Of all flatterers, self-love is the greatest.
Pardon is the most glorious kind of revenge.
Quick at most, quick at work.
Rash judgment maketh haste to repentance.
Satiety comes of riches; contumely of satiety.
Temperance is the best physic.
Unreliable are the rights of freemen.
Vain glory blossoms, but never bears.
Wanton kittens may make sober cats.
Youth is the season for improvement.
All finery is a sign of littleness.

REVERSE OF FORTUNE.—Taylor, in the records of his life, relates that Madame Marva, with whom he was intimately acquainted, as a great singer, told him that she saw a woman sweeping the streets at Berlin, who had been the chief singer at the opera in Madrid. A rich jewel had been offered to the Queen of Spain, who admired it much, but declined as she could not afford to purchase it. The opera singer bought it, for the foolish vanity of showing that she was richer than the Queen. This act was deemed so presumptuous that the royal family withdrew all patronage from the opera house, till this woman was dismissed. The common people of course imitated the Court, and expressed their disgust wherever she appeared. She was therefore obliged to leave Madrid, but the story followed her wherever she went, and though her vocal talents were great, she was every where so ill received, that at length all her pecuniary resources were exhausted, and she sunk into the low condition of a street sweeper.

SINGULAR FISH.—Many of the men were severely-bitten in their legs and thighs by a small fish called the Carribi. These are never more than three or four inches in length, and are shaped like a gold-fish, which they also resemble in the brilliant orange hue of their scales. Although they are so small, their exceeding voraciousness, and the incalculable numbers in which they swarm, render them very dangerous. They are, indeed, to the full as much dreaded, if not more so, by a Spaniard than the cayman. Their mouth is very large in proportion to their size, and opens much in the same manner as a bullet-mould. It is furnished with broad and sharp teeth, like those of a shark in miniature; so that wherever they bite, they take away a piece of flesh. When once either man or beast is at-

tacked by them, they will strip the limb of flesh in a surprisingly short time; for the taste of the blood spreading in the water collects them by myriads.—*Campaigns and Cruises in Venezuela.*

THE LAST OF THE SERPENTS.

"The serpent, is it?" said Picket in reply. "Sure, every body has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he drove the serpents, and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland—how he bothered all the *normans* entirely; but for all that, there was one old serpent left, who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, and made to drown himself. Saint Patrick didn't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself and got a strong iron chest made with nine bolts upon it.

"So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the serpent used to keep; and the serpent, who didn't like the Saint in the least—and small blame to him for that—began to hiss and show his teeth at him like any thing. 'Oh,' says St. Patrick, says he, 'where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you?' 'tis a nice house I have got made for you *again* the winter; for I am going to civilize all the country, man and beast,' says he, 'and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you.'

"The serpent, hearing such smooth words, thought, that though St. Patrick had driven all the rest of the serpents into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the serpent walks fair and easy up to see him, and the house he was speaking about. But when the serpent saw nine great bolts upon the chest, he thought he was *shook*, and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could.

"'Tis a nice warm house, you see,' says St. Patrick, 'and 'tis a good friend I am to you.'

"'I thank you kindly, Saint Patrick, for your civility,' says the serpent, 'but I think it's too small it is for me; meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going.

"'Too small!' says St. Patrick, 'stop, if you please,' says he, 'you're out in that my boy, any how—I am sure 'twill fit you completely; and I'll tell you what,' says he, 'I'll bet you a gallon of porter, says he, 'that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you.'

"The serpent was as thirsty as he could be with his walk, and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. 'There now,' says he, 'I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can't get in my tail.' When, what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a serpent saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to bolt the nine iron bolts.

"'Oh! murder! Won't you let me out, St. Patrick?' says the serpent, 'I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man.'

"'Let you out, my darling?' says St. Patrick, 'to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but, you see, I haven't time now, so you must wait till to-morrow.' And he took the iron chest, with the serpent in it, and pitched it into the lake here, where it is to this hour, for certain; and 'tis the serpent struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man, continued Picket, besides myself, has *hard* the serpent crying out, from within the chest under the water, 'Is it to-morrow yet? Is it to-morrow yet?'—which, to be sure, it never can be; and that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the serpents, sir.—*Croker's Legends of Kilkenny.*

LADIES.—A recent writer from Constantinople, says that "nothing appears to gratify Turkish ladies more than to be looked at and admired." We apprehend that female nature differs but little the world over; at any rate the same remark might be justly made of American ladies—even of the flowers that bloom in the Valley of the "Far West." From the age of fourteen to twenty, to be "looked at and admired," appears to be their highest ambition. After this time, they are either *beginning* to think about something else, or have already something else to occupy their thoughts.

The Bride's Farewell.

THE WORDS BY MISS M. L. BEEVOR—COMPOSED BY THOMAS WILLIAMS.

Andantino Espressivo.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a few notes and rests, with the lyrics "Fare - well, mo - ther!" written below it. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line. Above the bottom staff, the word "Legati." is written above the first few notes, and "Dolce." is written above the last few notes.

Fare - well, mo - ther!

Legati. *Dolce.*

Second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melodic line with a trill (tr) above the first few notes, and the lyrics "tears are stream-ing Down thy pale and ten - der cheek," written below it. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line.

tr
tears are stream-ing Down thy pale and ten - der cheek,

Third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. It contains a melodic line with a trill (tr) above the first few notes, and the lyrics "I in gems and ro - ses gleam-ing, Scarce this sad fare" written below it. The middle staff is also a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melodic line. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a bass line.

tr
I in gems and ro - ses gleam-ing, Scarce this sad fare

well may speak. Fare - well mo-ther! now I leave thee,

(Hopes and fears my bo - som swell,) One to trust who

may de - ceive me; Fare - well, mo - ther! fare thee well.

SECOND VERSE.

Farewell, father! thou art smiling—
 Yet there's sadness on thy brow,
 Winning me from that beguiling
 Tenderness to which I go.
 Farewell, father! thou didst bless me
 Ere my lips thy name could tell;
 He may wound! who can caress me;
 Father! guardian! fare thee well!

THIRD VERSE.

Farewell, sister! thou art twining
 Round me in affection deep,
 Wishing joy, but ne'er divining
 Why "a blessed bride" should weep.
 Farewell, brave and gentle brother!
 Thou'rt more dear than words can tell—
 Father! mother! sister! brother!
 All beloved ones, fare ye well!

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—When Commodore Decatur arrived at Gibraltar in the summer of 1815, on his way to Algiers, a great number of British officers, and among them an American gentleman, were assembled on an eminence to view the American fleet. Decatur sailed into the harbor with his squadron in very handsome style and passed without coming to anchor, his object being merely to make signals to the sloop of war Ontario. The English officers were very desirous of knowing the different names of the vessels as they approached, and as the shrewd Yankee pretended to know a ship the moment he saw her broadside, they crowded around him eagerly for information.

The first frigate, he said, was the *Guerriere*; the second, the *Macedonian*; the third, the *Java*; the next was the *Epervier*; the next the *Peacock*; and the next, "O ——— the next," they exclaimed with indignation, and immediately moved off, highly disgusted with the reminiscences brought to their mind by the names of the vessels of the Yankee Squadron.

AN EUTHANASIA.—An old lady, residing not far from Exeter, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead. The disconsolate widow in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning but he could not die; at last," said she, "I recollected I had got a piece of new tape in the drawer, so I took some of that and tied it as tight as I could round his neck, and then I stopped his nose with my thumb and finger, and poor dear! *he went off like a lamb.*"

When at Norwich, Conn., the eccentric Lorenzo Dow presented the President with a pole having some clay fasten to the lower end, some motherwort in the middle, and some hickory sprigs at the top. On presenting them he said, "Here is Clay at the bottom, Wirt in the middle, and Old Hickory triumphant above them both," and then leading up his wife, he said, "Friend Jackson, shall I introduce you to my wife, Lucy?"—"How do you do, Lucy?" said the President, as he took lady Dow's hand, amid shouts of mirth.

A west countryman, who had lately occasion to provide himself with a pair of new shoes, took the measure of his own foot to a nicety, intending to send a boy to the shoemaker's, about three miles distant, to fetch him the shoes. Something, however, occurred to prevent the boy from going, and the man resolved to go himself. He accordingly set off for the cordwainer's, and was about half way on his road, when he suddenly stopped short, scratched his head, and raved to himself, "Confound it! I forgot the measure." Back he went accordingly to procure it, and then proceeded to his original destination, where he learned with astonishment from the man of awls, that his foot would answer better than the measure!
(*Scotsman.*)

EXPOSITION ON THE MARRIAGE SERVICE.—A Welshman had sentence of death passed upon him for having two wives, but he stormed and swore, "Uds split hur nails, hur see no reason they had to hang hur for having two wives, when the priest told hur, before a great people, hur might have sixteen — four better, four worse, four richer, four poorer." Instead of *for better, &c.*

Mr. Kabe wrote to his wife, that he had been very ill, and lay speechless six weeks in the month of February.

Sir John Malcolm relates the following anecdote of Lord Clive:—"When Clive was a young man a friend called on him one day, and found him sitting with books and a pistol on the table. 'Take that pistol,' said Clive to his visitor, 'and fire it out at the window:' he did so at once; before the smoke subsided, and while the room rung with the report, Clive sprung to his feet, exclaiming,—"God has something for me to do yet—I snapped that pistol at my head twice before you came in—yet it did not go off—God has work for me yet."

A TAME SPIDER.—We are told in the life of the celebrated Baron Trenck, that his inhuman persecutors, astonished at his serenity in prison, under all his ill treatment, kept watch upon him, and discovered that he had found amusement in taming a spider; they immediately deprived him of even this consolation. The story of the tame spider has been doubted. We are told, however, by Signor Pellico, who was confined ten years on a charge of treason, by the present emperor of Austria, that he made a pet of a spider on the wall, which he fed with knats and flies, and which became at last so domesticated, that he would crawl into his bed, or on his hand, to receive his allowance.

JUDICIAL WIT.—While Chief Justice Parsons was holding a term of the Supreme Court in Ipswich, Massachusetts, a jurymen presented himself with an excuse against serving on the panel. "What is the matter?" asked the judge. "I have a white swelling on my knee, which causes me great pain when I keep long in one position," was the reply. "Stand aside, Sir, till I ascertain what others may present themselves." It was found that a sufficient number were retained for the jury, and the infirm juror was again before the Judge. "What did you say ailed you?"—"I am subject to severe turns of colic," was the answer. "You had better have stuck to your *white swelling*," said Parsons—"I can't excuse you."

Daniel Webster, when a young practitioner, had a bad case to manage in Court. His client told him that there was one witness against him, who if he testified, would ruin him. "When the trial comes on (said Webster) point him out to me." The man was shown to him, sitting on an upper seat near the bench, in a crowded court room. Webster with his withering glance, surveyed him from head to foot. The witness receded a short distance. During the examination of other witnesses, Webster gave him another piercing look. He removed farther towards the door. Three or four more scrutinizing observations, *looked the witness out of Court!*

ALLOWANCE FOR CONTINGENCIES.—A drover passing through the town of Lowell, stopped at a tavern, and wishing to count his cattle, placed a man at the gate to number them as they passed through. The last having entered the yard, the drover asked how many there were. "Sixty-two," was the reply. "How can that be," said the drover; "I had but fifty when I started, and I have sold two." "O, well," replied the man of figures, "thinking there might be some that passed through without my seeing them, I made an allowance for the contingency."

A BRIGHT ONE.—An Irish woman called at a grocer's the other day, and asked for a quart of vinegar. It was measured off, and put into her gallon jug. She then asked for another quart, to be put into the same vessel. "And why not ask for half a gallon, and done with it?" said the grocer. "Och! bless your little bit of a soul," answered she, "*it's for two persons.*"—*Merc. Jour.*

DUETT.

BY J. O. ROCKWELL.

TINKLETON.

Immortal Dolly Doubleyou,
 You charming little bubble, you,
 I want to know
 If you can show
 A man that dares to trouble you.

DOLLY.

Sweet charming Signior Tinkleton,
 Your blooming cheek is wrinkled none;
 Of men that be,
 To trouble me,
 I do not know a single one.

TINKLETON.

Come, love, shall we be wandering?
 The flowers their sweets are squandering:
 The idle gales
 Adown the vales,
 Are lingering and pondering.

DOLLY.

Oh, what a charming man you be,
 How fanciful I van you be,
 So very sweet,
 So very neat,
 And kind and brave, how can you be?

TINKLETON.

How blest your praises render me;
 You must the Witch of Endor be,
 To strike my heart's
 Sincerest part;
 I swear I love you tenderly.

DOLLY.

You know papa he scolded me,
 The day you first beheld me,
 Because you stood,
 (You know you *would*.)
 And in your arms enfolded me.

TINKLETON.

I swear by all above, you know,
 That I sincerely love you, though.
 You call me then
 The "best of men,"
 And I call you "my dove," you know.

DOLLY.

My name is Dolly—take me now,
 Your own forever make me now,
 And let us flee—
 For daddy, he
 If he should come, would shake me now.

TINKLETON.

But Dolly, oh, my honey, though,
 Just fetch a bag of money, though;
 For if you don't,
 Have you, I wont;
 And wouldn't that be funny, though?

OLD MAN. (*entering.*)

Avaunt, you ragged villain, you,
 Or I will be for drillin' you.
 Quick leave my sight,
 For naught but flight
 Will hinder me from killin' you.

A PARODY ON MR. HOOD'S BALLAD,

"It was not in the winter." *Lately published with music.*

It was not in the summer
 My loving lot was cast!
 It was the time when noses
 Bloomed purple in the blast!

A cold and cheerless season 'twas
 When first my love I met,

For then the earth was newly crown'd
 With snow-drops, drooping wet.

'Twas lamp-light, and I bade you go
 Home, for the snow fell fast;
 And you, my belle, were looking blue,—
 A *blue-bell* in the blast!

What made my frozen cheek feel queer?
 What caused the tear to flow?

'Twas, when I pressed for parting kiss,
 You pressed—a ball of snow;

And in my face, as facing you,
 I stood to seal my bliss,
 You threw cold comfort, when you should
 At least have thrown a kiss.

TOM SMITH.

IT'S ALL MY EYE AND TOMMY.

Tom Smith—he kept a blacksmith's shop
 Close by Bankside, but drank
 'Till he lost house and home, and then
 He forged upon the bank.

One day as he was blowing up
 His fire, it struck his mind
 To draw a *draft*, and by that way
 He thought to *raise the wind*.

Says he, "to strike while the iron's hot
 Is best, with me 'tis neck
 Or nothing now." He little thought
 How soon he'd have a *check*.

Tom took a boat, and started off,—
 That is, the boat took him;
 And as he cross'd the stream, he thought
 "With me 'tis sink or swim."

"If they should pay it—what a treat,
 If not, retreat I must;
 So, if a *dust* they don't kick up,
 They'll come down with the *dust*."

Tom at the Bank the check presents;
 The clerks begin to grin;
 And then, instead of getting *notes*,
 He found they *noted him*.

"A forgery," salutes his ear,
 From all of them at last.
 "Your cheque is forged," said they, "but you
 Are sure of being *cast*."

To *Cope*, the *marshal*, he's consigned;
 Tom tried to break away,
 But found he could not *cope* with those
 There *marshal'd* in array.

With six offenders he was chain'd,
 And *fastened* side by side,
 He dream't not, when he cross'd the stream,
 Of going with the *tied*.

Poor Tom was tried, and guilty found—
 'Twas then he gasped for breath;
 To prove his *writing*—one they found,
 His own *hand* caused his death.

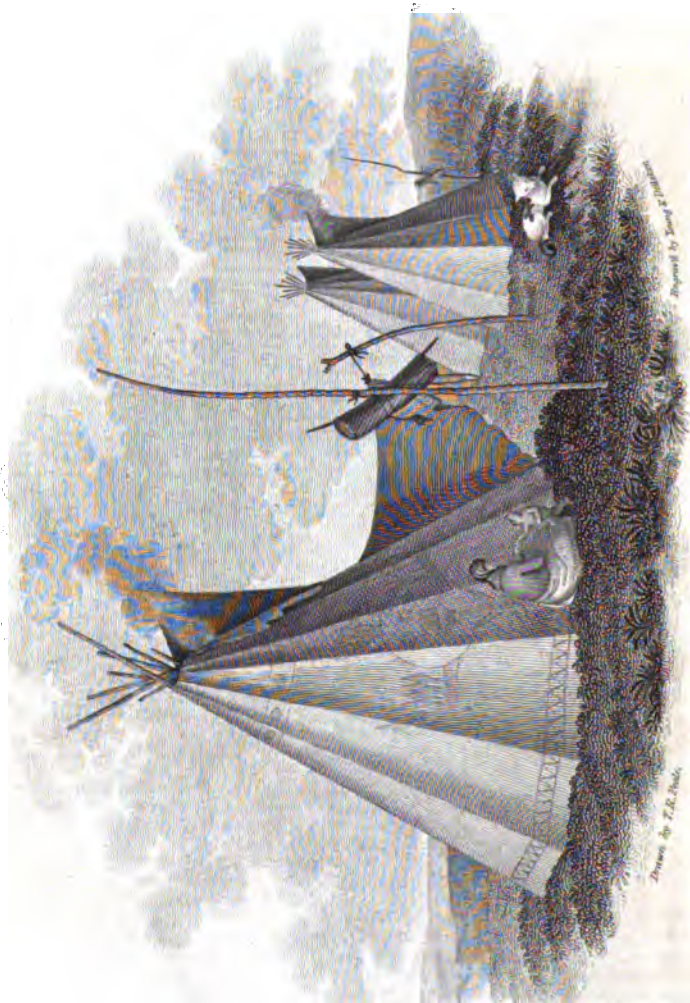
The judge told Tom, "He must be hung,
 And to prepare in time."
 So though he did not get the *note*,
 He was favoured with a *line*.

And Tom was hung. Now let me quote
 Byron, to end my song:—
 For—"Tom's no more"—his lordship wrote,
 "And so, no more of Tom."

"Pride must have a FALL," exclaimed a meek-
 ic as he knocked down a dandy who had abused him

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MOVEABLE SKIN LODGES of the KASKAS.

Published by Samuel C. Atkinson.



...the lodges, are the only habitations of the wandering savages, during all seasons of the year. Those of the Kaskaia differ in no respect from those we have already described, as used by Otas and others of the Missouri Indians. The poles, which are six or eight to each lodge,

the Revolution. — *General Captains at sea, in the war of* The mads of honour were all so eager to follow the gracious example of the Queen, that it is said the young American became henceforth an object of envy and dislike to all the beau monde at Court. The bagatelle was composed by an Irish officer who was present when the royal familiarity was exhibited.





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in naught—*content*.

No. 11.]

PHILADELPHIA.—NOVEMBER.

[1833.]

MOVEABLE SKIN LODGES OF THE KASKASIAS.

"The subject of the annexed engraving is one of a peculiarly American character, relating as it does to the aborigines of our country. The picture represents the skin lodge of the tribe of Kaskasias, or Bad Hearts, as they have been denominated by the French, a party of which was met by the expedition from Pittsburgh to to the Rocky Mountains, under the command of Major Long. The members of the party were encountered on their return from a hunting excursion to the sources of the Brassis and the Rio Colorado of Texas. The ground which they chose for their encampment, according to the account of Major Long, was a beautiful open plain, having the Red River in front, and a small river on the left. The plain was suddenly covered with the tall, conic lodges raised by the squaws, in perfect silence and good order. The remainder of the scene, so clearly described, we quote from the account of the expedition.

"For our accommodation a lodge was spread, enclosing as much space as possible in a semi-circular area, in such a manner, that the skin covering afforded a shade, which was all the shelter needed. In order to enlarge this tent as much as possible, the covering was raised so high upon the poles that its lower margin did not extend to the ground by a space of several feet. To remedy this the squaws brought bushes from a neighbouring thicket, which they placed around the base of the lodge, in such a manner as effectually to exclude the sunshine. We were sorry to find afterwards that this had been done not more from motives of hospitality, than to aid them in their design of pilfering from our baggage.

These skin lodges, are the only habitations of the wandering savages, during all seasons of the year. Those of the Kaskasias differ in no respect from those we have already described, as used by Otos and others of the Missouri Indians. The poles, which are six or eight to each lodge,

are from twenty to thirty feet in length, and are dragged constantly about in all their movements, so that the trace of a party with lodges is easily distinguished from that of a war party. When they halt to encamp, the women immediately set up these poles, four of them being tied together by the smaller ends, the larger resting on the ground, are placed so far apart as to include as much space as the covering will surround. The remaining poles are added to strengthen the work and give it a circular form.

The covering is then made fast by one corner to the end of the last pole, which is to be raised, by which means it is spread upon the frame with little difficulty. The structure when completed is in form of a sharp cone. At the summit is a small opening for window, chimney, &c., out of which the lodge poles project some distance, crossing each other at the point where the four shortest are tied together. The skin lodge, is greatly inferior in point of comfort, particularly in winter season, to the spacious mud cabins of the settled Indians.

The poles, necessary for the construction of these moveable dwellings, are not to be found in any part of the country of the Kaskasias, but are purchased from the Indians of the Missouri, or others inhabiting countries more plentifully supplied with timber. We were informed by Bijeau, that five of these poles are, among the Bad-hearts, equal in value to a horse."

"BARNEY LEAVE THE GIRLS ALONE."—A correspondent of the British Naval Chronicle affirms that this musical bagatelle owes its origin to the kiss publicly bestowed on the late Commodore Barney, by the beautiful Queen of France, on the occasion of his visit to Paris, after his gallant exploits at sea, in the war of the Revolution. The maids of honour were all so eager to follow the gracious example of the Queen, that it is said the young American became henceforth an object of envy and dislike to all the beau monde at Court. The bagatelle was composed by an Irish officer who was present when the royal familiarity was exhibited.

Written for the Casket.

The Mother and Daughter.

By L. H. M.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover—
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.—*GOLDSMITH.*

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Freeman, that you are growing old and cross, and can make no reasonable allowances for the little peccadilloes of youth."

"No! the matter of fact is, Mr. Freeman, that you want to be younger than you are, and will listen to no arguments tending to a contrary conviction."

This retort uncourteous, which seemed to be the winding up of a very strenuous debate, was uttered by a gentleman of about fifty years of age, to a lady who had not numbered above two-thirds of that amount; and if the character may be judged from the countenance, a looker-on would readily have declared the dispositions of the pair to be as dissimilar as their ages.

Mr. Freeman was a man with whom the world had dealt hardly;—born with warm and generous feelings, he had early been the dupe of the cunning and the cold; and though the caution of misfortune had not wholly consumed those kindly affections, it yet had seared and blunted them; disappointment, too,—and that, where his heart had most been garnered,—poured its gall into the milk of human nature, and tinged his words with bitterness; yet, as the rarest and loveliest flowers are found upon the rockiest ground, so beneath the caustic coldness of Mr. Freeman's manner there lay a fund of generosity and goodness, which never yet bade the wretched "go and wail elsewhere." Like many a man who, in matters of importance, is firm and decisive, yet easy, to weakness, in trifles, Mr. Freeman had suffered himself to be half persuaded, half cajoled, into marrying a young woman of considerable personal attractions, but no mind; and from the same desire for peace, he had allowed her to run a course of the most ridiculous extravagance, hoping that the evil would cure itself; but he was beginning to discover that the disease fed itself, and increased daily; moreover, his quiet and much desired ease suffered continual interruption from visitors by day, and parties by night, varied by occasional importunate tradespeople, and grumbling servants. But it was much easier to say such things should cease, than to make his words good. Mrs. Freeman was blessed with a resolute will, a loud voice, and a most indefatigable tongue. She supported her cause with Amazonian courage, and declared, with much praiseworthy candour and astonishing coolness, that she had married to have her own way, and have it she would; if Mr. Freeman did not like it, he had nobody but himself to blame; for what besides had he to marry? This last argument was terribly convincing, and poor Mr. Freeman would echo, with a disconsolate sigh, "What, indeed?"

Amidst all these annoyances, there was one fountain-spring of joy in the wild waste of indifference—one blossom of love was blooming through every discord—one voice still sounded true to melody and gentleness.—Mr. Freeman had a darling child. And well did the beautiful Euthanasia merit her doting father's love,—she was the daughter of a southern clime, and the sunbright skies of her native land were not more resplendent, in heaven's own lustre, than her dark, soul-fringed eye;—the wild antelope, bounding in beauty over the golden sand, was not more true to nature and to grace, than every motion of her perfect

form; and yet, her loveliness was forgotten in that something than beauty dearer—the soul—the spirit in her face—the generous enthusiasm—the winning tenderness that graced her words and won the hearer's heart with love. Of the mother of Euthanasia, question nor answer were never made; that he had met her, loved and lost her, in his foreign travels, was all that curiosity could gain of information; and though Mrs. Freeman was famed for her fondness for prying into secrets, the open *Sesame* of this one, baffled even her ingenuity. Not being, however, ill tempered in the main, the good dame loved Euthanasia very dearly, in spite of her beauty and the mystery that hung about her; and as she had very extraordinary ways of showing affection, she had already much injured the innocent girl by babbling about her doubts, ideas, and own opinion concerning her birth, origin, and bringing up.

The family scene to which we have *sans ceremonie* introduced our readers, took place at Mr. Freeman's house,—which house was situated, infinitely to the mortification of Mrs. Freeman, in Spruce instead of Chestnut street,—the interesting matrimonial dialogue, which had seemed nearly ended, was, by the unlucky mention of ages, resumed on the lady's side with considerable vigour:

"I want to appear younger than I am!—and pray, Mr. Freeman, how old am I?"

"Somewhere on the wintry side of thirty, I imagine, my dear."

"Mr. Freeman, sir, it is a false slander. I was twenty-four when I married you, two years ago—I am sure I shan't forget the time."

"Nor I, my dear; my remembrances are both loud and striking."

"Mr. Freeman, I disdain to answer you, sir! I don't often speak my mind, sir, but when I do I can talk as well as my neighbours."

"I never doubted it, my dear," replied he, coolly.

"Now don't get into a passion, Mr. Freeman—what's the good of flying out," demanded his lady, whose face and voice began to threaten a storm.

"What is there to make you mad?—haven't you got an affectionate wife at home, and plenty of good friends abroad? Don't I talk to you, and amuse you? De I leave you ever alone, to be dull?"

"No, my dear, you certainly never do," replied he, taking an encouraging pinch of snuff.

"Well, and isn't there the French Countess la Parvenue, who would rather dine here than at any house in Philadelphia?"

"She is very condescending; don't you think the expensive dishes you have sent from Fossard, for her, has any thing to say to it? Then there is the English Mrs. Dashaway—who is so obliging as her? Hem! She is pretty considerably in your debt, I believe."

"For shame, Mr. Freeman—I am ashamed of you; what objections will you make to Mrs. Canter, Miss Straightlake, Mrs. Wouldbe, and a hundred others that visit here, and are so partial to me?"

"Objections, my dear!" answered Mr. Freeman, quietly, "none in the world; they use your carriage for a hack, your house for an hotel, your purse for a supply; they compliment you, cursey to you, and laugh at you,—who's the fool, I pray?"

"Go on, go on, sir; I won't be out of temper; you shan't make me angry; and pray, sir—pray Mr. Freeman, since you are so clever and so smart, and all that,—pray, Mr. Freeman, what will you say of Sir George Charles Belson—what is he, sir?"

"One, on whom every god hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man!" exclaimed a third voice, breaking in upon the dialogue with roses of such sweet fervency, that the listener held his breath to hear. It was Euthanasia. Too well used up with conubial frolics to pay them much attention, she had

been long seated upon a low pile of cushions, deeply engaged in arranging papers from a portfolio which lay at her feet; by her side was couched a large Italian greyhound, of the purest breed, who, with his long silvery paws stretched across her feet, and his large gazing eyes bent on her face, lay so graceful and motionless as to give the group a resemblance rather to rare statuary than to living, breathing creatures. But the smile, which might hold good while the maiden's eyes were bent downwards, and her cheek as purely pale as the white muslin which draped her, was lost when the above words passed her lips. She had sprung up and spoken with a burst of enthusiasm that had called the eloquent blood in volumes to her face; and now confusion doubled its glow, as the cold eye of her father rested on her.

"Ha, girl," he said, slowly, "and how may you answer for him so readily?"

Long tongues are sometimes useful, and Mrs. Freeman's was now servicable to her daughter-in-law, for she struck in with,

"And pray, why shouldn't she answer for him, pray? For my part, I think it shows her sense; for Sir George Charles Belson is—"

"Noble, generous, and true!" interrupted Euthanasia.

"With a baronetcy and ten thousand pounds a year!" edged in Mrs. Freeman.

"The port of a lion—the gentleness of a ring dove!" exclaimed the other.

"The Order of St. George—the medal of Waterloo—the title of a K. C. B.!" shrieked the lady mother, like a gull in a storm.

"Silence! I command ye both," cried Mr. Freeman, now thoroughly roused; and turning severely to his wife, "Woman, what is this that you have done? Who and what is this man to whom you have dared to introduce my child?"

"Lord! here's a fuss!" retorted Mrs. Freeman. "Who is he? Why don't I tell you he is an English baronet, with ten thousand pounds a year, and a K. C. B., which means King of the Cold Bath, I suppose."

"A baronet, and Knight Commander of the Bath!" murmured her husband, "dangerous enough tinsel that. Come hither, Euthanasia—where first did you meet this man?"

"At New York, father; in the English consul's house."

"And he has followed you here?" demanded he.

"Father," said Euthanasia, softly—"father, I hope so."

"You hope so! Alas! poor child, has the arrow stricken you so early—why was I not made acquainted with this before?"

"Lord have mercy on us, Mr. Freeman! what extraordinary questions you ask—deliver us!—why I suppose you'll want to know next what I put on in the morning, and how often Thany fixes her hair!—come, child—come with me; I want to talk with you about the new Sultan's sleeves."

Mrs. Freeman sailed off as she spoke, with the air of a seventy-two, that has just fired a settling broadside, and Euthanasia silently moved to follow her. Her father caught her by one of the long, graceful curls, which, untortured by scorching or frizzling, hung in native elegance down her swan-like throat; and while parental tenderness softened his rugged features, almost to beauty, exclaimed,

"And is there one of these tendrils that is not dear to me? My child—my darling—guard yourself, for your fond father's life is bound with yours."

Euthanasia burst into tears: "Father," she exclaimed—"father, I will tell you all!"—she would have added, but a thundering knock at the door prevented her words; and Mr. Freeman made a rapid exit to avoid the dreaded clack of his lady's visitors' tongues.

Euthanasia looked long after him, and as the tears gathered over her straining orbs, and dropped heavily from their dark fringes, she murmured—

"Have I deserved this love, that can deceive so much affection? Oh, Belson! was this enforced concealment kindly done? no; my father—my kind, generous, trusting parent, it shall last no longer; even if it part us forever, my father shall know all."

As she spoke of her lover she turned hastily to leave the room, and met himself; he took her trembling hand, and leading her back, said mournfully,

"Can it be Euthanasia from whom I have these words? or was she aware I heard them, and wished to prove that love which, even in unkindness, is more deeply her's?"

The man who spoke thus, was past the spring—almost the summer of life; yet, years

"Had not quenched the open truth—

The vivid colouring of youth."

His bold brow was as the tablet of unutterable thoughts, whereon pride and genius, passion and imagination, had-graven lines, which heightened intellect if they dimmed beauty; his proud glance fell like the lightning flash, and often seemed alike to dare and defy the world; yet it could soften to more than woman's witching tenderness; and though his lip was often curved with proud contempt, or galling scorn, it could pour forth such words of magic sweetness, as made the rapt one tremble with delight. And Euthanasia loved him—with all the first, deep devotion of a woman's heart she loved him—the very pride and darkness of his humour but held a stronger mastery over her; she was a young romancer, and storm and shade were more beautiful to her enthusiasm, than an unvaried sunlight—the rushing torrent, to the silent stream. It was long ere she replied; and though she dared not raise her eyes, she felt the gaze of Belson to her soul; at last,

"Sir George Belson," she said.

"Sir George Belson!" interrupted he, passionately, "and is it so that Euthanasia calls him whom once she professed to love? Why not spare this cutting coldness, and say at once that you no longer love me?"

"Because it would not be true," replied she, steadily—"do not be so unjust; I am not formed to change with every passing breath; but this deception to my father, preys upon my heart. Oh, Belson! let me but have his blessing on our affection, and try me if weal or wo, life or death, can alter my regard."

Sir George Belson was a mighty master of the human heart, and he at once perceived that though Euthanasia's generous temper might be won by entreaty, it could not be cowed by pride or reproach; he took her hand, and raising it to his lips with the most devoted humility, replied,

"Even so let it be then, my soul's best treasure; yet do me justice as to the motives which have prompted me to conceal what kings might be proud to own. Euthanasia, you have heard me speak of my sister; in helpless infancy, when deprived of my parents' fostering care, she gave her blooming youth to raise my sickly childhood; willingly she forsook the gay, admiring world, and devoted herself, her talents, and her beauty, to solitude and me—with unequalled fortitude and love, she even resigned the man she loved, lest the duties of a wife should make her less mindful of her self-imposed charge to me. Now she is sinking in the vale of years, with impaired health, broken spirits, and shattered nerves; her last desire is, to see me united to a friend of her own; and though neither the lady in question nor myself desire the match, we both too much revere the dying saint to oppose her wishes openly. A few weeks—nay, a few days, may close her toilsome path, and must he for whom she has done so much, poison the latest dregs of life? Yes, Euthana-

sia, let it be so—let your father know, and publish to the world, what is, in fact, my dearest joy; and if you are happier, I will not repine that my sister, mother, guide, instructress, and friend, shall leave her last sigh for my ingratitude and baseness."

He turned away in deep emotion; a struggle crossed the sweet face of Euthanasia; then turning to him, with a voice suppressed by tears, she said, "Use your power over me well, Belson, for it is great; never shall it be said, that to gratify my weakness you wounded a heart like your noble sister's; let the subject drop between us; my happiness is too much bound in yours to find peace in what can give you pain."

He caught her hand, and clasped the yielding girl to his manly breast; she raised her soft eyes to speak, but the proud, triumphant flash they met from his, struck cold upon her heart, and releasing herself, she said, with some effort,

"I have a confession to make, and a boon to beg."

"They both are granted, love, before they are heard."

"I hope the first is not of evil omen, George—you remember the ring you gave me as the first pledge of love?"

"The ring!"—and a dark shade crossed his brow—"I remember it well."

"Well, I was the other day, unexpectedly, amidst a scene of heart-rending misery. I had emptied my purse in the morning for some trifling occasion of my mother's; their wants were urgent, and it was the only thing of value I had with me—are you very angry that I left it in pledge with them for money, until I could have time to send it?"

"Perish the paltry bauble!" exclaimed he, "that ring was never a favourite of mine; but you chose it because it bore the most trifling value: let me replace it with one more befitting the wearer; and yet I am angry with you—why, dearest, will you venture this precious life, that is my all of happiness, in scenes of disease and squalid misery? I love your humanity and mercy—but why not send relief? This fairy form should never tread but in the courts of affluence and love."

"Oh! Belson, one kind word is worth more, to a suffering heart, than all the gold of India. Leave me now; it is my hour to read to my father, in his library—leave me, I pray you?"

"Promise me then that I shall see you to-night, at Mrs. Gray's?"

"I had forgotten," exclaimed she, suddenly, "that you would excuse me—there was the boon I would have asked—Belson, my father dislikes Mrs. Gray exceedingly."

The eye of the baronet grew dark as a thunder cloud; he drew himself haughtily up to his fullest height, and said,

"And it is my request, Euthanasia, that you do go. Mrs. Gray is my friend, and as such commands your respect. Am I in all things to be sacrificed to your father?"

"One must concede, and it shall be me; farewell, sir—look you do not bend the bow to breaking."

Again did the lover prevent her retreating; and stooping from his pride the moment his end was gained, poured forth such winning words of gratitude and love, that the bewitched girl too soon stood a willing listener. A slight noise roused them. "Oh, begone," she cried, "I forget all in hearing you."

"Not without the seal of pardon—by this, and this."

"Hush! do you hear nothing?"

"Yes, my best, love, I hear the beatings of your fluttering heart."

"But," said the girl, turning fearfully round, "do you see nothing?"

Belson rose from his knee, and gazed round; in the

deepening gloom of evening a dark figure seemed to move.

"What mockery is this?" cried he, aloud—"What cowardly eaves-dropper skulks there?"

"Not any," replied a low, tranquil voice, as the form of a woman, dressed in sweeping drapery of black, advanced up the room. "I am a poor nun of the Order of Charity, and have business with this lady."

"With me?" cried Euthanasia, fearfully.

"Good woman, if you are begging for your convent, here is for this lady and myself; we are engaged, you see."

"Put up your gold, my vow prohibits my touching it; and for your eloquence, try it upon one younger and weaker than myself. Lady, I must speak with you."

Belson had seemed more daunted by the cold words of the nun, than could have been expected; and he replied, with effort, "Lay it then before me—we have no secrets together."

"Have you not?" asked she, thrillingly,—"have you no private hope nor fear—no secret sin buried in the heart—no small still voice of accusing conscience?—then are you indeed happy."

The constraint was now felt powerfully by both, and Euthanasia whispered an entreaty to Belson to leave her alone with her strange visitor.

"I fear," he answered, very low, "that she is mad."

"No, I am not mad," replied the nun, "though it had been small wonder if I were; for I have known treachery, sorrow, and sin enough to turn my brain; be not afraid of me, sweet lady, my office is to minister by the dying bed, and there I have heard of you. The spirit of my order is Charity and Peace, both of which dwell in your heart; virtue like yours should fear nothing."

"Nor do I fear you, good sister," replied Euthanasia, promptly, "leave me, Sir George, I request it as a favour."

"Well, I believe these venerable sisters make it a point to be paramount wherever they go, so I must yield. Farewell! remember we meet to-night at Mrs. Gray's—a Dios, love."

The nun gazed earnestly after him, then repeating his last words solemnly: "To God—to God, you commend her! Oh, man, man! dare you appeal your Maker's name as a cover to your guilt! Young lady, this ring you left with the palsied woman—speak—he who has left you was the giver?"

"He was."

"Even so I feared—and—and—you—you love him?"

"What can be your reason for—"

"Answer me; as you value your honour, happiness, and peace, answer me."

"I do love him then—most fondly—most truly."

"And your family—your friends—do they know the character he bears?"

"Excuse me," replied Euthanasia, with dignity: "when I licensed you to speak to me on business, it was no permission to intrude upon my private feelings—I wish you good evening."

"Yet stay, in mercy to yourself, and hear me. Look on me; I have worn this holy habit fifteen years, and worn the altarpieces with kneeling; I have been by the deathbed, and wept in agony for the still peace of the departed; I am dying now, yet remorse dogs the footsteps of death; and the memory of broken oaths, violated duties, and foul misdeeds, will drown the hal-lu-lu-lu of the sacred choir."

"Be calm, I implore you."

"This agony is for you; look on this face!"—she dashed away the hood, and gazed up in Euthanasia's face with a look of the most piercing anguish: "see, it was once lovely, flattered and adored, as your own. See it now, worn with sorrow, lined with care, consuming with premature decay. Put your hand upon

my heart—feel its faint beatings—soon it will be at rest, in solitude and shame, unwept and uncared for. Once it bounded with joy and hope; once it made the happiness of others' lives, and the rapture of its own. Lady, what has changed me? a specious deceiver betrayed and ruined me! I forsook for him home, husband, friends, country, and he—he left me. Lady, that is the man!"

"For the mercy of God! not Sir George Belson!" gasped the horror-stricken girl.

"I knew him not by that name, yet it is the same," continued the agitated woman: "that ring was the first gift of illicit love—I gave it to him—he gave it to you. I heard of you as the ministering angel in the abodes of disease and misery. I flew to save you—and knew him: he is the man."

"Away! I will not believe you; the ring may have been bought by him; time has deceived—suffering has crazed you; he is far too young to be the same—away, I do not believe you."

"Believe me not then," solemnly replied the nun—"go on in your wilful dream of infatuated blindness; go on, but your awakening is nigh. I will save you in your despute. I will break the spell that binds you to dishonour. As a humble servant of the most high God, I will do my Lord's bidding in warning your friends."

She passed slowly towards the door. Euthanasia sprung forward with a cry, to detain her. In the struggle the slight chain which supported the miniature of her father, that Euthanasia always wore, burst, and it dropped to the floor. At the moment the lamp was lighted outside, and the full glare burst upon the portrait. A scream, wild and hopeless as the cry of a broken heart, sounded from the sister of charity; she caught up the picture and shrieked rather than said,

"These features! God! can it be; or do they rise to haunt me?"

"It is the portrait of my father—why does it move you thus?"

"Your father!—yours!—will you swear it? Your father!—come hither, let me look upon you."

She dragged Euthanasia with frantic violence to the window, and pushed back the masses of her hair; then stared with a fixed and frightful rigidity upon her features. Terrified without knowing why, the trembling girl sunk upon her knees. Slowly gathered the large tears over the nun's glazing eye, and gradually her breast heaved with heavy, convulsive sobs. At last nature's agony reached its climax, and with a wild burst of tears she fell prostrate before the girl, exclaiming,

"Do not curse me—do not curse me."

"What is all this?" cried the voice of Mr. Freeman, entering at the moment,—“bring lights here—what is this disturbance?"

"Stand away," shrieked the wretched woman, raising on her knees, and extending her arms with a low, hissing sound of horror: "I thought you dead; can the grave give up its buried dust to curse the living? Yes, curse me then—trample on me—kill me—it will be mercy."

"Leave us, Euthanasia," said Mr. Freeman, in a suffocated voice: "no words—obey me."

Not a sound except the gasping of the woman broke the pause, after Euthanasia had departed, for many minutes. At last he spoke, and coldly,

"Eloisa, why is this? Wretched woman, have you not caused misery enough without breaking the little peace I could hope for on earth?"

"I did not know you; had I, I would not have dared to crawl hither even for my dying pardon, could I recognize the gallant Lord Eustace Selwyn as Mr. Freeman, and in America."

"I charge you, woman," answered he sternly, "that you name not that name. Think ye I will have my innocent child poisoned with its false pomp and hate-

ful gauds? I have brought her to this free, happy land of equality and virtue, where vice is not masked with tinsel rank, to save her from!"

"Her mother's crimes—speak it—there can lay no adders in your tongue like those which, for fifteen years, have gnawed my heart; and oh! if the tears of repentance that have furrowed my cheeks—if the unwearying labours of humility—if the deep remorse that is breaking my heart, may be accepted at the mercy seat, there—there shall my prayers for her avail."

"May there be pardon for you there," said he, turning to go.

"Stay," shrieked the almost fainting creature, "hear me, Selwyn, for her sake; let me but aid to save my child, then turn me from your doors to die."

"How! does danger threaten Euthanasia?"

"There does. Away these tears—avaunt this shame—do you remember him who, with boyish looks of simplicity and heart of deepest guile, visited us in our happy home upon the Tyrol hills?"

"Do I remember?"

"Selwyn, by the remembrance of that happy home, before sin entered or sorrow defiled its beauty; by the love you bore me when you brought me there a rejoicing bride; by the gratitude you spoke when first I placed our infant in your arms; by my remorse—my sufferings—my fast approaching death, I swear to you that the same man is now winding his serpent: lure around your child."

Mr. Freeman (such we continue to call him) turned suddenly and stood like one transfixed, gazing upon the nun. She folded her arms upon her breast, and, with less emotion but deep solemnity, said,

"Ave, even so; round her the fatal web is winding; but there yet is time to break its folds. Force can do nothing. To save her, reason and feeling must join to give conviction. I conjure you by this holy habit, and by the life of humility and prayer that, for fifteen years, I have led—more than all, by an erring mother's love for her innocent offspring, trust me this once."

"Woman!" cried he, passionately, "dare I trust you? You broke my generous, trusting confidence;—you left your home—disgraced your family—forsook your child—wretched, erring creature, dare I trust you?"

The woman answered nothing, but fell upon her knees and raised her arms appealingly on high; the lamp light fell upon her wasted features—misery, humility, lowly faith was graven there; but of the stern feelings of the world, was there nothing. The stern nature of Freeman melted; he strove to speak, sobbed, struggled with himself, and said,

"I—I trust you. Poor, misguided Eloisa, God pity you. I trust you; but, woman, look to it; play that angel fair, or may eternal—no—no, I trust you."

He rushed from the room as he spoke, nor heard the solemn "Amen" of the kneeling creature whom he left alone with God and her own heart.

It was about seven o'clock, the same evening, that Mrs. Freeman was engaged in the important business of dressing for the fashionable soiree at Mrs. Gray's. The toilette was to her a work of immense time and importance; and not contented to leave her really interesting features to themselves, she contrived so to overload them with pearl powder and rouge—to surround them with such a *chapeau de frise* of false curls, false flowers, and false jewels, as to make them actually ridiculous and disgusting. And then her dress—such flounces, and such furbelows; such ill assorted colours, and badly matched stuffs—why she killed all the graces at a glance, and might have been haunted by Joseph for stealing his coat of many colours. To please others you must first please yourself, says or said the elegant Chesterfield. Certainly Mrs. Free-

man did the latter completely; but had that refined writer contemplated such perversion of his high bred dictates, he would have poisoned himself by eating mock turtle soup, and found his misery in muslin sheets. Fully confident, however, in her own attractions, Mrs. Freeman sailed up and down before the pier glass wishing, like Alexander, for new worlds to conquer, and looking for all the world as if every one (like in the Spectator's dream) had thrown away the ungainly part of their dress, and each absurdity had pitched upon her luckless person. At last, impatient of wasting her sweetness upon the *deserted* (not desert) room, Mrs. Freeman summoned her confidential Abigail, and, after making a few preliminary flourishes, began with

"Judy, hem! have you any taste, Judy?"

"I guess so, Missis," responded Judy, opening her big round eyes to rounder and bigger proportions, "I can tell whiskey from water, any how."

"You're a fool, Judy; I mean taste in dress. What would you say to mine, for instance?"

"That I be moners glad to have it," replied the coloured grisette, readily, "its just the picture of what black Mauritia cleared out to marry in."

"Get out with you," exclaimed the indignant lady, "and call Miss Thany here; it's time to go."

Slowly did Euthanasia obey the summons; her face was pale, and her dress very simple. She was followed by her greyhound, who looked anxiously up in her face, as if to ask what was her disquiet.

"Mercy on me, child, what an object you are! You are enough to frighten the crows, as Mrs. Dashaway says; here, let me fix you."

"No," said Euthanasia, positively, "if I go at all, it is so."

"Well, but have a bunch of peonies or a sunflower in your hair; have these aqua merines round your throat; and a *little*, tiny touch of rouge."

"Madam, my feelings are not suited to flowers and gems. I go because I have said I will; because anything, even de pair, is preferable to this suspense; but I am a mourner in heart, and will not wear the garments of rejoicing."

"Bless us all! here's a high horse. Don't I know better than you, Miss; and I tell you it is highly impertinent to make yourself singular; and to go in that wishy-washy way, is—is—'s mighty improper, Miss."

"Well, Madam, it may be so: let us drop the subject, and each retain our own opinion. I await your pleasure."

Mrs. Freeman knew very well that, though respectful, Euthanasia was never subservient; so, like a skilful general, she avoided the impregnable part and opened a battery elsewhere.

"Now, Thany, you are a good enough girl, but of course you can't know as well as me, who am older, and also a married woman; so I am going to give you some good advice. In the first place, you don't enter a room at all as the *elect* should: this way, for instance." Unfortunately, in her dignified perambulations, as the *elite* should do, Mrs. Freeman trod upon the greyhound's long, extended paw, who, acknowledging her "airy tread" with a howl, would have received no gentle salute in return, but for the interference of his mistress.

"Do not strike the faithful animal, madam, I have heard he was my *mother's*, and as such he is dear to me. Alas! I never knew a mother's fostering care; I never had her love to guide me—her fond bosom to weep upon."

Mrs. Freeman, who had taken her cue from the tears in Euthanasia's eyes, was now deliberately preparing her handkerchief. When it was unfolded, she extended her arms, and swimming up to her daughter-in-law, proffered her bosom as a substitute; and considering that, besides double rows of standing lace, and treble boucles of falling blonde, there was sewing a

watch, chain, and seals, three rows of transparent topaz, one locket of rough gold, one *amie* of polished amber, besides innumerable breast-pins, &c., it must have been a commodious resting-place. Euthanasia faintly smiled, and bent over her dog. It was clear to the larmoyante dame that she could not squeeze out a tear, so she wisely folded up her *mouchoir brode*, and having flattened it with a little eau de mouseline, she proceeded to call another cause.

"Thany, you'll see Sir George Charles Belson to-night." She started. "Now pray, my dear, take advice from me; remember he is a K. C. B.; and if he says he loves you, say 'thankye, sir,' and if he asks you to have him, say 'if you please, sir,' and"—

"Mrs. Freeman, excuse my interruption, but you waste your words. Sir George Belson is, I own, inexpressibly dear to me, if he be what I have fondly pictured him; but if—he if he be base and vile, I will read this weakness from my heart, though every fibre burst as I tear it away: to-night—aye, to-night will decide. Madam, I follow you."

"Lord, be good to us! here's passions, rages, hurricanes, and storms; but let us go—we are late; but the Countesse le Parvenue says, it is hot town to be late—come away."

The company were all assembled; the lights were blazing cheerily; and the music, mixed with many gay voices, sounding merrily, as the carriage of Mrs. Freeman drove to Mrs. Gray's house, in ———, and the gloom which had been gathering over the brow of the hostess, and some others, dispersed at once when their names were sounded through the room.

Mrs. Gray was a lady of a certain age, without the least pretensions to beauty; for her face was so hopelessly ploughed by that scourge of features, the small-pox, that even MacAdam might have despaired of evening it. Her eyes were small and cunning, rendered more so by hundreds of wrinkles puckered beneath them; nor did she ever fully face those to whom she spoke. But her voice redeemed these unpleasantnesses, for it was true, in every tone, to harmony and blandness. In her dress and manners, Mrs. Gray was perfect—there was not one singularity—nothing particular, on which the attention could rest;—there was no glare of colour—no forcing of effect—all was easy, elegant, and lady-like. Her words were always natural in their fascination; it was the *tout-ensemble* of her manner that carried you along without being conscious where laid the charm. Mrs. Gray said, and wished it to be believed, that she visited the first circle in Philadelphia. It is ill manners to contradict a lady, yet those who have ever been within that graceful group, might readily declare Mrs. Gray was not one of them. Gay, but polished; cheerful, but correct; easy, but dignified, none who once mixed there can mistake that charming coterie. In the soirees of Mrs. Gray, men formed the greater number; what women there were, were either coldly constrained or darily free: no, no; Mrs. Gray had not the pass to that happier, easier Almacks.

Mrs. Freeman, not mixing at all with the world in which he lived, knew nothing of the vortex through which his wife and child were rushing; sometimes when disturbed by too late a return, he would bestow a blessing on Mrs. Gray as the cause, but soon for peace give up the contention. Such, then, was the lady who rose with a bland smile to welcome her visitors; and taking a hand of each, said,

"Oh! you are sad truant; do you give us so little of your company, to make us prize it still higher? I must cite you in the court of politesse, to answer for a breach of etiquette, if you neglect me thus again."

Mrs. Freeman bowed, and Mrs. Freeman bobbed. She had never heard of such a court nor such a crime; but she felt sure all was right, and so she bobbed and bowed the more.

"Sir George Belson," continued Mrs. Gray, "I appoint you my counsel: there is the defendant; see you do your client justice. Come, my dear madam, here are Mrs. Shuttle and Mr. Cutwell, who would not touch a card till your arrival. I must not tell you what Col. Talbot said about your skill and beauty, lest I make Mr. Freeman jealous."

"Oh, Mistress Gray, I lost so much last time to Sir George, I feel ashamed to play again without paying him."

"Come, that is an excellent joke; do but plead his cause with yonder fair tyrant, and the debt is cancelled. Shall it be casino or brag to-night? *ecarte* used you very shabbily."

"But, marm, I—I am not over-stocked to-night; Mr. Freeman is vastly stingy, and"—

"Exactly, my dear lady; your views and mine perfectly agree. It is well to lay these lordly men under obligations sometimes, that we may display our grace in returning them. Sir George, mon amie, ici a vous plait, Mrs. Freeman wisely objected to the encumbrance of a purse, and allows you the honour of being her banker."

"The condescensions of Mrs. Freeman and her lovely daughter make me a bankrupt even in thanks," replied the polished baronet.

Euthanasia started. "Madam, will you not send for your purse; pray—pray, Sir George?"

"My dear girl, the eyes of the room are upon you," interrupted Mrs. Gray, looping her arm in Euthanasia's, and leading her away: "come, fair novice, these trifling arrangements are things of course—tell me how you like these night blooming Ceres, and these foreign moonlight warblers, that only sing by night; each are typical of woman, my love, whose feelings and heart should open by night only."

"They are beautiful indeed," she answered softly.

"Do you draw? are you fond of engravings? here are some of Bartolozzi's, and are counted fine; here is Hero and Leander—poor fellow, he looks very noble lying there dead, but a live lover is preferable, is it not? Here is Romeo and Juliet, the passionate Italian; what fire in her eyes—what soul of passion in her looks. What is here? *Parasine* and Hugo, Juan and *Ma-dee*—are they not superb?"

"Yes—no—I—where is my mother-in-law—where is Mrs. Freeman?"

"Oh! the earth has not made a supper of her; here is Sir George—he will tell us," replied the lady, with perfect sang froid.

"What art in lure or wile has brought this brilliant flush to my Euthanasia's cheek, Mrs. Gray; I shall grow jealous of you, if you can make her blush," exclaimed the gallant baronet, as he joined them and took an arm of each.

"Really, I believe it is the heat that is your rival, and not me, baronet; can you give us neither lemonade or wine to allay it?"

"Lady, to hear is to obey," replied he, smiling: "Euthanasia, my best love, will you not have some?"

"Some lemonade, I will."

"Yes—and, Sir George, pray see it is *well mixed*," said Mrs. Gray, with a slight emphasis on the last words: "servants do all things so carelessly. Come, my young guest, they are singing yonder; music, you know, is the food of love; let us hear them."

Euthanasia placed her hand to her brow. "How unreal all this seems—as if some enchantment were round me—as if you all spoke and acted something arranged before; why do I feel thus?"

Mrs. Gray darted a quick look upon her companion, but rapidly withdrawing it, answered,

"And why not yield unhesitatingly to such enchantment. Life, my love, has but few roseate hours, and it is our bounden duty to improve them; it is ingrati-

tude to our High Priest, joy, to resist his influence; so come then, goddess fair and free,

'In Heaven ye slept Euphrosyne;

And if I give thee honour due,

Mirth admit me of thy crew.'

You see, even Milton, the poet of religion, argues for pleasure; believe me, none but the cynic and the fool can deem it wrong."

Euthanasia tried to breathe—tried to rally her reason; she felt oppressed by the luxury, the voluptuousness around her. Stunned by flattery and sophistry, urged by passionate entreaty, softened by her own loving heart, she almost reeled beneath their united power; a mist came over her eyes, and she felt faint. Belson joined them, and received an expressive look from Mrs. Gray.

"Miss Freeman will be better in my boudoir, baronet; the heat is too much for her here—push now or never," she added, in a low tone, "I will see to the mother."

As the accomplished votary of vice expected, she found Mrs. Freeman seated at the gaming table, rapidly losing the vast sum Sir George had given her, sharpers and blacklegs; with a flushed face and aching heart, the wretched woman began to feel the toils into which she had run; and as card after card came up wrong, and eagle followed eagle, in quick succession, even the bland voice of Mrs. Gray failed to encourage or soothe her. At last she was again without a cent, and Mrs. Gray advised her to make another effort to redeem her loss. It was against her, and she rose up stunned and tortured, in debt five hundred dollars to Col. Talbot.

"It is unfortunate," said Mrs. Gray, emphatically, "but debts of honour must be paid."

"Can—can you assist me ma'm?" stammered out the ashamed and miserable woman.

"I, my dear madam, I never keep a dollar; it is putting temptation to play, out of my way; I am the worst person in the world to ask."

"I—I will leave my watch, and—and—oh, Lord! what will become of me?"

"Come, don't blubber," exclaimed Col. Talbot, roughly; "you are a pretty enough creature, if you weren't so beplastered with frippery and paint: we'll settle all that."

"Sir, I desire—I command you not to touch me. Mrs. Gray, will you see this—madam—sir?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Gray, rising, "indeed, my dear lady, I have nothing to say to it; only pray make no scene here; you and the Colonel can, I dare say, accommodate matters: he is a gentleman of honour."

"I will give you, sir, a draft upon my husband; he will gladly pay it for the lesson I have learned this night."

"Pon honour, madam, just as you please," responded the luminous *militaire*, who was more than half tipsy.

"And now let me go home. Where, oh God! where is Euthanasia?" exclaimed the startled Mrs. Freeman.

"Perfectly safe, in the charge of the baronet."

"The baronet! If any harm comes to her, Mr. Freeman will kill me; let me go to her; I will go to her, I say!"

"Mrs. Freeman, I wish to make no disturbance with you, but I must make bold to tell you, that you neither can nor shall go to her. You forget that Sir George has purchased your acquiescence with five thousand dollars."

"Oh God!" screamed the wretched woman, "I am undone; I have undone myself and my innocent charge."

She fell into her chair in strong hysterics, and the infernal party began, in some alarm, to apply restora-

was; just then a sign made to Mrs. Gray, and she hurriedly left the room. Sir George was waiting for her outside.

"It is hopeless to prevail upon her without a pretence of marriage; is that fellow ready to play the priest? It must be now or never, for things have drawn to a crisis."

"Really, Sir George," said Mrs. Gray, who, like all selfish people, was ever alive to her own interest—"really I don't half like these doings. If you can make a fool of the girl, why it is all in the way of business; but a mock marriage brings one under the law, and may give my house a bad name."

"Do not think of it, my dear madam," exclaimed he, "I will recompense you a thousand fold for any inconvenience; she is now so wound up by agitation, hurry, and emotion, that she may be won to consent. If this golden opportunity passes, it will never return; and with it is lost your promised premium."

"You argue very sensibly," replied Mrs. Gray, with a smile; "go back then, and I will arrange it; where is she?"

"In your boudoir; and bye the bye, Gray, has any one the entree there, besides myself, for I thought I heard a voice there?"

"Bless me, no!" replied Mrs. Gray, in much alarm, "here, Mauritia, has any one been up to the blue room to-night?"

The servant, with some confusion, owned that she had admitted a lady up to change her shoes; and after several severe reprimands, the worthy couple separated, each to their own praiseworthy occupations.

Like the bird to which it first belonged, my grey goose quill is very mutable. I do not pique myself, like the renowned Cervantes, with following one unbroken line—patience, gentle reader, the scenes will be shifted but this once more, and then the curtain will fall before me and my humble attempt to please you.

It was in a room where luxury and elegance vied with each other for mastery—where the senses were courted by every blandishment, and vice had done her utmost to veil herself in beauty;—it was here that, stunned by emotion, misled by sophistry, agitated by tenderness, and confused by every warring sentiment, Euthanasia sat alone. She strove to think, she strove to pray, but the spell was over her spirit, and bound her down with a mighty power. Her guardian angel seemed to slumber, and silent, stupified, almost senseless, she yielded impassively to the stream of events which hurried her along. One only friend was with her—her faithful greyhound, who had contrived to elude the Argus eyes of Mrs. Freeman, in the carriage, and had kept close to his mistress ever since, now laid couched at her feet, and frequently, with the privileged boldness of an old favourite, pushed his long nose into her hand, as if to demand his accustomed caress. The parting footsteps of Sir George had scarcely died away, when a low sigh sounded through the room. Euthanasia gazed fearfully round; a female form stood by her, dressed in the well remembered habit of the Tyrol; at the moment the dog sprang up, and with a long, protracted whine gambolled towards the stranger, jumping and rolling, as if in the very madness of delight. A strange, indefinable awe gathered over the heart of Euthanasia; something there was so sudden, so spiritual, in the unheard of entrance of the stranger,—in the long unseen, yet still loved dress of her native home;—the agitation of the dog, too, was most unaccountable, and she tried to speak to him in vain; her tongue clove to her mouth, and she sat motionless, gazing upon her unlooked for visitor. There mute and still it stood, with face as deathly pale as the shrouded corpse, and dark, beseeching eyes fixed on Euthanasia; the raised hand was so transparent and thin, it hardly veiled the light from the

pallid brow; and something there was of dim remembrance about the figure, which haunted the mind of the terrified girl, like the vague phantoms of a dream, with which we struggle, but cannot break. At last, in low, sweet tones, the dreaded stranger spoke; there was a softness in her voice that instantly dispelled the horror of Euthanasia.

"Euthanasia," she said, "once again I am come to warn, to save you; the toils are set—the lure is laid; but the eye God slumbereth not; and the victim shall be rescued in triumph, even at the eleventh hour."

"What is it that you mean?"

"Have you then so soon forgotten me? or, does the change of dress efface all resemblance to the Sister of Charity? See, my child, it is for you that I have laid aside the holy habit, which I vowed never to change with life; this is the dress in which my false seducer lured me from my innocence and home; I have preserved it to weep over in anguish, by day and night, and now it will strike horror to his remorseless heart."

"You are deceived, good sister—believe me you are—he denies it most solemnly, most sincerely."

"Put it then to the proof,—I say to you, *that is the man* who, with treachery and foul falsehood, deceived and ruined me;—*that is the man* who too soon after reproached and scorned me for my guilt;—*that is the man*—she lowered her voice—"who, in a fit of ungovernable rage, struck a coward's blow to the heart. He had betrayed, and left me there to die. Do you doubt me?—behold the dagger, blazoned with his arms, and stained—lady, that crimson rust is from my blood!"

"Horrible! most horrible!" shuddered Euthanasia.

"With unsleeping love I have followed you here; by heavy bribes to those who are only faithful to the best purchaser, I have ascertained that an internal deception is in contemplation; this house is itself a sink of iniquity; those around you the basest of the base; I would have you save yourself."

"What would you have me to do?" asked the trembling girl.

"Give me that muffling cloak and veil, in which the false villain strove to steal you away; well and nobly did you resist his lures; give me now that veil, and take my place behind those curtains; if he do not verify my words, and accuse himself, let my punishment in another world be bitter as it has been in this."

Euthanasia put both hands to her forehead.

"I know not what is true or what is false; so many things are told me; so many contradictory assertions made, that I am stunned and confused between them. If you be honest, why this masquing and disguise? Why not meet him openly?"

"Because," replied the nun, sadly—"because I would have you assert your own dignity, and be your own salvation; but time wears, Euthanasia, I can make but one more appeal to you—had you—forgive this weakness—do you remember your mother?"

"My mother! gracious heavens! did you know her?"

"I did—I was—no, I was not her friend; but—but—hark! their steps are on the stairs—choose now, for the crisis is at hand?"

"Here, take the cloak and veil," exclaimed Euthanasia, throwing them off; "you knew my beloved—my sainted mother, and will not deceive her child; I trust you with my happiness—oh, beware!"

She retired, in deep emotion, behind the long curtains which hung over a bay window. The nun looked after her with a lingering gaze of sad affection, then hastily wrapping herself in the cloak, she seated herself where Euthanasia had been; and the greyhound who, with the wonderful instinct of the dog, had, after fifteen years, recognized his long lost mistress, laid himself contentedly down at her feet.

The door opened, and Sir George Belton entered,

with an eye brightened by anticipated triumph, accompanied by a man dressed in black, and an attendant. He ran forward to the supposed Euthanasia, and dropping on his knee, spoke to her in the softest tones which art or seduction could supply:

"My soul's best treasure, will you not forgive this feverish impatience of the heart that adores you? Behold this holy man, Euthanasia—will you not consent that he may secure to me a treasure, without which life is valueless? Oh! be above the weak scruples of your sex, and trust yourself to one who will shrine you in his heart of hearts! If I make you not now irrevocably mine, I feel that I shall forever lose you. My sister urges on the one hand—your father denies his consent on the other; Euthanasia, I will not survive your loss, and my blood will be on your head if you deny my prayer."

His deep voice sounded like distant music, and all was still when he ceased that ancient chaos seemed to reign throughout the apartment. Alas! there were two beating hearts there, whose wild pulsations almost stopped the breath of life.

"You do not speak—oh! let me read this gentle silence as a soft consent; give me your hand—it trembles, love—Euthanasia, can you fear to trust me? then hear me, eternal heavens, and so judge me God, who reignest there, if I have in aught deceived, or falsely spoken—if ever to mortal being I breathed before these words of passion, may the grave give up its mouldering dust, and the long buried dead appear to blast me!"

His hand was on the veil as he spoke; that and the cloak dropped at the moment, and the wretched victim of his guilt stood before him, as if his awful adjuration had been heard at the dread tribunal of God, and the earth given up its prey to confront him in his blasphemy. There she stood, in the very dress in which she had last past her husband's threshold, holding the damning proof of his atrocity, in the blood-stained dagger, with ashy brow, and fixed, glazing eye, as though she even now pleaded against him in the last, dreadful Judgment day of Earth. Backward rushed the horror-stricken man; the hair stood erect upon his head; his failing limbs shook beneath him; and the cold sweat dropped from his livid brow; groans burst from his heaving chest, as if his agony and awe precluded words. At last, with a howl like that of the eternally tormented, he cried,

"What want ye here? ye are rotten and dead, and the earth has covered ye! What want ye here? did I not feel your last quivering convulsions!—did I not hear your last gasp! Why do ye come to me?—I never loved ye—it was your happy husband that I hated. What do ye here?—I scorned thee—spurned thee—and trampled on thee!"

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," solemnly said the nun, "and I will repay it."

"Vengeance!" howled the infuriated wretch, "it is false as hell; there is no vengeance—no Lord—look at me—am not I blessed with every earthly good, and have I canted and prayed? Where is Eustace Selwyn—he who, because he was my superior and my benefactor, I hated—where is he, the generous and good—why forsaken—poor, miserable—perhaps dead—ha! ha! ha!"

"No, unhappy man," said the man who had been named as Mr. Freeman, entering and coming slowly forward—"No! Eustace Selwyn lives, to pity thee—to tell thee that, wronged and wretched as he has been, he has never been unsupported by his God, nor deprived of an unstained conscience—he lives to tell thee, miserable and baffled villain, that the hand of that all-seeing God has arrested thee in thy triumphant wickedness, and shielded the innocent with its buckler of power."

A noise, as of a heavy fall, interrupted the words of

Freeman; he and the half-fainting nun rushed towards the curtains, and the father lifted and brought out the insensible form of Euthanasia. Like a crushed flower she hung over his arm, her long dark hair streaming around her, as in sorrow; and while the anguished mother bent over her in speechless woe, a strong resemblance could easily be seen between their pallid faces. Sir George Belson, who had overcome the belief that he beheld the dead, struggled to assume again his daring audacity, and in satanic tones addressed the group—

"This is really a very dramatic performance; relationships are fast springing up between us. I am disappointed in establishing a very tender claim to that young lady's regard, so perhaps I may be more successful in claiming a title to her respect as a father."

"Man! man!" shrieked the woman wildly.

"Silence!" said Mr. Freeman, sternly: "heed not the maddened ravings of a disappointed villain; my child—my child, look up to bless your father with a word."

"Really, Lord Eustace—or Mr. Freeman, since I understand that is your *nom de guerre*—I beg to congratulate you on your acquisitions—a lady wife—no ghost, but very substantial flesh, as fair, as frail—but that's nothing; then there is your beautiful daughter—she will look rather coldly before company, no doubt, but once—"

"Once," said Euthanasia, raising herself with infinite dignity—"once, sir, she loved you with all the deep tenderness of a woman's heart, who pictured you as perfect as she wished you to be; but that time is past—the mask has fallen—the serpent has unrolled his hideous folds—and as I may be forgiven by my father, and my God, do I now infinitely spurn and from my soul despise thee."

Mr. Freeman looked with parental delight upon his lovely child, now more lovely in the dignity of mind, while the eyes of the erring mother were fixed upon her, as if their straining love would service even despair and death.

"Can this be possible?" asked Belson, in his most seducing tones; "do I hear this from the gentle Euthanasia? not thus, a few hours since, did she repulse my love."

"It is most true," replied the noble girl, firmly, "that love was then my glory, for I thought you worthy of it; now it is my shame and sorrow, that ever the whitening of the sepulchre could have hidden its foulness from me. Man, hear me repeat, that I willingly and forever renounce you—that I cast you from me as a thing even too vile to trample on!"

There was the conviction of truth in her words and manner; muttering a deep curse, Belson rushed from the room.

"Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace," sighed the erring woman, as she fell staggering to the floor. The strength of purpose which had hitherto upheld her now failed, and long worn and exhausted nature sunk beneath the tension; her mission was fulfilled; her penitence accepted; and the angel of mercy was rapidly loosing the earthly cords which held her struggling spirit from its rest.

Mr. Freeman and Euthanasia ran to support her; she looked up with a dying smile—

"To die thus, is to be most blessed—can'st thou forgive me, Eustace?"

"Forgive thee, Eloise—aye, as thine eternal Judge has forgiven thee. My child, kneel for your mother's blessing."

"My mother! Oh God! must I find her but to lose her—live—live, oh, injured saint! live, as now, to guard and save your child."

"My God! my God! I thank thee; my husband—my child—now again I dare to call them so—one last

embrace—may the eternal Lord of Heaven pardon my sins, and bless—bless—bless my”

It was over; the dying sinner had entered into peace. Over the agony of the bereaved child we throw a veil; it was long ere she would be torn away from the pale corpse.

Mr. Freeman having sought and found his terrified, sobbing, miserable wife, brought her to the scene. It was an awful contrast between the besmeared face, torn finery, and agitated sobs of the silly votary to folly, and the silent ashy corpse of her who had paid its fearful penalty. He took a hand of each, and spoke to them solemnly—

“Let not this dreadful lesson be lost; behold the end of vanity and pride; there kneel beside that lifeless clay, and ask those cold remains of all that was once lovely, happy, and innocent—ask them to reprove your maddening folly. Go each to the solitude of your chamber, and commune with your own heart in stillness; learn that the wages of sin is death, and pray that God may keep you out of temptation.”

Written for the Casket.

THE FIRST OF JUNE.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. —,

Occasioned by seeing her after a long absence.

The first of June, the first of June,
How sweet to memory it appears;
Even now shines forth the silver moon
As erst it shone in other years;
Even now her lovely light is cast
O'er flood and field, as when we met;
And when I gaze upon the spot,
By thee, perhaps, long since forgot,
The aged oak, the mossy seat,
By nature made for love's retreat,
And think of moments spent with thee,
Beneath that much loved, towering tree,
Ah! how can I forget?

Ah! how can I forget the past,
That o'er my soul a gloom hath cast?

Ah! how can I forget
The moonlight eve, the shady grove,
The vows, the sacred vows of love,
When hand in hand I pledged to thee,
All that thy own lips pledg'd to me;
That death alone—not all love's darts
Should ever sever our fond hearts;
That no proud rival e'er should find
A resting place in either mind;
That no obstruction e'er should be
A barrier to our constancy.

Ah! can I e'er forget the hour,
In love's all silent, sacred bowers,

When last we met?
No, never, till in death's retreat,
This fond heart shall have ceased to beat;
No, never till my memory
Shall sadly cease to dwell on thee,
And hope and bliss, and all are cast
In the wide ocean of the past,
Shall I forget the mossy seat,
The moonlight eve, and love's retreat,
The lonely walk, the antique door,
Where I into thine ear did pour
Affection's thrilling tale, and strove
To win thy gentle soul to love;

Nor did I strive in vain—to me
Thou did'st confide—oh, ecstasy!
The blissful words, that never, never
Should aught on earth our fond hearts sever.

Ah! those were days of happy youth,
My heart was pure, my words were truth;

I did not meanly sigh
To win the lovely flower, then fling
It from me, as an idle thing,
Upon the earth to die.

Oh no! I loved thee with a pure
And holy love, that must endure:
From boyhood's early day I gave
Myself to be thy willing slave;
I did not feel a bliss or care,
Thy bosom did not deeply share;
No kiss from other lips, no smile
Could e'er thy absent hours beguile:
For oft at midnight I have stole,
To gaze on thee, with all my soul—
To mark thy smile, and girlish glee—
To muse on love, and worship thee.

Oh! there is in the human heart

A cord, that vibrates in our youth;
It can to life more joy impart,
More peace, more pleasure, and more truth,
Than after years may ever prove—
It is the cord of youthful love;
Yet broken, once, it must remain,
It never can vibrate again.
Thus hath it been, thus have I known
Its ne'er to be forgotten tone:
For, since the hour I bowed to thee,
I've tasted nought but misery—
I saw thy loved, thy worship'd charms,
Given to grace a rival's arms—
I saw my happiest hopes take wing,
And felt, I was a blasted thing—
A wreck, cast off on life's dark tide,
To perish, without helm or guide;
And since that hour a wretch I've been,
But every fault, and every sin,
Ill-fated love gave origin.

Accursed jealousy
First bade me doubt thy sacred word,
Which love had pledged, and love had heard,
And pride my bosom's anger stirred,
To end in misery.

Since that dark hour a dreary gloom
Hath made my life a living tomb:
The flowers bloom not so brightly now,
As when I listened to thy vow,
The moonlight nights of June, to me,
Bring not the bliss they brought with thee;
And even nature seems to wear
A mournful sadness in her air.

Oh! I have sought the bubble, flame,
To banish from my heart regret;
But wealth, nor even the proudest name,
Can make me e'er forget
The happy hours, the blissful years,
Now changed to sorrows' sins and tears;
In dissipation's dreary wave
I plung'd to find oblivion's grave—

To find oblivion to the woe
That darkened all my life, but, oh !
The sting but sharper pierced my heart,
Keener became the demon's dart,
Till agony, remorse, and pain,
Bade me to virtue turn again.
I sought society and gave
To mirth the heart of love's fond slave;
But vain the task, for misery
Shone through the mask of mirth and glee;
I smiled with those that smil'd and bowed
At beauty's shrine, and talk'd aloud
With those who talk'd, but joy again
Knock'd at my weary heart in vain.

The years of hope and passion gone,
Are but the record of regret,
For I am left in life alone,
And never can forget
The happy scenes of sunny June,
The mossy seat, and silver moon,
The silent walk and shady grove,
Where first I won thy heart to love;
But fare-thee-well ! and may'st thou long
Be happier than the child of song !

MILFORD BARD.

ELIZABETH'S PROGRESSES.

Raleigh's magnificence in dress was carried to excess probably as much to gratify Elizabeth, who had a passion for finery, and loved to be surrounded by a brilliant court, as from predilection. He wore a suit of silver armour at the tourneys, his sword hilt and belt were studded with diamonds, pearls, and rubies, his court dress on occasions of state was said to be covered with jewels to the value of £60,000, and even his shoes glittered with precious stones. It was in this splendid apparel that he waited on his royal mistress as captain of her guard during those visits to the houses of her nobility, known by the name of the *Progresses*. It has been alleged against the Queen that such excursions impoverished the peerage; and under the pretence of conferring an envied distinction, were really intended to check the overgrown wealth of aristocracy, whilst they enriched the royal household. But this is considering the matter too deeply. Her object was, in the first instance, to become acquainted with her kingdom, to confirm and increase her popularity by travelling amongst her people, exhibiting her glory to them, accepting with condescension and delight their homage, and repaying it with offices of trust and emolument. When Cecil entertained her at Theobald's in 159, it was in expectation of being promoted to the secretaryship, though he was only gratified with the honor of knighthood. When Earl Hertford received his royal mistress at Elvetham, the magnificence he displayed was not thought by him too high a price to regain her favour, which had been long withdrawn. It was the age of solemn pageantry and splendid devices. Masques, triumphs, and dramatic exhibitions, in which there was a singular combination of Pagan imagery and mythology, with Gothic romances, were the chief amusements of the period. The business, as Bishop Hurd has well described it, was to welcome the Queen to the palaces of her nobles, and at the same time to celebrate the glory of her government; and what more elegant way of complimenting a great prince than through the veil of fiction, or how could they better entertain a learned one than by having recourse to the old practical story? Nor are masquemakers to be lightly censured for intermixing class-

cal fable with Gothic fancies,—a practice sanctioned by the authority of Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, and often accomplished with much grace and ingenuity. Elizabeth was in no usual degree acquainted with the writers of Greece and Rome, and well able to appreciate such allusions. She took delight in music, and loved the studied magnificence of these pageants, their intricate mechanism, their lofty conceits of high flown adulation addressed to her. The taste of the gravest men of the times gave a countenance to such past times. Sir Thomas Moore did not think it beneath him to compose pageants: and a letter of Lord Bacon is preserved, in which the philosopher appears as the representative of a dozen young gentlemen, of Gray's Inn who declare their willingness to furnish a masque, since the proposal of a joint one by the four inns of court had failed. Some idea of the magnificence of the presents made on such occasions may be formed from an account in the Sidney papers of the Queen's dining at Kew, the seat of Sir John Puckering, lord-keeper. "Her entertainment was great and costly. At her first lighting she had a fine fan presented to her, with a handle garnished with diamonds. When she was in the middle way between the garden-gate and the house, there came running towards her one with a nosegay in his hand, and delivered it to her with a short, well penned speech; it had in it a very rich jewel, with pendants of unfurled diamonds, valued at £400 at least. After dinner, in her private chamber, he gave her a pair of virginials, and in her bed-chamber presented her with a fine gown and uppin, which things were pleasing to her highness; and to grace his lordship the more, she for herself took from him a salt spoon, and fork of fair agate." During her reign, she visited Secretary Cecil at Theobald's twelve times; each of these royal favours cost him from £2,000 to £3,000; nor did she hesitate to remain a month or six weeks, receiving strangers and ambassadors, and entertained as bountifully as if she had been in one of her own places.

SUPERSTITIOUS CREDULITY.

A widow lady at Paris, aged 63, who lodged on a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue de la Ferroniere, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul, in a neighboring church. Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved, as she was known to be very rich, to share her wealth. One of them accordingly took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and not perceiving any one near, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed when she saw it signed Paul the Apostle, expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized saints engrossed the attention of the world, and robbed the primitive saints of their adoration; and to show his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from heaven, with the angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight in the evening. It seemed scarcely credible that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud; yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind! The infatuated lady believed the whole, and rose from her knee in transport to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoken and the sideboard set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about £400, did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a counsellor in Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid however was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him

if he would lend his plate that evening. The counsellor, surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamored of some fortune hunter who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected. The girl, alarmed for her mistress's honor, declared that her pious lady had no thought of a husband, but St. Paul having sent her a letter from heaven promising he and the angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her, and sending the maid with the plate had proceeded directly to the commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining they saw just before eight o'clock, a tall man dressed in long vestments with a white beard, and a young man in white with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach and go up to his sister's apartment.

The commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door and desired admittance. The lady replied that she had company and could not speak to any one. But the commissary answered that he must come in, for that he was St. Peter, and had come to ask St. Paul and the angel Gabriel how they came out of heaven without his knowledge. The divine visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more saints to join them; but the lady overjoyed at having so great an apostle with her ran eagerly to the door, when the commissary, her brother, and police guards rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests, and conducted them to prison. On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came on; when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expense—that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the cords put them into his pocket—that the razor was that with which he had constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend them from any insult to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the apprentice, whose master was a tooth drawer, merely had the gag, which they sometimes use in their business. These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail, and they were both acquitted.

But the counsellor, who foresaw what might happen, through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil powers, than the apparitor of the archbishop of Paris immediately seized them and conveyed them to the ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried and convicted of a most scandalous profanation by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearance of a holy apostle and a blessed angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well meaning woman to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a red hot iron, and sent to the gallees for fifteen years; a sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

FLUENT ORATORS.—It was a notion of Dean Swift's that a man with a multitude of ideas, could never speak well, whilst one with a limited number could address an audience without interruption. Ideas, he used pleasantly to say, were like a congregation in a church, the thinner they were, the less difficulty there was in emptying the church.

For the Saturday Evening Post. TO OSCAR,

In answer to his "Reflections of Fifty-nine."

Oh! say'st thou that those deep dyed locks
Are scathed by Time's relentless shocks,
And that some flakes of snow are thrown,
Where once thy full, dark beard had grown?
Thy cheek and brow, so dimmed with age,
And nearly o'er thy pilgrimage?
Why, if 'twere so, that gentle fire
Would leave, for aye, thy magic lyre;
Which never more could sweetly sing,
To roses of the coming spring;
These may be thoughts of fifty-nine,
But, gentle bard, they are not thine.
How many years have swept along,
Since from thy lyre a softened song,
In serenading cadence broke.
To which some starry eye awoke?
Its "gently awake, love," seemed to bear
A fairy warbling through the air;
Perchance 'twas breathed to Imogene,
That being of a magic scene;
She who was far more dear to thee,
Than any thing on earth could be;
Whose young, glad voice of mirthful tone,
Has seemed to thee like "music's own;"
Whose tresses, in their golden glow,
Fell down her graceful neck of snow;
Beauties that warm a heart like thine,
Not a cold breast of fifty-nine.
Oh! say not thou art growing old,
Not half thy life has yet been told;
But pleasure rings her bells for thee,
And hails thy merry song of glee;
While beauty dons her brightest smile,
Her never unsuccessful wile.
Hope, with her gilded beam of light,
And fame's undying chaplet bright,
And love, that never ending theme,
That essence of the poet's dream,
That murmur'd sound of every tongue,
That song that every bard has sung,
That ever watchful, gentle power,
Which gilds life's first and latest hour.
Yes, that can fondly, sweetly twine,
Even round a heart of fifty-nine.

LELIA.

SAILORS.—No race of beings so decidedly differ from every other in the world as sailors—no matter whether they belong to a king's ship, to a smuggler, or a merchantman. Though there may be shades among them, yet from the grand distinction between men of the sea and men of the land, it is impossible to confound them together. A seaman is ever so easily amused, so reckless of consequences, so cheerful amid difficulties, so patient under privations. His blue jacket is a symbol of enterprise and good humour. Even his nondescript hat—black, small and shining as a japanned button, adhering to his head by a kind of supernatural agency, with which landmen are unacquainted—can never be seen by a true born Englishman without feelings of gratitude and affection, which, at all events, no other hat in the world can command.—*Mrs. Hall's Bucc.*

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

Written for the Casket.

THE CAPTIVE'S DREAM.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A STUDENT.

—We are such stuff

As dreams are made of; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep.—SHAKESPEARE.

I scarcely know of a more delicious sensation than that which is experienced by a contemplative young man at college, when he has completed his afternoon lesson, and, after an early tea, takes his seat by a window of his room, commanding some mingled view of town and country, in the garniture of summer. Such a scene as is afforded at this hour, in a majority of those larger institutions of learning which are scattered through this country, and are for the most part placed in romantic situations, cannot be overpraised. The slanting sunlight, poured upon the distant hills, and illuminating with the radiance of departing day some intervening lake or river; the tranquilizing feeling which fills the mind on such occasions—and the calmness of nature, which then approaches as if in unison—all conspire to make the scene pleasant, and to fill the spirit, when waking, with imaginations of peace.

On such an evening as this, many years ago, I was leaning in dim abstraction by my casement, in the pleasant seminary of H——, one of the most delightful towns in our country. Before me, was extended a scene of surpassing beauty. A glittering bay spread its blue waste of waters in the distance, to the south; over which, like winged spirits, just on the verge of the horizon, moved a number of ships, their sails brightened in the evening sun. To the east, swelled up a delightful scene of mountains, broken precipitously, in some places bare with masses of dark rock; in others, clothed with heavy verdure to their summits, which waved with every breath of the refreshing wind that fanned their long array. Beneath me, lay a city of gardens, and of houses within them; an *urbs in rure*, whose streets were every where beautified with trees, and filled with aspects of neatness and quietude. Often as I had looked from that point upon the same objects, they never before had appeared to me so supremely charming. I looked, and mused; I hummed over the earliest songs that I had learned in my childhood, as one is apt to do when alone, until I became at last rapt in a complete reverie. Now and then, the landscape and the water would seem dim to my vision; anon it would brighten upon my view like a sunburst. At such an hour, however, the sweetest impressions are too vague to linger; the thoughts of the heart come and go like the clouds of the summer or the dews of the morning; as pleasing to the eye and as grateful to the bosom, but as fitful as they.

My thoughts, as they rose languidly and passed imperceptibly, for a few moments in my mind, at that time, I cannot describe. They came indolently, and their exit was tranquil. But this trance was destined to be of short duration. A garden, of which my window commanded a direct and delectable view, lay beneath my eye. It was attached to the residence of my first and only love; the divinity of my college

hours—cherished, even beyond my beau ideal of Hebe or the Venus de Medici. Sweet Florence Howard! I have seen many of thy sex, but none like thee! How often have I sat and watched the brightness of thy brow—the soft expression of thy dark blue eyes—the smile of innocent affection which parted thy ripe, thy blushing lips, only to disclose the radiant pearls between—the blush which mantled over thy peach-like cheek, until it seemed to think thy thoughts, and to portray every change of thy guileless spirit. Perhaps I may be thought a rhapsodist by the world: I can only say, I am writing of *thee*; and as my pen, moved by my heart, courses over the page which records thy loveliness, I feel *alone* in a world which *my* thoughts cannot move, and where my memories are of little value, for sadness or for sympathy!

I have said my window looked down upon the garden of the Howards. It was an Eden-like spot; filled with every thing, in the summer, that could delight the eye or the sense; pleasant walks, sparkling fountains, delicious fruits. Thither, in the cool of the day, as twilight was drawing in, it was the custom of Florence to walk with her little sister, and instruct her in her early botanical studies. At such times I caught her glance of recognition, as she looked up brightly towards my casement, and made the scene—like the “*beautious ladie*,” in Spencer's Fairy Poem—more beautiful as she smiled amidst its enchantments. On this occasion, her salutation, as our eyes met, appeared to me more fascinating than ever. Inimitable grace seemed to breathe in her every movement. She was dressed in simple white; one of those large red roses which you find sometimes in June, was placed carelessly in the braid of her rich auburn hair; and I felt a safety as I gazed upon her, that I was distant; for I thought, were I walking with her, in that sweet recess, I could scarcely refrain from stealing the rose, or from clasping the wearer to my bosom.

I was still lingering and gazing, when a turn in the walk hid Florence from my view. At that moment, I saw a dark form stealing down the avenue. When I caught a fair glimpse of the person, I discerned the features of a young man, a fellow student, a classmate, who had always regarded me with enmity, because, as he declared, I had usurped the affections of Florence Howard, which were likely, at one time, to have been bestowed upon him. This assertion, as I learned, he had trumpeted through the town; but I had been authorized by Florence to give it the fullest contradiction. We were both in our senior year; and the jar between us made much talk in the community; I had kept aloof from him, however; always deeming, that where we meet with the malignant or unworthy, the only course, after discovering them, is to let them go their own ways, consoling ourselves with the self-respectful sentiment that the world is large enough for us and them. Such were my thoughts towards Reginald Burnham. They were awakened, howbeit, in a different train, as I saw him in the garden, and haunting the footsteps of Florence Howard. What could he desire there, from one whom he had slandered unjustly with the name of coquette?

While these fancies were revolving in my mind, Florence emerged from the grove of fruit trees through which the walk led, and was proceeding alone to the furthest extremity of the garden, where were clustered together a few sprays of moss-roses, that received and repayed her peculiar care. Presently, Reginald's form also appeared from beneath the trees. My heart was in my eyes. I watched him intently, and observed, beneath the folds of his vest, the glittering barrel of a pistol. I sprang from the window in a moment: and swinging from the shutter, rested my foot upon the key-stone of the casement below: then grasping strongly the two fastening hooks of the blinds beneath, I was on the ground in the quickness of thought. I sped like a Centaur over the few yards between the college and the garden wall, over which I leaped with the ease of a practised voltigeur. Fear, and love for the object whose danger had awakened it, lent me wings. I rushed over flower beds and tender plants, without a care for their safety, and swiftly, though cautiously, approached the insidious Reginald. He was within a few paces of Florence, who had not observed him. I have since wondered how I had the presence of mind not to utter some exclamation of terror or indignation. Horror, perhaps, kept me silent. My approach to Burnham was unheard. Just as I thought I had neared him so closely as to place my arm upon his shoulder, he drew the pistol, which he was in the act of firing at the innocent and unsuspecting Florence. "Wretch!" I exclaimed, as I caught his desperate arm. He turned; his face was livid with passion. "D—n!" said he, sternly; "unhand me!" I held his arm with the fierceness of the tiger; he turned the pistol towards me; but with my left hand I warded it off, and it was discharged full in his temples; the blood coursed down over his neck and breast; I heard a faint shriek of horror: I saw him falling at my feet—I caught the deadly weapon from his hand as he fell—I knew no more.

When I was again restored to consciousness, I found myself in the office of the city magistrate. A coroner's inquest had been convened, and a verdict of wilful murder had been returned against me. In a few hours I was in prison; in a few days I was condemned to die.

The quick succession of these dreadful incidents stupified my mind, and made every thing about me seem shadowy and unreal. A horrid torpor seemed to rest upon my intellectual faculties; my face grew pale and leaden-eyed; and as some melancholy bat would come flitting at nightfall into my cell, and thousands of gloomy associations disturbed my languid senses; I felt like a condemned spirit, in its place of preliminary punishment.

At last, the time of my execution drew nigh. I counted the long, long hours, as they passed, and mingled into days—and the days as they blended into an aggregate of weeks, until my heart sunk within me. Every circumstance was against me, and I had no reason to hope for pardon. I had been found with the pistol in my hand; Reginald Burnham was known to be my rival, by his own declaration; and poor Florence, who fainted as soon as she turned to see us in mur-

derous strife, could give no account of what afterwards befel. I was left without mercy—a criminal, and alone.

One day, as the faint light of the sunset reflected from the opening corridor upon the grated window of my apartment, I heard the sweet sound of the city bells. What a throng of hal-lowed recollections did they awaken in my soul! I pictured to my fancy the throngs that were then pressing to the porch of the sanctuary over the fresh green which spread before it; and among them, perhaps, my Florence Howard. It was *my last Sunday*. The next Friday, I knew was the day on which I was to suffer. My heart was moved with a strange mixture of imagination and reality. I began to doubt my sanity. As the music of the bells continued to come, mildly and softly, to my ear, my heart melted, and I sobbed like a child. I was the inmate of a dungeon—branded as a murderer, and about to die with a stain upon my name. I leaned my head upon my hands, and sat down upon my low, damp bench, with an agony which was indescribable.

At this heavy moment, which seemed steeped with "winters of sorrow," I heard a light step approaching the door of my cell. In a twinkling it was opened, and I found myself in the presence of Florence Howard! Never had I beheld her look so lovely. She had come to release me. She had prevailed upon the jailer to favour her plans, so far as to permit her to visit my dungeon. Oh, God! who can describe the grateful surprise of that delightful interview! She had a key to unlock the door at the end of the corridor which opened into an obscure street, in the rear of the prison. All the town was at church; the street was dark, and the time propitious. Our design admitted of no delay. With the quickness of a breath, I drew my lacerated hand through the shackle which held me to the "lengthened chain" of my cell; and, in an instant, noiseless as the night, the door at the end of the corridor was opened—locked without—and I found myself in the open air of heaven, with the dearest object of my earthly affection! If I possessed the inspiration of that great apostle who was "in perils often," and always delivered, I could not describe my transport—my agony of delight—at that heavenly moment. I pressed my deliverer to my heart. We hastened towards the bay—a faithful servant with a carriage soon conveyed us to the boat, by the shore; and before I could indulge my feelings in words, we were on board a ship, that moved rapidly over the dancing waves, from the land. As we waved our adieu to the returning domestic, and saw the town and the mountains recede, we wept like children. The moon had arisen like a lamp of gold into the sky; the stars were burning along the blue abyss of heaven, as the Queen of Night careered among them, and threw her radiance upon the waters; the spicy airs from the shore breathed fragrance around us; and the distant verdure of the trees appeared waving, and smiling in joy at our freedom.

It seemed a brief interval, indeed, in which we stood at the prow, gazing upon the scene around us. Florence was standing with me; her white

hand was in mine, and with no one near us, she breathed her words of fidelity. It was, let me repeat it, a moment of unsullied rapture:—

"For as I pressed her gentle form,
And heard her faithful vow;
Her kiss upon my lip was warm—
Her tears were on my brow."

Suddenly, a low cloud, which had hung in the southern horizon, came upward into the zenith, murmuring as it rose: the winds freshened into a gale, and soon the lightnings began to cast their livid gleam upon the high and booming surges, that seemed to echo to the bellowing thunders, as they rolled over the turbulent waste of foam and darkness. The waves rose higher and higher—the ship reeled and plunged in the tempest—the waters rushed over the deck—I saw Florence swept from my grasp, without the power to save her—I attempted to follow, and—awoke in my cell.

My deliverance was but *the dream of a captive*—and, with a sick and heavy heart, I awaited the time of my execution.

It came at last. I was placed amidst a crowd, to be conveyed to the place where I was to suffer. I recollect seeing many friends among the multitude; and I heard from many lips, expressions of pity. My fellow students had collected in a band together; and I was informed by the officer, that they had prevailed upon the authorities to have me shot, instead of hanged.—A remnant of proud gratitude lingered in my bosom, that I was not to suffer the ignominy of being suspended between earth and heaven, as if unworthy of either.

The long procession came at length to a rising upland, at the distance of about half a mile from the town. I was removed from the carriage in which I had been placed, and which was followed by a hearse, and was led by the sheriff to a low platform, on the apex of a mound, in front of which, at the distance of a few yards, a file of soldiers, six in number, were drawn up in murderous array. Here I was requested to take a last look of the earth, before I knelt to have my eyes blindfolded upon the platform. I stood up, with a feeling as if "a thousand hearts were swelling" within me. It was about mid day: the glorious summer sun was unobscured by a cloud; and as I looked beyond the vast multitude about me, upon the distant hills, the mountains with the peaceful vales between them—the bay, sleeping in its calm beauty, a waste of blue so ethereal in its aspect as to seem another sky—I felt an elevated sentiment of conscious blood guiltlessness, and an assurance of mental strength which I cannot describe. I repeated to the crowd the facts of Burnham's death; I described how the deadly weapon had been turned upon himself in our struggle; and I concluded with these solemn words—they were expressed from the bottom of my heart: "I call heaven and God to witness that I am pure from any man's blood; I have made my life the forfeit of my duty; *I die innocent.*" As I said this, I saw, in a carriage near at hand, the father of Florence Howard. I drew from my finger a ring, which she had given me, and one from my

mother, both of which I wore. I gave them into the possession of the sheriff, with a request that they might be conveyed, by Mr. Howard, to the beloved givers—one of whom was far distant, on a bed of sickness; the other, in the same condition, though nearer at hand.

A prayer was now uttered; and the officer approached to bind my eyes. "No!" I exclaimed, with a voice tremulous from emotion—"I will die like a man, who knows his blamelessness, and is prepared to taste of death, with an unfaltering lip, and with a steadfast eye." I knelt upon the platform; I looked around, with unutterable sensations; for my bosom laboured as with the compressed agonies of a century of pain. To every one, life is dear; we shrink from the dark valley, even when we are most assured "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." I now bent my glance earnestly, and without wavering, upon the soldiers; the preparatory order of "*ready!*" and "*aim!*" tingled upon my ear, and sent the blood chill and curdling to my heart. "*Fire!*" I heard; then a peal of thunder burst upon my hearing; I saw with a dimming eye, the purple current of life gushing over my hands, which were folded on my breast—I attempted to speak—I struggled with the grim monster—I awoke!

Yes, reader, it was a summer vision, by my college window—a *dream within a dream*, which I cannot recal to my mind, even after the lapse of many years, without a shaking soul. It was all ideal, but the picture of Florence Howard, and the sketch of Burnham, who was afterward fain to ask my pardon for his original offences. The bells which I heard in my visionary prison, were those of the chapel for evening prayers; they fell upon my dreaming ear, and increased the trouble of my slumbers. I awoke to see the garden in reality, by a lovely moonlight; I have since lived to possess its fair tenant—to find her all that heart can desire; to enjoy an estate adjoining that beautiful enclosure; and to relate to a charming daughter, as she sits upon my lap, in the presence of her chastened and kind mother, the details of "*The Captive's Dream.*"

AVERAGE DURATION OF LIFE.—Nothing is more verbally uncertain than the duration of human life, where the maxim is applied to an individual: yet there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of a multitude of individuals. The number of deaths happening amongst persons of our own acquaintance is frequently very different in different years; and it is not an uncommon event that this number shall be double, treble, or even many times larger in one year than in the next succeeding. If we consider larger societies of individuals, as the inhabitants of a village or small town, the number of deaths is more uniform: and in still larger bodies, as among the inhabitants of a kingdom, the uniformity is such, that the excess of deaths in any year above the average number, seldom exceeds a small fractional part of the whole. In the two periods, each of fifteen years, beginning at 1780, the number of deaths occurring in England and Wales in any year did not fall short of, or exceed, the average number one-thirteenth part of the whole; nor did the number dying in any year differ from the number of those dying in the next by a tenth part.—*Babbage on the Assurance of Lives.*

EXTRACTS

From a new work, lately re-published in America, entitled "England in 1833," by the BARON D'HAUSSEZ, Ex-Minister of Charles X.

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Ten o'clock has already struck: the ladies, who have been more than an hour in the drawing-room, await, round the tea table, the end of the conversation which is still prolonged in the dining-room. Some strangers arrive; shake the hand of the mistress of the house, and exhibit a like politeness to such of the ladies present as they are acquainted with. They group themselves afterwards round the fire-place, to chat together if they are intimate, or if they have been introduced; that is to say, if their names have been interchanged by the friendly agency of a third person. Without this formality, custom does not sanction any intercourse between strangers. The dinner-guests enter the drawing-room one after another; they approach the ladies; they take coffee or tea, and sometimes *liqueurs*; they then form groups, and return to the eternal subject of politics, always, it must be admitted, discussed without violence or warmth, and with much forbearance towards opposite opinions. Some form parties to play at cards. Others approach the piano to hear a *sonata* coldly executed; or romances sung by voices often agreeable, but rarely animated; for in England music is not a passion nor even a taste. It is but an affair of *ton* and *convenience*, a means of killing time. Some of the ladies range themselves round a table covered with knick-knacks, which are passed from hand to hand with a lazy curiosity, and have no other merit than their exorbitant cost. How much better had the money squandered on them been applied to the purchase of clocks, wanting in all the English apartments, or to a more elegant species of furniture than that covered with printed calico, which one sees in the greater part of the best furnished *salons* of the capital.

Albums, chiefly composed of engravings and coloured lithographs, as well as caricatures, are turned over, till the moment when the sated appetite is again stimulated by the display of cold meats, confectionary, and fruits, in an adjoining room. Sometimes the sound of the piano provokes a country-dance, wherein figure those pretty persons who have at least borrowed from France the graces which have always distinguished her dancers.

The dress of English women differs very little from that of the French. Some additions of finery, some jewels of an equivocal taste, alone protest against the invasion of our fashions; but these exceptions cause the elegant *recherche* of the toilet, which distinguishes the ladies of the higher ranks of society to be more highly appreciated.

An English saloon presents in its *ensemble* and arrangement, a *coup d'œil* quite different from a French one, and without partiality it may be averred, that the comparison is quite in favour of the latter. The cause of this is owing to the grouping and incongruity of the English furniture; you seldom see the furniture of an English room uniform, rarer still is it to find it ranged in

order. Among a dozen chairs and *fauteuils* there are not two alike in height, size, and destination. The greater part of them are so low, that one falls down rather than sits: and a disagreeable effort is necessary to rise from this position. The posture of the body is accordingly ungraceful, and it provokes a negligence of manner which extends into the usages of society. A disuse of those immense and heavy *fauteuils*, which appear calculated to produce sleep rather than conversation, and the substitution of furniture better adapted to elegant society, would be a step made towards a nobler carriage. The distinctions heretofore established by the hierarchy of ranks are now hardly remarked. It is only in set parties that pretensions of this kind can be gratified; in the ordinary intercourse of English life they are not remarked.

French is spoken with much grace, and with evident complaisance towards foreigners, in almost all distinguished families. The English ladies, above all, speak it as their maternal language.

There is one English custom which makes a disagreeable impression upon a stranger on his admission to English society. He is not conducted down stairs; the master of the house, who scarcely comes forward to receive him when he enters, dispenses with the ceremony of accompanying him when he withdraws. English politeness confines its duties on this occasion to a pull of the bell, as a notice to the servant who is intrusted with the duty of doing the honours of the ante-chamber. In a word, if the saloons of London present less gaiety, noise, and bustle, than those of Paris, they exhibit a higher degree of courtesy towards social superiorsities, and particularly towards foreigners, who are received with cordiality and treated with distinction.

A BALL.

Great importance is attached to a ball in England; a long time before it takes place the newspapers announce it, and they entertain their readers with it after it is over. No detail escapes them, and the most pompous terms are employed to describe the most uninteresting circumstances—"Lady N." say they, "gave on such a day, at her magnificent mansion in Berkeley square, one of the most brilliant balls we remember to have witnessed. Her ladyship's long suite of superbly furnished apartments were thrown open on this occasion. In one of the rooms, the choicest refreshments were served with a profusion which did honour to the generosity and good taste of the noble hostess. The guests began to arrive at ten o'clock; at eleven o'clock the saloons were full. An hour elapsed ere the curiosity of the assembly had satiated itself in admiring the splendour of the decorations. At length Collinet's band was heard, and a great part of the company flocked towards the ball room.

"The seductive Miss —, wearing in her hair a garland of roses, and dressed in white satin; the graceful Miss Helen —, in a robe of scarlet crage; the exquisitely shaped Miss Adelaïde —, in a robe of black satin, and the lofty Lady —, in a robe *lamee*, in silver and gold, opened the ball with Lord —, Lord —, Sir William —, and Sir —."

"A splendid supper, consisting of every delicacy of the season, succeeded the refreshments served during the country dances. At four o'clock in the morning the company separated, deeply impressed with the graceful reception and refined politeness of the lady of the mansion, and the hospitality of her noble husband."

To this account of a ball, at which I was present, extracted from the principal London newspapers to which it had been officially sent, I will append a faithful recital of what I witnessed.

The house in which the *fete* was given, though handsome enough for an English mansion, was, nevertheless, of moderate size: by comparing its extent with the number of persons invited, it was obvious that (as at most of the London *fetes*) space was really wanting.

The receiving room was divided by a sliding partition, which was removed for the occasion. Two lustres lighted with about fifty wax candles, and reflected by handsome mirrors, contrasted disadvantageously with the deep red drapery of the saloon. Some vases of flowers lined the foot and angle of a staircase, which two people could scarcely ascend abreast.

Having made my appearance at half past ten o'clock, I found the master and mistress of the house alone, seated near the principal door of the *salon* awaiting the company, which did not arrive till eleven. Twenty large *fauteuils* and two sofas placed perpendicularly to the chimney, and in a very inconvenient position, were soon occupied. Two hundred ladies, detained at home by the tyranny of *bon ton* in all the *ennuis* of a domestic fireside till twelve o'clock, now filled the two *salons*. Beyond, was a small room, whose originally narrow dimensions were still further reduced by a table covered with caricatures, albums, and knick-knacks. This room communicated with a small ante-chamber, and led into a gallery crowning the staircase, on the steps of which the last comers ranged themselves in couples.

At twelve o'clock the ball room was thrown open. For a few minutes the other rooms were freed of the unpleasant crowd; but the respite was of short duration, for the carriages which every moment continued to set down fresh company in a ratio disproportioned to the extent of the apartments, obliged, at length, a part of the assembly to take refuge in the hall, which was quietly abandoned by the servants, these latter establishing their head quarters on the steps outside the door. To move was now impossible for those who had not the strength to use their elbows, or the courage to leave a portion of their dress in the midst of the crowd.

The supper room was thronged with people who could not make their way out: they who, dying with thirst, in vain attempted to enter this apartment, accused those within of immoderate appetite.

In the ball room there was the same crowding, the same suffocation, with this additional difference, that the male dancers opposed to the approach of the crowd effective *coup de pieds*, and the ladies a certain portion of their person, which shall be nameless. The orchestra was composed of a piano, a harp, violins, a violoncello, a trom-

bone, and a key organ, which mingled its sharp tones with those of the other instruments, and sometimes executed solos.

At three o'clock, such of the party as suffered most from suffocation, proceeded home. Two hours were consumed in getting up the equipages, owing to the confusion which reigned among them: at length, however, the owners entered their carriages, their dresses which three or four hours before were so smart, now all discomposed: but there was the day next the consolation of reading in their morning papers of the pleasures one was supposed to have had at the ball, and those details of it which one could not have observed there.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES

Addressed to one who will understand them.

Well may'st thou mourn, thou lonely one!

Life hath no charms for thee;

A blighted wreck of being—flung

Upon a troubled sea.

I marvel not thine eye is dim,

Or thy young cheek is pale,

For well I know the tenderest flower

Bends soonest to the gale.

Disease is preying on thy form,

And sorrow on thy soul—

In keen remorse and harrowing thought,

The heavy moments roll.

A guilty, wretched thing, thou art,

Doomed through this vale to roam;

Estranged from parents, and from friends—

An outcast from thy home.

The past's a scene of rayless gloom—

The present, one of tears;

The future opening to thy view,

A barren waste appears.

Why did my wandering footsteps stray,

To where thy haunt was made?

Why did I listen to thy voice,

In that lone, silent glade?

Or mark the burning tear-drops fall,

From thy dark, filling eye;

And hear thy youthful bosom heave

Contrition's lonely sigh?

Was it to make my bleeding heart

As desolate as thine?

And bow through life's fatuity,

At Sorrow's ebon shrine.

'Twas even so; and now I weep—

Yes, lady, weep for thee;

And for thy sum of wo and sin,

I pine in misery.

Enough—thy blasted form ere long

Shall rest beneath the storm;

And may the knell of thy decease,

Tell to the world mine own.

OSCAR.

Several explanations of casuists, to multiply the catalogue of sins, may be called amendments to the ten commandments.

Written for the Conker.

THOUGHTS ON THE LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

All will admit that the present is an age of discovery. The wonderful and novel improvements which are every day making in the circle of the arts and sciences, are strong proofs of the increased spirit of enterprise that exists in society. But perhaps it is not generally observed, that the march of rich intellectual refinement, and more polished acquirements, is not proportionate. Scientific researches are encouraged, to the almost complete and entire exclusion of literary pursuits; and the natural consequence is, that any great degree of excellence in the latter is very rarely attained. Without an adequate excitement, the mind grows weary in its course; and even genius, unassisted, will turn aside from its most congenial pursuit. Encouragement gives vigour to exertion—patronage is the fostering parent of merit.

"To the making of books there's no end," says Solomon, and, at the present period, his words are literally true. The press is daily teeming with the productions of the age; the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, as well as the professional erudite, all write. Authorship, as a distinct avocation, now scarcely exists—all are authors, and the pen is in the hands of all.

"If a young thought but shake its ear,
Or wag its tail, though starv'd it look,
The world the precious news must hear,
The presses groan, and lo!—A BOOK."

And yet it is strange, that in all this mass of embodied thought, there is so little of originality,—such a palpable annunciation of intellectual poverty. The stream of literature rolls on, accumulating, it is true, in its course, yet sweeping along indiscriminately good and bad fluids, which polluted or purified its waters at the fountain head.

I have as little desire, perhaps, as any one, to detract from modern merit, or to withhold from genius the laud it richly merits, simply because it did not make its appearance some ages sooner. I am no advocate for that species of pedantry which wishes to extol the fame of the past by decrying that of the present—to build an ancient triumphal arch from the desolate ruins of the modern edifice. But still it is a truth, too manifest to be denied, that many, even of our best writers, have not depended upon the exhaustless resources of their own minds for the first conception, the material of thought, or the after polish and embellishment, of many of the works which they have presented to the world, to deceive an indulgent public. They have gathered the ideas which were first propagated, and caught the spirit which first shone forth, when the poets and orators of Athens, and the mathematicians of Syracuse, stood alone in the field of knowledge, the boundless empire of mind. Many a gem which now glitters in the sparkling diadem of wit, has been drawn from the deep mines of classic lore; and many a sprig of laurel which decks the brow of science, has been culled from the wreath worn by the hoary headed sages of antiquity. The Heliconian fount has furnished a source for many a rhyming rivulet of the pre-

sent day; and not a few inhale their poetic inspiration from the pages of Grecian bards. Greece has, with truth, been styled "The birth place of literature—the cradle of science." It was there the seeds of learning were first sown—marital Rome nourished the gem—and we participate in the rich fruits of the matured harvest.

I will not pretend to assert that *all* the writers of the present age are without claims to originality; this would be saying more, perhaps, than facts would authenticate; yet I may say with the greatest safety that few, very few, have struck out for themselves an untrodden and new path to the pinnacle of fame. Most men find the road to literary eminence rugged and steep, and they think (and justly too) it easier to plant their steps in the footpaths of the untiring genius who has gone before, than to attain the envious summit by their own persevering, unenvied efforts. Indolence whispers, who would toil in the mid-day heat, to erect a protecting canopy, when he may repose in the inviting shade of another's lawn? And who would ransack the storehouse of his own talent, when he may, with little fear of detection, dazzle the eyes and glaze the judgment of an admiring public with the splendid productions of his plagiarism?

True it is that we have many who shine with much brilliancy in the dazzling horizon of literature, and who reflect much honour upon the age and the country which gave them birth. But what are these, compared with the host of trifling scribblers which swarm throughout the whole extent of our country? The lustre and splendour of the former serve but to show in striking contrast the insignificant importance of the latter.

Nor is this intended as a mere comparison between those two great classes of authors, the moderns and ancients; for I believe, if calm investigation were made of the comparative merits of the two, that the former would suffer little from the inquiry. But I refer more particularly to the present existing state of literature, as contrasted with what it was in those times in which a Milton, a Dryden, an Addison, and a Pope, were numbered among its ornaments. I cite Britons as examples, because English literature and ours must, for many causes, ever be intimately connected. And who have we now to compare with these men? How many authors have we, who, like them, can display their own peculiar genius—their own singular excellency? They drank deep of the classic fount, but it was only to enrich the flow of grace with which they were before inspired;—they plucked the choicest flowers from the ancient garden, but it was only to deck that which was in itself intrinsically good and elegant;—they perfected the half-conceived images of those who had gone before them, and by polishing and improving made them their own property. They are not carried away by a blind and foolish admiration; but relying on the strength of their own native powers, they scorned that base and servile spirit of imitation, which characterises too many writers of the present day.

And why has this spirit obtained a place amongst us? The reason is not difficult of discovery: "the bold and daring flight of genius" is no longer attempted. Men cease to employ

those means which can alone confer superiority; and shrink from encountering those obstacles which make arduous the way of greatness. They bestow little labour to the improvement of nature's gifts—and inferiority is the natural and inevitable consequence. They are satisfied with chasing gaudy butterflies in their sportive flutterings, when they should be following the soar of the tempest-nursed eagle.

But this will never do for America's youth. The literary horizon is expanding—a wide theatre is opening for the display of talent; and it will not be long till the whole energy and power is called into vigorous action. Then trifling will no longer be admissible—superficial attainments will be treated as futile and worthless—and the palm of merited superiority earned before it is awarded. He who is truly learned, will alone be truly great. Those who are now the few brilliant characters of which we boast, shall then be but a small part of a mighty phalanx which will support and push forward the standard of enterprise and improvement.

A. L. M.

THE PATH WAY OF LIFE.

Translated from the German of J. F. Fager.

The path of life! what is the path of life?
Where is its origin, and where its end?
Its origin's in the clouds, no mortal eye
Can penetrate; its end's a mystery.
To all, save Him who rules the universe.
The path's a weak, attenuated thread,
Extended o'er a deep and horrid gulf:
And yet some sport upon the dangerous road.

I saw it thus, e'en when the shades of night
Were all around me, but my wandering eyes
Saw clearer then, than when the radiant sun
Shed his effulgence o'er this nether earth:
'Twas no illusion—nay, 'twas awful truth.
The paths were numberless, and from the mists
Kept issuing forth a strange and motley crowd;
Each chose a path, and as the ends were hid,
Each sanguinely supposed his would be long;
But some were lost ere they had scarce began
The toilsome journey; and while yet there seem'd
An unseen length, the low'ring clouds would close
Around their ferns.

Why will ye sport?

My soul ejaculated; see the abyss—
The raging gulf; beware, nor dare your fate.
A few the clouds left free to heed their steps;
Forward they look'd, nor even turned to gaze
Upon the follies of the multitude.
Where bound? I asked: "To that celestial shore,
Where the immaculate white praises sing.
As long as God endures: Take heed! take heed!"
I look'd, and lo! I stood upon a thread,
Frail as the frailest, but the warning voice—
"Look only forward!"—sounded in my ears.
I look'd before me with intensest gaze,
And as I look'd, a burst of glorious light,
To which the sun is lustreless, the dense,
Black clouds divided, and I caught one glimpse
Of the fair haven of the Christian's hope.

SCHILLER.

A DIGNITY BALL.

The governor's ball was very splendid, but the ladies were rather sallow from the effects of the climate. However, there were exceptions, and on the whole it was a very gay affair; but we were all anxious to go to the *dignity* ball of Miss Betsy Austin. I slipped away with three other midshipmen, and we soon arrived there. A crowd of negroes were outside of the house, but the ball had not yet commenced, from the want of gentlemen, the ball being very correct, nothing under mulatto in colour being admitted.—Perhaps I ought to say here, that the progeny of a white and a negro is a mulatto, or half and half, of a white and mulatto, a *quadroon*, or one quarter black, and of this class the company were chiefly composed. I believe a quadroon and white makes the *mulatto* or one-eighth black, and the *mulatto* and white, the *mustee*, or one sixteenth black. After that they are *white washed*, and considered as Europeans. The pride of colour is very great in the West Indies, and they have as many quarterings as a German prince in his coat of arms; a quadroon looks down upon a mulatto, while a mulatto looks down upon a *sambo*, that is, half mulatto half negro, while a *sambo* in his turn looks down upon a *nigger*. The quadroons are certainly the handsomest race of the whole, some of the women are really beautiful: their hair is long and perfectly straight, their eyes large and black, their figures perfection, and you can see the colour mantle in their cheeks quite as plainly and with as much effect as in those of a European. We found the door of Miss Austin's house open, and ornamented with orange branches, and on our presenting ourselves, were accosted by a mulatto gentleman, who was, we presumed, "usher of the black rod." His head was well powdered, he was dressed in white jean trowsers, a waistcoat not six inches long, and an half-worn post-captain's coat on, as a livery. With a low bow, he "took the liberty to trouble de gentlemen for de card for de ball," which being produced, we were ushered on by him to the ball-room, at the door of which Miss Austin was waiting to receive her company. She made us a low curtsy, observing, "She really happy to see de *gentlemen* of de ship, but hoped to see de *officers* also at her *dignity*."

This remark touched our *dignity*, and one of my companions replied "that we midshipmen considered ourselves officers, and no *small* ones either, and that if she waited for the lieutenants she must wait until they were tired of the governor's ball, we having given the preference to her's."

This remark set all to rights, sargaree was handed about, and I looked around at the company. I must acknowledge, at the risk of losing the good opinion of my fair countrywomen, that I never saw before so many pretty figures and faces. The *officers* not having yet arrived, we received all the attention, and I was successively presented to Miss Eurydice, Miss Minerva, Miss Sylvia, Miss Aspasia, Miss Euterpe, and many others, evidently borrowed from the different men-of-war which had been on the station. All these young ladies gave themselves all the airs of Almack's. Their dresses I cannot pre-

tend to describe—jewels of value were not wanting, but their drapery was slight; they appeared neither to wear or to require stays, and on the whole, their figures were so perfect that they could only be ill-dressed by having on too much dress. A few more midshipmen and some lieutenants (O'Brien among the number) having made their appearance, Miss Austin directed that the ball should commence. I requested the honour of Miss Eurydice's hand in a cotillion which was to open the ball. At this moment stepped forth the premier violin, master of the ceremonies, and ballet-master, Massa Johnson, really a very smart man, who gave lessons in dancing to all the "Badian ladies." He was a dark quadron, his hair slightly powdered, dressed in a light blue coat thrown well back, to show his lily white waistcoat, only one button of which he could afford to button to make full room for the pride of his heart, the frill of his shirt, which was inclined *au Jabot superb*, four inches wide, and extending from his collar to the waistband of his nankeen tights, which were finished off at his knees with huge bunches of ribbon; his legs were encased in silk stockings, which, however, was not very good taste on his part, as they showed the manifest advantage which an European has over a coloured man in the formation of the leg: instead of being straight, his shins curved like a cheese-knife, and, moreover, his leg was planted into his foot like the handle into a broom or scrubbing-brush, there being quite as much of the foot on the heel side as on the toe side. Such was the appearance of Mr. Apollo Johnson, whom the ladies considered as the *ne plus ultra* of fashion, and the *arbitræ elegantiarum*. His *bow-tick*, or fiddle-stick, was his wand, whose magic rap on the fiddle produced immediate obedience to his mandates.—"Ladies and gentlemen, take your seats." All started up. "Miss Eurydice, you open de ball." Miss Eurydice had but a sorry partner, but she undertook to instruct me. O'Brien was our *vis-à-vis* with Miss Euterpe. The other gentlemen were officers from the ships, and we stood up, twelve chequered brown and white, like a chess-board. All eyes were fixed upon Mr. Apollo Johnson, who first looked at the couples, then at his fiddle, and, lastly, at the other musicians, to see if all was right, and then with a wave of his *bow-tick* the music began. "Massa lieutenant," cried Apollo to O'Brien, "cross over to apposite lady, right hand and left, den figure to Miss Eurydice—dat right; now four hand round. You lilly midshipmen, set your partner, sir; den twist her round; dat do, now stop. First figure all over." At this time I thought I might venture to talk a little with my partner, and I ventured a remark; to my surprise she answered very sharply, "I come here for dance, sar, and not for chatter; look, Massa Johnson, he tap um *bow-tick*." The second figure commenced, and I made a sad bungle; so I did of the third, and fourth, and fifth, for I never had danced a cotillion. When I handed my partner to her place, who certainly was the prettiest girl in the room, she looked rather contemptuously at me, and observed to a neighbour, "I really pity de gentlemen as come from England, dat no know how to dance nor nothing at all, until am hab instruc-

tion at Barbadoes." A country dance was now called for, which was more acceptable to all parties, as none of Mr. Apollo Johnson's were very perfect in their cotillion, and none of the officers, except O'Brien, knew any thing about them. O'Brien's superior education on this point, added to his lieutenant's epaulet and handsome person, made him much courted; but he took up with Miss Eurydice after I had left her, and remained with her the whole evening, thereby exciting the jealousy of Mr. Apollo Johnson, who it appears was amorous in that direction.—Our party increased every minute: all the officers of the garrison, and finally, as soon as they could get away, the governor's aid-de-camps, all dressed in *myfili* (i. e. plain clothes.) The dancing continued until three o'clock in the morning, when it was quite a squeeze, from the constant arrival of fresh recruits from all the houses in Barbadoes. I must say that a few bottles of Eau de Cologne thrown about the room would have improved the atmosphere. By this time the heat was terrible, and the *mopping* of the ladies' faces everlasting. I would recommend a *dignity ball* to all stout gentlemen who wish to be reduced a stone or two. Supper was now announced, and having danced the last country dance with Miss Minerva, I of course had the pleasure of handing her into the supper room. It was my fate to sit opposite to a fine turkey, and I asked my partner if I should have the pleasure of helping her to a piece of the breast. She looked at me very indignantly, and said, "Curse your impudence, sar, I wonder where you learn manners. Sar, I take a lilly turkey *bosom*, if you please. Talk of *breast* to lady, sar; really quite horrid." I made two or three more barbarous mistakes before the supper was finished. At last the eating was over, and I must say a better supper I never sat down to. "Silence, gentlemen and ladies," cried Mr. Apollo Johnson, "wid de permission of our amiable hostess, I will purpose a toast. Gentlemen and ladies—You all know, and be so you don't, I say that there no place in de world like Barbadoes. All de world fight against England, but England nebber fear; King George nebber fear, while *Barbadoes tand tiff*. Badian fight for King George to last drop of him blood. Nebber see de day Badian run away; you all know dem Frenchmans at San Lucce, give up Morne Fortune, when he hear de Badian volunteer come against him. I hope no fence present company, but um sorry to say English come here too jealous of Badians. Gentlemen and lady—Barbadian born ab only one fault—he *really too brave*. I purpose health of 'Island of Barbadoes.'" Acclamations from all quarters followed this truly moderate speech, and the toast was drank with rapture; the ladies were delighted with Mr. Apollo's eloquence, and the lead which he took in the company.

O'Brien then rose and addressed the company as follows:—"Ladies and gentlemen—Mr. Poll has spoken better than the best parrot I ever met with in this country, but as he has thought proper to drink the 'Island of Barbadoes,' I mean to be a little more particular. I wish, with him, all good health to the island, but there is a charm without which the Island would be a de-

sert—that is, the society of the lovely girls which now surround us, and take our hearts by storm—(here O'Brien put his arm gently round Miss Eurydice's waist, and Mr. Apollo ground his teeth so as to be heard at the furthest end of the room.)—therefore, gentlemen, I will propose the health of the 'Badian Ladies.'" This speech of O'Brien's was declared, by the females at least, to be infinitely superior to Mr. Apollo Johnson's. Miss Eurydice was even more gracious, and the other ladies were more envious.

Many other toasts and much more wine was drank, until the male part of the company appeared rather riotous. Mr. Apollo, however, had to regain his superiority, and after some heave and haws, begged permission to give a sentiment. "Gentlemen and ladies, I beg to say:

"Here's to the cock who make lub to de hen,
Flutters him wing and make lub again."

This sentiment was received with rapture, and after silence was obtained, Miss Betsy Austin rose and said—"Unaccustomed as she was to public 'peaking, she must not set 'till and not tank de gentleman for his very fine toast, and in de name of de ladies she begged leave to propose anoder sentiment, which was—

"Here to de hen what nebber refusea,
Let cock make lub whenebber he chooses."

If the first toast was received with applause, this was with enthusiasm; but we received a damper after it was subsided, by the lady of the house getting up and saying—"Now, gentlemen and ladies, me tink it right to say dat it time to go home; I nebber allow people get drunk or kickup bobberty in my house, so now I tink we better take parting glass, and very much obliged to you for your company."

As O'Brien said, this was a broad hint to be off, so we all now took our parting glass, in compliance with her request, and our own wishes, and proceeded to escort our partners on their way home. While I was assisting Miss Minerva to her red crape shawl, a storm was brewing in another quarter, to wit, between Mr. Apollo Johnson and O'Brien. O'Brien was assiduously attending to Miss Eurydice, whispering what he called soft blarney in her ear, when Mr. Apollo, who was above spirit-boiling heat with jealousy, came up, and told Miss Eurydice that he would have the honor of escorting her home.

"You may save yourself the trouble, you dingy gut-scraper," replied O'Brien, "the lady is under my protection, so take you ugly black face out of the way, or I'll tell you how I treat a 'Badian who is really too brave."

"So elp me God, Massa Lieutenant, 'pouse you put a finger on me, I show you what Badian can do."

Apollo then attempted to insert himself between O'Brien and his lady, upon which O'Brien shoved him back with great violence, and continued his course towards the door. They were in the passage when I came up, for hearing O'Brien's voice in anger, I left Miss Minerva to shift for herself.

Miss Eurydice had now left O'Brien's arm, at his request, and he and Mr. Apollo were standing in the passage, O'Brien close to the door, which was shut, and Apollo swaggering up to

him. O'Brien, who knew the tender part of a black, saluted Apollo with a kick on the shins, which would have broken my leg. Massa Johnson roared with pain, and recoiled two or three paces, parting the crowd away behind. The blacks never fight with fists, but butt with their heads like rams, and with quite as much force. When Mr. Apollo had retreated he gave his shin one more rub, uttered a loud yell, and started at O'Brien, with head aimed at O'Brien's chest, like a battering ram. O'Brien, who was aware of this plan of fighting, stepped dexterously on one side, and allowed Mr. Apollo to pass by him, which he did with such force, that his head went clean through the pannel of the door behind O'Brien, and there he stuck as fast as if in a pillory, squealing like a pig for assistance, and foaming with rage. After some difficulty he was released, and presented a very melancholy figure. His face was much cut, and his superb Jabot all in tatters; he appeared, however, to have had quite enough of it, as he retreated to the supper room, followed by some of his admirers, without asking or looking after O'Brien.

But if Mr. Apollo had had enough of it, his friends were too indignant to allow us to go off scot-free. A large mob was collected in the street, vowing vengeance on us for our treatment of their flash man, and a row was to be expected. Miss Eurydice had escaped, so that O'Brien had his hands free. "Cam out, you hangman teifs, cam out; only wish had rock stones, to mash your head with," cried the mob of negroes. The officers now sallied out in a body, and were saluted with every variety of missile, such as rotten oranges, cabbage-stalks, mud, and coconut shells. We fought our way manfully, but as we neared the beach the mob increased to hundreds, and at last we could proceed no further, being completely jammed up by the niggers, upon whose heads we could make no more impression than upon blocks of marble. "We must draw our swords," observed an officer.—"No, no," replied O'Brien, "that will not do; if once we shed blood, they will never let us get on board with our lives. The boat's crew by this time must be aware that there is a row."—O'Brien was right. He had hardly spoken, before a lane was observed to be made through the crowd at the distance, which in two minutes was open to us. Swinburne appeared in the middle of it, followed by the rest of the boat's crew, armed with the boats' stretchers, which they did not aim at the head of the blacks, but swept them like scythes against their shins. This they continued to do, right and left of us, as we walked through and went down to the boats, the seamen closing up the rear with their stretchers, with which they ever and anon made a sweep at the black fellows, if they approached too near. It was now broad day-light, and in a few minutes we were again safely on board the frigate. Thus ended the first and last dignity ball that I attended.

A PROVERB is a kind of national characteristic, as well as a general truth. The Spanish draw theirs principally from beggary or religion; the Italians from politics and love; the French from gallantry and politeness; the English from thrift.

From *Outre-Mer*, or, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW, Esq.

JACQUELINE.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKESPEARE.

"Dear mother,—is it not the bell I hear?"

"Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers. It is Sunday to-day."

"I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again—louder—louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There; the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church bell—oh mother,—it reminds me of the holy sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother."

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees and a slight breeze wafted to the sick-chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved,—but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct;—then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding, and imploring pardon for sin;—and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven,—and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard,—trembling, thrilling, and raising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—What touching paths!—The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be wrapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion!—Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell snote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her,—her hands were elated,—her eyes closed,—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only, that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and, going to the bed side of her child, threw her arms around her, and burst into tears.

"My dear mother, I shall not live long—I feel it here. This piercing pain—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe."

"My child, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears and pain and sorrow will be over. I have just heard what I

shall never hear again on earth. Next sabbath mother, kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness, but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think mother, that I am there,—with my sweet sister who has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy—oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Annie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful!—I always pray, that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But oh—this pain—this cruel pain—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me I shall die in peace."

"My poor child!—God's holy will be done!"

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons, between whom this scene passed, were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighborhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *Maison De Sante* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the suffering, but uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious; and toward evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for: and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil and the vase containing the consecrated wafers were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said in a slow and solemn tone:

"The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him?"—

"It is, father."

"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"

"Holy father, no."

"Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life."

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit seemed to resist the wise providence of God,—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened,—the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded:

"And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer.—Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?"

"I believe."

And all present joined in the solemn response—

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the Son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God,—three persons, and one God?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word or deed?"

"I pardon them."

"And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbor for all offences thou has committed against them either in thought, word, or deed?"

"I do!"

"Then repeat after me; O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay; but according to thy holy promises be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression."

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said;

"Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam."

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice;

"Amen!"

The priest then took from the silver box on the table a little golden rod, and dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet and breast in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

"Between two worlds life hovered like a star,

"Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick chamber; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eye-lid—not a trembling of the lip—not a shadow on the marble brow told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this.

"There's a perpetual spring—perpetual youth;
No joint-beaumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine, nor age have any being there."

HIPPOPOTAMUS HUNTING.

The following account of an African hunt, may interest sportsmen. It appears to be a somewhat laborious and dangerous sport.

As all our attempts to obtain an hippopotamus had hitherto failed, and as we were not likely to meet with another opportunity, this being our last visit to Delagoa Bay, a party of officers volunteered for the chase, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the Albatross. The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties were, however, formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing; a body of men armed at all points

with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walked on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their game, who, blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the bottom for their retreat, but from which the hunters' lances soon expelled them: until ultimately driven upon dry ground; where a running contest commenced, the beast sometimes being pursued and at others pursuing.

This lasted for sometime; but still there were no signs of man's boasted pre-eminence! not an animal had the party secured dead or alive. * * * At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not above two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party having lined the banks to prevent their taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but timid animals, attempted to pass them, set up a shout, which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, collecting a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwieldy as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and unceasing fire to which they were exposed. The one-pound gun occasionally furrowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed by a shower of pewter musket balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught uninjured in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavoring to escape through the land party; but soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat; but again they contrived to separate them, and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire, succeeded in redeeming it from their grasp and bearing it off, although herself in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.

On their return to the schooner along the banks of the river, passing near a spot where an hippopotamus had been seen sporting in the water, a rustling was heard in the reeds, as if the animal had retreated thither on the discharge of their pieces. Messrs. Arlett and Barrette, with two of the seamen, immediately followed with the view of driving him out. The former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in the pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, "here he is!" The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed and in a few seconds Mr. Barrette rushed from the reeds with his face covered with blood and calling aloud for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant alarmed at their number, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state that may more easily be imagined than described. He was stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes staring from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death.

Every attention was immediately paid to him, but it was long feared that the vital spark had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses, and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence that had led to his pitiable state. It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his

situation, but immediately on making his discovery, he uttered the exclamation heard by his companions of "here he is!" This had hardly escaped him, when he discovered that instead of an hippopotamus, he was almost stumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air and the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted his escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gesture, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and striking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, "an elephant! an elephant!" until closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruised his ankle.

As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose and limped with pain, attempting once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chaffing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot on his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjectures being perfectly in accordance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

Mr. Arlett was with much care instantly conveyed on board the schooner, when, on examination, it was found that his body was severely bruised, yet no bones were broken, excepting the fibula of the left leg, which was supposed to be slightly fractured. It appeared that the elephant on his return to Mr. Arlett had filled his trunk with mud; which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into the stomach. It was this that produced the inflated appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.

When he encountered the elephant, he had a rifle in his hand, but he was too close to fire, knowing as he did that in case of failure his destruction would be certain, for, when wounded, the desperation of this animal is fatal to all. Upon conveying him to the boat, this rifle was forgotten, and a party of four sent to recover it. They had just succeeded, and were about to return, when the elephant rushed in amongst them. The first and second men fired without effect, but the ball of the third fortunately injured him.

From Wild Sports of the West of Ireland.

"In 181—" said my kinsman, "a gentleman with his family left Dublin, and removed to an extensive farm he had taken in the wild and troublesome barony of ——. There was no dwelling-house procurable for some time, and the strangers took up their residence in a large cabin upon the road-side, about a mile distant from the little town of ———-ford."

"It was naturally supposed that, coming to settle in a strange country, this gentleman had brought money and valuables along with him; a gang of robbers infested that lawless neighbourhood under the command of the notorious Captain Callagher, and they marked out the stranger for a prey."

"This new settler had been married but a few months, and his wife was a young and lovely woman. On the third night after their arrival they retired at their customary hour to rest—he slept upon the ground floor, and the lady and her female attendants occupied some upper chambers."

"It was past midnight; the unsuspecting family buried in deep repose, when Mr. ——— was fearfully awakened by a stone shattering the window and breaking the looking-glass upon the table. He was, unhappily, a nervous, timid man; he was aware that the house was being attacked; a loaded carbine lay within his reach, but he appears to have abandoned all hope or thought of defending himself—he heard the crashing of the cabin-windows—he heard the appalling sound of women's shrieks—but, trembling and agitated, he had not power to leave his bed."

"Never did a more dastardly gang attack a house than Callagher's. After every window was driven in, more than half an hour elapsed before one of them would attempt to enter, although no show of resistance had been offered by the inmate of the house. The cowardly villains would occasionally peep through the shattered casement, and instantly withdraw."

"A single blow struck with good effect, one shot from the loaded carbine, would have scattered the scoundrels and saved the family from plunder and a dreadful insult. But the unhappy man, paralyzed with terror, lay in helpless imbecility upon his bed, and the banditti, satisfied that no resistance would be offered, at last made good an entrance."

"They lighted candles, bound the unfortunate gentleman, left him half dead with terror, and proceeded to ransack the premises. Soon after shrieks from the lady's chamber announced their being there. They drank wine, and broke every place and thing in the expectation of plunder."

"But unfortunately, they were disappointed; I say unfortunately, as, had they found money, it is possible the lady would have been preserved from insult. Maddened by liquor, and disappointed in their expected booty, the helpless women were subjected to savage insult."

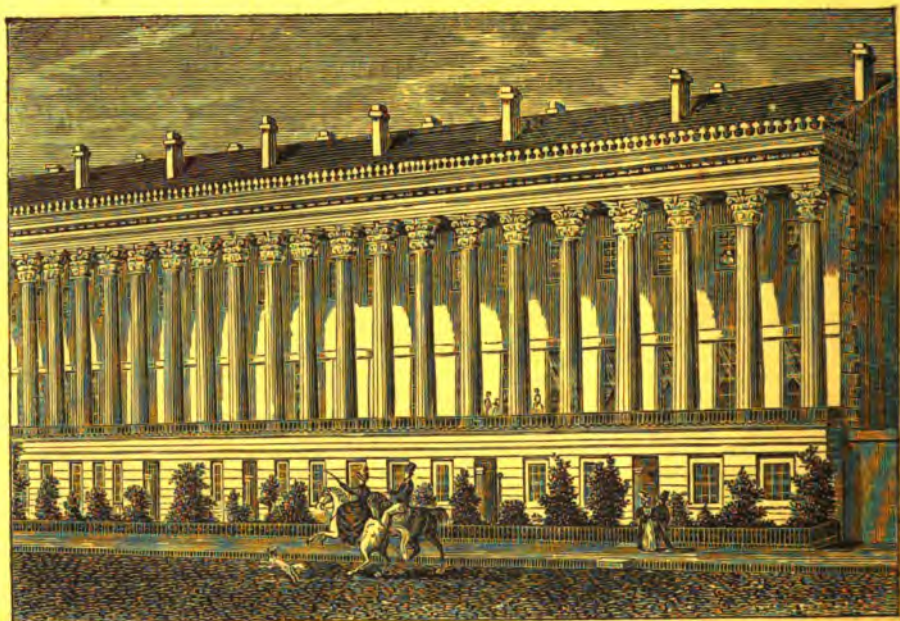
"What must have been the wretched man's sufferings, as he listened to the supplications of his beautiful wife for pity?"

"After a dreadful visit of three hours, the ruffians left the house. Their apprehension was almost immediate. I was present at the trial, and the testimony of that beautiful woman, who sat on the bench beside the judge, with the evidence of the wretched husband, was melancholy."

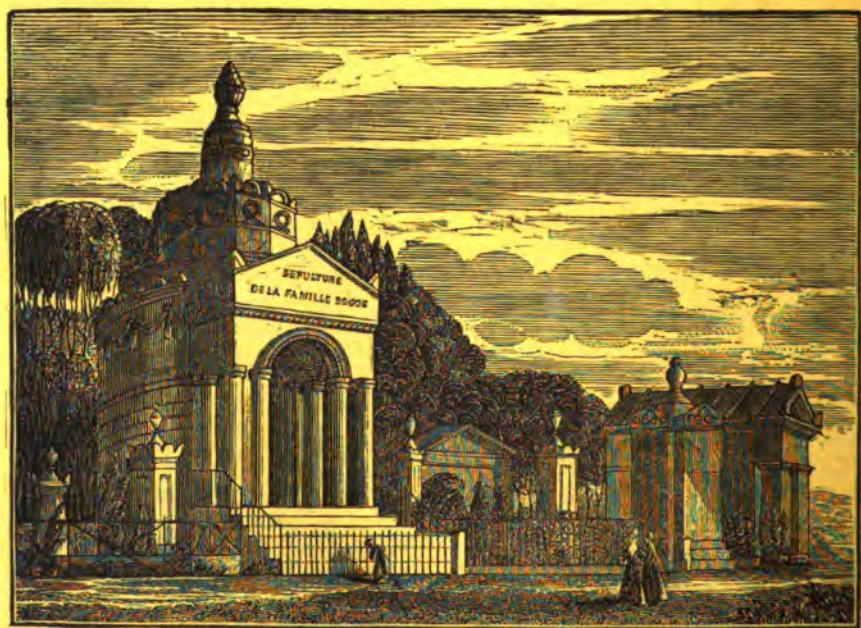
"Conviction followed, and I attended at the place of execution."

TENACITY OF LIFE.—The genus of animals called sea nettles, is very tenacious of life. If one of these animals is sliced, either perpendicularly or otherwise, each slice forms a new and complete being, in which will be found the mouth, as perfect as in the origin. The young of these sea nettles come into the world from the mouths of their mothers.

Women.—A modern writer says that woman is a cordial for all the diseases of the mind—a nymph among a band of satyrs—in short she is the attic salt which seasons the dish of mortality.



La Grange Terrace—Lafayette Place—New York.



Monuments of Pere la Chaise, Paris.

PERE LA CHAISE.

This "Garden of the Dead," as it has sometimes been called, is one of the many wonders in the French capital; and unquestionably one of the most magnificent burial places in Europe. There the ashes of the renowned and the noble are gathered in splendid repose;—the hero, the scholar, the actor, all sleep in noiseless proximity. It is a place for reflection,—for calm, sober and meditative reveries; and yet perhaps the very best sketch of it has been made in the fewest words by a dashing English traveller. "What Englishman," he asks, "has not seen the cemetery of Pere la Chaise? What Englishman will undertake either to condemn or entirely approve it, unless he could enter completely into the minds of the French themselves? The approach to it (a little way out of Paris) is literally 'garlanded with flowers.' You imagine yourself in the neighbourhood of a wedding, a fair, or some holiday festival. Women are sitting by the road side or at their own doors, making chaplets of a sort of yellow flowers, which are gathered in the fields, baked, and will then last a French 'for ever.' They have taken 'the lean abhorred monster' death, and strewed him o'er and o'er with sweets; they have made the grave a garden, a flower bed, where all Paris repose, the rich and the poor, the mean and the mighty; gay and laughing, and putting on a fair outside, as in their life-time. Death here seems life's play-fellow, and Grief and smiling Content sit at one tomb together. Roses grow out of the clayey ground; there is the urn for tears, the slender cross for faith to twine round; the neat marble monument, and the painted wreaths thrown upon it, to freshen memory and mark the hand of friendship. No 'black and melancholy yew' here darkens the scene, and adds a studied gloom to it—no ugly death's heads or carved skeletons shock the sight." He afterwards adds, more gravely—"To meet sad thoughts and overpower or allay them by other lofty and tender ones is right; but to shun them altogether, to affect mirth in the midst of sighing, and divert the pangs of inward misfortune by something to catch the eye and tickle the sense, is what the English do not sympathize with." [A shrewd Frenchman perhaps may ask, how then do they so often consult their wine cellars in their grief?] "It is an advantage the French have over us."

LA GRANGE TERRACE—NEW YORK.

This splendid array of buildings forms one of the most distinguished modern ornaments of New York. Situated in an elevated part of the city, in the northern quarter, and in one of the finest "Places," of which the town contains many that elicit much admiration, the *La Grange Terrace* exhibits itself as the terrace, *par excellence*. Its appearance to the passer by, is commanding and beautiful. The well arranged basement, and lofty stories; the spacious windows,—the fluted columns, with their richly-worked capitals, and the finished elegance of the whole *façade*, entitle the architect to high commendation, for the excellence of his model. The work has been completed at great expence, and the dwellings are occupied by some of the most wealthy citizens of the metropolis.

Judging from the praises which are uniformly bestowed upon the *La Grange Terrace*, by gentlemen of taste, it is to be presumed that similar terraces will hereafter be built in different portions of the city. The upper part of that brilliant thoroughfare—*Broadway*—presents many sites where such buildings might, with great propriety, rise and shine. The impulses of wealth and fashion continually drive the *haut ton* to erect their residences in something like the suburbs, away from the noise and vulgar bustle of the town; but, alas! they no sooner become fairly located, than *Business*, pushing onward in its turn, environs the sequestered retreat; growing shops spread their seductive wares, and the sounds of commerce ring through streets that were lanes but lately; and thus the ball of town-life rolls on. The purchase of extensive lots and the erection of terraces, enable the owners to occupy an entire square, and thereby to prevent effectually the encroachments of business, with its brawling sounds and competition. To those who have amassed an independence, this offers something which appears to them like distinction; though after all, it can scarcely deserve the name, since the next lot may be devoted to stores and bazaars, of all kinds and dimensions.

In contemplating the *La Grange Terrace*, one is led to admire the fond remembrance which induced the name it bears. It is honourable to the citizens, that they bear vividly in mind, the services and merit of that patriot and hero, now among the few remaining participants in that great struggle which conferred upon our country the glorious boon of religious and political freedom. Warm sentiments of admiration and regard towards that noble man, are rife every where among the American people; and the day is far distant when his name will not be cherished and perpetuated with affectionate honour, throughout our happy republic. If, in the peaceful retreats of *La Grange*, the aged chieftain be permitted, as he surely is, to hear of the progress of our people in moral and pecuniary wealth—in political strength, and general importance, the reflection will add to his enjoyment, and brighten his decline.

LINES EXTEMPORE.

By THOMAS PAINE, July, 1803.

Quick as the lightning's vivid flash,
The Poet's eye o'er Europe rolls,
Sees battles rage—hears thunders crash,
And dims at Horror's threat'ning scowls.
Mark Ambition's ruthless king,
With crimson'd banners scathe the globe,
While trailing after conquest's wing,
Man's festering wounds his demons probe.
Pall'd with the streams of reeking gore,
That stain the proud imperial day,
He turns to view the Western shore,
Where Freedom holds her bloodless sway.
'Tis here, her Sage triumphant sways
An Empire, in the People's love;
'Tis here, the Sov'reign will obey
No King but He, who rules above.

THE PRIEST'S HORSE.

Proficies nihil hoc, caedas licet usque flagello,
Si tibi purpureo de grege currit equus.

Marital. Lib. xiv. Epig. 55.

It is not many weeks since I dined with a Roman Catholic family in the neighborhood of Dublin. I had been but a few minutes in the drawing room, when I found that the centre of attraction, 'the observed of all observers,' was a very old gentleman, whose dress, appearance, and demeanor, at once betrayed him to me as one of the old Catholic clergymen of Ireland.—*Father*, or as he was most generally termed, *Doctor Reilly*, seemed to be in age not less than seventy years; and the abstraction of his manner, before dinner, as to every thing passing around him, would induce the belief that he had already attained his second childhood. His face was of that pure, rich, brightscarlet, which can neither be imparted to the countenance by the consumption of an extra quantity of whiskey punch, nor its still more vulgar and stupefying predecessor, port wine. No, it was a tint 'more exquisite still,' which claret, that sober, sedate, cool, and delicious liquid, can alone communicate to the 'human face divine.' The dress of the clergyman was evidently as antiquated as his complexion. The head was surmounted by a little, close, brown wig, divided by a single curl, and which appeared to be pasted to the pericranium on which it was fixed. Around his neck was a neat black silk stock, over which a milk white muslin band was turned. His black coat was out in the manner of the primitive Quakers; his dark silk waistcoat had large flaps which nearly covered his 'nether garment,' and that was fastened at the knees by large silver clasps, while thick silk stockings embraced his plump little legs; and then, his square-toed shoes were nearly concealed from the view by the enormous silver buckles placed upon them. I was assured by several, that the little old gentleman, whom I had not heard give utterance to a single word, was one of the most pleasant men I could meet with; and that *after* dinner, he would amuse me extremely. I could perceive no outward mark of genius about the Reverend Doctor; he took no notice of the conversation that was going on around him; and the only demonstration of intelligence I could discover in him, was the somewhat hasty glance he occasionally turned to the door, as each new visitor was announced, as if he expected the welcome news of '*Dinner on the table*' was about being proclaimed to him. To me he appeared like the canon in Gil Blas, as one disposed to partake of the good things that might be laid before him at the festive board, but neither inclined nor capacitated to increase their pleasures by any contribution of wit or fancy.

Dinner, that grand epoch in the history of this day, was at last announced; ladies, even in an Irish assembly, were forgotten, and twenty hands were stretched out to the doctor to conduct him to the dining room. At dinner, I heard nothing of the doctor until the first flask of champagne was uncorked; and then there broke upon the ear a mellow, little voice, in which the *polished brogue* of the Irish gentle-

man, softened down by the peculiarity of a French accent, could be distinguished. The voice, I was told, belonged to the doctor, who was just then asking Mrs. ———, our hostess, to take wine with him. At each remove the voice became stronger; and by the time that the desert was on the table, the tones of the doctor's voice were full, loud, and strong, and it was soon permitted to sweep, uncontrolled, over the entire range of the society. The puny punsters became dumb, the small talkers were silent; and no man, 'nor woman either,' presumed to open their mouths, except to laugh at his Reverence's anecdotes, or to imbibe the good things which my worthy friend L—— had set before them.

I have heard story tellers in my time, but never felt the pleasure in listening to them that I did in attending to the anecdotes of the Rev. Doctor Reilly. The manner, the look, and the tone, added, I know, considerably to the effect; but such are the gifts of a good story teller, and they can neither be transferred to paper, nor communicated by an oral retailer. One great charm too, for me, in all these stories, was that the narrator was, some way or other, concerned in them. There was, to be sure, egotism in this; but then, it was an egotism that gave a verisimilitude to every thing he told, and you believed that he was not mentioning any thing which he did not know to be a fact, however strange, extraordinary, or improbable it might seem to be. Amongst the other stories told by Doctor Reilly was the following, which I endeavoured to report verbatim et literatim, as I heard it.

"Never, my children, never borrow a priest's horse—it's an unlucky thing to do, for many reasons. First, if the priest's horse is a good one, he does not like to lend it. Next, if it is a bad one, and the priest says he will lend it, the moment you ask for it, you may happen to break your neck, or your leg, or may-be your nose, and thereby spoil your beauty. And, lastly, a priest's horse has so many friends, that if you are in a hurry, it will be shorter for you to walk than to wait for the horse to pay its visits. It is now more than fifty years since I gave the very counsel that I am now administering to you, to Kit M'Gowran, one of my parishioners; but he thought, as may-be many of you think, that the priest was a fool, but he found the difference in a short time, as may-be most of you will before you die.

"As well as I recollect, it was in the year 1789, that I was parish priest of Leixlip, and at that time Kit M'Gowran was, of a farmer lad, one of my wealthiest parishioners. He had land on an old lease, and might have been a grand juror now, if he had minded the potatoes growing; but, instead of that, Kit was always in Dublin, playing rackets and balls, and drinking as much whiskey in a week, as would float a canal boat through a lock. For two or three years, Kit was but little seen in the parish, though I must say to his credit, he always sent me my *dues* regularly, so that you perceive he was not a reprobate entirely. I was sorry to hear the neighbours talking bad of him, and was thinking of looking after him some time or other, when I would have nothing else to do;

when one day Kit came into my house dressed out in the pink of the fashion of that time. He was then what they called, I believe, a macaroni, and was the same sort of animal that is now termed a dandy. He had a little hat that would not go on a good ploughman's fist; his hair was *streeled* down his back and over his shoulders; the buttons on his coat were the size of sauce-pans, and the skirts of the coat hung down behind to the small of his leg; he had two watches, one on each side of his stomach, a waistcoat that did not cover his breast, and light leather small-clothes that came down below the calf, and were fastened there with bunches of ribbons, that were each as big as cauliflowers. Kit saw I was in great spirits, and had evidently some mad project in his head; but that, you know, was none of my business, if he did not choose to tell me of it. I had not, however, to ask him; for he mentioned at once what brought him to his parish priest. Poor Kit labored under a great defect, for he stuttered so dreadfully that you should know him for seven years before you could understand a word he said to you. He had a tongue that was exactly like a one-nibbed pen,—which will splutter, and splash, and teaze, and vex you, and do every thing but express the sentiments of your mind.

"Kit told me, in his own way, that he was going to be married the next day to Miss Nelly Brangan, a rich huckster's daughter in Dublin, who was bringing him a large fortune, and that he had accordingly, as in duty bound, come to me for his '*sar-tif-cat*,' and as a propitiation to me for the bad life he had led, he gave me a golden guinea, and a very neat miniature of the same coin. I could not refuse my certificate to such a worthy parishioner; and after wishing him long life and happiness, and plenty of boys and girls, I thought Kit would be after bidding me good morning. Kit, I found, had still something upon his mind. I asked him if I could oblige him farther. 'Why, Father Reilly,' says Kit, 'that is a mighty purty little black horse of yours.' 'It is indeed, child,' I answered; 'but it is very apt to go astray; for it left me for a week, and only returned to me last night.' 'Ah! then, Father Reilly,' says he, 'it would be mighty respectable to see me riding up to-morrow morning to Miss Nelly Brangan's shop-door with such an elegant black horse under me. May-be you'd lend me a loan of it?' 'Indeed, child, I will,' I replied, 'but I would not advise you to take it; for my horse has a way of its own, and I have many friends between this and Dublin, that may-be it would sooner see than go to your wedding.' 'Oh! as to that,' answered Kit, 'if it was the devil himself, begging your Reverence's pardon, I'd make him trot; so lend me the horse and I'll send it back to you to-morrow evening.' 'Take it then, Kit,' said I; 'but I warn you that it is an uneasy beast.'

"It was not until eight o'clock the next morning that Kit M'Gowran came for the horse, and in addition to his dress the day before, he had a pair of spurs on him, that would do for a fighting cock, they were so long and so sharp; and a whip that was like a fishing rod. 'Well, Kit,' says I, 'when are you to be married?'

"'At ten, your Reverence,' answered Kit, 'at ten to the minute.'

"'Then, Kit, my boy,' said I, 'you should have been here at six to be in time, since you intend to ride the black horse.'

"'Oh! bother!' said Kit; 'sure I am only six miles from town, and it's hard if I don't ride that in an hour,—so that in fact, I'll be before my time, and that won't be genteel; for may-be I'd catch Nelly Brangan with her hair in papers; and she won't look lovely that way I know, whatever charms there may be in the *butter-cool* of gold guineas that the darling is going to give me.'

"'Well, mount at once,' I observed, 'though I would advise you, as you are in a hurry,—to walk.'

"I had hardly said the word, when Kit jumped into the saddle, and gave his horse a whip and a spur—and off it cantered, as if it were in as great a hurry to be married as Kit himself. I followed them as fast as I could to the top of the hill, and there was Kit cutting the figure of six like any cavalry officer with his whip, and now and again plunging his heels into his horse's sides, and it kicking the stones before and behind it, and *tattering* over the road like lightning. In half a minute they were both out of my sight, and I thought that if any one could get to Dublin with the horse in an hour, Kit M'Gowran was the man to do it.

"For two miles of the road Kit went on gallantly. He was laughing and joking, and thinking to himself that I was only humbugging him in what I said about the horse, when in the very middle of a hard gallop, it stopt as if it had been shot, and up went Kit M'Gowran in the air, his long whip firmly fixed in his hand, and his long coat flying like a kite's tail after him, and the words, 'Who had the luck to see Donnybrook fair,' in his mouth; and he had not time to cease saying them, when he was landed head over heels in a meadow, seven or eight yards from the centre of the road! Kit was completely puzzled by the fall; he could not tell how he got there, or what caused it, or why he should be there at all, instead of being on the horse's back, until he looked about him, and saw the creature taking a fine comfortable drink at a little well by the side of the road, where I always stopped to refresh it. Kit, after scratching his head, and his elbows, and the back—*of his coat*—and indeed they required it, for they were a little warmer than when he set out—went over to the horse, mounted it, and rode off again on his journey; but I give you my word he did not gallop so fast nor use the whip so much as he had before the horse took a sup of the well water.

"The horse rode on as peaceable as a judge, and as if it were a poor priest, and not a rollocking young layman that was on its back; it went on so for about three quarters of a mile further, but when it got that distance Kit began to wonder at the way it was edging over to the right; and while they were arguing this point with one another, the day-coach from Dublin kept driving up to them. The guard sounded his horn, as much as to say, 'Kit M'Gowran, don't be taking up the entire road with yourself'

and your horse.' Kit knew very well what the guard meant, and gave a desparate drag to his own (the left) side of the road; but the horse insisted upon the *right*, and the coach driving up in the same line, the leaders knocked up against my horse, and sent it and Kit into the ditch together, to settle there any little difference of opinion that might be between them! How long Kit lay in the ditch he could not rightly tell; but when he got out of it, he went to look after the horse, and about five yards nearer to Dublin than where the accident had happened, he found the little darling taking a feed of oats, which it always got from one of my parishioners, when I travelled that road; and now that he is dead and gone, poor man! (Tim Divine was his name,) I must say that I never got any thing else from him. Kit waited patiently till the horse had eaten its fill, and he then looked at one of his watches, and it told him that it was ten o'clock, and he then looked at the other, and it as plainly showed him that it was nine to the minute. Kit knew how his watches went, and he accordingly guessed that the truth lay between them; so that he found he had but half an hour to go a distance of four miles at least, to where he was to be married.

"Kit determined if he was to break his neck in the attempt, that he would be in Dublin to the minute he had promised, so that the instant he was on the horse's back again, he began cutting, and whipping, and spurring the beauty, as fast as his hands and legs would go—his *legs* particularly were working as fast as the *arms* of a wind-mill on a stormy day. The horse was not at first disposed to resent any indignity that was offered to it, particularly after the good feed and the good drink that it had got, so that it trotted on pretty quickly for half a mile or so; but Kit still continuing to whip and spur it, it first let on to him by one or two kicks, that it was displeased; but Kit not taking the hint, it *staggered* entirely. Kit lashed more furiously than he had done before—the horse curvetted about the road—it reared—it pranced—it kicked—it went in a circle round the same point fifty times. Kit leathered a way with his long whip upon its ears and nose, and the horse backed and backed, until it at last left Kit back at Tim Divine's door, from which he had started about an hour before! Tim was astonished to see the animal so soon coming back to him for another feed; but having been informed by Kit of the way he had misbehaved towards it, Tim became the interpreter of the poor dumb creature, and told the rider that the best way of *managing* it was to let it go as it liked.

"Poor Kit resigned himself to his fate; that he should be late at his own wedding, he saw was inevitable; he was now too much tired to walk, and with a sigh he flung the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraged it to proceed again towards Dublin. It set off a second time from Divine's door; but ceased to gallop, to canter, or to trot—on it went at a most discreet pace, and as sober, and as melancholy, as if it felt sorry for disappointing him, or that it was travelling with myself to a friend's funeral.

"Kit could at last hear the town bells striking one o'clock—he was at Island Bridge, and

within view of Dublin—he could see Patrick's steeple pointing up into the sky, and looking as stiff and concerted, as if it were rejoiced at the annoyance of a Papist, while the arches of "Bloody-Bridge" seemed to be laughing to their full extent, at the impudence of such a young fellow riding into Dublin upon no less a horse than the favorite pony of the parish priest of Leixlip! So at least, Kit was thinking, when the creature remembered that I always stopped a day or two with Mrs. Robinson, a kind, good-body of a widow woman, that lived at the end of the bridge. In there it plunged, to the narrow little hole of a stable, never thinking of my friend Kit on its back, and in entering the door, he was swept clean off its back, and left stretched upon a dunghill, with his nose, face, and hands all scratched, by the new-dashed wall against which he had been driven! He cursed, but that he found did not cure his hands; he swore, but that he perceived did not improve his appearance; so that he soon desisted from such modes of venting his passion; and after washing his hands, putting a few plaisters on his face, rubbing the dirt off his small-clothes, and coaxing the little horse out of the small stable, he again mounted, and rode off for Dublin,—a far uglier and less consequential personage than when he had cantered up the hill of Leixlip that morning.

"Kit was now in Barrack street—he was, at two o'clock, just four hours after the stated time in the city. 'Now,' thought Kit to himself, 'my troubles are at length all over, and I have only to make the best apology I can for my unaccountable absence to my darling Mrs. M'Gowran, that is to be my little bride—the wealthy Miss Nelly Brangan *that was*.' Such were Kit's thoughts, when he heard two men talking behind him—

"Paddy, isn't that the horse we bid to be on the look out for?"

"By dad, Dennis, if it isn't it, it's very like it; and do you see the fellow that's riding it? He is mighty like the chap that was hung for horse-stealing at the last assizes."

"So like, Paddy, that if it isn't him, I'd take my oath it's one of the same gang. The horse, you know, is missing these five days; and do you see the patches on the robber's face—that's to disguise himself. A decent dressed man wouldn't be in a fight, like one of us, Paddy, when we get a sap in our head."

"That's true for you, Dennis; and see, it has lob-ears, wall-eyes, bald-face, and a docked tail;—it's the very horse. By my sewkins, we'll seize him,—he's a robber."

"To be sure we will, Paddy,—he's a robber, and an unchristian robber too, to steal from a priest? Kneck him down, Paddy!"

"That I will, and welcome, Dennis!"

"Kit was in the act of turning round to see a robber seized, when he felt his arms grappled by two stout frieze-coated countrymen, who both exclaimed in the same moment—'Where did you get the horse, you robber?'"

"Poor stuttering Kit stammered out, 'I—I—I—g—g—got it—it—it—'"

"Where, you sacrilegious thief?"

"In L—I—I—Leixlip," said Kit, after many

minutes, and twisting his tongue, like a ha'p'orth of tobacco, in his mouth, to make himself understood.

"Oh! the villain," said Paddy, 'he has confessed it.'

"Yes he has, the scoundrel," exclaimed Dennis; 'and do you see the confusion of the fellow—he can't speak, he is so frightened at the thought of being hanged. Drag him off the horse and take him to the police office.'

"In a minute Kit was torn from the horse. A crowd collected around him, who were immediately informed by Paddy and Dennis, that they had seized a robber, who had 'stolen a priest's horse, and was going to sell him in Dublin.' Poor Kit was instantly assailed by the mob—his two watches dragged out of his fobs—his new coat torn to pieces—his little hat kicked to nothing—and his pantaloons covered with mud. Several times he attempted to say he had got a loan of the horse; but the people were in too great a rage to attend to his stuttering, and he was dragged into the police office. Paddy and Dennis preferred a charge of horse-stealing against him; and he was such a dirty looking blackguard, that the police officer at once handcuffed him, advised him to plead guilty, and removed him into the black-hole, where he passed the night!

"But this did not end the misfortunes of unlucky Kit M'Gowran; for Miss Nelly Brangan, after inviting all her friends to a wedding dinner, and a large evening party, was determined that they should not be disappointed. She waited patiently for Kit until the dinner was dressed, and then—bestowed her hand and fortune upon one of her neighbors, a Mr. James Devoy, who was to be bridesman to Kit; but who, in his absence, resolved to discharge those duties for which Kit had been particularly engaged.

"This, my young friends, I hope will be a warning to you. Never borrow a priest's horse, lest you should lose by the loan, a wife, a fortune, your liberty, two watches, and a new coat."

WOOD HYMN.

Broods there some spirit here?

The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood hyacinth with awe seem bowed;
And something of a tender, cloistral gloom,
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place were holy ground;
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers, all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here?

A swift wind fraught with change comes rushing by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!

There is a Power, a Presence in the woods;
A viewless Being, that with Life and Love
Informs the reverential solitudes:

The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou art here, my God!

And if with awe we tread
The Minster floor, beneath the storied pane,
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Shall the green voiceful wild seem less Thy fane,
Where thou alone hast built?—where arch and roof
Are of thy living wood?

The silence and the sound
In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The Temple-twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone;
The red by every wandering whisper thrilled—
All, all with Thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,
More and yet more, by Love and lowly thought,
Thy Presence, Holiest One! to recognize,
In these majestic aisles which thou hast wrought!
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine ear
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart
To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly Guest to own;
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere Sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er Nature thrown by Guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

THOUGHTS ON A THUNDER STORM.

Hark! in the distant west I hear
A hollow murmuring sound;
It strikes upon the list'ning ear—
And now bright streaks of light appear—
Now, darkness reigns around.

Louder, and louder still—that roar
Moans through the threat'ning sky;
The troubled waves now lash the shore—
The bursting clouds in torrents pour
Their contents from on high.

Darker, and darker still, it grows—
The elements contend
In direful strife, like angry foes—
The vivid lightning's fluid flows,
The thunder-bolts descend.

And now, we have one mingled scene
Presented to our view;
The thunder's roar—the lightning's gleam—
The angry voice of the Supreme
Jehovah—great and true!

But see—the glorious king of light
Comes to dispel our fears;
He sheds his rays in brilliance bright,
And soon the day succeeds the night
Of darkness, and appears.

How great is God! how wondrous great!
How infinite his powers;
His might how boundless—his estate
To gain, should all our hearts elate,
And make it truly ours.

Excerpts from Mr. Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America."

"Though the schoolmaster has long exercised his vocation in these States, the fruit of his labours is but little apparent in the language of his pupils. The amount of bad grammar in circulation is very great; that of barbarisms enormous. Of course, I do not now speak of the operative class, whose massacre of their mother tongue, however inhuman, could excite no astonishment; but I allude to the great body of the lawyers and traders; the men who crowd the exchange and the hotels; who are to be heard speaking in the courts, and are selected by their fellow-citizens to fill high and responsible offices."

"The privilege of barbarizing the King's English is assumed by all ranks and conditions of men."

"The great body of the New Englanders are distinguished above every other people I have ever known by bigotry and narrowness of mind, and an utter disregard of those delicacies of deportment which indicate benevolence of feeling."

"There is at this moment nothing in the United States worthy the name of a library. Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant."

"In point of climate, I believe Charleston is fully worse than New Orleans. In the latter, Creoles are entirely exempt from the ravages of the prevailing epidemic. But, in Charleston, there is no impunity for any class. Even native Carolinians died of fever as well as their neighbours. The chances are, that if a person from the country, however acclimated, sleeps in Charleston even for a night, at a certain season of the year, he catches the fever. Should a person, living in the city, pass a day with his friend in the country, there is not a doctor in the place, who, on his return, would not consider him in a state of peril. In short, the people of Charleston pass their lives in endeavoring to escape from a pursuer who is sure to overtake the fugitive at last. At one season, the town is unhealthy; and all who can afford it, fly to their estates. At another, the country is unhealthy, and they take up their abode in the pine barrens. From the pine barrens, they venture back into the town, from which, in a short time, they are again expelled."

"In New Orleans, a man runs a certain risk, and has done with it. If he live, he continues to eat crawfish in a variety of savoury preparations. If he die, the crawfish eat him without cookery of any sort. He has no fear or dining with his friend in the country at any season of the year. But in Charleston, a man must be continually on the alert, for, go where he may, there is fever at his heels."

"Unfortunately, beauty in this climate is not durable. Like the ghosts of Banquo's fated line, it comes like a shadow, and so departs. At one or two-and-twenty the bloom of an Ameri-

can lady is gone, and the more substantial materials of beauty follow soon after. At thirty the whole fabric is in decay, and nothing remains but the traditions of former conquests."

"If to form a just estimate of ourselves and others be the test of knowledge, the New Englander is the most ignorant of mankind."

"In the northern and central States—for of the climate of the southern States it is unnecessary to speak—the annual range of the thermometer exceeds a hundred degrees. The heat in summer is that of Jamaica; the cold in winter is that of Russia. Such enormous vicissitudes must necessarily impair the vigor of the human frame; and when we take into calculation the vast portion of the United States in which the atmosphere is contaminated by marshy exhalations, it will not be difficult, with the auxiliary influences of dram-drinking and tobacco chewing, to account for the squalid and sickly aspect of the population. Among the peasantry, I never saw one florid and robust man, nor any one distinguished by that fulness and rotundity of muscle, which every where meets the eye in England."

"The Americans I had met in Europe had generally been distinguished by a certain reserve, and something even approaching to the offensive in manner, which had not contributed to create a prepossession in their favor. It seemed, as if each individual were impressed with the conviction that the whole dignity of his country was concentrated in his person; and I imagined them too much given to disturb the placid current of social intercourse, by the obstruction of national jealousies, and the cravings of a restless and inordinate vanity."

"An American is by no means a convivial being. He seems to consider eating and drinking, as necessary tasks, which he is anxious to discharge as speedily as possible."

"Forrest, the American *rara avis* of an actor, is coarse and vulgar, without grace, without dignity, with little flexibility of feature, and is utterly common place in his conceptions of character. There is certainly some energy about him, but this is sadly given to degenerate into rant."

"A striking difference exists between the system of rewards and punishments, adopted in the schools of the United States and those of England. In the former, neither personal nor forcible coercion of any kind, is permitted."

"There is a certain uncontrollable rigidity of muscle about an American, and a want of sensibility to the lighter graces of deportment, which makes him, perhaps, the most unhopeful of all the votaries of Terpsichore."

"In Philadelphia, it is the fashion to be scientific, and the young ladies occasionally display the *bas bleu* in a degree which in other cities, would be considered rather alarming."

TURKEY.—The Turkish Empire is as interesting now that it is crumbling to pieces, as it was in the sixteenth century, when a Tartar could ride with the Sultan's firman, respected all the way, from the banks of the Volga to the confines of Morocco—when its armies threatened Vienna, and its fleets ravaged the coasts of Italy. It then excited the fears of civilized Europe; it now excites its cupidity.—*Slade's Travels.*

LETTERS FROM THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

In visiting a booksellers' store of latter times, so much is displayed to tempt the purchaser, that it seems a matter of some difficulty to make a good selection. Two new books attracted our attention the other day, by the neatness of their exterior, as well as by the fineness of the paper on which they were printed, and on taking them home to our green table, we are gratified to find they both turn out prizes in their way. The first we shall notice is entitled, *Letters from the North of Europe; or a Journal of Travels in Holland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Prussia and Saxony.* By Charles B. Elliott, Esq. It is a neat duodecimo of 311 pages, published by Messrs. Key & Biddle; describing countries of which so little comparatively is known, we found the author's letters full of interest; he writes extremely well, and unites those powerful requisites of a bookmaker, in being emphatically a scholar, a christian, and a gentleman. Leaving England, a passage of twenty-six hours brought our traveller to Rotterdam, and from thence to Amsterdam the route affords an opportunity for some graphic descriptions of Holland. The quiet village of Brock, which has often puzzled the traveller, is thus noticed:—

"Not many miles from Saardam is a village called Brock, whose peculiar character, so different from the busy capital near which it stands, baffles all my conjectures. Perhaps your imagination may be more successful in tracing a cause sufficient to produce the effects we see. On entering the village of Brock, the traveller is struck with the neat appearance of the streets, paved with variegated bricks, pebbles, and shells; and with the green painted houses and their little parterres, all bordering a lake which, but for its discoloured waters, would enhance the beauty of the spot. Yet scarcely an individual was to be seen. Carriages are not permitted to enter. Every house is closed. The doors are locked: the shutters are shut. Silence reigns, and you might fancy yourself in a fairy land peopled by invisible spirits. Diligence and comfort seem to exist; yet the agents and recipients are alike unheard and unseen. There are about three hundred houses; many of a whimsical form. The inhabitants live entirely in the back of their dwellings: the front door is never opened except on occasion of a marriage or death; and on no pretext can a stranger be admitted within. They have no amusements that we could discover; and the only three children we saw out of school were discussing some recondite game over a piece of wood, with all the sobriety of sixty years."

"I have seldom seen a spot of such interest. The veil of mystery which overshadows it perhaps enhances the pleasurable feeling, by giving scope to the imagination; and it is not impossible that a perfect acquaintance with the rise and progress of their customs might detract something from the interest which I am inclined to feel for the unsophisticated natives of Brock."

A good method of punishing the lazy at Hamburg, is described in the following paragraph:—

"I remember to have read in some English work an account of a curious plan adopted here,

for the punishment of the idle. They are said to be placed in a basket, and suspended over the table in the house of correction, while the rest of the inmates are at dinner; and to be detained in that position, tantalised by the savoury fumes, till night; by which time it is presumed that they have acquired sufficient experience to induce them to work the following day."

At Copenhagen the museum contains an enormous specimen of native silver from Sweden, measuring five feet, and weighing more than 500 pounds! with numerous other curiosities, among which we should presume this lump must be the most precious. Of the protracted days of a northern latitude, Mr. Elliot gives but an unpleasant picture:—

"That which most interested us was the novelty of travelling at midnight by the light of the sun. This is decidedly the most striking phenomenon that arrests the notice of a stranger in northern latitudes, where the sun is visible throughout almost the whole circle of his course. At the pole, as the season advances between the equinox and summer solstice, the days gradually increase in length from twelve to twenty-four hours. During that period, therefore, the nearer the pole the longer the day. In this latitude, for a short time before and after the sun reaches the tropic of Cancer, it dips so little under the horizon, that the reflected rays afford a twilight which prevents the cessation of day during its limited absence."

"It does not always happen that what is pleasing in prospect is equally so in enjoyment. So it is with regard to days protracted during twenty-four hours. This sounds very delightful; but the body needs relief from constant light, which becomes wearisome and almost painful. It seems as if certain functions of the human system were influenced, like those of plants, by light and darkness; and as if the alteration of these were essential to healthy action of body and mind. It is unpleasant, and seems unnatural, to go to sleep in daylight; and a town perfectly still, exhibiting no signs of life except a straggling dog or muffled watchman in the broad glare of day, wears an aspect melancholy and death-like."

Fairly entered upon Norway, our author's letters become extremely entertaining, but as we design to give some extracts relative to Russia, we can only insert the following account of a Norse marriage:—

"The delay afforded me an opportunity of observing the ceremony of a Norse marriage. A number of young girls with flowers in their hands stood at the door of the church. The bride and bridegroom, humbly dressed, entered and took their seats in a pew, while the priest and an acolyte chanted alternately some psalms. A prayer was then offered, and the parties approaching the altar knelt to receive the benediction of the priest, and to join their supplications for the blessing of the divine institutor of this sacred rite. No ring appeared to be given; but it might have been without my seeing it. The manner of all was serious and devotional."

The sketches of Russian manners and habits will be found very satisfactory. Of Moscow we are told:—

"Moscow stands in the centre of a large plain, through which the river Mosca flows in a sinuous course, passing under the walls of her citadel, and depositing its waters in the Wolga. The form of the city is that of a trepezium nearly oblong. In extent it is the largest of Europe. From southeast to northwest it measures eight miles. The other diameter is six; and the circumference twenty-six miles. Compared with these dimensions the population is small, not exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Moscow is divided into four quarters; the *Kremli*, or citadel; the *Kitai*, or Chinese town, which is the most ancient portion, said to have been formed of wooden buildings in the ninth century; the *Beloi-gorod*, or white town; and the *Zemlenoi-gorod*, or town of earth, named from a large rampart which surrounds it. The Kremlin was built near Ivan Vassilivitch in 1491; and at that time constituted nearly the whole capital. About forty years after, the *Katai-gorod*, adjoining the *kremlin*, was constructed by an Italian, who relinquished the Romish for the Greek heresy, and was baptised under the name of Petrok Maoli. This quarter contains the university, a printing establishment, merchants' houses, and shops. The *Beloi-gorod* was built in 1586, under Feodor Ivanovitch, round the *Kitai-gorod* and *kremlin*, which form the centre of the town. Some think it received the appellation from a white wall which formerly surrounded it, while others maintain that it was so named by the Tartars who drove the lighter-complexioned Russians into this part, when they took possession of the centre. The *Zemlenoi-gorod* encircles the preceding quarter, forming the outskirts of the town. It was built under the same Czar in the years 1591 and 1592. The two last mentioned divisions contain a great variety of dirty huts, palaces, convents, and mosque-like churches.

"The city of Moscow is slightly elevated. The inequality of the ground on which it stands adds to the picturesque nature of the view. It would be very difficult to analyse the *tout ensemble* and describe the details which form so remarkable a whole. Perhaps your recollection of Constantinople will enable you to form some idea of the general character of the city; but even in Constantinople that strange variety is not exhibited which here prevails. Dr. Clarke humourously observes, 'One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow: and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from the countries holding congress; timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharra; pagodas, pavilions, and Verandas from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples; and warehouses from Wapping.' This is a happy idea of the most amusing of travellers. The only deputy who has missed his way is the minaret from India. That elegant form of eastern architecture appears to be entirely wanting; its place is supplied by Gothic

and Tartar towers. The former are as modern as the days of Peter the Great, who introduced them from western Europe. The latter are very ancient. They are round; and instead of decreasing pyramidically to the top, they pass by sudden transitions from a greater to a less diameter."

"There is something peculiarly gay in the appearance of this city, in an afternoon, when the fashionable move out in their carriages. A large proportion of the residents consists of families of the old nobility, courtiers, and military and civil officers, who have either retired voluntarily from the business of life, or have wisely sought an honourable retreat before the anticipated frown of the autocrat pronounced their doom. Their equipages present a curious mixture of shabbiness and splendour. No carriages of respectable persons are seen without four horses. The leaders' traces are so long that a pair of horses might easily be harnessed between them and the wheelers. A dirty urchin, like puss in boots, with a dirtier livery, is mounted on the off leader, flourishing a short whip in his left hand, while the coachman adapts the length of his whip to the dignity of his master, which in any other country would be compromised by the ruined condition of his tackle. His own dress, however, is usually of a better order. A long blue caftan, with a silken ceinture of gaudy colours and Torjok manufacture, a square cap, and a fine flowing beard, distinguish the coachmen."

"The hospitality of the Moscovites has always been proverbial. A singular instance of it, carried almost to excess, occurred a day or two ago when, on my first introduction to an elderly lady of rank, by an English gentleman whom she had known only a week, she said quickly, 'And pray, sir, how is it that you have been in Moscow so many days and have not come to see me? You were not at my ball on Monday night. Will you dine with me to-morrow, or next day, or what day will you dine with me?' I was surprised by such a reception; but found on inquiry that the same kind of unreflecting hospitality is always manifested in Moscow, toward foreign travellers, especially toward the English. The fact is, English travellers are scarce in this country; and the distance from our island is so great, that only men of a certain property can afford the expense of a journey, so that something like a guarantee is offered against the abuse of kindness by those whose poverty might carry captive their conscience. The number of English of the higher class in Moscow is very limited; though here as at St. Petersburg, British governesses, nursery maids, gardeners, horse jockies, and mechanics, are retained in considerable numbers. In most large families, the individuals filling one or more of these stations are our compatriots. In the duties of a nursery, Russians regard the English as unrivalled."

A Russian bath. "The Russians, like the Indians, are partial to bathing; but a Russian bath is a thing *à la generic*; and, as a correct notion of it can be obtained only by undergoing the operation, I resolved to pay the price, and have accordingly taken a bath both here and at Moscow. [Mr. Elliot is now writing from St. Petersburg.]

A bath house consists of a succession of rooms, generally three, in each of which is a stove: the second apartment is heated to a higher temperature than the first, in which the thermometer may stand at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit; and a third to a higher than the second. In the inner room is a series of benches from the floor to the top, each hotter than the one below. The temperature of the highest could not, I should think, be less than 140 degrees; it might be more. To these baths hundreds of persons flock every day, especially on Saturday. A few years ago the sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Now there is a division in the room: but in many of the houses this is scarcely more than nominal; the door being either off its hinges, or not filling the doorway. The price paid at public institutions is equivalent to two pence; at private baths, to three and eight pence. The process is as follows. You enter the second apartment, having undressed in the first: by degrees the temperature of the body rises, so that you find the heat of the inner room supportable; at the same time you are quite content to sit on the lowest bench that the head may be in a stratum of air lower, and therefore less heated, than when you stand. The attendant then approaches, and, desiring you to lie down, he rubs the whole body with a handful of the inner bark of lime-tree dipped in soapsuds previously prepared, and shampoos every limb. This part of the operation is very grateful, when he throws over your head successive showers of hot water; after which, you take your seat on the second or third bench from the bottom, gradually ascending as you are able to bear the heat. The skin soon becomes hot, the head feverish, and the tongue parched. The sensation is dreadful, and you regard with horror the unfeeling operator who insists on your ascending to the uppermost bench. As soon as you comply, the man throws four or five buckets of water into the stove. In a moment the room is filled with steam: and the attendant proceeds to the last part of his duty, which is to brush you rather smartly with a bunch of birch twigs covered with leaves. During this agreeable flagellation, perspiration bursts forth from every pore, and actually runs down in little streams. The effect is inconceivable. A state of extreme enjoyment succeeds to that of oppression. The skin, head, and respiration are relieved; and the muscles of the mouth relax into a smile from mere animal pleasure. Such, at least, was the effect produced on me. Having descended to the floor and dried the body, you enter the next room and find the sofa a necessary resort. An hour's repose affords the body time to recover from its state of relaxation; and the Russian bath, which is regarded as a panacea for all diseases, is concluded. The natives adopt a more speedy (and, as they say, a more efficacious) mode of recruiting the system. While perspiration is flowing profusely from the skin they run into the cold air, and rub their bodies with snow, or throw cold water on their heads. The pores are instantly closed, and every fibre is braced; while the previous draught on the vessels of the cuticle counteracts the bad effect likely, under other circumstances, to result from such a transition. I tried the experi-

ment, and found it act as a delightful tonic, from which I experienced no subsequent ill effects."

The population of Russia, including all the subjects of the Emperor, amounts to fifty millions! Of these, thirty-eight millions profess the Greco-Russian faith; ten millions are Roman Catholics; three and a half Protestants; two millions are Mahomedans and a million and a half pagans. If Russia in Europe were as well populated as Sweden, it would contain ninety-five millions of inhabitants; if as well as Germany, we should have the result four hundred and thirty-two millions, and it has been calculated that the capabilities of the soil would admit an increased population to the amount of 275 millions without subjecting them to inconvenience from a want of subsistence! The higher classes of Russians are represented as intelligent and generally well educated. It is common to hear four languages, and sometimes five, spoken at the same table. Every gentleman talks German, and French, and many speak English. Such are the inhabitants of a country to which, but a few years since, the epithet of *barbarian* was appropriately applied. After fairly dipping into Mr. Elliott's work, we found it impossible to omit a single page; it might all fairly be quoted, but that is beyond our power. We refer to it for much curious and valuable information, both for the merchant, the ladies, and all general readers. It is the latest account of the countries visited.

The second work we have found leisure to read is from the same publishers, and is entitled "*TALES OF ROMANCE, first series*," containing contributions from the pens of the most popular authors in Great Britain. When we enumerate Thomas Moore, Miss Mitford, the authors of *Stories of Waterloo*, of the King's own, T. Crofton Croker &c., we have named writers with whom all are familiar, and who have delighted all classes. If this publication should be patronised, as we learn it is likely to be, the publishers design to continue it to a considerable length, furnishing in a cheap and elegant form the best tales and stories of the London press. The work is superbly done up, and sold at a cheap price. The *Wine Merchant's* story is truly entertaining.

MEN AND MANNERS.

If we were called upon to designate the kind of books which best serve to fill the vacuities of conversation, we should certainly say that those which describe *men and manners*, contribute the most to this end, and that those which treat of our own habits must strongly attract our notice. The new book, just published by Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard, entitled "*Men and Manners in America*," by Colonel Hamilton, the author of *Cyril Thornton*, inasmuch as it abuses us most heartily, is destined to create a short sensation in the reading world. The folly of an individual who, after a sojourn of a few weeks among us, should attempt to illustrate our manners, might be shewn by an experiment on a smaller scale. Let any one who has occupied a particular square, in a large city, seat himself to pen an accurate history of his neighbours! he would

find them as various in manners and habitudes as the antipodes, and would find nothing like a resemblance, if he classed them under one head. His nearest resident would have to be despatched as a frequenter of the theatre, and a *bon vivan*, while the next would, perhaps, be a quaker or a methodist, and the "domestic manners" of the square would, after all, turn out a hodge-podge. But English writers are not puzzled by this trifling difficulty; they stop at a tavern, and find several people eating very heartily, and they immediately set us all down as "forking the meats into our gullets," as if we knew only the science of the pitchfork. How very unjust the Londoners would think one of us, if we were to visit them, and be thrown into contact with a few of their fashionable lords. Our description of London society, we could make up, wholesale, by inserting such a list as the following, of the engagements of a duke, for a few days to come:—

MONDAY—To back Wapping Will, the dust-man, against Joe Crib, the collier, for one hundred guineas. To stand on the grand jury, at Maidstone, and afterwards to run a maggot race with Jack Smoaky.

TUESDAY—To attend the match between a wooden-legged walker, and a ham-stringed hog—to proceed to the *hanging match*, and thence to the dinner of the *Philanthropic Society*.

WEDNESDAY—To trot Miss Graceless against Sir Andrew's Nutcracker, for 500 guineas—go to the levee—meet Lord and Lady Giles, at the jack-ass race—back Humphrey Hog, my coachman, against the whole county, for eating hot hasty-pudding.

THURSDAY—Tom Carey, the leaping chimney sweep, to dine with me.

Now, we fearlessly assert, that there is such a class of good-for-nothings in England, (they are just beginning to bud here, too,) but if it ever fall to our lot to describe men and manners in England, we trust we may be prevented by good taste from setting down the whole nation as like the few samples. Not so Col. Hamilton—he saw a hundred people at the hotel in New York, and from what he saw, set us all down as inferior to the estimate he had formed of our moral character! He would not go to see the Philadelphia Water Works, because our citizens talked so much about them. But we must let him speak for himself. How rapidly he jumps to a conclusion, may be gathered from the following extract:—

"For the last *three weeks* I have been daily thrown into the company of about one hundred individuals, (at the New New York Hotel) fortuitously collected. A considerable portion of these are daily changing, and it is not, perhaps, too much to assume, that, as a whole, they afford a fair average specimen of their class. Without, therefore, wishing to lead the reader to any hasty or exaggerated conclusion, I must in candour state, that the result of my observations has been to lower considerably the high estimate I had formed of the *moral character* of the American people."

This, we suppose, is meant to be passed off as a capital joke! Three weeks passed in the company of about a hundred individuals, fortui-

tously collected, a considerable portion of whom are daily changing, and who, we are informed, were "*forking* their victuals into their *gullets*," when in company with this modern seer, was surely ample time to form an estimate of the "moral character" of the whole "American people." This joke is a good one, and no doubt has been *forked* down the *gullet* of honest John Bull, but it can only serve us as a joke, to be laughed at. If we are guilty of the charges made by this novel writer, it is high time to reform our morals; and we particularly advise those hundred people, fortuitously collected, and all others who frequent hotels in New York, to look well after their moral characters, and at least not to expose us all, by making their immorality apparent while using their knives and forks. But we must be brief, and come at once to our extracts. The author thinks Mr. Forrest a "coarse and vulgar actor, without grace, without dignity, with little flexibility of feature, and utterly commonplace, in his conceptions of character;" and we are all mercifully swept away thus:—"In the present generation of Americans, I can detect no symptom of improving taste, or increasing elevation of intellect. Compared with their fathers, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the younger portion of the richer classes to be less liberal, less enlightened, less observant of the proprieties of life, and certainly far less pleasing in manner and deportment." That's capital, and will, we have no doubt, be seriously taken to heart by the youth of America. Now for our libraries: "At present an American might study *every book* within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe, especially in Germany, as a man comparatively ignorant." Had our book-maker studied only a *few* of the books in the Union, he would have gone home less grossly ignorant. Every book, forsooth—a grand assertion for a man who, probably, never opened one while in the country!

Jokes multiply as we proceed.

"Having procured a coach, I drove to Head's Hotel, which had been recommended to me as one of the best houses in the Union. Here I could only procure a small and nasty bed room, lighted by a few panes of glass fixed in the wall, some eight or ten feet from the floor. On the following morning, therefore, I removed to the United States Hotel, where I found the accommodations excellent.

"Philadelphia is mediocrity personified in bricks and mortar. It is a city laid down by square and rule, a sort of habitable problem,—a mathematical infringement on the rights of individual eccentricity,—a rigid and prosaic despotism of right angles and parallelograms. It may emphatically be called a *comfortable city*, that is, the houses average better than in any other with which I am acquainted. You here see no miserable and filthy streets, the refuge of squalid poverty, forming a contrast to the splendour of squares and crescents. No Dutch town can be cleaner, and the marble stairs and window-sills of the better houses, give an agreeable relief to the red brick of which they are constructed."

The remarkably unprejudiced character of friend Cyril Thornton, is thus exhibited:—

"The Philadelphians, however, pride them-

selves far more on their water works than on their State House. Their *lo Pœans* on account of the former, are loud and unceasing, and I must say, the annoyance which these occasion to a traveller, is very considerable. A dozen times a day was I asked whether I had seen the water works, and on my answering in the negative, I was told that I positively must visit them; that they were unrivalled in the world; that no people but the Americans could have executed such works, and by implication, that no one but an Englishman, meanly jealous of American superiority, would admit an opportunity of admiring their unrivalled mechanism.

"There is no accounting for the eccentricities of human character. I had not heard these circumstances repeated above fifty times, ere I began to run restive, and determined not to visit the water works at all. To this resolution I adhered, in spite of all annoyance, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Of the water works of Philadelphia, therefore, I know nothing, and any reader particularly solicitous of becoming acquainted with the principle of this remarkable piece of machinery, must consult the pages of other travellers."

After a fair examination of Philadelphia, he comes out with this remarkable truism:—"The streets are generally skirted by rows of Lombardy poplars, for what reason I know not. They certainly give no shade, and possess no beauty." The word "not" should be placed, in the next edition, before "skirted," to make common sense. And here we leave this second De Roos.

HARPE'S HEAD.

It is our custom to pay particular attention to an American book. Our native authors of merit are few, and those few we fear do not receive as much attention as their merits deserve; it is a just complaint that the law which does not admit foreigners to take out a copy right in this country, renders the productions of England so much cheaper to the booksellers than the purchase of an original work, that, the merit being equal or even less, the bookseller chooses the cheaper for publication. This will be the result until a reciprocation is allowed by our government with England, where our authors have the facility of securing to themselves the fruits of their own brain; and till this is done, and the poorer trash of London is in some degree excluded, we must expect native talent to dwindle.

The book which last attracted our notice, was the new novel of "HARPE'S HEAD, a Legend of Kentucky," by James Hall, author of the "Soldier's Bride," "Legends of the West," &c. Written evidently in haste, yet it has some masterly scenes. The story is founded upon that of the celebrated freebooters, the brothers Harpe, who infested Kentucky, at the time when emigrants began to settle that state. They were perhaps the most reckless robbers of our country, murdering travellers and performing deeds of violence, which equalled the celebrated robbers of Spain. The name of the book is thus derived—the head of the fiercest Harpe having had a price set upon it, is in the course of the story brought upon the stage, and the career of

the outlaw terminated. The scene opens in Virginia, at a *Barbecue*, and it is principally for the purpose of introducing this most graphic description, that we introduce the book to the notice of our readers.

A VIRGINIA BARBECUE.

"The horses were soon at the door, and the party proceeded, attended by several servants, to the place of meeting. It was a gay and beautiful morning. They passed over a high mountainous ridge, by a winding and rugged path, which at some places seemed impracticable; but the horses, accustomed to these acclivities, leaped cautiously from rock to rock, or nimbly leaped the narrow ravines that crossed the road, while the riders scarcely suffered any inconvenience from the irregularities of the surface. Sometimes the path led along the edge of a precipice, and they paused to look down upon the broad-spread valleys, that lay extended in beautiful landscape before them. The song of the mocking-bird arrested their attention, as he sate among the branches of a tall tree, pouring forth his miscellaneous and voluble notes, imitating successfully all the songsters of the grove, and displaying a fullness, strength, and richness of voice, which often astonishes even those who are accustomed to his melody. Upon reaching the highest elevation of the ridge, they wound along its level surface, by a path well beaten and beautifully smooth, but so seldom travelled as to be covered with a growth of short grass. Its width was sufficient only to admit the passage of a single horseman, and its course so winding that the foremost rider was often concealed from the view of the last of the train. Dense thickets grew on either hand, and the branches of the trees interlocking above the riders' heads, formed a thick canopy, giving to this romantic path the appearance of a narrow, serpentine archway, carved with art out of the tangled forest. Virginia, when she reached this elevated plain, seemed to feel as if in fairy land, and, loosening her rein, bounded away with the lightness of a bird, gracefully bending as she passed under the low boughs, gliding round the short angles, and leaping her beautiful steed over the logs that sometimes lay in the way. Fennimore galloped after, admiring her skill, and equally elated by the inspiring scene; while Major Heyward, who thought it undignified to ride out of a walk, at any time except when following the hounds, followed at his leisure, wondering at the levity of the young people, which made them forget their gentility and ride like dragoons or hired messengers.

"Suddenly the path seemed to end at the brink of a tall cliff, and far below them they beheld the majestic Potomac, meandering through its deep valleys, and apparently forcing its way among piles of mountains. The charms of mountain scenery were enhanced by the endless variety of the rich and gorgeous, the placid and beautiful, the grand and terrific, that were here embraced in one view. At one place the tall naked rock rose in perpendicular cliffs to an immense height, terminating in bare spiral peaks; at another, the rounded elevations were covered with pines, cedars, and laurel, always indicating a sterile soil, and a cold exposure.

The mountain sides were clothed with verdure, in all the intervals between the parapets of rock; and the clear streams of water that fell from ledge to ledge, enlivened the prospect. Far below, the rich valley spread out its broad bosom, studded with the noblest trees of the forest, the majestic tulip-tree, the elegant locust, the gum, the sugar-maple, the broad spreading oak, and the hickory. The numberless flowering trees were in full bloom, and their odours filled the air with a rich perfume. The river, with its clear blue waters, was full of attraction, sometimes dashing round rocky points of the mountain, and sometimes flowing calmly through the valley; at one point placidly reposing in a wide basin, at another, rushing over a rocky ledge whitened with foam.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Virginia, as she reined up her horse, and gazed, with a delighted eye, over the wide-spread landscape.

"How exquisitely beautiful!" re-echoed Fennimore, as his admiring glance rested on the form of his lovely companion. Her deer-like animal, smoking with heat, and just sufficiently excited by exercise to bring every muscle into full action, to expand his nostrils and swell his veins—his fine neck arched, his head raised, his delicate ear thrown forward, and his clear eye sparkling, stood on the very edge of the cliff. The light figure of Virginia was rendered more graceful by an elegant riding-dress, closely fitted to her person, and extending below her feet. She sat with the ease of a practised rider. But her chief attraction, at this moment, was the animated expression of her features. Her bonnet was pushed back from her fine forehead, her eye lighted up with pleasure, her cheek flushed and dimpled, her lips unclosed; and as she extended her whip in the direction indicated by her glance, Fennimore realized the most exquisite dreams, that his fancy ever formed of female loveliness.

"She turned towards her companion, as his expression of admiration met her ear, blushed deeply when she discovered that his impassioned glance was directed towards herself, and then, with a little dash of modest coquetry, which is quite natural in a pretty woman of eighteen, laughed, and resumed her descriptions. But her tones softened, and her conversation, without losing its sprightliness, assumed the richness and vividness of poetry, from an involuntary consciousness that all the young and joyous feelings of her heart were responded in kindred emotions from that of her companion.

"In a few minutes they were joined by Major Heyward, and the whole party descended the mountain by a precipitous path, which led to a part of the valley bordering on the Potomac.

* * * * *

"It was a gay scene: the horses hitched to the surrounding trees, the ladies sitting in groups or parading about, and the gentlemen preparing for the diversions of the day. Some dispersed into the woods with their fowling-pieces, some distributed themselves along the rocks that overhung the river, and threw out their fishing-lines, and others launched their canoes in the stream, and sought the finny tribes in the eddies of the rapid current. A few of the

ladies participated in the amusement of angling, whether to show their skill in throwing out a bait, or to prove that they possessed the virtue of patience, is not known; but it is certain that they broke quite as many rods and lines as hearts.

"Immediately opposite the spot at which our party was assembled, the river rushed over a series of rocky ledges intersected by numberless fissures, affording channels to the water, which at the same time foamed and dashed over the rocks. A number of the youth were amusing themselves in navigating these ripples with canoes. By keeping the channels, they could pass in safety down the rapids, but it required the greatest skill to avoid the rocks, and to steer the boat along the serpentine and sometimes angular passes, by which alone it could be brought in safety through the ripples. Sometimes a canoe, missing its course, shot off into a pool or eddy, where the still water afforded a secure harbour; but if it happened to touch a rock, in the rapid descent, inevitable shipwreck was the consequence. The competitors in this adventurous entertainment soon became numerous; several of the young ladies who loved sport too well, or feared the water too little, to be deterred by the danger of a wetting, engaged in it; so that some of the canoes were seen to contain, besides the steersman, a single female, for these frail vessels were only intended for two persons.

"They first pushed their canoes up the stream with poles, keeping close to the shore, where the current flowed with little rapidity, until they reached the head of the ripple; then taking their paddles they shot out into the stream, guided their boats into the channels, darting down with the velocity of an arrow, sometimes concealed among the rocks, and sometimes hidden by the foam, and in a few minutes were seen gliding out over the smooth water below, having passed for nearly a mile through this dangerous navigation. Sometimes they purposely forsook the channel, and showed their skill by turning suddenly into the eddies on either side, where they would wait until the next boat passed, and dart after it in eager chase. Dangerous as this amusement appeared, there was in fact little to be apprehended; for the upsetting of the canoe, which seldom occurred, would throw the passengers into shallow water or lodge them against a rock, with no other injury than a wetting, or perhaps a slight bruise.

"Fennimore, who had walked with Miss Pendleton to the shore, and watched the canoes for some time, proposed to her to join the party.

"Can you manage a canoe?" inquired she, hesitating.

"Try me," said he, gaily. "I would surely not venture to take so precious a charge, without some confidence in my skill. I have been a western ranger for several years, and am quite familiar with the use of the paddle."

Virginia stepped into the canoe, and having seated herself in the prow, while Fennimore took possession of the stern, exclaimed,

"A ranger! I am surprised, Mr. Fennimore; why, you do not look like a ranger!"

"Am I at liberty to consider that doubt as a compliment?"

"Oh no—I do not pay compliments. But I always thought that a ranger was a great rough man, with a blanket round his shoulders, a tomahawk at his belt, and a rifle in his hand."

"Such indeed is a part of the equipment of the backwoods soldier; and believe me, Miss Pendleton, many of the most gallant men of this day have earned their laurels in such a dress."

"Oh, terrible! you will destroy some of my finest associations. I never think of a hero, without fancying him a tall elegant man in dashing regimentals, with a rich sword-knot, and a pair of remarkably handsome epaulets."

"Add to your picture a powdered head, a long queue, a stiff form, and measured tread, and you have the bean-ideal of a soldier of the school of Baron Steuben."

"Say not a word against that school, Mr. Fennimore: it has produced a noble race of heroes. What would have become of our country, had it not been for those fine old generals, who trained our soldiers to war in the late revolution, and who were models of that neatness and military etiquette, which I am afraid you undervalue. We have a dear old gentleman here, whom you will see at dinner, and who is an excellent specimen of by-gone days."

"Who is he?"

"General Armour, one of our revolutionary veterans, a most excellent man, but one who seems to think that the highest degree of human excellence consists in looking and acting like a soldier. He continues to wear his three-cornered hat, his buff waistcoat, and his blue regimental coat turned up with red, and would rather part with his estate than with his black cockade."

"I honour such men," said Fennimore, "but see, here we are at the head of the rapids."

Fennimore paddled his light canoe over the smooth water above the rapids, advancing towards the reefs and then retiring, describing circles with his little vessel, as if to try his skill before he ventured among the breakers. He was evidently familiar with this exercise; and Virginia, as she beheld with admiration the strength and dexterity with which he handled the paddle, felt no longer the slightest timidity, but enjoyed the exciting sport.

"Let me now acknowledge freely," said Fennimore, as he cast his eye over the ripple, "that I am unwilling to attempt a dangerous navigation, which is new to me, with so valuable a charge."

Virginia smiled; "I have often passed these rocks," said she, "and feel no fear; but if you have the slightest desire to return, let us do so."

The stranger hesitated; his prudence restraining him, while the natural ambition which a young man feels in the presence of a lady, urged him on, until Miss Pendleton relieved him by saying, "Let us run no risks, Mr. Fennimore. I should not relish a wetting; and I am in fault for not telling you sooner, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for you to pass through the rapids without knowing the channel."

"At this moment a canoe darted past them, containing a young lady and a gentleman. Both were laughing; and the young man, proud of his

skill, in attempting to flourish his paddle round his head, as a kind of salute to Miss Pendleton, unluckily threw it from his hand. An exclamation of affright arose from both parties; for the canoe was rapidly approaching the breakers, while the steersman had no means of directing its course.

"Shall I follow?" cried Fennimore.

"By all means," exclaimed his companion; and in a moment he was rapidly pursuing the drifting canoe. The latter kept its course for a little while, then swinging round, floated to the broadside to the current, rising and sinking with an unsteady motion, now striking one end against a rock, and whirling round, and now the other, and sometimes darting head-foremost through the spray. Fennimore pressed on with admirable skill, urging his canoe forward with all his strength, to overtake them, and guiding it with unerring sagacity. He had nearly reached the object of his pursuit, when it struck a rock, and upset, throwing the lady and gentleman into the deepest part of the channel.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Fennimore! guide the canoe!" exclaimed Virginia rapidly, as with admirable presence of mind, she rose from her seat, kneeled in the boat, and leaning forward caught the floating lady by the arm, while Fennimore at the same instant, by a powerful exertion, threw the canoe into an eddy where the waters were still. The whole was the work of an instant; but it was witnessed from the shore, and a burst of applause excited by the presence of mind shown by Fennimore and Miss Pendleton. The dripping lady was drawn into the boat; the dripping gentleman, who had crawled on a rock, was taken in as a passenger; and, when they reached the shore, it would have been difficult to guess that any of the laughing party had met with a disaster. They were greeted with a hundred merry voices as they ascended the bank, and Mr. Fennimore forgot, in the lively scene, that he was a stranger.

Lady Gage, the wife of the first baronet, Sir John, ancestor of Viscount Gage, when first a widow was only seventeen, beautiful and rich; she was courted by her three husbands, Sir George Trenchard, Sir John Gage, and Sir William Hervey, at the same time; and to appease a quarrel that had arisen respecting her between them, she threatened her everlasting displeasure to the first that should be the aggressor—which, as she had declared for neither, by balancing their hopes against their fears, stilled their resentments against each other—adding, good humouredly, that if they would keep the peace and have patience, she would have them all in their turns—which singularly enough did happen.—*Sharpe's Peacemaker*.

BLACK TEETH.—The teeth of the Tonquinese, like those of the Siamese, are as black as art can make them: the dyeing occupies three or four days, and is done to both boys and girls when they are about twelve or fourteen years old, during the whole operation they never take any nourishment, except of the liquid kind, for fear of being poisoned by the pigment if they swallowed what required mastication. Every person, high and low, rich and poor, is obliged to undergo this severe operation, alleging it would be a disgrace to human nature to have teeth white as those of dogs or elephants. Digitized by Google

THE SEA.

The sea—he sea—the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide regions round:
 It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies—
 Or like a cradled creature lies!
 I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
 I am where I would ever be;
 With the blue above, and the blue below,
 And silence whereso'er I go—
 If a storm should come and awake the deep,
 What matter—I still shall ride and sleep.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride
 On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
 When every mad wave drowns the moon,
 Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
 And tells how goeth the world below,
 And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore.
 But I loved the great sea more and more;
 And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
 And a mother she was and is to me—
 For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white and red the morn,
 In the noisy hour when I was born;
 And the while it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
 And the dolphins leaped their backs of gold;
 And never was heard such outcry wild,
 As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
 But never have sought or sighed for change;
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

WHERE IS MY TRUNK?

It is well known in Scotland that the road from Edinburgh, to Dundee, though only forty-three miles in extent, is rendered tedious and troublesome by the interposition of two arms of the sea, namely, the Firths of Forth and Tay, one of which is seven, and the other three miles across. Several rapid and well conducted stage coaches travel upon this road; but, from their frequent loading and unloading at the ferries, there is not only considerable delay to the travellers but also rather more than the usual risk of damage and loss to their luggage. On one occasion it happened that the common chances against the safety of a traveller's integuments were multiplied in a mysterious, but most amusing manner—as the following little narrative will show:—

The gentleman in question was an inside passenger—a very tall man, which was so much the worse for him in that situation—and it appeared that his whole baggage consisted of a single black trunk—one of medium size, and no way remarkable in appearance. On our leaving Edinburgh, this trunk had been disposed in the boot of the coach, amidst a great variety of other trunks, bundles, and carpet bags, belonging to the rest of the passengers.

Having arrived at New Haven, the luggage was brought forth from the coach, and disposed upon a barrow, in order that it might be taken down to the steamboat which was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said—

'Guard, have you got my trunk?'

'Oh, yes, sir,' answered the guard; 'you may be sure it's there.'

'Not so sure of that,' quoth the tall gentleman; 'whereabouts is it?'

The guard poked into the barrow, and looked in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. At length, after he had noozled about for two or three minutes through all the holes and corners of the mass of integuments, he drew out his head, like a terrier tired of earthing a badger, and seemed a little nonplussed.

'Why, here it is in the boot!' exclaimed the passenger, 'snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coachyard in Edinburgh.'

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steamboat.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on the principal terraqueous part of our journey through Fife.

Every thing seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places when the tall gentleman cried out—

'Guard, where is my trunk?'

'In the boot, sir,' answered the guard; 'you may depend upon that.'

'I have not seen it put in,' said the passenger, 'and I don't believe it is there.'

'Oh, sir,' said the guard, quite distressed, 'there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now.'

'There! I declare there!' cried the owner of the missing property; 'my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about reaching it.—What a careless set of porters! I protest I never was so treated on any journey before.'

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and, all having been at length put to rights, we went our way to Cunear.

Here the coach stopped a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters, after the gentleman to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

'The trunk, sir,' said the guard, rather pettishly, 'is in the boot.'

'Not a bit of it,' said its owner, who in the meantime had been peering about. 'There it lies in the lobby of the inn.'

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of

removing itself or staying behind, according to its own good pleasure.

'The Lord have a care o' us!' cried the astonished custodian of baggage, who, to do him justice, seemed an exceedingly sober and attentive person. 'The Lord have a care o' us, sir! That trunks no canny.*

'It's canny enough, you fool,' said the gentleman sharply; 'but only you don't pay proper attention to it.'

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent member of the community of trunks. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St. Michael's, where a side road turns off to St. Andrew's, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

'Hello, fellow!' cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St. Andrew's road; 'is not that my trunk? Come back if you please, and let me inspect it.'

'The trunk, sir,' interposed the guard, in a sententious manner, 'is that gentleman's trunk, and not yours; yours is in the boot.'

'We'll make sure of that, Mr. Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you.'

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property, as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk, both inside and outside, and every body said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and, therefore, it became a fair subject of debate, whether the chances *against*, or the chances *for*, were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, we had to go on board the ferry steamboat for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and each being engaged about his own concerns, no one thought any more about the trunk, till just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out—

'Guard, have you got my trunk?'

'Oh, yes,' cried the guard very promptly, 'I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all.'

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to any thing which they suppose is vested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.

'It's no such thing,' cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar; that's my trunk.'

Every body then looked about for the enchanted trunk; the guard ran back, and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before; and the tall gentleman gazed over land, waters, and sky, in quest of his precious encumbrance.

'Well, guard,' cried he at length, 'what a pretty fellow you are! There, don't you see!—there's my trunk thrust into the shed, like a piece of lumber.'

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport, there is a shed with seats within where people wait for the ferry-boats; and there *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry boat.

On our landing at Dundee pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our attention. The tall gentleman was to go to Aberdeen by a coach then just about to start from Merchant's Inn, while I, for my part, was to proceed by another coach, which was about to proceed from the same place to Perth. A great bustle took place in the narrow street at the inn door, and some of my late fellow-travellers were getting into the one coach, and some into the other. The Aberdeen coach was soonest prepared to start, and, just as the guard cried 'all's right,' the long figure devolved from the window, and said, in an anxious tone of voice—

'Guard, have you got my trunk?'

'Your trunk, sir!' cried the man; 'what like is your trunk? we have nothing here but bags and baskets.'

'Heaven preserve me!' exclaimed the unfortunate gentleman, and burst out of the coach.

It immediately appeared that the trunk had been deposited by mistake in the Perth, instead of the Aberdeen coach; and unless the owner had spoken, it would have been, in less than an hour, half way up the Carse of Gowrie. A transfer was immediately made, to the no small amusement of myself and one or two other persons in both coaches who had witnessed its previous misadventures on the road through Fife. Seeing a friend on the Aberdeen vehicle, I took an opportunity of privately requesting that he would, on arriving at his destination, send me an account by post of all the further mistakes and dangers which were sure to befall the trunk in the course of the journey. To this he agreed, and, about a week after, I received the following letter:

"Dear _____,

"All went well with myself, my fellow-travellers, and the *Trunk*, till we got a few miles on this side of Stonehaven, when, just as we were passing one of the boggiest parts of the whole of that boggy road, an unfortunate lurch threw us over upon one side, and the exterior passengers,

along with several heavy articles of luggage, were all projected several yards off into the morass. As the place was rather soft, nobody was much hurt; but, after every thing had again been put to rights, the tall man put some two thirds of himself through the coach window, in his usual manner, and asked the guard if he was sure his trunk was safe in the boot.

"Oh, sir!" cried the guard, as if a desperate idea had at that moment rushed into his mind, the trunk was on the top. Has nobody seen it lying about any where?"

"If it be a trunk ye're looking after," cried a rustic, very coolly, "I saw it sink into that well-ee* of a quarter of an hour syne."

"Oh!" exclaimed the distracted owner, "my trunk is gone for ever. Oh my poor dear trunk!—where is the place, show me where it disappeared."

"The place being pointed out, he rushed madly up to it, and seemed as if he would have plunged into the watery profound to search for his lost property, or die in the attempt. Being informed that the bogs in this part of the country were perfectly bottomless, he soon saw how vain every endeavour of that kind would be; and so he was with difficulty induced to resume his place in the coach, loudly threatening, however, to make the proprietors of the vehicle pay sweetly for his loss.

"What was in the trunk, I have not been able to learn. Perhaps the title-deeds of an estate were among the contents: perhaps it was only filled with bricks and rags, in order to impose upon the inkeepers. In all likelihood, the mysterious object is still descending and descending, like the angel's hatchet in Rabbinical story, down the groundless abyss; in which case its contents will not probably be revealed till a great many things of more importance and equal mystery are made plain."

THE MAN WITH ONE EPITHET.

Benjamin Buckram is a dashing merchant in this city. He deals largely in dry goods, both wholesale and retail, and is thought by many to be growing rich. Like many of his brethren, he does not want for fluency of speech; though he has not, like some others, a very great command of choice epithets for setting off his goods. In fact he has but a single one; and that he applies in all cases: every thing with him is *superb*. His goods are *superb*; the materials out of which they are made are *superb*; the fabric is *superb*; the colors are *superb*; the gloss and finish are *superb*; and finally they will wear *superb*.

But it is not Mr. Buckram's merchandise only that is *superb*. His house, his carriage, his horses, his wife, his daughters—all are *superb*. Nor is he so selfish as to confine this epithet to his own property only.

Walking along the street with him the other day, he pointed to the entrance of a cellar where certain testaceous dainties were kept to tickle the palate withal, and assured me it was the most *superb* oyster-cellar in the city of New York.

Proceeding on, we came to where Disbrow was boring for water. "What depth have you got?" asked the merchant.

"Five hundred feet," replied the workman.

* The orifice of a deep pool in a morass is so called in Scotland.

"Faith!" returned Mr. Buckram, "that must be a *superb* well."

At another time, he was walking Broadway, one of those four-footed gentry who enjoy "the freedom of the city" without a gold box, came running furiously down the sidewalk, and taking Mr. Buckram between the legs, bore him off through several squares, until suddenly turning a corner, he landed him plump in the gutter. The merchant got up, stared about most indignantly, wiped the mud from his unmentionables, and exclaimed to the bystanders, "*Superb! superb!*"

Dining one day at a public house, he told the waiter to fetch him a piece of roast beef.

"How will you have it?" said the waiter.

"Oh, *superb*," said the merchant.

"*Superb!*" exclaimed the waiter, scratching his head in a quandary.

"Don't stand here scratching," said the merchant, "but fetch me the beef steak, *superb*."

"We haven't any *sick*, if you please," returned the waiter.

"Haven't any *sick*;" exclaimed the merchant impatiently—"then you must be a most *superb* set of wretches, indeed." And so taking his hat, he left the house.

When the cholera began to prevail here last summer, Mr. Buckram, taking counsel of his fears, like many another of his fellow citizens, cleared out, and never stopped to breathe until he had reached a friend's house, forty miles in the country. When still looking blue with sheer affright, he declared that the cholera was "killing people in most *superb* style."

In short, such is Mr. Buckram's fondness for this word, so constantly does he apply it on all occasions, and to the exclusion of all other qualifying terms, whether good, bad, or indifferent, that he may very properly be called THE MAN WITH ONE EPITHET.

PROVERBS.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

Bear your misfortunes with fortitude.

Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety.

Defer not what thou intendest to give.

Entertain charity, and seek peace with all men.

Favorites are commonly unfortunate.

Idleness is the parent of want and shame.

Judge not of men or things at first sight.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind.

Learning refines and elevates the mind.

Make no friendship with an envious man.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

Of all studies, study your present condition.

Party faction is the bane of society.

Quick landlords make careful tenants.

Raze not the pillars of a fair name.

Scandal will rub out, like dirt, when it is dry.

That which opposes right must be wrong.

Underhand practices fail in the end.

Value a good conscience more than praise.

We lessen our wants by lessening our desires.

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.—There were two Hanoverian horses, which assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German Brigade of artillery. One of them met his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picqueted as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

GEORGIA vs. DOWN EAST.

[Bar room of a tavern.]

Nutmeg. (Addressing Cracker, a Georgian.) I say, Mister, you baint seed nothing of no umbrella, no wheres about here, haint you?

Cracker. Now, I tell you what, stranger, if you'll just untwist that and say it over agin, I'll gin you an answer.

Nut. Now—do tell; I guess you are about as snappish as Deacon Holme's new invented sheep shears; they not only took the wool clean of, but shaved the ears and tail with it!

Crack. You're a screamer! Come, figure in with me in a mint julep, if you know what's what. Mint's all the go South—and if you want to git the first chop, go to the grave of any southern nullifier, who mought have recently died, and there you'll find the mint as they say, shooting up spontaneously.

Nut. No? you don't say so? Well now that's a good one. Howsomdever, mister, I guess you never drank no *black-strap*, did you? "Spoece you hav'nt. Why bless your 'tarnal soul, it's the sweetest drink that ever streak'd it down a common sized gullet.—'Lasses and rum, with a litle dash o' water—why, do you know when Deacon Snooks died he was buried in farmer Greg's old lot, just behind Major Stakes' grocery and liquorstore; you know where it is? Well, ever since he was laid there, which may be, I guess, about twelve years ago, there's been a spring of *black-strap* running.

Crack. Well, stranger, you can take the rag off the bush about a leetle the cleanest I ever heard tell. I reckon you'll beat our old nigger Coot, who once run agin a lawyer, and has never been able to tell the truth since. You can come huckleberry over my prism-cummon to-day.

Nut. Well, I guess I am not quite as slow as a punkin vine, or as dull as a rainy day. But you appear to be a green one in these parts—how do you like the middings of Maryland?

Crack. Why I can't zactly say,—I reckon your niggers are about a *nutch* too independish—why, it's a fact, the vile catamounts are so plaguy slow on their trouters when a feller speaks to 'em, that they might run a race with a goard and be distanced arter all. I reckon you had ought to see our Georgy niggers—they're a leetle worse than the sharp end of nothing whittled down, if they can't dodge a panther at three months old. I seed a nigger strick it on the Savannah river again stream and wind, middle deep in the water, at the rate of ten miles an hour; if I didn't may I be screwed down to a hoe cake in a cider press.

Nut. Well now—do tell; you must have a rail handsome climate in Georgia.

Crack. I tell you what, stanger, our climate's got no nature at all. In the uplands it mought be the same as this 'ere one day, and another jist not enough to roast a common sized enlamander. Some folks there can't count their children, and don't die until they're so particularly old that they can't step into their coffin. But I reckon you've never bern in the low countries? The fog there is so thick that you have to cut your way through it with a pick axe. A steamboat was once smashed to pieces by running agin a Georgia fog.

Nut. I swow! mister, I should like to know what school you got your children in? May be you were brought up in the *lying-in-hospital*—and fed on razors. I guess if you were put into a cider mill you'd come out a regular built Cholera morbus.

Crack. Right, stranger—and you'd have to pass through all the cotton gins in Georgy afore you'd come out an honest man. Howsomdever, you're a screamer, so gin us a shake o' your corn-stealer—and let's paddle canoes togethor.

RUNNING DOWN A BOASTER.

A country fellow was one day boasting about the swiftness of his horse; and declared he could outrun any thing which went upon four legs. A neighbour of his disputed it, and said he had a mule which could beat him.

"A mule?" said the boaster, "I'll bet you a hundred dollars of that."

"Done!" said the other.

"Done!" said the boaster.

"Now cover that," said the owner of the mule, laying down a hundred dollars.

The boaster began to be frightened at this. He thought there must be something more about the mule than he was aware of, otherwise his owner wouldn't plank a hundred dollars, to run him against a horse. He began to hitch about uneasily. He put his hand into his pocket; he pulled it out again; and at last said: "I don't know, I swow, about that tarnal mule; he may be the devil and all to run, for what I know."

"Do you back out, then?"

"Yes, I back out and treat." So saying, he called in the liquor; but declared that his horse could beat any thing which went upon four legs, except the mule.

"Why?" said the other, "I've got a jackass that will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that," said the boaster.

"Done!" said the other.

And "done!" said the boaster.

"Cover that," said the man, again putting down the hundred dollars.

"Cover that!" exclaimed the boaster, "so I will plaguy quick," taking out his pocket-book.

"Well, cover it, if you dare—and I'll put another hundred atop of it. Why do you hesitate? Down with your dust, I say."

"I don't know, faith, I never saw that jackass of yours run," said the boaster, beginning to hesitate, "he may be the devil and all upon a race, for what I know."

"Do you *stunk* out, then?"

"Yes, I *stummex* this time; but, by jingo, there's nothing else you can bring, except the jackass and the mule, but my horse can beat."

"Are you certain of that, my good fellow?"

"I think so, faith."

"Why, if you're not quite certain, I'll bet you something that I've got a nigger that will outrun him."

"A nigger!"

"Yes, my nigger Tom will beat him."

"I'll bet a hundred dollars of that—there aint no nigger that ever breathed, that can beat my horse."

"Very well—cover that." As he said this, the man once more put down the hundred dollars. "But," said he, "if you back out this time, you shall forfeit ten dollars; and if I back out, I'll do the same."

Agreed," said the boaster, "I'm sure my horse can beat a nigger, if he can't a mule or jackass."

"Well, plank the money, if you please."

"Plank it! so I will—don't you fear that." Saying this, he once more took out his pocket-book and began to fumble for the money.

"Come, man, down with your dust," said the other, taking out more money, "for I'm ready to back my bet with another hundred dollars—or two hundred if you like. Come, why do you hesitate? Here's three hundred dollars I'm ready to stake."

"Three hundred dollars!" exclaimed the boaster, staring like a stuck pig—"three hundred dollars upon a nigger! I don't know, I swan."

"What, man! you're not a going to get frightened again?"

"Frightened! Oh, no—oh, no; it's no easy matter to frighten me—but really—"

"You mean to back out."

"I declare, neighbour, I don't know what to think about it. It's a kind o' risky business."

"You forfeit the ten dollars, then?"

"Why, yes, I 'spose I must," said the boaster, handing over the money, with an air of great mortification—"better lose this than more—for there's no knowing how fast these blamed niggers will run. But any thing else you can bring, except the mule, the jackass, and the nigger, I'm ready to run against."—*N. Y. Constellation.*

THE SNUFF CALLED "IRISH BLACK-GUARD."

Lundy Foot, the celebrated snuff manufacturer, some six-and-twenty years ago, had his premises at Essex-bridge, in Dublin, where he made the common scented snuffs then in vogue. In preparing the snuffs, it was usual to dry them by a kiln at night, which kiln was always left in strict charge of a man appointed to regulate the heat, and see that the snuffs were not spoiled. The man usually employed in this business, Larey by name, a tight boy of Cork, chanced to get drunk over the "cratur," (i. e. a little whiskey,) that he had gotten to comfort him, and, quite regardless of his watch, fell fast asleep, leaving the snuff drying away. Going his usual round in the morning, Lundy Foot found the kiln still burning, and its guardian lying snoring with the fatal bottle, now empty, in his right hand. Imagining the snuff quite spoiled, and giving way to his rage, he instantly began belabouring the shoulders of the sleeper with the stick he carried.

"Och, be quiet wid ye, what the devil's the matter, master, that ye be playing that game?" shouted the astounded Larey, as he sprang up, and capered about under the influence of the other's walking-cane.

"You infernal scoundrel, I'll teach you to get drunk, fall asleep, and suffer my property to get spoiled," uttered the enraged manufacturer, as each word was accompanied by a blow across the dancing Mr. Larey's shoulders.

"Stop! stop! wid ye now! sure you wouldn't be ather spaking to ye'r ould sarvant that way—the snuff's only a leetle drier, or so, may be," exclaimed "the boy," trying to soften matters.

"You big blackguard, you; didn't you get drunk and fall asleep?" interrogated his master, as he suspended his arm for a moment.

"Och, by all the saints, that's a good'un now—where can be the harm of sleeping wid a drop or so? beedee—but bould that shilelah—hear a man spake reason."

Just as Lundy Foot's wrath had in some degree subsided in this serio-comic scene, and he had given the negligent watcher his nominal discharge, who should come in but a couple of merchants. They instantly gave him a large order for the snuffs they were usually in the habit of purchasing, and requested him to have it ready for shipping by the next day. Not having near so large a quantity at the time by him, in consequence of what had happened, he related the occurrence to them, at the same time, by way of illustration, pointing out the trembling Larey, occupied in rubbing his arms and back, and making all kinds of contortions.

Actuated by curiosity, the visitors requested to look at the snuff, although Lundy Foot told them, from the time it had been drying, it must be burnt to a chip.—Having taken out the tins, they were observed to emit a burnt flavour any thing but disagreeable, and on one of the gentlemen taking a pinch up, and putting it to his nose, he pronounced it the best snuff he had ever tasted. Upon this, the others made a similar trial, and all agreed that chance had brought it to a degree of perfection before unknown. Reserving about a third, Lundy Foot sold the rest to his visitors. The only thing that remained now was to give it a name; for

this purpose, in a facetious mood, arising from the sudden turn affairs had taken, the master called his men to him who was lingering near, "Come here, you Irish blackguard, and tell these gentlemen what you call this snuff of your own making."

Larey, who did not want acuteness, and perceived the aspect of things, affected no trifling degree of sulky indignation, as he replied—"And is it a name ye're in want of, sir? fait I should have thought it was the last thing you couldn't give; without, indeed, you've given all your stock to me already. You may even call it 'Irish Blackguard,' stid of one Michael Larey."

Upon this hint he spake, and as many a true word is spoken in jest, so it was christened on the spot.—The snuff was sent to England immediately, and to different places abroad, where it soon became a favorite to so great a degree, that the proprietor took out a patent, and rapidly accumulated a handsome fortune. Such are the particulars connected with the discovery of the far-famed Lundy Foot, or Irish blackguard—for which we are indebted to a member of the Irish bar, who was a resident in Dublin at the time.—*Milner's Nicotians.*

TOM CRINGLE.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.—I had rigged my hammock between the foremast and aftermast hoops of the *taldo*, and as I was fatigued and sleepy, and as it was now getting late, I desired to betake myself to rest; so I was just flitting with a piece of ham, preparatory to the cold grog, when I again felt a silent thump and rattle against the side of the canoe. There was a small aperture in the palm thatch, right opposite to where I was sitting, on the outside of which I now heard a rustling noise, and presently a long snout was thrust through, and into the canoe, which kept opening and shutting with a sharp rattling noise. It was more like two splinters of mud covered and half decayed timber, than any thing I can compare it to; but as the lower jaw was opened, like a pair of Frobdignag scissora, a formidable row of teeth was unmasked, the snout from the tip to the eyes being nearly three feet long. The scene of this moment was exceedingly good, as seen by the light of a small, bright silver lamp, fed with spirits of wine, that I always travelled with, which hung from one of the hoops of the *taldo*. First, there was our friend, Peter Mongrove, cowering in a corner under the after part of the awning, covered up with a blanket, and shaking as if with an ague fit, with the *patron* peeping over his shoulder no less alarmed. Sneezzer, the dog, was sitting on end, with his black nose resting on the table, waiting patiently for his crumbs; and the black boatmen were forward in the bow of the canoe, jabbering and laughing, and mumbling, as they clustered round a sparkling fire. When I first saw the apparition of the diabolical looking snout, I was in a manner fascinated, and could neither speak nor move. Mangrove and the *patron* were also paralysed with fear, and the others did not see it, so Sneezzer was the only creature amongst us aware of the danger, who seemed to have his wits about him; for the instant he noticed it, he calmly lifted his nose off the table, and gave a short startling bark, and then crouched, and drew himself back as if in the act to spring, glancing his eyes from the monstrous jaws to my face, and mumbling and whining with a laughing expression, and giving a small yelp now and then, and again riveting his eyes with intense earnestness on the alligator, telling me as plainly as if he had spoken it—"If you choose it, master, I will attack it, as in duty bound, but really such a customer is not at all in my way;" and not only did he say this, but he showed his intellect was clear, and no way warped through fear, for he now stood on his hind legs, and holding on the hammock with his fore paws, he thrust his snout below the pillow, and pulled

out one of my pistols, which always garnished the head of my bed, on such expeditions as the present.

My presence of mind returned on witnessing the courage and sagacity of my noble dog. I seized the loaded pistol, and as by this time the eyes of the alligator were inside of the *tolds*, I clapped the muzzle to the larboard one and fired. The creature jerked back so suddenly and convulsively, that part of the *tolds* was torn away, and as the dead monster fell off, the canoe rolled as in a saway. My crew shouted, "*Que es esto?*" Peter Mangrove cheered—Sneezer barked and yelled at a glorious rate, and could scarcely be held in the canoe—and looking overboard, we saw the monster, twelve feet long at least, upturn his white belly to the rising moon, struggle for a moment with his short paws, and after a solitary heavy lash of his scaly tail, he floated away astern of us, dead and still.

DOMINIE SAMPSON.—The original of this singular character, as it appears from the *Waverley Anecdotes*, was Mr. James Sanson, son of a miller in Berwickshire, England. He was partially educated at a country school, and afterwards studied at Edinburgh and Glasgow colleges, where he made great proficiency in the ancient languages and the abstruse sciences. When he became a tutor in a private family, all his leisure was passed in study. He was seldom seen walking without a book in his hand, and was generally so intent upon it as not to notice the appearance or address of another person.

He was a preacher after this, and then he took it into his head to travel on foot over England. He also went to the Low Countries, and passed over a large part of Germany, at an expense of less than a third of the £25 which he had carefully amassed to start with. After his return in 1784, he became tutor in the family of Thomas Scott, uncle of the novelist; and at this period, as he occasionally officiated in the parish church, he is supposed to have first received the title of *Dominie Sampson*. Subsequently he acted as chaplain among the tenants of the earl of Hopetown. Here his labors were required chiefly in the damp and noxious atmosphere of the lead mines, and he conscientiously persisted in them to such an extent that he soon lost his teeth—then his eye-sight—then his life. He died a martyr to the impulses of his own generous heart.

The foundation of this worthy man's poetic immortality is based largely upon his personal eccentricities. He was very large and tall, his person coarse, his limbs stout, and his manners exceedingly awkward. In private life he was much beloved, and his discourses from the pulpit are said to have been written with great taste, and much admired by all classes of hearers. Such was *Dominie Sampson*. Little did the poor man dream of his posthumous fortune.

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.—The boabab, or monkey-bred (*Adansonia digitata*) is the most gigantic tree hitherto discovered. The trunk, though frequently eighty feet in circumference, rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen feet in height; but on the summit of this huge pillar is placed a majestic head of innumerable branches fifty or sixty feet long, each resembling an enormous tree, densely clothed with beautiful green leaves. While the central branches are erect the lower series extend in a horizontal direction, often touching the ground at their extremity so that the whole forms a splendid arch of foliage, more like the fragment of a forest than a single tree. The grateful shade of this superb canopy is a favorite retreat for birds and monkeys; the natives resort to it for repose, and the weary traveller in a burning climate gladly flies to it for shelter. The leaves are quinate, smooth, resembling in general form those of the horse chestnut. The flowers are white, and very beautiful, eighteen

inches in circumference. The fruit, which hangs in a pendant manner, is a woody ground like capsule with a downy surface, about nine inches in length and four in thickness, containing numerous cells, in which brown kidney-shaped seeds are embedded in a pulpy acid substance. The timber is soft and spongy, and we are not aware that it is used for an economical purpose. It is easily perforated, so that, according to Bruce, the bees in Abyssinia construct their nests within it and the honey thus obtained, being supposed to have acquired a superior flavor, is esteemed in preference to any other. A more remarkable excavation is however made by the natives; diseased portions of the trunk are hollowed out and converted into tombs for the reception of the bodies of such individuals as, by the laws or customs of the country, are denied the usual rites of interment. The bodies thus suspended within the cavity, and without any preparation or embalmment, dry into well preserved mummies. The juicy acid pulp is eaten by the natives and is considered beneficial in fevers and other diseases on account of its cooling properties. The duration of the boabab is not the least extraordinary part of its history, and has given rise to much speculation. In it we unquestionably see the most ancient living specimen of vegetation. It is, says the illustrious Humboldt, the oldest organic monument of our planet; and Adanson calculates that trees now alive have weathered the storms of five thousand years.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. XII.—Nubia and Abyssinia.*

LA BELLE STUART, AND BRITANNIA.—King Charles II. was so deeply enamoured with Frances Theresa, grand-daughter of Walter, first Lord Blantyre—"la Belle Stuart" of Grammont—as to give rise to the report that he meditated a divorce from his queen, and to raise her to the throne. To escape his importunities, she accepted the honourable proposals of his kinsman, Charles Lennox, sixth and last Duke of Richmond of that family, and was married privately, 1667, to the great wrath of her royal persecutor, which burst on the chancellor's head, whom he unfairly suspected to have conspired against his hopes. The reverse of a gold medal by Philip Rotier, struck by order of the monarch, from a picture of the lady by Sir Peter Lely, is said to be the origin of the figure of Britannia on the copper coin of the realm. She remained a widow thirty years, and died 1702, bequeathing considerable wealth, with the seat of Lennox love, to her great nephew, Alexander, fifth Lord Blantyre.—*Sharpe's Peerage.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.—"Oh, beautiful! oh, more than beautiful! for thou to me art like a dream unbroken," exclaimed the young leader of Israel, "let me breathe my adoration. I offer thee not empire; I offer thee not wealth; I offer thee not all the boundless gratification of magnificent fancy—these may be thine, but all these thou hast proved; but if the passionate affections of a spirit, which ne'er has yielded to the power of woman, or the might of man—if the deep devotion of the soul of Alroy be deemed an offering meet for the shrine of thy surpassing loveliness, I worship thee! Since I first gazed upon thee, since thy beauty first rose upon my presence like a star, bright with my destiny, in the still sanctuary of my secret love, thy idol has ever rested. Then, then, I was a thing whose very touch thy creed might count a contumely. I have avenged the insults of long centuries in the best blood of Asia; I have returned, in glory and in pride, to claim my ancient sceptre; but sweeter far than vengeance, sweeter far than the quick gatherings of my sacred tribes, the rush of triumph and the blaze of empire, is this brief moment of adoring love, wherein I pour the passion of my life!"—(*Wonderful Tale of Alroy.*)

REMEMBER ME WHILE FAR AWAY.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time, featuring a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bottom staff is in C major (no sharps or flats) and 2/4 time, featuring a bass line with chords and eighth notes. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and bass line. It includes a 'Cres.' (Crescendo) marking above the top staff. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The third system of musical notation includes the vocal melody and lyrics: "Re - mem - ber me while far a - way, I jour - ney o'er the world's wide". The bottom staff features a bass line with chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.

The fourth system of musical notation includes the vocal melody and lyrics: "waste; Re - mem - ber me at ear - ly day, Or when the ev'n - ing's sha - dow". The bottom staff features a bass line with chords. The system concludes with a double bar line.

haste, When high the pen-sive moon-ap-pears, And night, with all the star - ry

tr tr tr

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef melody. The middle staff is a treble clef accompaniment with triplets marked 'tr'. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment.

train, Gives rest to hu-man hopes and fears, Re-mem-ber me far o'er the main.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef melody. The middle staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment.

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef melody. The middle staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The bottom staff is a bass clef accompaniment.

SECOND VERSE,

Remember me whene'er you sigh,
 Be it at midnight's pensive hour,
 Remember me, and think that I
 Return that sigh and feel its power.
 Whene'er you think on those away,
 Or when you bend the pious knee,
 Or when your thoughts on pleasure stray,
 Oh, then, remember me!

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

DOMESTIC ASIDES,

OR, TRUTH (IN PARENTHESIS.)

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner.
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

Your charming boys I see are at home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new brussels!)

What! little Clara left at home!
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops into sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage:
You're come, of course, to spend to-day,
(Thank Heav'n, I hear the carriage!)

What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
May—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

Good bye! good bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinner!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!)

THE ALMSHOUSE BOY.—A youth who was brought up at the almshouse was lately taken into the family of Mrs. —, in Pearl street, to run of errands. The first day he became an inmate of her house, the following dialogue passed between them: "Are you not sorry, my dear," said Mrs. —, "to leave home?" "No," answered he, "I don't care." "Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" rejoined she. "No," replied the boy, "I am not sorry to leave any body." "What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she. "Nobody ever was good to me," said the boy. Mrs. — was touched with the child's answer, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cold indifference of the world. The tear stood in her eye. "My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was nobody ever good to you? have you no friend, my dear?" "No, for old dusty Bob, the rag-man, died last week." "And was he your friend?" "Yes, that he was," replied the boy, "he once gave me a piece of gingerbread!"—[New York Sun.]

ENCOURAGING RISING MERIT.—"And you are at school now, are you?" was the question of a countryman to a little nephew, who had a short time before commenced his education. "And do you like the school, my dear?" "Yes," whispered the boy. "That's right; you'll be a brave scholar, I'll warrant—how far are you up in your class, my little student?" "Next to the head." "Next to the head, say you?—come, now, you deserve something for that!"—thrusting four whole cents into the hand of the delighted urchin. "And how many are in your class?" "I and a little girl!"

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE,

Illustrative of American enterprise and daring.

Shortly after the termination of the late war between Great Britain and the United States, an American citizen, then on his travels in Europe, took passage in a steam boat from Greenock, crossing the North Channel to Belfast. On the passage down the river Clyde, he, with other strangers, being not a little surprised on beholding a considerable work of defence thrown up on one of the banks of the river at a point so distant from the sea, and in a situation well land locked and apparently perfectly safe from the incursions of an external foe, on expressing his surprise to the Captain of the steam boat, (a true John Bull) at so unnecessary a fortification having been erected, he replied (little knowing that he was addressing an American, to whom the censures cast upon his countrymen for their noble daring, was a high treat) "why, sir, had we been at war with any other nation on the earth, a military work in that situation would not have been at all necessary, but the d—n Yankees are so bold and impudent that there was no telling how far they would venture to penetrate into the heart of the country; I, myself, saw two of their privateers during the war come sailing up the river, under a heavy press of canvas, within the reach of the Guns of the Battery, and thought surely they would be sunk, or at least crippled and captured, but to my astonishment and mortification, after being fired upon, they wheeled about like a coach and four, and made off in safety, with their colours flying and drums beating YAN-KEE DOODLE."

"The term Yankee, is applied in Great Britain to all Americans, whether they be of the North, the South, the East, or the West, for there they pay no regard to our geographical divisions into separate States, but know us as only one great nation, who collectively won their Liberty, and established their Independence."

RETALIATION.—Some few years since, in the county of Penobscot, there lived a man by the name of H—, whose greatest pleasure was in tormenting others; his own family was generally the butt of his sport. One cold and blustering night, he retired to bed at an early hour, his wife being absent at a neighbor's. Some time after, she returned; finding the door closed, she demanded admittance. "Who are you?" cried Mr. H. "You know who I am, let me in, it's very cold." "Begone, you strolling vagabond, I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mrs. H." "Begone! Mrs. H. is a very likely woman; she never keeps such late hours as this." Mrs. H. replied—"If you do not let me in I will drown myself in this well." "Do, if you please," he replied. She at that time taking up a log plunged it into the well, and retired to the side of the door. Mr. H. hearing the noise, rushed from the house to save, as he supposed, his drowning wife. She at the same time slipped in and closed the door after her. Mr. H. almost naked, in turn demanded admittance. "Who are you?" she demanded. "You know who I am, let me in, or I shall freeze." "Begone, you thievish rogue! I want nothing of you here." "But I must come in." "What is your name?" "You know my name, it is Mr. H." "Mr. H. is a very likely man; he don't keep such late hours." Suffice it to say, she, after keeping him in the cold until she was satisfied, opened the door and let him in.

An Irishman, on a rainy day, was hauling a load of lime which, during travel, began to smoke; thinking it on fire, he began to throw water on it: finding it increasing, he drove his cart to a pond and emptied his load in, and exclaimed, "there burn, and the devil to ye!"

A CLIMBER.—In the coffee-room at the Bush Tavern, Bristol, the conversation of the company touched on the subject respecting the real or imaginary existence of mermaids, when one of the party declared in favor of the affirmative. "Oh! real, beyond all doubt; I have seen seven or more at one time, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, with long hair, and their young ones sucking at their breast." The worthy and facetious host of the Bush replied: Sir, Captain—, of the —, informed me, that, on Sunday morning, a merman had appeared to his men, dressed in gay attire, with his hair frizzled and powdered as white as a full grown cauliflower, and demanded to know if the Captain was on board. The Captain soon appeared on deck. The merman addressed him as follows: "Sir, I shall feel particularly obliged by your giving orders for your anchor to be taken up; it lies against my street door, and prevents my family from going to church."

STEEL TRAP.—A gentleman who had long been subject to the nocturnal visitation of thieves in his orchard, wishing to preserve his property without endangering any one's life, procured from a hospital the leg of a subject, which he placed one evening in a steel trap in his garden, and next morning sent the crier round the town to announce, that "the owner of the leg left in Mr. —'s ground last night, might receive it upon application." He was never robbed again.

ORIGINAL AND TRUE.—A servant woman, near our office, was employed to do the cooking for a family. When the hour for dining arrived, the landlady inquired whether dinner was ready? No, mam, was the reply—I have not yet finished stringing the beans. The cook was industriously at work *sewing the beans on strings*. Lord, what shall I do, the company are waiting. *Indeed, mam, I don't know; you told me to string the beans, which I am doing with all my might.*
—*N. Y. Gazette.*

A HAPPY ILLUSTRATION.—A steerage passenger must be very uncomfortable, especially when the weather is rough, and the waves beating over the sides and bow of the vessel. It is perhaps necessary, however, that one should have felt the misery of a steerage passage, in order to judge of the comparative comforts of a packer's cabin. It is better to begin life in the steerage of society, and finish it in the cabin, than to have to walk forward in old age or late in life.—*Mac-kensie.*

Life is a flower garden, in which new blossoms are ever opening as fast as others fade.

Nature is the mirror of the Invisible One.
The first fault man commits is to take theories for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.

Where children are, is a golden age.
Between congenial minds dissensions are most painful, as discords are the harsher the nearer they approach to concord.

Anger wishes the human race had but one neck, love but one heart, grief two tears, and pride two bonded knees.

Two things fill my mind with every new and increasing admiration and veneration the offender and more constantly they occupy my thoughts—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.

Forgiveness is the finding again of something lost—misanthropy, a prolonged suicide.

There are moments in our life when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every flower, and every distant star, every worm, and every darkly imaged loftier spirit—an embracing of all nature like our beloved.

THE SULKY AND THE SOCIABLE.—A gentleman and his wife were reduced from a life of splendor and luxury, by unavoidable misfortunes to a more moderate way of living. He had been since their misfortunes extremely morose and gloomy, and it was a lively reply of his affectionate wife that caused a change. "Wife," said he, one morning, "my affairs are embarrassed, and it is necessary I should curtail my expenses. I should like to have your opinion as to the reduction. He spoke this in a more gentle tone than usual. "My dear husband," said she, "I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of the sulky—and let us retain the sociable."

[SONG.—Translation by Beranger.]

I've lived of late by Doctor's rule;
And thus (his cane beneath his nose)
Quoth he, "Your fever we shall cool
By abstinence, and by repose."
But in my heart Love's voice began,
"A gallanade or so were well."
I rose and walked an hour with Ann.
But do not tell, oh, do not tell
A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"Beware of Bacchus," says our Sage,
Our Esculapius, who but he?
The purest preacher of the age
Ne'er so enjoined sobriety.
But in my heart love's voice began,
"To drink her health, methinks were well,"
So down I sat and toasted Ann,
But do not tell, oh, do not tell
A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"We must not sing, it hurts the chest,"
Why here's a pretty how d'ye do!
The man must surely be possessed;
Pray God it a'n't the wandering Jew!
But in my heart Love's voice began,
"One stave, and all will soon be well."
You chorused me while singing, Ann;
But do not tell, oh, do not tell
A word of that to Doctor Fell!

"Affect not womankind," quoth he,
"All passion we must pre-emit."
Now on my soul the knave must be
A Trappist, or a Jesuit!
But in my heart Love's voice began,
"A kiss would surely make you well."
I'm going now for one from Ann—
But do not tell, oh, do not tell
A word of that to Doctor Fell!

AN ARTIST OF ABILITY.—"W— is an artist of great ability," said one. "I do not know," said another, "I am certain he is an artist of great *irrit*-ability."

A lady who had been just three days married perceiving her husband enter, stole secretly behind him and gave him a kiss; the husband was angry, and said she offended against decency. Pardon me, exclaimed she, I did not know it was *you*.

A KISS.

Cold, cruel girl, pray tell me why,
Do you the harmless boon deny?
'Tis nothing terrible or frightful,
But warm, sweet, innocent, delightful,
Joyous inspiring—nay, I swear—
You doubt? Well, try me—there, there, there.

Dr. South begins a sermon on this text, "The wages of sin is death," as follows: "Poor wages indeed, that a man can't live by."

JOHN WHITE AND SUSAN FRY.

John White he was the smartest man
Of all the New Police,
Though he had but a pound a week
To keep him and the peace.

Among his brother officers
You might have found some bigger;
But John White, No. 28,
Was well known by his figure.

The servant-maids, as John went by,
Stole to their doors to talk,
And so would be long on the step
Though not allowed a walk.

Soon to a cook, one Susan Fry,
He spoke of faithful love,
And swore she was, though kitchen-maid,
All other maids above.

This cook had vowed that none to her
Cool treatment should impute;
So, looking at his uniform,
She smiled upon his suit.

He courted her, and called her queen,—
While she would oft in sport
Declare his manners much improved
Since he had come to court.

But soon, alas! she found him out,
And his bright prospects marred—
Though John, like all the New Police,
Was always on his guard.

One night she called to see Jane Sly,
The cook to Doctor Drake,
And there, with Jane and oyster-sauce,
She found her love at steak!

John kept his eyes fixed on his plate,
Alarmed at Susan's fright,
Who cried, "For shame!" and then declared
Next day her wrongs she'd write.

She sent this touching note to Jane—
"You'll never see me more;
For you have split an appy pear,
And cut me to the core."

And then she wrote to faithless John—
"You know, sir, I'm yure better—
Indeed the postman says I've maid
Sum progress in my letters.

"I oped for joy, John, when I chose
My Luv from *hambel state*—
For being cook, of coarse I knoo
Wot broils attend the grate.

"But you've deceived me, so fair well,
You false and crewel yuth—
I've found, though you're one of the 'Force',
'Tis not the 'Force of Truth,

"So I'm determined, O, John White!
To plunge into the river—
And scorn, as I have lost my heart,
To be a for-lawn liver!"

To Waterloo Bridge straight she went,
Poor melancholy soul!
Where, as she was a belle for death,
She gave the usual toll.

Then turning pale at thoughts of White,
She scale the bridge's brink,
And, like a fearless kitchen-maid,
Thus perished in a sink!

John learnt her fate, and crying cried—
"Alas! my hopes are o'er—

Though I have made so much of her,
I find that she's no more!"

John's still alive; but grown so thin,
With constant woes and pains,
That literary servant maids,
Now call him "*White's Remains*."

THE TWO MONKEYS.

A FABLE.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride:
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant, and the science:
The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain:
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but Apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critics had a sorer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance, the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh throughout the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill bred.

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirled the flap-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends:
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the fight.

With smiles, gooth Pug, if pranks like these
The giant Apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts;
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling;
Play, twist and turn in airy ring:
How can those chummy things like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These enulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that Man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride,
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

GAY.

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CHINA, AND THE MOUNTAINS OF THE EAST.

Published by S. C. Atkinson.



Can lend a flower to the desert ground ;
 It buoys the soul, when assailed by care,
 And points its view to the depths of air :—
Keep thy heart unstained, and the earth will be
A pathway to glory and rest for thee.

feelings her mirror had no tendency to suppress
 Her form was slender ; her features of the Gre-
 cian, or rather of the Circassian mould ; lip
 red as the lotus, and eyes dark, large, and
 liquid. Yet, the greatest charm Madeline po-





OR GEMS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
His sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way."

No. 12.]

PHILADELPHIA.—DECEMBER.

[1833.]

Written for the Casket.

THE PEASANT BOY.

Glad child ! the spring-time of life is thine—
Its blossoming hopes and its clear sunshine ;
The shadows of care thou hast never known—
In thy bosom no sorrow hath reared its throne—
With fresh affections, and fancy free,
Existence is spread as a dream to thee ;
Thou dost not know that its flowers will fade—
That its radiant skies will be veil'd in shade.

The love of youth in thine eye is hid,—
It flashes forth from its lifted lid ;
On thy lip the crimson of childhood lies,
Calm as the blushes of summer skies :
Thy cheek is fair as a rose of June,
While thy free tongue carols its merry tune :
The peace of a rural life is thine,
Where Nature speaks with her voice divine.

Yes, the light of morning is on thy brow—
It beams from thy smiling presence now ;
It reveals the joy of a heart at ease,—
Of a spirit, that Being alone, can please :
Which draws from the future a daily store
Of eloquent visions, unknown before :
Their worth unproved, they appear to thee
Brilliant and sure as reality !

Alas ! for life !—as thy years increase,
Will pass from thy bosom its spell of peace ;
The hollow world will appear in truth,
All changed from the scene that beguiled thy youth :
The revolving seasons will wear no more
The glow that once to thine eye they wore :
And, wearied in spirit, thy glance in vain
Will search for the pleasures of yore again.

Yet within thy breast thou may'st keep a charm,
Which the sting of Guilt can alone disarm :
The principle pure, which in youth is found,
Can lend a flower to the desert ground ;
It buoys the soul, when assailed by care,
And points its view to the depths of air :—
Keep thy heart unstained, and the earth will be
A pathway to glory and rest for thee.

C.

Written for the Casket.

The Dream of Love.

How like a dream our life appears,
A varying scene of joys and tears—
Of bliss and woe, from which we wake,
Our last fond retrospect to take ;
Oh, Love ! how like a dream art thou,
Of blasted hope and broken vow.

It has never been determined by metaphysicians and philosophers, which of all the human passions is the strongest. Some have declared in favour of revenge, others in favour of anger and grief ; but I am inclined to believe the passion of love far the most powerful, inasmuch as it not only operates itself in many destructive ways, but gives origin to jealousy, a most mysterious and deadly passion. Love levels all the distinctions of society—surmounts all the barriers of parental tyranny, and interested opposition ; and if unsuccessful, terminates in jealousy, revenge, or the most bitter and unrelenting hatred.

Some years since, there resided near one of our large cities a gentleman, by the name of Morland, who, by industrious habits in a mechanical business, had acquired a competence, and had removed to a pleasant seat in the environs of the town. He had one son and a daughter. The son had been educated at West Point, and afterward entered the navy, where he, at the time I speak of, had risen to the honourable rank of a lieutenant. The daughter, Madeline, in her seventeenth summer, was considered beautiful, possessing a mild and amiable disposition, connected with winning, or even bewitching manners ; though excessive praise and adoration had made her vain and coquettish, which feelings her mirror had no tendency to suppress. Her form was slender ; her features of the Grecian, or rather of the Circassian mould ; lips, red as the lotus, and eyes dark, large, and liquid. Yet, the greatest charm Madeline pos-

sedded, and they were not few, was the heavenly expression, which was the very moonlight of her soul, that beamed upon her face. Her heart was pure, gentle, and refined. She was one of those who, in the language of Moore,

"Would blush when you praised her,
And weep when you blamed."

It cannot then be strange that she should captivate many. Among those who bowed down before her charms, was a young man, of high pretensions, who used every means in his power to obtain the key of her heart. His name was Brown; he was of an enthusiastic nature, and was often heard to say, that he loved her to distraction, and would yield up his life, if she were seriously to demand it, to prove the sincerity of his passion. But Madeline appeared cold and insensible to all the warmth of his protestations, though her father was pleased with the prospect of the alliance. Brown endured his ill success with calmness, until he discovered that a rival suitor was winding himself into the affections of his own heart's idol. He then became distressed and impatient. Wakefield, the rival, had been an apprentice, a few years before, to Morland, and was far inferior in point of fortune, talents, and high respectability, to Brown. This, both knew; and the knowledge mutually made them the greater enemies. Such are the mysteries of love, that no power can bind, and no laws regulate it. Madeline had long esteemed the accomplished Brown, and had seriously striven to love him; but in vain. Hence, Brown had been alternately encouraged and discouraged. She had loved Wakefield without a single effort.

So perfectly fascinated was Brown, that he could not rest when absent from her; and a single smile from her fair lips, was sufficient to chase away all his cares, and call back to the dark chamber of his heart, the brilliant hopes of former days. One morning in June, just as Wakefield left the house, he sought her presence, to solicit, for the last time perhaps, her hand and heart. He found her reclining on a sofa, in a splendid dress, reading the Sorrows of Werter. This he thought was a happy opportunity, and pressed her with eloquent language to tell him, for the last time, what he was to depend upon.

"My fate," said he, "is in your hands. You are the mistress of my destiny, and on your lips depends my future happiness, or my eternal ruin. If I am permitted to live in your presence, I shall be the happiest of men; but if you determine otherwise, I am a doomed wretch, and life will no longer be desirable. Dearest Madeline, I have loved you—I now love you, even to distraction, and it remains only for you to pronounce whether I shall live in hope, or die in despair. I await your determination."

As the last words escaped from his lips he sunk upon one knee before her; and grasping her hand with a kind of distracted air, gazed with intense anxiety into her heavenly eyes. Madeline was startled with the quickness of his movement, but the sincerity of his manner, and the earnestness of his gaze, recalled her scattered senses, and aroused her sensitive feelings.

"I have ever esteemed you as a gentleman," said Madeline, blushing to her temples, "but, to

be candid with you, that esteem has never been merged in that more devoted feeling, which is ever necessary to render the union of our hearts happy. From my heart I desire, and would fain contribute to your happiness, in any manner that would not have a tendency to render us both miserable. I am perfectly convinced that without mutual affection there is no permanent good in the married state. I, therefore, conjure you to think no more of the past, and to be assured that my warmest friendship shall ever be yours."

"Oh! Madeline," said the distracted youth, "I had rather this moment die in your arms, than resign you forever; yet if fate will have it so death alone will be the soother of my miseries. Long, long has hope supported me, and must it now fly from my desolate heart, even at the command of her whom, most of all others, I love. To secure your happiness, Madeline, I would resign my own; but—farewell—forever."

Madeline wept, and the unhappy young man seized his hat and escaped from the room. Distraction fixed upon him, and every night he paced the yard, before the building, to catch a glimpse of her who was his heart's highest idol. Late on a beautiful summer evening he approached the house, and saw from a window the usual light of Madeline, where he had so often silently stole to gaze unseen upon her charms. He now put silently aside the shrubbery, and advanced to gaze again upon her, to possess whose heart he would have given the wealth of worlds. Softly he put aside the curtain, and beheld Madeline, sitting with her face towards the window, gaily smiling and talking. The glance shewed him the hated form of Wakefield, and his hand involuntarily grasped one of the pistols in his pockets. The arm of Wakefield rested on the chair of Madeline, and Brown bit his lips as he saw him take her small white hand in his, and press her to his bosom. He saw that she resisted not, and he gnashed his teeth with rage and anguish. The next moment he beheld his favoured rival impress upon her balmy lips a kiss, and his heart boiled with jealousy and revenge. He drew the pistol from his pocket, and aimed at the heart of Wakefield; but at that moment they both rose to leave the room, and Madeline's form was interposed between him and his victim.

With a heart full of bitterness, Brown left the spot, and awaited the coming forth of Wakefield. In a few minutes he appeared at the door, and from behind a tree in front of the building, he saw the elegant form of Madeline advance, her hand clasped in that of the happy Wakefield. He saw her lean upon his arm, and gaze up in his face; he saw his arm enfold the delicate waist of the charming girl; he saw him again affectionately press her lips, and madness fired his soul. The next moment the warm adieu was uttered, softly—the hand pressed and relinquished, and Wakefield left the house. He had advanced but a few steps, musing upon the luxury and the sweet delirium of love, when the form of Brown emerged from the shade of the shrubbery, and he started. They gazed for a moment, with surprise and bitterness upon each other.

"Well met, sir, in such an hour and place as this," muttered Brown, with bitter sternness.

"To peep and listen, at such an hour and place

as this, but ill befits a gentleman," retorted Wakefield, the fact flashing upon his mind, that Brown had been a witness to all that had passed.

"It matters not," returned the other; "we will not quarrel over trifles. I demand, sir, whether you are serious in your attentions to the lady you have just left? Answer me without equivocation.

"I recognize not your right, sir, to demand any thing of me," returned Wakefield, coolly.

"Then you or I must die," said Brown, suddenly drawing a pair of pistols from his pockets. "I have made up my mind, sir, irrevocably, that if Madeline Morland will not be mine, she shall not be another's. Take your choice, and let us here decide the matter at once and forever."

"I decline your offer, sir, until you are placed in a similar situation to my own," said Wakefield.

"I demand to know, then, on what score we are not equal?" interrogated Brown.

"You are entitled to that knowledge," returned Wakefield. "Then know, sir, that I am this night betrothed to the amiable lady I have just left, and that, should I fall, my own misery would not be the only consequence, but an innocent being would suffer for my folly."

At these fatal words Brown gasped for breath, and fell back against the tree, in apparent agony. Wakefield thought this a proper opportunity to escape from the man whom he knew to be maddened with love and jealousy, and who might do him some injury. With the promise to see him again, which Brown, however, did not hear, he departed, leaving him to his reverie, and to indulge his misery.

From his situation, Brown perceived that Madeline had retired to the same room, and was reading. A desperate resolve seized him—to enter if possible—to endeavour to break off the engagement which had been formed, and if unsuccessful, to die in her presence. He advanced—found the door open and entered without apprising her, for his mind was in a state bordering on distraction. Madeline started with surprise and anger at the appearance in her room, at that hour, of a man, without announcement. The expression of his countenance alarmed her, and she sternly demanded his business, for so haggard was he, that she did not at first recognize his features.

"I come," said Brown, with a melancholy look, "to snatch you from the arms of Wakefield, or to perish in the attempt. You have pledged your heart and hand to a villain, and if you persist in claiming him, you must be content to see one expire at your feet, in this room."

Saying this, he turned to the door, and locking it, put the key in his pocket. Madeline attempted to scream, but her heart became sick, her head swam round, and all the past seemed to her like some forlorn dream of love. She had long dreaded that some fatal consequence would be the result of Brown's unrequited passion. Before she had fully recovered, the unhappy young man had sunk down at her feet, grasped her hand, and was gazing imploringly in her face.

"Oh! Madeline, doom me not to death, for your cruelty has already inflicted all the agonies

that the human heart may bear. Relent, and save me from an untimely tomb, and yourself from the arms of a villain, who has won your gentle heart but to deceive you."

"By what means," enquired Madeline, "did you discover that we were betrothed, and what proof have you that Wakefield is a villain? Speak, I conjure you, nor longer keep me in the agony of suspense. Speak! tell me all, that I may escape the snare ere it is forever too late."

"Have you then never heard the dreadful act which he committed, when returning from his travels? Has no suspicion ever crossed your mind of his real character?"

"Never," said the trembling Madeline. Oh! tell me—and yet I dread to hear the fatal tale. It will be death to all my hopes, and all my happiness—but let me hear it."

"I will tell you the truth," said Lindley Brown, his countenance brightening with hope. "You must then know, dearest Madeline, that when Wakefield was travelling from Orleans, through the forest, on his way to Ohio, he stopped for the night at the house of a man, by the name of Loxley, who made him welcome, and introduced him with confidence to his wife and daughter. Loxley had just married, the second time, a young and most beautiful girl, upon whom he lavished all the affections of his heart. His daughter was but sixteen years of age. Wakefield remained, partaking of their hospitality, all which time he assiduously devoted to the hellish purpose of ensnaring the hearts of the young wife and daughter. Loxley was often absent; his wife and daughter knew not the villainy of man, and, ere they were aware of it, found that the presence of the stranger was necessary to their happiness. Lucy, the daughter, first fell a victim to his villainy, and he then sought every opportunity to persuade the wife to follow him home. In the simplicity of innocence, she listened to him, but refused him, until her heart became completely ensnared by his blandishments and estranged from her husband. At last, when Loxley was absent, she consented, and they set off through the wilderness. The distracted husband, suspecting villainy, set off in pursuit, and in the depth of the forest overtook them, and demanded his wife of the man who had partaken of his hospitality. Wakefield answered the language of his wounded heart with scorn, and refused to yield the beautiful creature whom he had rudely torn from a virtuous, affectionate, and happy home. A contest ensued, and the next moment the hand of Wakefield was reeking with the blood of the injured husband, who was expiring at the feet of the murderer."

As the last words escaped from the lips of Brown, Madeline feebly shrieked, and as he turned he saw her falling from her chair. He caught her in his arms, pressed her pale lips to his, and for a moment exulted in the triumph he had achieved. Slowly consciousness returned; she gazed a minute upon the face of the narrator in pity, then darted from his arms and hastily reentered herself in her chair. Some moments passed in musing silence.

"Oh! I will not believe it," exclaimed Madeline. "You wrong him; you seek to blast his fame, because he has been more fortunate than

yourself. Oh! say that you wrong him, and I will forgive you."

"Nay, then, if you believe me not, I here produce the fatal, damning evidence," said Brown, and he drew from his pocket a letter, and held it full in the gaze of the agonized girl. The same fatal story was there recounted, and Madeline's heart became sick, her head swam round, and she was near falling. The next moment the door opened, and Wakefield entered.

"Villain," cried Brown, "you come again to insult me with your pretensions, but sir!"

"Dare not repeat that word again," interrupted Wakefield, "or your life may be the forfeit of your insult. Know, sir, that I am now prepared to meet you, and to know who has a claim to!"

"A claim!" retorted Brown, in a bitter accent; "what claim have you, whose hands have been dyed in the blood of an injured, unoffending man."

"I defy your lies and your forgeries," exclaimed Wakefield. "The letter you have shown to Madeline, is in your own hand-writing; and the secret you confided to another, has been disclosed. Who, sir, is the villain now? Whose hands are now imbrued in the blood of an injured man?"

"Liar!" shouted Brown, "come on; your blood shall atone for this. Strike for your life."

Ere the words had expired upon his lips, he snatched a dagger from his bosom and held it glittering in the terrified gaze of Madeline; and as the beautiful girl was near fainting, he exclaimed,

"Let Madeline then declare which of us her heart accepts, and we will settle the difficulty."

Madeline faintly breathed the name of Wakefield, and in an instant the dagger which Brown held was buried to the hilt in the bosom of Wakefield. He staggered and fell at her feet.

"And thou thou shalt die," exclaimed Brown, with a wild, demoniac look.

She saw the dagger descending, and struggled to escape it, but in vain; she felt the cold steel penetrate her heart. She saw the red current of life issuing from the wound, and shuddered at death.

"Madeline, Madeline, my dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed Lucy Blakely, the bridesmaid: "wake up, child, the bridegroom, priest, and all, have arrived. You must be ready to go down."

Madeline awoke from her dream of terror, happy to find herself alive, and on the very eve of being married to Wakefield, who had long possessed her heart. The idle report, that Brown was about to challenge Wakefield, had given origin to her long dream of love. She had fallen asleep in her chair, dressed in her wedding garb.

MILFORD BARD.

From the Saturday Evening Post.
SONG.

Count not the hours when their silent wing,
Thus wafts them in fairy flight,
For feeling warm from its purest spring
Shall hallow the scene to night.

And whilst the magic of joy is here,
And the colours of life are gay,

Let us think of those who have loved us dear,—
Of the friends that are far away.

Few are the hearts that have proved the truth,
Of their early affection's vow;
Then let those few, the beloved of youth,
Be dear in their absence now.

Oh vivid long, in the faithful breast,
Shall the gleam of remembrance play;
Like the lightning tint in the glowing west,
When the sunbeams have past away.

Sweet be the sleep of their silent hours,
And calm be the seas they roam;
May the pathway they travel be strewn with flowers,
Till it brings them in safety home.

And should we whose hearts are o'erflowing now,
Like them be doomed to stray,
May some kind orison rise for us,
When we shall be far away.

K. J.

FEIGNED AND REAL ATTACHMENT.

The story of the Heiress, which afforded us some general remarks on character and feeling last week, now supplies a forcible illustration of the difference between the sentiments we have designed above. The passion of Lord E., so well exposed, contrasts most strikingly with that of the lady for another, and that by which it was required.—*N. Y. Atlas.*

At first I had not thought Trevor beautiful.— This I remember distinctly, or I could not now believe it; for, so soon as I had marked the mystic intelligence between the outward aspect and the inward heart, his face became to me even as the face of an angel. His soft dark hair flowed meekly away on either side a forehead where mental power and moral grandeur sat fitly throned: his eyes shone serenely lustrous with the soul's own holy light; and O the warm benevolence of his bright smile! While he preached, the light from a richly stained oriel window streamed upon his figure, at times shrouding him in such a blaze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven-sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful or paining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and all living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poesy, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, the men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world-weariness had passed away; I desisted from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was not, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false notions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of an humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to

true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy fluttering child of folly as I appeared to be—as, but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and "impatient-hearted;" as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded, I grew weary, of crowded assemblies; where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was "rapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and always holy? And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twinborn with the warmest hearts, that tenderness and genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart; I knew that he would love loftily, holily, and for ever; but I feared, alas, that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted, I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine. I saw the heaven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revelation would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education; it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being. I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E—alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were forever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, is possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "pretty brands which calumny does use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such at-

tempts, he artfully insinuated that my partially was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of anything so preposterous, and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence; but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and knew how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. On Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might, be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death. O what would I not then have given for a right to attend him! Never in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for those she loves, but it asks none; to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red-rose wreaths. I danced when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day I, like any other silent acquaintance, sent a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided.—It was added too that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, employed that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that

venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful events which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue; and, opening it at hazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate. "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. He was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect, in a short space he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets, over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love. I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he had so often crossed on his angel errands of good-will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and meet his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, my haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then, or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I had raised the knocker in the purpose of enquiring whether he still lived, when the everhaunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all that I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who, in leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unpitied weeping.

But morning brought unhopèd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended.

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time freed from the prying observation of others, and this, together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence, imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise. But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were utterly paralysed; and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most rapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert accompanied by a matron

and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not her sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy.—Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of *La Pastorelle*, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her,) when I heard a lady near me say to another, "So, Mr. Trevor and Miss — are to be married immediately." This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is matter? Miss Howard, you are ill!" but with a strong proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E—, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes to Devonshire next week, for change of air after his long illness.—He is to remain some time on a visit at her father's house. I understood it is a long engagement."

Lord E— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, and in a sort of a mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E—. A double bar was thus placed between me and the most perfect of God's creatures. He had selected one (doubtless worthy of him) with whom to tread virtue's "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace," while I, linked in a dull bond with one whom I neither loved nor hated, must pursue the weary round of an existence without aim, or duty, or affection. I was but nineteen, and happiness was over—hope, the life of life, was dead; and the future, imagination's wide domain, nothing but one dim and desolate expanse.

Lord E— made the most ostentatious preparations for our approaching union, which he took care should be publicly known, so that I was congratulated upon it by my acquaintance, and among the rest by Trevor himself. But the more I reflected, the more I loathed the thought of marrying Lord E—. He could not be blind to my reluctance; but his avarice and vanity were both interested in the fulfilment of my promise. To a man who had desired my love, my unwillingness to fulfil the contract would have been a sufficient cause for dissolving it; but Lord E— had wooed my wealth, and I had promised it to him—how then could I retract? Gladly, indeed, would I have given half my fortune in ransom of my rash pledge, but such a barter was impossible, and I saw no means of escaping the toils which my own folly had woven around me.

One day, while I was revolving these bitter thoughts, and awaiting the infliction of a visit from Lord E—, a letter, in a strange hand, was delivered to me. It ran thus:

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA—Did you ever hear of a wild youth, your brother, who was supposed to have been lost at sea, when you were a baby? I am that brother; I fear I dare no longer say, that youth. I have passed through as many adventures as would rig out ten modern novels, but which would be out of place in this little brotherly epistle. At last, however, I was seized with a strange fit of home sickness, and coming to England to recover, I find my pretty little sister a wit, a beauty, and heiress of my heritage. I understand, and you are doubtless also aware, that my father never gave up all hope of my return, and that by his will I am entitled to his property, except a paltry portion of ten thousand pounds for you. But I have seen you, my dear little girl, and like you vastly, so that you may be sure that I shall not limit your portion as my father did. I candidly confess that I doubt whether I may be able legally to prove my title, though my old nurse, who lives with you, and with whom I have had an interview, recognized me easily. I shall visit you, however, and I am sure when you compare me with my father's portrait you will acknowledge me to be your loving brother,"

"HENRY HOWARD."

I was well aware of the clause in my father's will to which the writer alluded; but it had always seemed to me, and to my guardians, a mere dead letter. Some time before I might have grieved at the prospect of losing my wealth; now it filled me with joy, as affording a hope of release from Lord E—. I flew to nurse, and found her ready to swear to the stranger's identity with the lost Henry Howard. I seized my pen joyfully, and addressed to him a few hasty lines.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—If you be indeed my brother—you shall only need to prove your title to my own heart. My sense of justice, and not the mandate of the law, shall restore your inheritance to you. As to my portion, I shall accept of nothing but that which is legally mine, until I know whether I shall require it, or whether I can love you well enough to be your debtor."

I had scarcely despatched this billet, when Lord E— was announced. I received him with unwonted gaiety, for I was charmed to be the first from whom he should hear of my altered circumstances. I longed to take his sordid spirit by surprise, and break triumphantly and at once from his abhorred thralldom. He was delighted with my unusual affability, and was more than ever prodigal of his "Adorable Augustas," &c. more than ever ardent in his vows of unchangeable love. I maliciously drew him on, asking with a soft Lydia-Languish air, whether he could still love me, should any mischance deprive me of my fortune? O what a question! He could imagine no happier lot than to live with me in a cottage upon dry bread, and love sighs, and roses. I professed my satisfaction, and congratulating him on such a brilliant opportunity of proving his disinterestedness, related what had occurred. To me it was most amusing to witness, first, his incredulity, then his blank dismay, and lastly his languid professions of his constancy, ludicrously mingled with stammering complaints of his own embarrassed circumstances, which would prevent his obeying

the dictates of affection without urging his immediate union. A short postponement would now be necessary, &c. &c. At last, raising his looks to mine, he met my mocking and derisive smile, and saw the joy that danced in my eyes. He thereupon thought proper to discover that I never loved him, and found it convenient to be mightily indignant threat. I nodded assent to his sapient conjecture, and, drawing my harp towards me, sang with mocked pathos the first line of "For the lack of gold he's left me O!" Though a release from our engagement was now desirable to him, he was deeply mortified at the manner of it; and, making me a sulky bow, he departed, while I thrilled forth in a merrier measure,

O! ladies beware of a false young knight,
Who loves and who rides away.

So ended Lord E—'s everlasting constancy.

My brother's return, and Lord E—'s consequent desertion, were soon known to the world; and a dangerous illness with which I was at this time seized, was generally ascribed to these causes. But far other were my thoughts. I looked back with thankfulness on my deliverance from the danger of marrying a man so worthless as Lord E— had proved; and though the means of beneficence and enjoyment were diminished, I looked forward to a more happy and useful life than I had hitherto led. I had, too, proud resolves of vanquishing my predilection for Trevor; but a passion based upon virtue is so indestructible, and the youthful heart clings with such a fond tenacity even to its defeated hopes, that I could not forego the desire of earning at least his society and friendship. I could not conceal from myself that his passionless esteem would be dearer to me than the undivided homage of a hundred hearts. He had been in Devonshire during my illness, but returned before I had recovered. My supposed misfortunes were sufficient passport to his kindness; and he who had been reserved and distant in the days of my prosperity, was all assiduity in the season of sickness and reverse of fortune. Every day during my convalescence he made me a long visit, and every day augmented my delight in his society and unrivalled conversation. His visits were those of a Christian pastor, and in that paternal character, he one day expressed his approbation of the cheerful fortitude with which I had sustained such trying misfortunes. I could not bear that he should think I ever loved Lord E—, (for I saw that it was to him he chiefly alluded,) and I impetuously protested that I had ever been indifferent to him, and considered my release a blessing. This avowal seemed to establish a more intimate friendship and confidence between us, in the course of which I learned that it was Trevor's brother, (a Devonshire country gentleman,) and not himself, who was engaged to Miss —, the lady whom I had seen with him at the concert.

Trevor's visits, which had commenced in compassionate kindness towards me, were now continued for his own gratification; and before one brief and happy month had passed away, I had won the first love of his warm and holy heart, and knew myself his chosen one, his companion

through time and through eternity. The long-sought was found—the long-loved was my lover! In describing the origin and progress of his regard, Trevor admitted that his former intentional avoidance of my society was the result of a prepossession which he feared to indulge, partly from a belief in the report of my engagement to Lord E—, but chiefly from an opinion that my education and habits must have rendered my character uncongenial to his. I too had my confidings to make; but though I shed blissful tears upon the bosom of my dear confessor, when owing to my past errors and frivolity, I did not acknowledge that my affection had preceded his own, and I was many months his weeded wife before he learnt to guess how long and hopelessly he had been loved.

How little do we know of each other's joys or sorrows! When, on the first Sunday after my recovery, I sat in my accustomed place in church, there was not perhaps one of my acquaintance who did not consider me an object of compassion. They did not know the bright reversal of my doom; they could not believe that I was the happiest creature who trod the earth, nor imagine the overwhelming tenderness with which I listened to the eloquent preacher, and turned from him to look upon my wan and wasted hand, where sparkled the ring of our betrothment as if to assure my throbbing heart that happiness so perfect was not a dream.

Since then years have passed, many and full of blessings. The inheritance whose timely loss gained me my precious Stephen, has reverted to our dutious children, who know better how to use it than did their mother in her days of thoughtlessness and pride. They exemplify the good parent's blessed power to make his children virtuous as himself; and when I see them in turn, exerting a similar power, and remember that all that they or I possess of goodness, we owe to the influence of one true Christian, I am filled with a sublime sense of the value and exalted dignity of virtue.

My Stephen's hairs are white, but his heart has known no chill. He loves, fondly as ever, the faded face that now, as in its day of bloom, still turns to him for guidance or approval, and I—eternity could not wear out my love for him!

CUSTOMS.—At a Lapland funeral, a horn of snuff goes constantly round. The mourners divert themselves with little stories, interspersed occasionally with an harmonious howl. In visiting, the guests are welcomed with singing. The Laplanders venerate a black cat; talk to it as to a rational creature, and communicate their secrets to this animal. A drum is kept in every family among the Swedish Laplanders, for the purpose of consulting with the devil. A Laplander courts by making the father of his fair one presents of brandy, and offering her something to eat, which she rejects before company, but readily accepts in private. As every visit is bought with a bottle of brandy, the old guzzler is careful to prolong the courtship some years. The bride-groom is obliged to serve his father-in-law for four years after marriage. The women weave nets, dry fish, milk the rein-deer, make cheese, and tan hides. Besides hunting, fishing, and making canoes and sledges, the men attend to the kitchen, in which the women are seldom allowed to interfere. The Laplanders are a happy contented people.

The Post-Norton Cogitations of the Late Popular Mr. Smith.

I died on the 1st of April, 1823; and if the reader will go to the parish-church of Smithton, the sexton for the key, and, having gained admission, if he will walk up the left-hand aisle, will perceive my family pew, beneath which my family vault, where my mortal remains repose; and against the wall, over the vacant spot where I used to sit every Sunday, he will see a very handsome white marble monument: female figure is represented in an attitude of despair, weeping over an urn, and on that urn the following inscription:—

“Sacred
to the Memory
of

ANTHONY SMITH, Esq.,
of Smithton Hall,
who departed this life
on the 1st of April, 1823.

The integrity of his conduct and the amiability of his temper
endeared him
to a wide circle of friends;
he has left an inconsolable Widow,
and by her

this Monument is erected.”

The gentle reader may now pretty well understand my position when alive; popularity had always been my aim, and my wealth and situation in society enabled me to attain what I ardently desired. At county meetings—at the head of my own table—among the poor of the parish—I was decidedly popular, and the name of Smith was always breathed with a blessing or a commendation. My wife adored me; no wonder, therefore, that at my demise she erected a monument to my memory, and designated herself, in all the lasting durability of marble, my “inconsolable widow.” I had a presentiment that I should not be long-lived, but this rather increased my thirst for popularity; and, feeling the improbability of my living very long in the sight of Mrs. Smith and my many dear friends, I was the more anxious to live in their hearts. Nothing could exceed my amiability,—my life was one smile, my sayings were conciliatory, my doings benevolent, my questions endearing, my answers affirmative. I was determined that my will, unlike most wills, should be satisfactory to every body. I silently studied the wants and wishes of those around me, and endeavoured to arrange my leaveings so that each legatee should hereafter breathe my name with a blessing, and talk of “that dear good fellow Smith,” always at the same time having recourse to a pocket-handkerchief. I perpetually sat for my picture, and I gave my resemblance to all the dear friends who were hereafter to receive “the benefit of my dying.”

So far I have confined my narrative to the humdrum probabilities of every-day life; what I have now to relate may strike some of my readers as less probable, but, nevertheless, it is not one jot the less true. I was anxious not only to attain a degree of popularity which should survive my brief existence; I panted to witness that popularity; unseen, to see the tears that would be shed,—unheard, to mingle with the

mute mourners who would lament my death. Where is the advantage of being lamented if one cannot hear the lamentations? But how was this privilege to be attained? Alas! attained it was; but the means shall never be divulged to my readers. Never shall another Mr. Smith, self-satisfied and exulting in his popularity, be taught by me to see what I have seen, to feel what I have felt.

I have perused St. Leon; I therefore knew that perpetually-renovated youth had been sought and had been bought. I had read Frankenstein, and I had seen that wonder, equally astonishing and supernatural, had been attained by mortals. I wanted to watch my own weepers, nod at my own plumes, count my own mourning coaches, and read with my own eyes the laudatory paragraph that announced my own demise in the county newspaper. I gained my point,—I did all this, and more than this; but I would not advise any universally-admired gentlemen and fondly-idolized husband to follow my example. What devilish arts I used, what spells, what conjurations, never will I reveal; suffice it is to say that I attained the objects of my desires. Two peeps was I to have at those I left behind me,—one exactly a month after my demise, the second on that day ten years!

And now for the result of peep the first.

In some degree my thirst for posthumous popularity was certainly gratified, and I will begin with the pleasantest part of my own "post-mortem examination."

My own house (or rather the house that had been mine) looked doleful enough; no mirth, no music; the servants in deep mourning, and a hatchment over the door. My own wife (or rather my relict) was a perfect picture of misery and mourning, in the extreme of the fashion. She heaved the deepest sighs, she was trimmed with the deepest crape, and wore the deepest hems that ever were seen. The depth of her despondency was truly gratifying. Her cap was most conscientiously hideous and beneath its folds every hair upon her head lay hid. She was a moving mass of crape and bombasin. In her right hand was a pocket handkerchief, in her left a smelling-bottle, and in her eye a tear. She was closeted with a gentleman, but it was no rival—nothing to arouse one jealous pang in the bosom of a departed husband. It was, in fact, a *marble masonic meeting*. She was giving directions about my monument, and putting herself into the attitude of lamentation in which she wished to be represented (and is represented), bending over my urn: she burst into a torrent of tears, and in scarce articulate accents called for her "sainted Anthony." When she came a little to herself, she grumbled somewhat at the extravagance of the estimate, knocking off here and there some little ornamental monumental decoration, bargaining about my inscription, and cheapening my urn!

She was interrupted by the entrance of a milliner, who was ordered to prepare a black velvet cloak lined with ermine; and no expense was to be spared. Alas! thought I, the widow's "inky cloak" may well be warm; my black marble covering will be cold comfort to her. "Just to amuse you, ma'am," said the *marchande des*

modes "do look at some things that are going home for Miss Jones's wedding."

The widow said nothing; and I thought it was with a vacant eye that she gazed apathetically at satin, blonde, and feathers as white as the driven snow. At length she cried, "I cannot—cannot wear them!" and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept more loudly than before. Happy late husband that I was—surely for me she wept! A housemaid was blubbering on the stairs, a footman singing in the hall; this is as it should be, thought I: and when I heard that a temporary reduction in the establishment was determined on, and that the weeping and sighing individuals had been just discharged, I felt the soothing conviction, that leaving their mistress sore open the wounds inflicted by the loss of their late master, and made them bleed afresh. My dog howled as I passed him, my horse ran wild in the paddock, and the clock in my own sitting-room maintained a sad and stubborn silence, wanting my hand to wind it up.

Things evidently did not go on in the old routine without me, and this was nothing to my spirit. My own portrait was turned with its face to the wall: my widow having no longer the original to look at, could not endure gazing at the mute resemblance! What, after all, thought I, is the use of a portrait? When the original lives we have something better to look at; and when the original is gone, we cannot bear to look at it. Be that as it may, I did not the less appreciate my widow's sensibility.

On the village green the idle boys played cricket: they mourned me not—but what of that? a boy will skip in the rear of his grandmother's funeral. The village butcher stood disconsolately at the door of his shop, and said to the village baker, who was despondingly passing by, "Dull times, these, neighbour Boe-bread! dull times. Ah! we miss the good squire, and the feastings at the hall."

On a dead wall I read, "Smith forever."—"Forever," thought I, "is a long time to talk about." Close to it, I saw, "Mitts forever," written in letters equally large, and much more fresh. He was my parliamentary successor, and his politics were the same as my own. This was cheering; my constituents had not deserted my principles—more than that I could not expect. The "SMITH," who, they said, was to be their representative "FOR EVER," was now just as dead as the wall upon which the name was chalked!

Again I retired to my resting-place under the family pew in the church of Smithton, quite satisfied that, at the expiration of ten years, I should take my second peep at equally gratifying, though rather softened evidences of my popularity.

TEN YEARS.—What a brief period to look back upon! What an age in perspective!—How little do we dread that which is certain not to befall us for ten years! Yet how swiftly to all of us will ten years seem to fly! What changes, too, will ten years bring to all! Yon school-boy of ten, with his toys and his noise, will be the lover of twenty! The man now in the prime of life, will, in ten years, see Time's snow mingling with his dark and glossy curls! And they

who now are old—the kind, the cheerful, looking, as we say, so much younger than they really are—what will ten years bring to them?

The ten years of my sepulchral slumber passed away, and the day arrived for my second and last peep at my disconsolate widow and wide circle of affectionate friends.

The monument already mentioned opened "its ponderous and marble jaws," for the last time, and invisibly I glided to the gates of my old domain. The old Doric lodge had been pulled down, and a Gothic one, all thatch and rough poles, little windows and creepers, (a sort of cottage gone mad,) had been erected in its stead. I entered, and could not find my way to my own house; the road had been turned, old trees had been felled, and new plantations made; ponds had been filled up, and lakes had been dug; my own little "Temple to Friendship" was not to be found, but a temple dedicated to the blind God had been erected in a conspicuous situation.—"Ah!" thought I, "her love is a buried love, but not the less dear. To me—to her dear departed—to her 'sainted Anthony,'—this temple has been dedicated!"

So entirely was the park changed that I did not arrive at the mansion until the hour of dinner. There was a bustle at the hall door, servants were assembled in gay liveries, carriages were driving up and setting down, and lights gleamed from the interior. A dinner party!—no harm in that; on the contrary, I deemed it fortunate. Doubtless my widow, still in the sober grey of ameliorated mourning, had summoned round her the best and the dearest of my friends; and though their griefs were naturally somewhat mellowed by time, they remembered me in their calm but cheerful circle, and fondly breathed my name! Unseen I passed into the dining-room—all that I beheld was new to me—the house had been new built on a grander scale—and the furniture was magnificent! I cast my eyes round the table, where the guests were now assembled. Oh! what bliss was mine! At the head sat my widowed wife, all smiles, all loveliness, all pink, silk and flowers—not so young as when I last beheld her, but very handsome, and considerably fatter. At the foot (oh! what a touching compliment to me!) sat one of my oldest, dearest, best of friends, Mr. Mitts, the son of a baronet who resided in my neighbourhood; his father too was there, with his antiquated lady, and the whole circle was formed of persons whom, living, I had known and loved. My friend at the bottom of the table did the honours well, (though he omitted to do what I thought he ought to have done,—drink to my memory) and the only thing that occurred to startle me before the removal of dinner, was my widow's calling him "*my dear*." But there was something gratifying even in that, for it must have been of me she was thinking; it was a slip of the tongue, that plainly showed the fond yearning of the widowed heart.

When the dessert had been arranged on the table, she called to one of the servants, saying "John, tell Muggins to bring the children." What could she mean? who was Muggins? and what children did she wish to be brought? I never had any children! Presently the door flew

open, and in ran eight noisy, healthy, beautiful brats. The younger ones congregated round the hostess; but the two eldest, both fine boys, ran to Mr. Mitts, at the bottom of the table, and each took possession of a knee. They both strongly resembled Mitts; and what was my astonishment when he exclaimed, *addressing my widow*, "Mary, my love, may I give them some orange?"

What could be meant by "Mary, my love!"—a singular mode of addressing a deceased friend's relict! But the mystery was soon explained. Sir Marmaduke Mitts filled his glass, and after insisting that all the company should follow his example, he said to his son, "This is your birthday, Jack; here's your health, my boy, and may you and Mary long live happy together! Come, my friends, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mitts."

So then, after all, I had come out on an exceeding cold day to see my widow doing the honours as Mrs. Mitts!

"When is *your* birthday?" said Sir Marmaduke to his daughter-in-law.

"In June," she replied, "but I have not been in the habit of keeping birthdays till lately: poor Mr. Smith could not bear them to be kept."

"What's that about poor Smith?" said the successor to my house, my wife, and my other appurtenances. "Do you say Smith could not bear birthdays? Very silly of him, then; but poor Smith had his oddities."

"Oh!" said *my widow*, and *Mr. Mitts' wife*, "We cannot *always* command perfection; poor dear Mr. Smith *meant* well, but every man cannot be a *Mitts*. She smiled, and nodded down the table; Mr. Mitts looked, as well he might, particularly pleased; and then the ladies left the room.

"Talking of Smith," said Sir Marmaduke, "what wretched taste he had, poor man! This place was quite thrown away upon him; he had no idea of its capabilities."

"No," replied a gentleman to whom I had bequeathed a legacy—"with the best intentions in the world, Smith was really a very odd man."

"His house," added another, who used to dine with me three times a week, "was never thoroughly agreeable;—it was not his *fault*, poor fellow!"

"No, no," said a very old friend of mine, at the same time takingsnuff from a gold box which had been my gift, "he did every thing for the best; but, between ourselves, Smith was a bore."

"It is well," said Mr. Mitts, "that talking of him has not the effect which is attributed to talking of another invisible personage! Let him rest in peace: for if it were possible that he could be reanimated, his reappearance here to claim his goods and chattels, and above all, his wife, would be attended with rather awkward consequences."

So much for my posthumous curiosity! Vain mortal that I was, to suppose that after a dreamless sleep of ten long years, I could return to the land of the living, and find the place and the hearts that I once filled, still unoccupied! In the very handsome frame of my own picture, was now placed a portrait of John Mitts, Esq.: mine was thrown aside in an old lumber room.

where the sportive children had recently discovered it, and with their mimic swords had innocently poked out the eyes of what they were pleased to denominate, "*the dirty picture of the ugly man.*" My presumption has been properly rewarded: let no one who is called to his last account, wish, like me, to be permitted to revisit the earth. If such a visit were granted, and like me he returned invisibly, all that he would see and hear would wound his spirit: but were he permitted to reappear *visible*, in *propria persona*, mortifying, indeed would be his welcome!

It is not my intention to bequeath to my reader a lecture, or a sermon, ere I return to my family vault: yet "*THE POST MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH*" are not without A MORAL.

T. H. B.

Written for the Casket.

SORROW.

Sorrow is the genuine effusion of nature—Joy may be assumed, smiles may be on the lips and sweet music on the tongue—yet have no acquaintance with the heart. But who will copy the expression of grief, wear the mask of a dreadful foe, or affect the pangs that remind us of the insecurity of happiness. Education may refine, may renew or efface original impressions, and silence or soothe some of the strongest emotions; but acute distress is the torrent that art cannot suppress, the voice that will be heard, whether in cries aloud, in excess of anguish, or of the pains of memory in solitude. When nature speaks in the powerful language of affliction, and tells of the delicate, strong, deep, enduring feeling, scathed into sorrow, and suddenly broken, few will turn away and refuse to condescend with the sufferer. Levity is serious and respectful, the rude courteous and compassionate towards real *sorrow*—for it indicates the most amiable traits of human character. Tears from such a source leave no stain on the cheek of manhood, or on the pale face of woman, but claim our admiration no less than our sympathies.

Poor human nature! how frequently art thou sported with, in the very halls of thine inheritance! Descended from a God, yet often the jest of shadows, the victim of petty realities! The puncture of a pin, the sting of the vile insect that lives only a few hours, can destroy the life of lordly man, who, though formed in the likeness of his Creator, is as much the slave of insignificant circumstances as the reptile that crawls at his feet. Let us not, however, complain—for God is just! Rather let us consider that the present condition of our being is necessary to prepare us for the Paradise that will ultimately ensue. To smile when our feelings are wounded, to spurn the little evils of life, and endure what is unavoidable with firmness, denotes a strong and well-regulated mind. To assert our principles in the presence of life and of death, and look calmly and quietly on the supporter and executioner, sustains the hope that the soul can never die. A virtuous and enlightened mind cannot be the permanent abode of sorrow; it has aids to bear on, besides the condolence of friends. There are duties to perform,

rewards to enjoy, and hopes to indulge on earth. If these do not glitter in the gloom of present affliction, imagination may present, beyond the dark curtain of mortality, an image at which the mourner might look and forget to weep.

A.

ORIGINAL.

EXTRACT

From "*The Spirit of Life*,"—a Poem, delivered before the Franklin Society of Brown University, Sept. 3, 1833—by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

"Tis thus with man. He cometh like the flow'r,
To feel the changes of each earthly hour;
To enjoy the sunshine, or endure the shade,
By hopes deluded, or by Reason sway'd:
Yet haply, if to Virtue's path he turn,
And feel her hallowed fires within him burn,
He passeth calmly from that sunny morn,
Where all the buds of youth are 'newly born,'
Through varying intervals of onward years,
Until the eve of his decline appears;
And while the shadows round his path descend,
As down the vale of Age his foot-steps tend,
Peace o'er his bosom sheds her soft control,
And throngs of gentlest memories charm the soul:
Then, weaned from earth, he turns his steadfast eye,
Beyond the grave, whose verge he falters nigh;
Surveys the brightening regions of the Blest,
And, like a wearied pilgrim, sinks to rest.

The just man dies not, though within the tomb
His wasting form be laid, 'mid tears and gloom;
Though many a heart beats sadly, when repose
His silvery locks in dust, like buried snows:
Yet love, and hope, and faith, with heavenward trust
Tell, that his spirit sinks not in the dust;
Above, unstained and glorious, it hath soar'd,
Where all its primal freshness is restor'd,
And from all sin released, and Doubt, and Pain,
Renews the morning of its youth again.

Yes! while the mourner stands beside the bier,
O'er a lost friend, to shed the frequent tear:
To pour the tender and regretful sigh,
And feel the heart-pulse fill the languid eye—
Even at that hour, the thoughtful woe is vain,
Since change, not death, invokes affection's pain;
Nought but a tranquil slumberer resteth there,
Whose spirit's plumes have swept the upper air,
And caught the radiance borne from heaven along,
Fraught with rich incense and immortal song;
And passed the glittering gates which angels keep—
Oh, wherefore, for the Just, should mourners weep?

From the London Monthly Magazine.

VIOLATION OF MILTON'S TOMB.

Extracted from General Murray's Diary—Unpublished.

24th Aug. 1790.—I dined yesterday at Sir Gilbert's. As soon as the cloth was removed, Mr. Thornton gave the company an account of the violation of Milton's tomb, a circumstance which created in our minds a feeling of horror and disgust. He had been one of the visitors to the hallowed spot, and obtained his information from a person who had been a witness to the whole sacrilegious transaction. He related the event nearly in the following manner:—The church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being in a somewhat dilapidated state, the parish resolved to commence repairing it, and this was deemed a favourable opportunity to raise a subscription

for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of our immortal bard Milton, who, it was known, had been buried in this church. The parish register book bore the following entry: "12 November, 1674. John Milton, gentleman, consumpcon, cancell." Mr. Ascough, whose grandfather died in 1759, aged 84, had often been heard to say, that Milton was buried under the desk in the chancel. Messrs. Strong, Cole, and other parishioners, determined to search for the remains, and orders were given to the workmen on the 1st of this month to dig for the coffin. On the 3rd, in the afternoon, it was discovered; the soil in which it had been deposited was of a calcareous nature, and it rested upon another coffin, which there can be no doubt was that of Milton's father, report having stated that the poet was buried at his request near the remains of his parent; and the same register-book contained the entry, "John Milton, gentleman, 15 March, 1646." No other coffin being found in the chancel, which was entirely dug over, there can be no uncertainty as to their identity. Messrs. Strong and Cole having carefully cleansed the coffin with a brush and wet sponge, they ascertained that the exterior wooden case, in which the leaden one had been enclosed, was entirely mouldered away and the leaden coffin contained no inscription or date. At the period when Milton died it was customary to paint the name, age, &c. of the deceased on the wooden covering, no plates or inscriptions being then in use; but all had long since crumbled into dust. The leaden coffin was much corroded; its length was five feet ten inches, and its width in the broadest part one foot four inches. The above gentlemen, satisfied as to the identity of the precious remains, and having drawn up a statement to that effect, gave orders on Tuesday, the 3rd, to the workmen to fill up the grave; but they neglected to do so, intending to perform that labour on the Saturday following. On the next day, the 4th, a party of parishioners, Messrs. Cole, Laming, Taylor, and Holmes, having met to dine at the residence of Mr. Fountain, the overseer, the discovery of Milton's remains became the subject of conversation, and it was agreed upon that they should disinter the body, and examine it more minutely. At eight o'clock at night, heated with drink, and accompanied by a man named Hawkesworth, who carried a flambeau, they sallied forth, and proceeded to the church—

"When night

Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flushed with insolence and wine."

MILTON.

The sacrilegious work now commences. The coffin is dragged from its gloomy resting place; Holmes made use of a mallet and chisel, and cut open the coffin slant-ways from the head to the breast. The lead being doubled up, the corpse became visible: it was enveloped in a thick white shroud; the ribs were standing up regularly, but the instant the shroud was removed they fell. The features of the countenance could not be traced; but the hair was in an astonishingly perfect state: its colour a light brown; its length six inches and a half, and although somewhat clotted, it appeared, after having been well

washed, as strong as the hair of a living being. The short locks growing towards the forehead, and the long ones flowing from the same place down the sides of the face, it became obvious that these were most certainly the remains of Milton. The quarto print of the poet, by Faithorne, taken from life in 1670, four years before he died, represents him as wearing his hair exactly in the above manner. Fountain said he was determined to have two of the teeth; but as they resisted the pressure of his fingers, he struck the jaw with a pavingstone, and several teeth then fell out. There were only five in the upper jaw, and these were taken by Fountain; the four that were in the lower jaw were seized upon by Taylor, Hawkesworth, and the sexton's man. The hair, which had been carefully combed and tied together before interment, was forcibly pulled off the skull by Taylor and another; but Ellis, the player, who had now joined the party, told the former, that being a good hair-worker, if he would let him have it he would pay a guinea bowl of punch, adding, that such a relic would be of great service by bringing his name into notice. Ellis, therefore, became possessed of all the hair; he likewise took a part of the shroud and a bit of the skin of the skull; indeed he was only prevented carrying off the head by the sextons, Hoppy and Grant, who said they intended to exhibit the remains, which was afterwards done, each person paying sixpence to view the body. These fellows, I am told, gained nearly one hundred pounds by the exhibition. Laming put one of the leg-bones in his pocket. My informant assured me, continued Mr. Thornton, that while the work of profanation was proceeding, the gibes and jokes of these vulgar fellows made his heart sick, and he retreated from the scene, feeling as if he had witnessed the repast of a vampire. Viscount C., who sat near me, said to Sir G. "This reminds me of the words of one of the fathers of the church, 'And little boys have played with the bones of great kings!'"

THE BOY AND THE SNAKE.—A boy played with a tame snake. "My dear little animal," said the boy, "I would not be so familiar with you if I did not know you were deprived of poison. You snakes are a malicious, ungrateful race! I have heard, on the best authority, how a poor countryman found one, perhaps, of your ancestors, half frozen under a hedge, compassionately took it up, and placed it in his warming bosom. Hardly did the snake feel the warmth, before he bit his benefactor, and the good, friendly man was compelled to die."

"I am astonished," replied the snake. "How partial your historian must be! Our own give an entirely different account. This friendly man believed that the snake was really frozen, and as it happened to be one of the coloured kind, he wished to strip off its skin and carry it home. Was that right?"

"Ah, be silent!" said the boy. "Who that is ungrateful does not know how to make excuses?"

"Right," my son," interrupted the father, who had heard this conversation. "But at the same time when you hear of an extraordinary instance of ingratitude examine all the circumstances faithfully, before you brand a man with so black a crime. True benefactors have seldom laid the unthankful under obligation; indeed, I hope, for the honour of humanity, never. But benefactors, whose aims are small and selfish—such, my son, are always met with ingratitude."

From the Saturday Evening Post.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

I asked a fair and a wayward child,
That bounded on his way,
To tell me of his happiness,
And where his pleasure lay?
With joyous shout he sprang away,
And sought the mountain's height;
And brought me sunny flowers that bloom,
Like things of life and light.
He chased for hours an echo's sound,
And strove to catch the gleam,
The sun cast down in mockery
Upon the polished stream.
But tired and vexed, the child returned
Unto its mother's breast;
And sick at heart of all beside,
He wept himself to rest.

The boy grew up: I asked the man,
Just from his happy youth—
Ere deep and scathing cares had come
To damp his spirit's truth—
To tell me of his happiness,
What were his pleasures then;
If he had found the wished-for prize
Amongst his fellow men?
He smiled and knelt before a shrine,
Where beauty sat enthroned,
And breathed with strong, impassioned vow,
The thoughts his bosom owned.
But still a darkling shade would sit
Upon that brow, so fair—
And told that grief had early left
Its fatal impress there.

Time passed away: mid-age had come,
And left upon that face,
The deeply furrow'd lines that pain
Is ever wont to trace—
I asked what were his idols then,
What was his happiness?
If he had gained the sacred goal,
In time's matured embrace?
He answered not, but on his brow
A low'ring tempest came;
He sternly pointed to a scroll,
That glowed with dazzling flame:—
He rushed amid the warring scenes
Of earth, and sought to win
A name above its honored ones—
A place where none had been.
He fell:—the bright and starry place
He sought, grew pale and dim—
The stricken victim wept, and owned
There was no place for him!

Still time passed on, and on his brow
Had shook its pinions grey—
I asked again of happiness,
And where his pleasure lay?
He started as the fatal sound
Upon his senses fell,
And low he bowed, as if beneath
Some Sybil's wrathful spell;
He raised his head, and gazing back
Through life's long parted day,

As if to glean from faded scenes
Some kind and cheering ray.
Alas! there's nought upon the page
To which his heart might cling;
He wept beneath the fatal truth—
"Earth can no pleasures bring."

New Geneva, Pa.

ERRO.

Written for the Casket.

Ellery Truman and Emily Raymond,

OR THE SOLDIER'S TALE.

"Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice,
Welcome, pilgrim to thy rest."

It was a fine morning of July, 1823; the air was cool and refreshing for the season; I was slowly and thoughtfully walking along the great road from Lancaster to Harrisburg. I had passed the summit of the mountain which rises from the Susquehanna below the mouth of Swatara, the old village of Middletown lay before me, and far to the southwest, west, and northwest, spread one of the finest landscapes in Pennsylvania, with a blue waving line of Kittatinny mountains, and a long bank of cumuli as back ground. To the mind which at a step over a mountain ridge is brought to the view of its native valley, after an absence of forty-two years, what crowded reflections rise! how are the senses overpowered! In that valley over which fleeces of mist still hovered, forty-eight years before I had seen the light of heaven on my infant eye. Withdrawn from the little circle of my childish rambles between six and seven, memory retained, and strongly retained the images of the few objects within that circle. Before me rose the cabin of my parents, the few farm houses I had visited, the meeting-house and grave-yard, and the old school-house, with the still older John Hutchinson, who first taught me to read—

"Let no man put off the Law of God."

All returned to my mental eye, and mingled with the features of the perspective before me, and threw a moonlight, a dreamy colouring, over the whole scene. My steps were at length entirely arrested, and, with my staff in hand, I stood entranced, muttering to myself, "How durable is nature! how changeable is man!"

A slight rustle on my right hand recalled me from my reverie, and turning quickly towards the sound, met the eye of an aged man, who had been very attentively watching my abstraction. He was seated on a stone, at the root of a large tree, with some shrubbery around him, his budget was at his feet; and with both hands over a polished crabstick head, and leaning on his chin, his silver hair flowing round a face of uncommon expression. His still penetrating glance gave me some embarrassment, which he perceived and removed, as he observed, smiling—"Stranger, you have found something very attractive in that landscape," pointing at the same time to the far north-east, up the valley of Swatara.

The human eyes are the windows of the soul, philosophers and non-philosophers may say what they please to the contrary. We were acquaint-

tance, we were friends, the moment those words passed between us, and I replied, "The surface of that picture is fine, but to me there is a still finer ground beneath. I am returning to the place of my birth, on the banks of Swatara, after an absence of forty-two years."

"Where, on those banks?" anxiously demanded the old soldier, for such he was.

"Dixon's Ford, near Derry Meeting-house," I replied.

He mused a moment, as he rose to his feet, and slung his knapsack over his shoulder, and then resumed, "It is something strange, I am returning to the same place, and for the same reason, in part, for there was I born also."

I gazed intently on him, as he spoke, but he continued, "You cannot know aught of me, I am at least twenty years your elder, and have not resided there permanently since 1775."

"The year of my birth," I exclaimed.

To this unimportant observation he paid little attention, but as we involuntarily recommenced our walk, he continued, "We can be fellow travellers; we are returning to a secluded portion of our wide spread country, to a point from which have risen some spirits too sublime for the world."

"You speak warmly, my friend," I interrupted.

"Seventy-one years have not frozen in my heart," he replied, with great energy, "either friendship or gratitude."

"Pardon me," I replied, "your eyes too well confirm your words."

He smiled, and replied, "It is of the dead I have spoken."

The reader need not be fatigued with our day's walk, as we advanced along the fine little mountain river; every bank, hill, tree and farm, recalled to the old veteran some subject of recollection and supply to a rich, plain, but varied observation. In Hummelstown we took a hasty repast, and continued our walk. Leaving the main road, and traversing the cool and clear spring creek, it was on the decline of day before we reached Derry Meeting-house. All was still and calm round this, to us, venerable spot. We seemed to tread on sacred ground. In the adjacent grave-yard—the remains of a sister consecrated it to me—to my fellow traveller there seemed still more to strike the mind with awe. The meeting-house was shut, but we entered the repository of the departed, and were for some time silent. We paused over one stone and read—

Here lieth the remains of

THE REVEREND WILLIAM BERTRAM,

First Pastor of this congregation:

Who departed this life

Y^e 3d of May, 1746.

Aged 72 years.

Several other stones spoke to us, but at length one enchaind us both; but I was penetrated to the soul when my companion, with an expression, which, to be felt in all its force, must have been heard—"Truths, for once, on a tomb-stone." These truths were thus recorded:—

Beneath this stone

Are deposited the remains

Of an able, faithful,
Courageous and successful
Minister of Jesus Christ,
THE REVEREND JOHN ROAN,
Pastor of Paxton, Derry, and Mountjoy
Congregations,
From the Year 1745
Till Oct. 3d, 1775.

When he exchanged a Militant for
A triumphant life, in the 59th year of his age.

The attitude, age, and tears—for I saw the drops follow each other down his furrowed cheeks—kept me silent; but at length he fixed his eyes on mine, and solemnly observed, "Friend, for we are both old and may call each other so, are we not here now alone on the spot of our nativity? It is here, indeed, in this yard, we are to meet our friends and acquaintances. What are the living beings along these banks to us? The associations in our minds, what have they in common with the existing generation, now moving over these hills and vales? To them we are as men of other times. The day is not so far closed, but we have yet an hour to spare. I know where to find quarters for the night. Wilt thou be seated, and hear an old soldier's tale?"

As he spoke, he laid his hand on my shoulder; my looks bespoke not mere willingness to hear, but a powerful interest in his proposed tale, and we both sat down upon the slab which covered the remains of John Roan, and he commenced—

"It matters not to which of the beings I was related, who once lived and walked over these paths and fields, but who long have rested beneath these cold but speaking stones. I may only tell thee, that here repose almost every one who ever shared my blood. My parents found their pillow here, as did my brothers and sisters, and some others as dear to my remembrance as parents, brothers, or sisters.

"In this remote region rose to life Robert Dixon, Lindley Murray, and Ellery Truman; here sprung up, as a flower transplanted from heaven, Emily Raymond; and I may add to this group, another of humbler growth, Wilson Bertram.

"Robert Dixon, who fell far from here, fell in his country's cause, too soon for that country. His was one of those spirits which rise in flame to illumine all around him; his mind scarce needed education; it caught, as if by inspiration, what ordinary minds have to buy from schools, and themselves never learn the value. Gentle as the summer breeze, in private life; but terrible as the whirlwind, in the day of danger. Tardy calculations were not necessary to Robert Dixon; he heard, he thought, and acted. The voice of his country called, and the answer was prompt.

"Lindley Murray was a being of a different order; the closet was the theatre of his ambition, and to the closet he retired. From the knell of war and death, he shrunk with feelings as sublime as those which carried Dixon to the tented field. As the scowling tempest of the American revolutionary war was heard at a distance, its echoes reached the before peaceful banks of Swatara. Dixon and Murray followed the irresistible current of their souls. Dixon rushed to the battle field. Murray retired from the strife, not to do

as many others did, join the standard of the enemies of his country, but to join the Society of Friends, and pass calmly along the stream of life.

"With those contrasted spirits another rose, of very different cast to either. The form of Robert Dixon was elegant, tall, and commanding; but seen to disadvantage in the presence of Ellery Truman. The countenance of Dixon was bland, that of Truman serious and rather reserved. It was seldom that two such men could be seen together, yet they were contrasts; and between them stood another, unlike either, and yet held them linked together. Wilson Bertram, with powers, bodily and mental, inferior to his two friends, but endowed with an inflexibility of purpose which swerved not. In youth and age Bertram was the same."

[Here some overpowering thought seemed to come over the soul of the veteran—some strong emotion which shook his frame; but he soon recovered his composure, and resumed.]

"Forgive me, my friend," he at length breathed, with much energy. "The last fifty years seem but a moment, and the sleeping dust appears, at some moments, to rise to life. I see Dixon and Truman, in all the pride of manly youth; the one smiling as the other frowned on the gathering storm, but with hearts equally stern to meet to foe; and I see!"

The aged soldier again paused, took off his hat with his left hand, and placed his right on his snowy head, demanding "do you see these blanched looks?"

My heart was too full to answer, but my looks spoke for me, and he continued. "Seventy-one winters lie heavy on this head; but no length of years can remove from my heart the remembrance of Emily Raymond; she was the pride of Swatara, the spirit of its woods and fields. How often have I heard her angel voice rising to heaven in this spot! Yes, to heaven, no doubt, did her song rise, and mingle with the songs of kindred seraphs. Emily Raymond was made for heaven, and not for earth. From her fifteenth to eighteenth year was spent in Philadelphia, with a relation; and Emily returned to Derry in August, 1775. To see was to admire and love Emily Raymond. As on wider circles nature obeyed her laws on the Swatara, and was enforced by all those who had a heart not already filled by some other object; and thus stood Ellery Truman and Wilson Bertram. To these young men she had been, before her departure to Philadelphia, a sister; but that relation of calm affection, of happy friendship, was soon to be lost in that soul absorbing interest, which, happy for the world, few are capable of feeling to excess: but misery to the few that do, and are doomed to disappointment—the wounds admits of but one remedy. But I am wandering.

"Need I repeat Emily was loved by both Truman and Bertram. It was the first secret that had ever existed between them, and dearly did each pay for want of confidence in the other.

"The year of 1775, was indeed one of tumult and storm. New relations and passions were roused into conflict. The ordinary course of human life was disturbed; the stream became vio-

lent, as obstacles to its current seemed to be heaved from the depths of the earth; but it is at such moments that the heart of man becomes open to emotions of greatest intensity. Now all around were causes of excitement, even the most callous felt the flame; then no wonder that in such bosoms as those of Ellery Truman and Wilson Bertram, the fire burned fiercely. Both these men had joined the army. Truman as a lieutenant in Captain Holt's company, and Bertram as a private; and both had taken stations a few weeks before the return of Emily from Philadelphia.

"Emily herself gave a most striking example of a trait in the human character, which has often become most strikingly prominent where least expected. To look in her face, on her soft hazle eye, was to scan the dove; but the fire of patriotism burned beneath—spoke of the wrongs of her country, and not even the eye of Dixon or Truman could flash with more energy; and she was soon to find that her happiness was indeed staked in that cause for which daily orisons were breathed.

"On yonder field we had mustered our company, and amongst the spectators to our awkward manoeuvres was Emily Raymond; and after the exercise was over, Bertram escorted her home. Daily orders to march were expected; moments had become months, as events pressed upon events, and the timidity of Bertram yielded to the pressure. His resolution was something strengthened by the apparent gaiety of his companion, and the to him truly important secret was with some hesitation disclosed. The proposal was, in the first instance received with a hearty laugh, which was followed, as soon as the little tormentor could recover breath, by her exclaiming, 'Really, this is an honour too high for a poor country girl. Well I never could expect to be rival to the continental Congress! What a soldier! A general before long, no doubt.' And thus she rallied the rather embarrassed Bertram, who, however, soon recovered himself, and adopting her own tactics, making a low, continued—

"And when a general, how proudly will my laurels be laid at the feet!"

"Of your little sister Emily," she interrupted, 'why General Bertram, for you may, as well have the title at once, you will outdo Don Quixotte, by adding one peak more to chivalry.'

"Bertram was really overpowered, and remained silent; but assumed a look which reached the heart of Emily, and changed her tone and manner, and in a very altered voice she continued—

"My brother, Wilson Bertram, for how often have I called you by this tender title. Is this a time to tear away the kind tie between us? I am an orphan," and she burst into a flood of tears.

"Would to God," passionately exclaimed Bertram, 'that you were my sister, if all hope of a dearer relation is lost.'

"They then walked on in painful silence until near the house of her aunt, with whom Emily resided. The sun had set, and the deep shading of night was approaching, when the pathway along the side of a lane, led them under a double

and wide spreading oak. Emily suddenly stopped, and looking earnestly into the face of her companion, observed, 'Wilson, under this tree was our little play house when children, and here you must know the truth—your friend.'

"Bertram felt stunned as if the tree had been rifted by the lightning blast, and remained a few moments silently and vacantly gazing on the distressed girl; but at length replied, 'Ellery Truman.' Emily replied not, and in the heart of Wilson a fierce but momentary resentment burned against the friend of his youth; but the precepts he had heard and imbibed on this spot silenced the foul fiend. 'Ought I, or can I be surprised, that Ellery Truman should love and be loved in turn?' mentally reflected Bertram, and falling on his knees, at the foot of the oak, breathed this short and fervent prayer:—'May the God we have both adored protect thee, my sister.' He rose, pressed her to his bosom, and she retired to her home.

"The inflexible character of Bertram, I have already sketched; a character which on this decisive evening produced resolutions never violated in his after life. 'If I cannot be the husband of Emily Raymond,' silently and alone reflected this young man, 'my life shall never be stained with an act to enkindle a blush on her cheek, if was so blessed.'

"The battle of Lexington had roused, but that of Bunker's Hill had electrified the nation to its utmost frontier border. It was amid the agitations of public and private feelings, and whilst the ill-fated expedition of the continental troops into Canada was in preparation, that the explanation took place between Wilson Bertram and Emily Raymond. No other human being did more within his sphere, to fan the patriotic flame, than did the man whose remains repose beneath this stone; and well was it said at the time, that 'the soul of John Roan carried the appeal of an injured people to the footstool of eternal justice and power.' These sculptured figures tell the day when that soul was wafted from earth; and on that day well do I remember the stern eye of John Dixon, whose three sons had girded on the sword with a father's advice and benediction. They left their paternal home, the eldest never to return. This devoted family was but one, thousands followed the same impulse, and were preparing for the strife, when those who remained here were called to place in its earthly bed, the body of a man who, for thirty years, had been the spiritual father of three congregations. The old had become old with him, and the young had been raised under his pastoral care.

"Ellery Truman had become a captain by the accidental death of his commander, near Lancaster. Called to make one on the solemn occasion, the brow of Captain Truman was marked by more than usual seriousness. Naturally reserved, his manner had become, if not stern, at least something harsh. The change was attributed, by those who observed it, to his own change of condition, and to the rude shock of the revolution; but one circumstance occurred at the funeral of Mr. Roan, which excited general astonishment. When the coffin containing the body of their pastor was lowered into the grave,

Emily Raymond, with a female friend, was standing between Truman and Bertram, Emily next to Truman. As the first clods fell on the coffin, from the assembled crowd was heard a general moan, and some wept aloud. My eye was on Emily; she wept not, but her face was ashy pale; and as the body of him, who had been to her more than a father, reached its last earthly place of rest, she heaved a most distressful sigh, and staggered backwards. Had not Bertram caught her in his arms she must have fallen, and borne down with her the weeping girl by her side. The face of Truman was even baggard, but he stood as a statue resting both his hands on the hilt of his sword. The eyes of the two young men met with mutual expression very different from what they ever exchanged before, as Bertram bore the helpless, trembling Emily from the scene. For months she was confined to a bed of sickness. All of her friends, but one, attributed her illness to the loss of her pastor: there was one, who divined the real cause, but the painful knowledge was buried in his own bosom.

"Time, who halts not for the great or the little affairs of man, kept on his steady course. In the field, for daring, even desperate and reckless bravery, no other man was more distinguished than Ellery Truman, who, in the second campaign, was a major, and in the third a colonel. Though bred in similar rank in life, common farmers, the fortunes of Truman and Bertram were indeed different. 'One bitter disappointment is enough,' said inwardly the common soldier, Bertram. Promotion lay in his way, but he spurned it, and remained a private soldier under the colours of the United States, forty-two years. From the day the grave beneath us closed, these two young men, once as brothers, were estranged and separated. Estranged! I am wrong: Bertram felt the honours heaped on the head of Truman infinitely more than did the wearer; but he thought of Emily, and sighed over the ruined happiness of all.

"Emily rose from her sick bed, a walking shade. The thunders of war from time to time, threw its murmurs to Swatara, as news reached there of the death or wounds of beloved relatives or friends. In the first campaign both Truman and Bertram were severely wounded. Truman was cut down by a British dragoon, with his skull fractured; Bertram was shot through the fleshy parts of both thighs, and as soon as his wounds permitted, was removed to the care of his friends in Derry, until again fit for active service. On his return, Bertram and Emily met indeed as brother and sister. The name of Truman never passed between them; it was carefully avoided, but bitterly remembered by both.

"The dreadful winter of 1775-6 had set in with all its severity, and on one of the coldest days of that winter, the two invalids were joined with a social party at farmer Dixon's. There was a gravity imposed by the features of the times which forbid and repressed levity, but the spirits of the old host was more than at any former time of his life buoyant. He had a few days before received a letter from his son Robert, informing him that the continental army

had reached Quebec, was headed by the intrepid Richard Montgomery, and would in a few days be in possession of that city. The old man could talk of nothing else, nor was the repeated theme disagreeable to his family or guests. Holding the letter in his hand, and with a sparkling eye, he exclaimed, 'My son Robert will be—but here the rapid tread of an advancing horse arrested him, and an entire stranger galloped up to the door, and handed to the outstretched hand of the old man a letter. The black seal struck a damp on all the party, as Mr. Dixon uncereemoniously sat down and opened the fearful packet. It was an envelop containing two letters—one directed to Mr. Dixon, and the other to Col. John Rogers. That to Rogers was laid on the table, and his own burst open. Every eye was on the reader, breath was almost suspended by anxiety; but they were roused to dreadful reality, as the old man threw himself violently backwards, screaming, 'My son! my son! my precious son!'

"The whole company, in the utmost consternation crowded round the bereaved father. The letter contained the shocking intelligence that the gallant Dixon was no more; his leg had been carried away by a cannon ball, and next day he was sleeping on the bed of the brave—the same bed made classic by the names of fallen heroes, Wolf and Montcalm, and soon afterwards by that of Montgomery.

"The groans of the father, and stifled sobs of the sisters, were awfully distressing; yet there was one who sat the picture of death, unmoved at the scene: that one was Emily Raymond, and amid this family distress there was another who regarded Emily alone. Though the young and brave martyr to his country was amongst the most beloved of men within the circle of his friends, Wilson Bertram forgot the departed soldier as he looked upon the death-like visage of her he never ceased to love. In the tumult and wretchedness around them, Bertram saw in the cold and motionless features of Emily, only the false covering to the concealed wounds now torn and bleeding—and he was not mistaken.

"An hour of indescribable misery passed, when Mr. Dixon, in a most mournful voice, observed, pointing to the letter directed to Col. John Rogers, that it ought to be sent to him. That trouble was saved, as the person interested now made his appearance. 'Oh! our Robert,' sobbed the heart broken father, as he glanced over his weeping daughters, and wrung the hand of his neighbour, and handed him the letter. The expressive pressure was returned, but in silence; and Col. Rogers, sitting down by the fire, burst open his letter, and found within it, carefully enclosed between two slips of paper, a long thin slip of bone. We all beheld the singular relic with a shudder, as it was laid on a table, and the reading of the letter commenced. Prepared as all present were for any circumstance dreadful, no anticipation of horror could foresee what followed. The quivering lip of the reader, and his frame became more and more agitated, until clasping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'Ellery Truman is mortally wounded, and this is one of his—'

"'Bones!' screeched Emily Raymond, in a

voice which pierced the very souls of all around her, as she frantically seized the mortal fragment, and thrust it into her bosom. Every other object was forgotten, as the distracted woman rushed from the house, and fled down the road with almost superhuman speed. She was followed, but reached the house of her aunt before overtaken. Happily the Swatara was frozen, as no doubt but that in her frenzy she would have plunged into the Susquehanna, if it had lain in her way. If war produces many evils, it compensates by some good; and giving coolness in unexpected calamity is not one of the least. Bertram had already learned something of this quality. Though far the most affected by the condition of Emily, he was much the most collected of those about her, and prevented her from being driven frantic by misguided attempts to wrest from her the fearful deposit. The suffering woman was by his interference left undisturbed, whilst every soothing care was taken; but she was in a state which set all human tenderness and skill at naught—except one, and that one had wrung her soul, and left her a ruin. Her bosom seemed a darkened vault, from which the light of consolation from heaven and earth was shut out. From this fatal day she walked an estranged being. She mingled not her inward feelings with those she once so dearly loved. She spake not, except in inaudible murmurs; yet she performed steadily all the ordinary duties of human life. The only one of her friends whose kind offices were returned by even a look of grateful recognition, Wilson Bertram, was soon to be separated from her, and compelled to return to the army. With a bleeding heart, but restored limb, Bertram was on the point of bidding adieu to Swatara, when a letter was received containing the very thrilling news, that contrary to the opinion of the most able surgeons, Ellery Truman was rapidly recovering, and out of all danger; had been promoted to the rank of major, in justice to his talents and established intrepidity and coolness.

"A flood of hope and joy was now poured into the hearts of the friends of Emily Raymond, since it had become evident that the mental disorder which had clouded her reason was connected with the fate of Truman. The task of communicating to her, if possible, the change from death to life, was confided to Wilson Bertram. For even him to speak to her on the common occurrences, or the most momentous public events, was found totally fruitless, as no response, even by a look, could be obtained. In that meeting-house alone was her voice heard; but there it was truly heard, and sometimes to such effect as to melt every hearer. When the Psalm was given out, at first her tremulous tones rose broken, but as the divine song proceeded, her mind seemed to forget it yet tenanted a mortal body, and her notes attained a power, compass, and harmony, truly unearthly; and again with the close of the hymn, fell as if a liberated spirit was heard far in the distant heaven commencing the song of triumph.

"It was a Sabbath evening, after return from meeting, that the attempt was made to convey the joyful tidings to the heart of Emily. The moments were precious—Bertram was the next

morning to set out for the army. As the family sat down by the winter's fire, he placed himself by the side of the apparently abstracted Emily, but the moment the letter was unfolded, and displayed the name of Ellery Truman, than the sheet and Emily were vanished—she snatched the paper and rushed into her own room. Bertram and the family, struck with unutterable astonishment, were many minutes deprived of motion; and when restored to their recollection, all attempts short of actual violence was found ineffectual to reach Emily, who, to all their pleading, remained completely silent. 'God of heaven! thy ways are inscrutable,' ejaculated Bertram, as he wrung his hands; and departed the next morning after this new mystery in the malady of Emily was added to a case already beyond all medical skill.

"The conduct of Truman remained as inexplicable as that of Emily; to letters stating in the most delicate and pathetic terms the state of her mind, he maintained total silence; in no one letter he wrote, was found the slightest allusion to her name.

"Truman, you have deceived us all,' painfully ejaculated Bertram, as on a heavy, cloudy, and stormy morning of March, 1776, he set out to meet, to him, the infinitely less appalling horrors of war, than those he had encountered on his native spot, within the preceding six weeks.

"We may pass over the scenes of seventeen months, and suppose ourselves on the fields near Saratoga. From his knowledge of the rifle, Wilson Bertram had been transferred into Morgan's far-famed regiment. Ellery Truman, now a colonel, and to all outward appearance entirely restored to health and strength, made a part, and an efficient part, of that army which gave Great Britain a lesson she might have used to better advantage.

"Morgan's corps was regarded as the most suitable to oppose the savage allies of the civilized invaders, and from that corps detachments frequently were despatched on secret and dangerous night marches to circumvent or surprise both species of enemy. On one particular occasion, Wilson Bertram was, with twenty more men, ordered from the camp in the evening. The service was effectually performed, and at an early hour next morning, the small band was cautiously treading their way back to their regiment, when their ears caught first the sound of extended but scattered firing. The signals of battle increased every moment, until the discharge of small arms, artillery, and the shouts of thousands of men mingled in one common tumult. It was the morning of the battle of Stillwater, and the little platoon stood in great danger of being enveloped by the larger bodies, and exposed to the fury of friends and enemies. Their gallant and intelligent commanding officer took his determination at once to march forward as rapidly as possible, and join any of the continental infantry regiments he could reach. By good fortune, this attempt succeeded; but the moment that Bertram saw the colonel galloping up to their front, glad would he have been to escape recognition:—that colonel was Ellery Truman. The uniform of the riflemen caught the eagle eye of Truman, and he came up on the

spur to know the cause of their appearing on his left flank. In few words the officer gave him the required explanation; but though done in an instant, the eyes of Truman and Bertram met—they steadily regarded each other for a moment, when Truman, wheeling his horse and waving his sword over his head, gave the charge in a voice which resounded to the ranks of the enemy, and was responded to; and in a few minutes the continental regiment was fiercely and orderly met, out-flanked, and thrown into disorder. A most deadly fire, however, on the left, from the rifle band, to whom every tree was a fortress and every British officer a mark, in some measure checked the assailants; but the riflemen were thus most exposed, and incurred the momentary danger of utter destruction by the advancing line, when a tremendous shout from the British drew their attention to the right, where, through the smoke, they saw Col. Truman and his horse fall to the ground. Without a moment's hesitation, Bertram dashed towards the still cherished friend of his youth; and by one impulse, so decisive in battle, drew with him all that remained of his own corps and a number of others, and a most sanguinary conflict commenced around the fallen officer. Numbers were on the point of prevailing, when a shout seemed to shake the earth and overpower the sound of all the fire arms on the field. A pause of a moment, a death-like pause, was followed by another and still more appalling shout. The cause was soon made terribly known to the regiment opposed to that of Colonel Truman. The British army was broken, and flying before those battalions which British pride a few months before affected to despise. Those opposed to Truman's regiment now fled in the utmost disorder, dreading to be surrounded. The retreat of the enemy was just in time to save the few that remained to defend the bleeding Truman.

"The British have fled and you are safe,' was breathed into the ear of the mangled hero, by a man who supported him.

"The voice was intentionally counterfeited; but nature was too true to herself, and Truman, with more strength than could have been expected, exclaimed, 'Wilson Bertram, is it possible?' He was blinded by his own blood, but the voice went to his heart; and as he was tenderly borne on a litter from the field, he several times repeated, 'saved by Wilson Bertram.'

"The heart of his preserver was too full to make any farther reply, until every necessary attention was paid to a man admired by the whole army. By his repeated request, Bertram was permitted to be his attendant; but his wounds, examined and dressed, the surgeons gave no hopes of recovery; and a second time, Ellery Truman was considered as mortally wounded. In a few hours a violent fever dissipated all hopes that he would ever again be conscious of his own situation. In the paroxysm of delirium, the name of Emily was frequently and mournfully repeated. To an inquiry of one of the surgeons, Bertram replied, 'his sister.'

"In armies, every common soldier becomes, in some degree, a surgeon; and such was the case with Bertram, who, from the first, indulged hopes that the firm constitution of Truman would

still enable life to triumph. On the evening after the battle of Stillwater, when his bloody clothes were stripped off, a golden locket was found suspended by a riband, on which was beautifully embroidered E. R. The locket was lying to his heart. Though to all appearance dying, the moment the locket was touched he made a grasp with both his hands, and pressed it down to its place. One of the surgeons—a man who deserved the title—felt the appeal, and forbid the relic to be touched.

“Your humanity will be returned to you a thousand fold,” exclaimed Bertram, as he assisted to re-adjust the riband locket, and hope beamed of better days.

“The battle of Stillwater rendered the situation of the British army critical, and in a few days it became desperate—hopeless—and the destruction or capture of this invading force became evident. Whilst many, with wounds far less formidable in appearance, sunk, life lingered in the frame of Ellery Truman; but even when the fever abated his reason wandered. In the battle he had received a contusion on the head, near his former wound; yet there was one near him, who still dared to hope. He had been removed to a farm house, at some distance from the noise and tumult of the camp. It was rather late in the night, the lamp on the wall threw a pale and flickering light on the still, fine, and really admirable face, rendered even more expressive by the now prominent features. His early and steady friend sat gazing on that face, and bitterly reflecting on the events of the last three years. The stillness of the night was faintly broken by the restless sighs of the invalid. These sighs gradually subsided, and Bertram, for a moment lost in his own mournful retrospect, did not perceive, that all was still; but when the calm was perceived, his abstraction vanished, and he sprung to his feet, exclaiming, ‘he is dead.’ But ecstasy! Truman was not dead! he had fallen into a soft and sweet sleep, his breathing was free and regular.

“What a night! for ten hours did the eyes of Bertram remain fixed on the placid visage. Every intruder was kept at a distance, by an expressive wave of the hand; and the distant clock sounded three, in the morning, before the patient began to move. The anxious and watchful Bertram saw the motion with dread, and his fears were not lessened when Truman vociferated, ‘Level your pieces, give it to them, my boys.’ The expression almost drove the attendant frantic, as, for a moment, he thought it madness; but it was the contrary, it was restored reason. All the intermediate events were lost to him, and for a moment he thought himself on the field of battle. As his powers of recollection were gradually restored, his looks wandered for some time; but soon settled on the fixed, mute, and suffused face of Bertram, exclaiming in a low but steady voice, ‘Where are we? Is not that you, Bertram?’

“Overpowered by excess of joy, Bertram ran some risk of being reduced to the mental state he so much dreaded in the case of his charge; but Truman, who, though slowly, at length fully comprehended his situation, observed, ‘why Wilson.’ This short expression, with the look

that attended it, had a full effect, as the surcharged breast of the man to whom it was addressed found instant relief; he saw that all mental danger was over, and hope whispered confidence, that the life was safe he had done so much to preserve. After a pause on both sides, for some minutes, Truman exclaimed, ‘the British army.’

“Have surrendered prisoners of war’—

“What? what? You are raving, Wilson.”

“Very nearly so,” replied Bertram, who indeed would have at that moment sustained the opinion of the colonel, if any third instance of unexpected happiness had occurred, but summoning his presence of mind on an occasion where all danger was far from over, he continued, ‘It is really true, the British army is in our hands.’

“Both indeed had been imprudent; but who, in their situation, would not have been imprudent? Wilson was recalled to full recollection by a long drawn sigh, and Truman sunk back exhausted on his pillow. At that moment the surgeon who had first dressed his wound, on the evening of the battle of Stillwater, entered; and finding the happy change, recommended quiet, and having previously learned the fact of both having been bred in the same neighbourhood, observed to Bertram, apart, as he was mounting his horse, ‘Avoid all conversation on subjects of excitement, joyful or sorrowful:’ and giving a look that penetrated the heart of the hearer, wheeled his horse and rode off. It was the same surgeon who ordered Colonel Truman’s locket to be left undisturbed. He was a man who had studied more of the human than the anatomy of the body. The import of his order Bertram understood, but found not easy in practice. A composing draught had once more sunk Truman into a calm sleep, which lasted some hours; but on waking, on a fine autumn afternoon, his senses perfectly restored, he again found his old school mate, Bertram, eyeing him with unfeigned joy.

“Do you feel any pain,” demanded the delighted, but still anxious attendant.

“No,” replied Truman, ‘I am weak, but perfectly free from pain. Bertram, the only pain I feel is, the singular mystery of finding ourselves here together.’

“The injunction of the surgeon darted into the mind of Bertram, who remained in embarrassed silence. Truman penetrated the cause, and continued, ‘Wilson Bertram, I am fully able to sustain an explanation.’ Bertram reflected that unsatisfied curiosity, in a case where the deepest feelings were called into action, must be more dangerous than any other species of excitement, gazed a few moments on the inquiring visage intensely fixed on him, commenced and gave a concise but connected account of all that had passed in which they had been mutually concerned since the morning of the battle of Stillwater. Colonel Truman listened with profound attention, and when his attendant closed, observed, ‘Wilson Bertram, why do you begin your story so near the end?’

“Because,” replied Bertram, ‘I thought these circumstances were the only objects of your inquiry.’

"Truman eyed him steadily for some time, then deliberately opening his bosom, untied the blood stained riband, and drew forth the locket, handed it to Bertram, shewing him a spring, observing, 'press it.' The order was obeyed, and exposed a most exquisite miniature of Emily Raymond, with a lock of her hair.

"Bertram was utterly overpowered, as he sat transfixed viewing the mute and smiling image. At length Truman observed, 'There must be some frightful mystery, or why are we both here? Wilson Bertram, do you remember the evening you were with —, under the double oak?'

"This demand roused every latent feeling of Bertram, and at once tore away from his eyes the dark veil which had long rendered to him the conduct of Truman so inexplicable; but the demand did more, it broke down at a blow all false inequality created by military rank. Bertram felt himself doubly an injured man; and he felt, and keenly felt, that a most innocent and lovely being had been crushed to the earth by a mistake. These reflections were borne to his mind by one flash of thought, and he promptly replied, 'Yes, Ellery Truman, I very well remember being under the double oak, with Emily Raymond; do not start at the name, for if you have not heard, you have much to hear.' Here Bertram then commenced, and with all the energy of innocence, unmindful of the surgeon's precaution, minutely went over what I have here related. As before, not a whisper from Truman interrupted the dreadful tale; but when it was closed, the gulf his unfounded suspicions had created yawned before him, and clasping his thin and emaciated hands together, exclaimed, in agony, 'What a friend, and what a woman have I sacrificed. Oh! Wilson Bertram, I have been ungrateful—mad—frantically bent on my own destruction. But it is done.'

"The contrition and self-condemnation of a haughty spirit, is the most overpowering of all appeals. Bertram was completely subdued, and he exclaimed with affectionate warmth, 'Col. Truman, in a month you will be at the head of your regiment.'

"'Head of my regiment,' slowly responded Truman, 'Wilson Bertram, call me not Colonel Truman. I will not—cannot bear the title from my more than equal—from my earliest friend, my latest friend—my preserver. Colonel, I know too well at what expense it has been purchased.'

"'Your bravery, good conduct, and coolness,' quickly responded Bertram.

"'Bravery—good conduct—coolness,' repeated Truman. 'Well, let the world think so, and a bitter smile writhed rather than played upon his wan features. Bertram could hold out no longer, his heart seemed bursting; before him sat almost the shade of the man who even his recent estrangement and its cause, poured a flood of mingled recollections too overwhelming to be sustained, and he sunk to a chair and sobbed like an infant.'

"Truman beheld his friend thus for some minutes, until the tide of regret was subsiding, when he reached his hand, and seizing with all his remaining strength that of Bertram, ex-

claimed, 'Why is our better knowledge the last we learn? I thought I knew you, Bertram, but I was mistaken. But, oh! why were you on the field of Stillwater—But—I do not deserve to die as Dixon died, or sleep as Montgomery and Dixon sleep.'

"'Honour and fame still await you, Ellery Truman,' interrupted Bertram, with a countenance on which the smile of hope struggled with the tear of tender solicitude.

"'Honour and fame!' emphatically repeated Truman, 'in such a cause, honour and fame are worth both life and death; but I know my own constitution too well. Immediate death I neither fear or expect; some years I may linger—years, if a thousand, too short to expiate the injustice, the cruelty—But why wound you with my remorse. Bertram, my body and spirits are broken. You may think me still raving, but my resolutions are taken, and whatever may be the consequence, they shall be executed, if the drag of strength will admit.'

"Bertram sat in inquiring silence until, after a long pause, Truman resumed, 'In the first instance, you must take charge of my will; it is in my portmanteau. In the next place—I see your inquiries in your face—I return to Swatara, and as far as man can repair'—

"Here Bertram forgot himself, and vehemently ejaculated, 'There is no hope!' But with one of those sudden changes in the human heart, swerved in a moment from despair to hope, and before the somewhat confounded Truman could reply, contradicted his rash expression, by exclaiming—'Yes, there is hope! redeeming hope! and—all may yet be happy.'

"The flash threw its light into the heart of Truman, who, with a smile playing upon his manly, noble, and now animated face, exclaimed, 'Yes, Wilson, and you shall be discharged, and return with me.'

"This last proposal touched a concealed cord in the breast of Bertram, who replied, 'Return with you I must—but as to the discharge, let it be a furlough for the present.'

"The next morning after this eclatissement Truman requested the attendance of the favourite surgeon, who with great pleasure complied, and Truman, without stating his reasons, requested a candid opinion on his case, 'Your health, replied the surgeon, demands only proper care, and your bodily strength time,' and he paused.

"'Much time,' calmly observed Truman.

"'You understand your own case,' rejoined the surgeon.

"'Too well,' interrupted Truman, 'to stand in the way of a young, active, and brave man. The united colonies need soldiers and not invalids.'

"'I only express the feelings of all the army,' rejoined the surgeon, 'when I say, and ardently say, I wish to see Colonel Ellery Truman at the head of his regiment. But a few months repose—despair is a disgrace to our profession. Let me give one advice—retain your commission six months. Adieu.'

"The second day after the interview with the surgeon, Colonel Truman and Wilson Bertram were on their way to their native place, on Swa-

tara. It was a time when detachments of men were constantly marching to and from the army. Decent accommodation was difficult, and quiet lodgings almost impossible to procure. It was after a day of travelling too long and fatiguing for the invalid, that himself and his companion reached Millerstown, within six miles from the end of their journey, at dusk of a wet and gloomy day. It was the wish of both to remain unknown, which the colonel effected by silence and being muffled up; and such was the bustle, for the only lodging attainable was as usual crowded, and the noise of English and German, and broken English and broken German, rendered it a Babel; but there was no choice, and both our travellers had the good fortune to remain unknown, and find themselves in a small room alone. Fatigue and the habits of military life would have soon wrapped them both in sleep, had not their attention been rivetted by hearing the broken sentences of a conversation in the bar-room, from which they were only separated by a thin board partition.

"Tom Dooling, was you at Derry Meeting-House, last Sunday?"

"I was," replied Tom, "and unless in heaven I'll never hear such magic again."

"In heaven, Tom, that's where I never expect to see you."

"May be not," replied Tom, "that's where you'll never pop your eye."

"Now a boisterous burst of laughter deprived the travellers of some more rough wit; but their full attention was rivetted, as another voice gruffly observed, 'So, our old serious neighbour, Ellery Truman—that is, Colonel Truman—was killed at Saratoga.'

"Dead," roared another voice, "dead, not he, so that's—a no such thing. I expose you've not heard, that as the red coats knocked down Ellery Truman, that another Swatara boy rushed to his assistance and kilt six red coats, wounded eight or ten more, and carried off his old school-mate on his shoulders—eh?"

"Who? Who was that Swatara boy?" came now from all quarters.

"Who should he be?" replied the voracious historian, "but our smooth-faced Wilson Bertram."

"At the name, wonder wrought a miracle—there was silence in the bar-room for at least a minute; which was broken by Tom Dooling, who grumbled, 'Well! well! so Wilson Bertram saved the life of Ellery Truman. Then I'll say—why, he had little to do. If I'd been in his place—'

"A deafening thunder of laughter drowned the voice and a little confounded the humane Dooling, while at intervals burst forth—'You in his place.'—'If Tom Dooling had been in place of Bertram, Lord help the red coats,'—'He'll drive General Howe from Philadelphia, I'm certain.'

"Tom preserved his temper, joined the laugh, and as soon as the storm a little abated, continued, 'If I'd been at Saratoga I might have showed how fast ugly legs could carry an uglier body. Laugh away, boys, and I'll help you; but by Jove if I'd been at Saratoga, and been Wilson Bertram, I'd not, may be, have killed Gine-

ral Burgoin and his red coats, nor killed myself runnin—but I'd have walked home to Swatara and Emily.'

"Once more poor Tom had to stand a storm louder and longer than before, which he very patiently bore, and then added, 'Yes, by all that's good, I would; and may be as she has come to her senses, so may Wilson yet. If she'd not been mad from the beginning, she'd never have lik'd that grim.'

"Rough as were the interlocutors, their conversation became most intensely interesting to the two listeners, who learned from the confused expressions which fell from the boisterous speakers, that, from some unknown cause, Emily Raymond, though no smile appeared upon her face, had again mingled her sympathies with society—that the dark and heavy mental cloud had been in great part dissipated. Sleep to either was impossible, and to speak without being heard equally impossible, and a long and sleepless night was followed by a fine clear, calm winter morning.

"Why, Bertram," observed Truman, in the morning, as the clear sunshine fell upon the curtains of the bed, 'is not this most beautifully prophetic? See this delightful morning, after the gloomy storm of yesterday?'

"Bertram smiled from his heart, as he replied, 'Ellery Truman, you must remain concealed here until—'

"Until you—It is right," reflected, audibly, Truman, 'for you are truly her brother. Well, go, and be a messenger of good.'

"We may now, after a long absence, return to Emily Raymond. Months passed away, after the departure of Bertram, before any change was perceptible on the mind of this truly deserted young woman, when, in the summer of 1777, she was seized with a violent fever and real delirium; her already enfeebled constitution, to all appearance, was rapidly yielding, and the termination of her innocent but ill-fated days approaching. Even in this condition, such is mysterious human nature, it was found utterly impracticable to steal from her the fearful relics she had concealed in her bosom.

"Her hours are numbered," said a physician, who passed for skilful, as he took his final leave of his patient. 'She may linger two or three days more, but medical aid is vain.'

"The sufferer had fallen into a dose, however, in place of a lethargy; and left single to straggle with her complicated maladies, remained, during the night, more calm than for many preceding days. The eye of a tender aunt was on her, who, in the morning, was transported with joy to hear her niece, in a feeble voice, say, 'water.' It was the first word, for upwards of eighteen months, that she had addressed to any human being. Her request was complied with, and again she sunk to repose. Her recovery was slow, but attended with circumstances of peculiar interest. The mind seemed as if undergoing the process attending infancy, but memory gradually strengthened, and one morning she asked her aunt, "if it was yesterday, or day before, they had been at Mr. Dixon's; and whether Wilson had really left them without bidding adieu."

"The astonished, yet delighted aunt, replied

evasively, forcing a laugh, 'Why, Emily, child, it was a day before yesterday.'

"The equivoque was lost on the musing girl, on whose mind ideas long forgotten were crowding. 'Aunt,' she at length continued, 'I have had a fearful dream, will you hear it?'

"Certainly, my dear,' replied her aunt.

"I dreamed," continued Emily, 'that Ellery Truman sent home a bone of his head. I can speak of him now, aunt. Yes, I really thought that Colonel John Rogers took a bone from a letter, and that I ran away with it. It was a dreadful dream. Is it not strange he does not write?'

"Her aunt, perplexed beyond all measure, had to resort to every stratagem to prevent any sinister circumstance or word from unsettling returning reason; and the first was to procure the horrid memorial from Emily, which it was now evident she was unconscious of possessing. This was effected with the utmost address. The letter was found crushed, but to appearance had never been opened by its possessor.

"The still lovely Emily Raymond thus restored to the best gift of heaven, but carefully secluded, spoke frequently to her aunt of Truman, without either extremes of emotion; but her charity was not extended to Bertram; his supposed neglectful departure, she could not forget or forgive, nor dared her aunt explain.

"Thus stood matters at Dixon's Ford, when, on a fine winter's morning, Mrs. Raymond received a note requesting her to step over to a near neighbour's house, where on her arrival, what was her astonishment to meet Wilson Bertram. 'Emily!' 'Emily!' was the first word that either pronounced. A rapid and mutual explanation took place, except that Bertram concealed the fact that Truman was most impatiently waiting his return to Millerstown, and in order to keep the secret closer, only observed, that 'it was probable Truman would soon be in Derry.'

"Will it be safe for me to see Emily?' at last demanded Bertram.

"For her, no doubt,' replied the aunt, 'it will be balm to her heart, but she is greatly hurt at your supposed neglect.'

"I'll make her a present ere long,' cried the impatient Bertram, 'that will compel her to remember I am her brother indeed: and seizing his hat, half dragged the aunt along.

"My dear child,' said her aunt, on her return, and looking down the lane with great assumed wonder, 'That man coming—why, it must be—it is Wilson Bertram!' and in a moment the recreant soldier had the aunt on one arm and the niece on another.

"Poor Emily forgot all her resentment as he placed her in the warm elbow chair, and sat down by her. 'Forgive me, Emily,' was returned by a shake of her head—I am a little fool to make you walk back; but glad, truly glad, if you could be always with us.'

"When the war is over, perhaps I may,' replied Bertram, 'but Emily,' and he fixed a searching look on her languid countenance, 'is there on earth no other person you would delight to see?'

"Bertram, my brother, I know you cannot trifle with—What do you mean?' Bertram smiled as

he playfully drew forth, as if carelessly, the important locket, which he had requested from Truman. It no sooner met the eye of Emily than she snatched it from Bertram, eyed the outside a few moments, and handing it back, observed, with astonishing calmness, 'you were surely not sent here to return that trinket?'

"But I was,' said Bertram, with a provoking smile, 'and if you won't receive it from me—why—he declares positively that'—and he stopped short.

"He must come himself, I suppose,' exclaimed the aunt, smiling.

"You are both certainly in possession of something beyond my poor comprehension,' replied Emily.

"But there was a sparkle in her eye which proved rising hope, which was not blighted by Bertram's rising, and assuming an air of levity, observed, 'Aunt Raymond, you know I was never much of a lawyer; so we must bring up the criminal to the bar, and let him plead his cause, and snatching a kiss from the cheek of Emily, vanished like an arrow.

"It would be lost words to tell you the result. The criminal was heard, condemned and forgiven.

"Noiseless and private was the wedding of Ellery Truman and Emily Raymond, and noiseless, happy, and private were their future days. Their little fortunes were prudently administered, and they calmly reviewed the past as a fearful dream, from which they had awaked to tranquil enjoyment."

The old soldier now paused, as if his tale was told; but I demanded, "Wilson Bertram?"

"Oh, of him," replied the soldier, "a short history will tell his career. You have heard enough already to know his habits were singular. Disappointed in one hope, he steeled himself for the future. There were but two human beings for whose fate Bertram felt very strong interests, and those two in the haven of safety; the soldier felt no tie to bind him to one spot, and a spot where, if the truth must be told, the tax on his magnanimity was rather oppressive. You may think the poor man not very sound in his head, but he determined to be a soldier, and remained a soldier until within three months of this moment, and never rose above a sergeant's coat. Singular choice, you may say, for it was his own choice; for though Colonel Truman resigned his own commission, his interest was pressed upon, as he was pleased to say, 'his benefactor'; but though even Emily condescended to press the acceptance, in that instance Bertram was inflexible, and remained forty-eight years a private soldier, or a sergeant.

"You are astonished. Well, I may as well complete the story. You may remember, the will of Colonel Truman was confided to Bertram. This will was returned, destroyed by the maker, and a joint will of husband and wife renewed and deposited in Lancaster, then the county town.

"Colonel Truman and his angel wife had no children; but far contrary to their expectations, their peaceful lives were prolonged for twenty-three years after their marriage. It seemed as if something extraordinary was to mark every

thing concerning them. Bertram, at long intervals, returned to Swatara, and the house of his two friends was his home. It was on one of those visits that he had his most severe service to perform. That service was to close the eyes, and assist to place in this narrow enclosure the remains of the friends of his infancy, youth, and now advancing age. A distant but legal heir made his appearance, as claimant of the estate, and summoned Bertram as a witness at the opening of the will. Both the heir and the witness were, however, equally astonished at the reading, as 'Wilson Bertram' was declared sole and universal heir.

"Bertram as much expected to be made commander-in-chief of the United States army, and mild words would have induced him to relinquish the bequest. But ——— chose insolence and abusive insinuations, and had a rough, rude, and as you know, an obstinate old soldier to deal with, so bad his folly for his reward: and the old sergeant is now going to see that the double oak is preserved, and you will have to sleep this night under the roof *Sergeant Bertram*."

Written for the Casket.

SONNET.

To gaze upon a lovely face,
The mirror of a lovelier mind,
Where shines revealed with every grace,
Virtue exalted and refined;
Gives to my sight
More pure delight,
Than India's boasted, sparkling gem,
Or brilliant star,
That beams afar,
In sable night's bright diadem.
Such beauty, find it where you will,
'Mid wintry snows or torrid heat,
Must every heart with rapture fill,
That hath with rapture learned to beat:
The mind adorned,
By virtue formed,
What features e'er so rich, so rare,
The sweetest flower,
That decks the bower,
Is not more lovely or more fair.
Mere form alone, without such charms,
Were but a cold, a senseless sight;
But joined with these, it all disarms,
And moves the very anchorite.
What heart is proof—
Who stands aloof—
When grace and soul combined are seen?
All must obey
Their matchless sway,
But one as ice-berg cold, I ween.
O! woman, sent by heaven to be,
With man, the partner of life's cares,
'Tis then thou'rt loveliest, when in thee
The mind, in lustre bright, appears—
With magic art,
Around the heart,
'Tis then thou twin'st love's golden chain.
A bondage sweet,
From thee we meet,
And captives to thy power remain.

D. F. N.

NATURAL CURIOSITY.—In the township of Clifton, district of Niagara, is perhaps, one of the most curious caves in America. It is situated about two miles from the main road from Niagara to Hamilton, a little above the base of a mountain. The scenery near the cave, is singularly romantic, and aside from the cave, would richly repay the admirer of nature's wonders for the pains of a visit. From the circumstance of the cave containing ice always during summer, it is called Ice spring.

Having twice visited the spring during the greatest heat of summer, which is the only time the ice accumulates, I will endeavour to describe the place, although my pen will command but an imperfect sketch.

The entrance of the cave is under an immense rock, apparently solid; its depth or distance to the extremity is about 25 feet; the sides are of hugely solid rocks, extending into the mountain, some of which lie partly above the surface. The water which congeals into ice oozes out of the rock that hangs over the cave; it hangs in icicles, above, and may be found on the bottom frozen in cakes. A sudden transition from an atmosphere where the thermometer will rise 90, to a region where it will fall several degrees below zero, on entering the cave in summer, renders great caution necessary to visitors, who should never enter in a state of perspiration, nor remain too long. Near the cave are great numbers of rocks, apparently solid, and of the largest size that I ever have seen, lying above the ground; they all have the appearance of having been thrown out by some great convulsion of nature. The wild aspect of these rocks, softened by a festoon of ivy and other beautiful vines, and the corresponding grandeur and rarity of all surrounding objects, renders the scene highly picturesque.

Frequent calls, through the public press, have been made upon the scientific, to account for the ice appearing only in the hottest weather, and dissolving as soon as the weather grows cool; but none, I believe, have yet risked a public explanation of the cause of so singular a phenomenon. I may, therefore hazard my opinion at some future time, though I am far from making scientific pretensions. I only hope to be the means of exciting some of our physiologists to the elucidation of a subject, which to thousands who never saw the cave, may seem incredible, and perhaps to all who have, an insolvable mystery. There are many places in America where ice and snow remain during summer; but it is believed that this spring is the only one that apparently acts directly contrary to the seasons of freezing and thawing, and which remains to be accounted for upon principles satisfactory to the enquiring mind.—*Canada paper.*

LAGONIC EPISTLES.—A very celebrated Diplomatist whose time, at one period of his life, was so engaged in matters of political importance, that he could scarcely find a moment to attend to social duties, and a certain facetious colleague used to say, that he never dotted his I's or crossed his T's, for the purpose of saving time. It is not therefore probable that such a man would fritter away his precious existence in writing letters to friends upon subjects unconnected with ambition or party intrigues! He however broke through his determination in the following instance: A lady with whom he was well acquainted, married a young French nobleman, the choice of her heart. Scarcely had the Honey Moon passed away, when the husband was attacked with severe illness and died. The diplomatist being informed that the affliction of the lady was so intense, that night and day she did nothing but weep—that sorrow would soon bring her to the grave—deemed it an imperative duty to write a letter of condolence. This he performed—but, reflecting that true grief is always laconic, and wishing her to understand how alive his feelings were to the irrepar-

able loss she had sustained, he wrote these words—and they formed the whole contents of the condoling letter: "Ah! Madame!!"

Six months passed away—and grief and sorrow passed also away with the fleeting months. The fair lady followed the example of the Dame of Ephesus, and took to herself another husband. No sooner had the writer of protocols heard this news than he evinced more than usual alacrity in coming to the conclusion of writing a congratulatory epistle, which was accordingly despatched. He again reflected, that if grief be not loquacious, joy is also laconic—and so he wrote: "Ho! Ho! Madame!"

EGGS OF INSECTS.

Insects' eggs are not all of an oval form like those of birds, but some are like a pear, some like an orange, some like a pyramid, and some like a flask.

The eggs of the gnat, for instance, may be compared, in shape, to that of a powder flask, and the mother gnat lays about three hundred at a time. Now each egg, by itself, would sink to the bottom of the water; yet the gnat puts the whole three hundred together in the form of a little boat, and in such way, that they will all swim on the surface of the water; and a very curious way she has of managing this.

Like other insects, the gnat has six legs. Four of these (the four fore-legs) she fastens to a floating leaf, or to the side of a bucket, if she is on the water contained in one. Her body is thus held level with the water, except the last ring of her abdomen, which is a little raised. This being done, she begins to make use of her other two legs, (or hind legs) and crosses them in the shape of the letter X. The open part of this X, next to her tail, serves as a kind of scaffolding, to support the eggs she lays, until the boat is formed. Each egg, when laid, is covered with a kind of glue; and the gnat holds the first laid egg in an angle of the X until the second egg is laid by its side, and glued to it; she then glues another egg to its other side. All these stick together thus **, making a kind of triangle, or figure of three, and this is the beginning of the boat. Thus she goes on, piling egg upon egg, keeping the boat in proper shape by her useful hind legs. As the boat grows in size, she pushes it from her by degrees, still adding to the unfinished and next to her body.—When the boat is half built, her hind legs are stretched out thus —, the X or cross form is no longer wanted, and she holds up the boat as cleverly as if it was done with two outstretched arms.

The boat is at length completed, and an excellent boat it is, quite water tight. For though it is very small and delicate, yet no tossing of the waves will sink it; and nothing can fill it with water or turn it upside down. In fact, the glue with which it is covered prevents it from ever being wet. Even if the boat be pushed down to the bottom of the water, up it comes again quite dry: so that it is better than the best life boat that has ever yet been invented.

The eggs of insects are not, like those of birds, always smooth, but are sometimes ribbed, and sometimes tiled, or otherwise sculptured or carved on the outside.

The shell of an insect's egg is rarely or ever brittle, like that of a bird, but composed of a tough membrane which, in some instances, can be stretched out, as appears from the eggs of ants and some other insects growing considerably larger in the process of hatching.

The mother insects, usually dying before their eggs are hatched, do not sit upon them like birds, except in the singular instance of the earwig, which, from the proceedings of one kept by me in a glass, in March, 1832, appears to attend more to shifting the eggs about to places where they may receive moisture, than any thing like hatching by covering them. Ants

shift their eggs according to the changes of the day and night, and also of the weather, placing them near the surface of their nests when it is warm and dry, and deep down when it is cold or wet.

In consequence of being exposed to the same temperature, all the eggs of any particular species, in any given district, are hatched exactly at the same time, or at most within a few days; and when such eggs are numerous, an immense number of caterpillars make their appearance all at once on plants and bushes, and give rise to the notion that they are brought by winds, or generated by what is called *blighting* weather, though this is as absurd as to say the wind could bring a flock of cattle, or that the *blight* could generate a flight of sparrows or rooks without eggs to hatch them from.

A TRUE STORY.—"Truth," says Lord Byron, "is often stranger than fiction." This remark will be found strictly in point in the following narrative.

There resides at present in the vicinity of Boston, a venerable clergyman, whose character for learning, piety, and active usefulness, has seldom, if ever been surpassed.

When young, he was very poor, and entered Harvard College with almost no means of support, apart from the expected liberality of the College-Faculty, who have a considerable charity fund at their disposal.

He was supplied with all the sums from this resource, consistent with the justice due to other claimants, but still he remained in a condition of hopeless indigence.

Matters had arrived at such a pass, that unless he should be soon provided with a set of linen, he could no longer remain in College, or obtain his education.

Reduced almost to despair, he one day took his staff, and walked from Cambridge to Boston, to see, if he could procure a situation in a vessel, or some other laborious employment.

When arrived near the ferry, which at that time occupied the place of the present Cambridge bridge, he perceived that something had got fastened to the end of his staff.

He made several attempts to knock it off as a useless encumbrance, but found that it would obstinately adhere to the point of the staff.

Curiosity at length impelled him to examine it, when he discovered that it was a gold ring, set with very brilliant diamonds.

He carried it immediately to a jeweller, who was a gentleman of great integrity and benevolence. On acquainting him with his situation, the jeweller paid him down a handsome sum on the spot, and requested the young man to call on him for assistance in future.

The linen was purchased, the shirts were made up by the young man's sisters, and his prospects from that day grew brighter and brighter.

The ring, which so singularly forced itself into his hands, was probably dropped by a British officer in the course of our revolutionary war.

Horace Walpole mentions an anecdote of a man having in his time dropped down dead at the door of White's Club House, into which he was carried; upon which the members of the Club immediately laid bets whether he was dead or not; and upon its being proposed to bleed him, the wagers for his death interposed, alleging that it would affect the fairness of the bet!

Mr. Grattan, in his history of Holland and the Netherlands, says that few factions have excited such violent commotions in the world, as was excited in Holland on the ridiculous question of "whether the *Asot* caught the fish or the fish caught the hook."

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Ghaut of Cutwa, on the Ganges, India.



State House at Frankfort, Ky.

THE GHAUT OF CUTWA, INDIA.

The opposite plate of the Ghaut (or Indian Temple) of Cutwa, is taken from a small island in the Hoogly river. The several ranges of stone steps, or stairs, are only all to be seen in the dry season when the river is at the lowest; they are for the purpose of bathing; a religious ceremony indispensable with many castes of the Hindoos, and a custom highly conducive to health. The natives of both sexes enter the water in their clothes, and after performing their ablutions and prayers, re-ascend to the shore, trusting to the warm beams of an ever brilliant and glowing sun to dry their garments. India's daughters, rising thus like Naiads of the flood from the bosom of their adored river, their finely wove simple garb, consisting of one long piece only, and of every varied hue, clinging closely to their figure, exhibit a symmetry of form which might fairly vie with the Medicean Venus. Indeed the mass of the Hindoos of both sexes of the upper provinces of Bengal, are perfect models for the sculptor. The term Ghaut, or Gaut, is used in the East Indies to describe a temple with steps, as well as to denote a passage or road from the coast to the mountainous or upland country.

STATE HOUSE OF KENTUCKY.

The annexed beautiful and accurate representation of this building was taken with a Camera Obscura, by Mr. Bramborough, an English artist, who recently passed through Frankfort. The lucid and graphical description which follows, was furnished by Mr. Gideon Shryock, the accomplished architect, who planned the building and superintended its construction.

This building is situated in the town of Frankfort, near the centre of a public square, which is handsomely covered with blue-grass, and planted with various ornamental trees.

The front elevation of the building presents a Hexastyle Portico, of the Ionic order, the proportions of which are taken from the temple of Minerva Polias, at Priene in Ionia.

The exterior walls present a smooth surface of polished marble of a light grey colour, obtained from inexhaustible quarries on the banks of the Kentucky River, near Frankfort. The Portico is built of a darker grey marble. The columns are four feet in diameter and thirty three feet in height, supporting a marble pediment and entablature which is continued entirely around the building. The whole of the roof is covered with copper; from the middle of it rises the cupola, the basement of which is formed by a square pedestal of twenty-five feet on each side; which rises two feet above the apex of the roof; and on which is placed a circular lantern, twenty-two feet in diameter and twenty feet high, surmounted by a hemispherical dome. The flanks of the building have side doors to enter a passage leading across the house; and the rooms appropriated for the Federal Court and Court of Appeals.

The length of the building, including the Portico, is one hundred and thirty-two feet, its breadth in front is seventy feet. The main entrance is at the south end, by a flight of marble steps extending along the whole front and rising four feet high to the Portico, which projects eleven feet from the front wall of the house.

The door opens into a Vestibule, twenty feet broad and thirty-three feet long; having a committee room of the same size on either side, and a lobby in front leading to the stairway, which is of marble and is enclosed by a circular wall, having an entrance in front and on either side, and is lighted from the Cupola above by twelve large windows. The ascent is by a straight flight of steps to a large platform about five feet high; from each end of which there is a circular flight, which traverses the circular wall and meets in a platform at the top. The stairway leads to a lobby (on the second floor) thirty-five feet square, having the well-hole of the stairs (which is enclosed by an iron railing) in the centre. From this lobby there are doors communicating with the several apartments of the second story. This part of the building is arched with a spandrel dome, the angular spaces are filled with pendentives, terminating in a circular ring, on which a cylindrical wall is built, supporting the Cupola. The interior of the Dome is finished with raised pannels and ornamented in stucco, superbly executed; and produces that pleasing magic effect usual with a vast concave in such a situation.

The Senate Chamber is on the second floor in the front part of the house; being thirty-three feet broad by sixty-two feet long; having a spacious lobby with elevated seats at one end, separated from the Chamber by two Ionic columns and proper antia; supporting a full entablature; the frieze and cornice continued entirely around the room; the ceiling richly ornamented with square sunk pannels. The floor is covered with a rich and durable carpet, made in the Penitentiary; and is occupied by the mahogany chairs and tables of the Senators.

The Representatives' Hall is in the opposite end of the second story, being forty-eight feet broad and sixty-two feet long, and having a lobby and gallery on the south side of the room. The ceiling of this room is also elegantly finished with square sunk pannels and other ornaments in stucco. Behind the Speaker's chair hangs an elegant full length portrait of Lafayette, executed by Jewett, at the order of the State.

The building was commenced in the spring of 1827, and finished in the fall of 1830; and cost ninety-five thousand dollars.

A MEDITATION ON DEATH.

Death the old serpent's son!
Thou hadst a sting once like thy sire,
That carried hell and ever burning fire,
But those black days are done;
Thy foolish spite bury'd thy sting
In the profound and wide
Wound of thy Savior's side,
And now thou art become a tame and harmless thing:
A thing we dare not fear,
Since we hear
That our triumphant God, to punish thee,
For the affront thou didst him on the tree,
Hath snatched the keys of hell out of thy hand,
And made thee stand
A porter at the gate of life, thy mortal enemy,
O thou who art that gate command that he
May, when we die,
And thither flee,
Let us into the courts of heaven through thee.

Jeremy Taylor.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SKETCHES OF TURKEY.

The Sketches of Turkey, by an American, just published by the Messrs. Harpers, is generally attributed to a son of Dr. Dekay, of New York, himself, we presume from the context, a physician. A more curious, entertaining, and authentic book has rarely issued from the American press. The details are ample, and afford us a better insight into the present condition, resources, manners, and customs, of the Turks, than any book extant. The author is a scholar, and in the course of the volume displays a variety of information; he sets down his own impressions and observations without reference to former travellers; and in fact the changes introduced by the present Sultan, are so numerous that the people present now almost a new aspect. A newspaper is printed having ten thousand subscribers—literature and schools flourish, and should the same policy prevail, the Turkish Empire must soon take a high rank among civilized nations.

The author touched at several of the Grecian islands, on the voyage, and has given several interesting chapters respecting them, which we pass over, in order to introduce Constantinople, that wonderful city, as viewed by the eyes of one of our own citizens. We shall make such extracts as speak most plainly of the place, its inhabitants and customs. The particulars of the fire at Pera, are curious. It broke out at ten o'clock in the morning, and lasted till six in the afternoon, in which time it destroyed 10,000 houses, and property estimated at more than eight millions of dollars.

"In a conflagration where 10,000 houses were destroyed, and 80,000 persons turned into the streets, there must necessarily have been much suffering, but we did not learn that more than four or five lives were lost. The Turk suffers but little by a fire. His wardrobe is carried on his back, and a large chest contains all his moveables, consisting of a few amber-headed pipes, an oke or two of tobacco, and perhaps the same quantity of coffee. If he saves this his loss is nothing, except the rent of the house, which is always paid in advance. The fire luckily occurred in the day-time, and during a warm and pleasant season of the year. The sultan immediately caused one hundred thousand piastres to be distributed, and issued a firman in which he enjoined upon his subjects to receive into their houses, and to treat with kindness, all the sufferers by the fire, whether Greek, Frank, Armenian, or Jew. He likewise assigned for their immediate accommodation the large barrack in the neighbourhood of Pera, which is capable of holding 7000 men; ordered provisions to be distributed, and furnished tents to such as were still without shelter. We saw hundreds of these tents erected over the ashes of their former dwellings, and the inhabitants raking among the ashes and composedly straightening the nails which are to serve in the construction of a new dwelling."

The use made by the Turks of water, in their religion, baths, &c. requires an immense supply, and our author has graphically described their method of introduction, which affords him a fair

hit at his own city (New York) for its lukewarmness on this important subject.

"Every stranger is struck with the numerous contrivances around Constantinople for supplying it with pure and wholesome water. Belonging to a city in the United States, which has long been distinguished for its nauseous and detestable water, and for the culpable negligence of its rulers on a subject of so much importance, no opportunity was neglected to obtain all the information in our power in regard to the hydraulic establishments in this neighbourhood. The result, however mortifying, must not be concealed, and we therefore state, that on a subject intimately connected, not only with the comfort, but with the health of the people, the commercial emporium of the United States is some centuries behind the metropolis of Turkey.

"Under the Greek emperors, Constantinople was supplied with water by the means of aqueducts, and large reservoirs were established in different parts of the city. These latter, however, have now gone into disuse, as expensive and inadequate for the purposes intended. Under the present system, all the water-works about Constantinople are under the management of an officer, termed the *sou naziri*, or inspector of waters. It is his business to keep them in good repair, and he is responsible for any accidents which may obstruct or diminish the supply. As no time is to be lost to repair injuries, this officer is clothed with great power, and he compels every one to assist in restoring the line of communication. This resembles the corvée of old France in some measure, but is much more oppressive; for the *sou naziri* fines most rigorously all who dwell in the vicinity of any breach or injury unless they give immediate information of the disaster. So important are these water-courses considered, that the sultans have always been in the habit of making annually a formal visit of inspection, which is accompanied with much ceremony, and ordering such improvements and alterations as are deemed necessary.

"It is impossible to travel any where in the vicinity of Constantinople without being struck with the great pains taken by the Turks to treasure up every rill, or the minutest trickle from the face of the rocks. These are carefully collected in marble or brick reservoirs, and the surplus is conveyed by pipes to the main stream. In passing through sequestered dells, the traveller frequently comes suddenly upon one of these sculptured marble fountains, which adds just enough of ornament to embellish the rural scene. They are frequently decorated with inscriptions setting forth the greatness and goodness of Providence, and inviting the weary traveller to make due acknowledgments for the same. Unlike our civilized ostentation, the name of the benevolent constructor never appears on these sculptured stones. The quaint Turkish adage, which serves as a rule of conduct, is well exemplified in this as in many other instances: 'Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fishes don't know it, God will.'

"Among the hills at various distances, from fifteen to twenty miles from the city, are constructed large artificial reservoirs. These are termed *bendts*, and are built in the following

manner: Advantage is taken of a natural situation, such as a narrow valley or a gorge between two mountains, and a strong and substantial work of masonry is carried across, sufficiently high to give the water its required level. Four of these *bendts* were visited and examined, but there are several others which we did not see.

The funeral of a Greek, affords the following instance of the writer's happy manner:—

"I was witnessing, this morning, the operation of house-cleaning, which is performed by deluging the floors with water, and then the servants dance backwards and forwards on small bundles of heath-twigs; when a low chant, interrupted occasionally by a loud shriek in the streets of our little village, summoned me to the window. It was the funeral of a Greek. The deceased was dressed in his best clothes, and the body was entirely exposed to view. This practice, which is universal among the Greeks, is at all times disagreeable; but when death has ensued from small-pox, or any other loathsome disease, the spectacle becomes truly revolting. A poor woman, apparently the widow of the deceased, walked alongside of the coffin, tearing her hair, which hung dishevelled about her shoulders, and exhibiting other manifestations of the deepest wo. One was reminded of Ariadne's

*Aspice demissoe lugentis mores capillos,
Et tunicas lacrymis sicut ab imbre graves.*

As the procession moved slowly onward, the poor mourner would frequently bend over the corpse, kiss its pallid features, address it in the tenderest manner, and then break out into a wild shriek which completely drowned the dismal funeral dirge. With mingled sensations of pity and disgust I turned away from the scene; when a friend, who happened to be present, dryly inquired whether this was the first Greek funeral I had ever seen, and then furnished me with the following explanation. The death of a Greek is, in some respects, celebrated like an Irish wake; as it is always the signal for a regular frolic, and the *ow! ow!* of the mourners is the undoubted prototype of the Irish ululu! The poor bereaved widow, as I had considered her, whose passionate grief had made such an impression upon my feelings, was, in all probability, an utter stranger to the deceased, and had been engaged for the occasion at the rate of five piastres a day, with bread and *rakée* at discretion. I had frequent opportunities of verifying the accuracy of this information, and the practice seems to be of the highest antiquity. This custom also prevailed extensively in Rome; and was carried to such lengths by the real mourners, that women were forbidden by the laws of the Twelve Tables to scratch their cheeks or tear their flesh with their nails. When a Greek dies, his body is sewed up in a coarse cotton sheet, over which are placed his finest clothes. When it reaches the place of interment, the clothes are stripped off, and the body is launched into the grave without any further ceremony. If wealthy, a marble slab with the customary words, 'Here lies the servant of God,' &c., is placed over his grave, and masses are said for the repose of his soul. If the deceased be poor,

no further attention is bestowed upon his body and soul.

The practice of the Turks differs from this in several particulars. The body is scrupulously washed and cleansed after death; and conformably to their well-known resignation to the decrees of Providence, all outward demonstrations of sorrow are abstained from, as not only unmanly, but impious. The corpse is buried within a few hours after death; the imaum, or parish clerk, and a few only of the nearest friends or relatives accompany it to the grave. I have frequently on the Bosphorus met with boats transporting corpses to the Asiatic side, to be interred at Scutari; and the poetic fable of Charon and Styx appeared to be realized in the noiseless progress of the solitary boatman, and the very form of the caik, which seemed to be an exact copy of the identical skiff of old Charon himself, as it has reached us on antique vases."

The present Sultan is of course the great lion of Constantinople. The author says—

"We were sitting this evening in the court of our palace, inhaling the perfume of the orange and myrtles around us, and watching the progress of the full-orbed moon as she threw her rays over the gently-roughened waves of the Bosphorus, when the regular plunge of many oars announced the approach of a barge belonging to some personage of distinction. We were not left long in doubt as to the personage in question; for immediately a band of music struck up a spirit-stirring air, and from our little coterie the exclamation arose in various tongues, 'The sultan is coming.' The first boat, rowed by ten oars, contained, in fact, the sultan, accompanied by one or two of the officers of his court; and the second, which was larger, bore a full band of musicians, and was brilliantly lit up, in order to enable them to see their notes. I may take this occasion to remark that all the military bands are now upon a footing with those of Europe. There is a very extensive school, under the direction of an Italian musician, where young lads are carefully instructed, and from a natural aptitude become excellent performers. Sultan Mahmoud's Grand March is known throughout the empire, and as it is in fact a composition of much merit, will in a few years doubtless become as national an air as the Parisienne, or God save the King.

"As the gay cortege approached, the imperial caik suddenly diverged from its course, and steered directly for the court in which our party were assembled. For a moment we imagined that we were to be honoured by a royal visit—a circumstance of no unusual occurrence,—and great was the consequent bustle and flutter among the ladies of our party at the idea of such an unexpected honour. The imperial barge approached so near that we could readily discern the person of the sultan, half-reclined upon a sumptuous cushion; although the indistinctness of the moonlight prevented us from examining his features. As he approached, a slight movement of the helm sent the caik almost grazing the marble steps of our court, and his majesty surveyed us, or, perhaps I should rather say, the ladies of our party, with apparently as much

earnestness as we endeavoured to trace the features of the absolute monarch of so many millions of human beings. The procession passed on, sweeping along the crowded quay of Buyukdery; and the last seen of it was near Therapia, where for two or three weeks past the sultan has taken up his residence. In these excursions it is always understood that he is incognito, as it would be considered a great breach of decorum to recognise him by look or gesture.

"Like all his subjects, the sultan is extremely temperate in eating, and his establishment is far from being on that expensive and magnificent scale which we are accustomed to attribute to oriental courts. I have been assured by an officer of his household, that the expenses of his table rarely exceed ten piastres, or about fifty cents, a day; and from various anecdotes which I have elsewhere heard, I should not be disposed to believe that his annual expenses exceed those of the President of the United States."

The population of Constantinople has never been accurately ascertained, but is estimated by this author too low; he thinks it cannot exceed 250,000, of whom 160,000 are Turks, 30,000 Greeks, 30,000 Armenians, and 30,000 Jews. Other authors rate it much higher. He says that the tales of travellers who state that the Franks and strangers are not allowed to reside in the city, is all a fiction, and is of opinion that opium eating is now almost discarded, being unfashionable and contrary to law. The plague affords the following sketch of manners and customs:—

"To-day, however, we have undoubted evidence of the existence of plague. A house next to us is shut up, and the Franks who are obliged to pass it, cross over cautiously to the other side of the street. Two persons have already died, and three others are said to be at the point of death. An Armenian physician, who is known here under the name of the plague doctor, and is in the service of government, has made an official visit, and his declaration that it is plague in its worst form, leaves no room for skepticism. From my window, this day, I noticed a man in the street struggling between two others who were endeavoring to drag him along. In this they were assisted by a Turkish officer of police, who quickened his pace by the occasional application of a horse-whip over his head and shoulders. It was one of the persons who had been employed in burying the plague corpses; and in consequence of his services on that occasion, they were thus unceremoniously thrusting him out of the village. This reminds me of a similar circumstance which occurred at Kadikuei, when the plague broke out there a few weeks ago. The persons attacked were forcibly removed out of the village into the adjoining fields, the house was carefully fumigated and drenched with water, and all the contagious and infectible articles of furniture or dress were destroyed by fire. When this operation had been performed, the persons employed in it were driven pell-mell into the sea, and there compelled to remain until it was supposed that they were sufficiently purified.

The howling dervishes it appears are extinct. They might have been permitted to howl to the

present day, had they not undertaken to meddle with the acts of the government. These eastern dervishes are supposed to have been the last of the idolatrous priests of Baal, alluded to in the scriptures, and the ministers of that heathen idolatry which Mohammed declared himself sent to destroy. They were finally extinguished by the janisaries, who in turn are no more.

If the howling dervishes are extinct, the dancing ones appear to retain their full vigour:—

"Carefully taking off our boots and shoes at the door of the chapel, and carrying them in under our arms, we entered just as the exercises had begun. Within a large area in the centre of the chapel, and railed off from the spectators, five dervises were spinning round like tops, while an instrument like a flageolet, but blown through the nose, poured forth a monotonous and lugubrious air. The heads of the dervises were covered with a high conical cap, a tight short jacket enveloped the body, and a coarse loose gown completed their attire.

"An aged dervise stood at the eastern side of the enclosure, and appeared to be at the same time the master of ceremonies, and the chief object of the adoration of the others. While they were performing their gyrations their eyes were closed, their hands steadfastly extended, and their gowns opened out by their revolutions in the manner of 'making cheeses,' as practised by our little folks at home. Gradually the music assumed a louder tone, and a tambourine and kettledrum struck in with the wild and plaintive strain. At the expiration of about five minutes the music and the spinning ceased, and then commenced a series of bows, which would have been deemed graceful even in a Parisian saloon. After performing several of these salaams, with divers ad libitum variations, and the perspiration oozing from every pore, they again began spinning upon the carefully waxed floor, while several male voices now joined in the plaintive chorus. At two o'clock the music, the spinning the singing, and the bowing ceased; the waltzers dropped on their knees with their faces on the ground, while their attendants threw over them thick cloaks to prevent their cooling too suddenly. We left the chapel with mingled feelings of contempt at witnessing such monstrous absurdities, practised under the name of religion; and pity for the audience, who seemed disposed to consider them in the light of divine inspirations."

That a great change in the habits of the people has taken place, is inferred from the passage at page 250, where the author asserts, from his own experience, that a person may now travel in any part of Turkey without peril of life or limb, except as endangered by the ordinary casualties of a journey.

"This excellent order and public tranquillity is to be attributed to the energetic measures of the present sultan, and, for the purpose of curbing still further the natural insolence of an ignorant soldiery, they are not permitted to wear arms, except when on duty. Indeed, the rule has become a general one for all classes, and if by chance you meet with one armed, he is either a traveller just arrived from the interior, or one of the scarlet showmen attached to each European

embassy. These *kavasses*, as they are termed, are, as far as costume is concerned, the last remains of the Janizaries, but are, in fact, livery servants of the ambassadors. They certainly make a most formidable appearance, and, as they approach, appear to be bristling with swords, daggers, yataghans, pistols, and other deadly weapons, which stick out of their belts in the most threatening manner. I had the curiosity one day to stop one of these Turkish noli-metangeres, and to examine his armory. In this I was good-naturedly assisted by the man himself. It consisted of a hanjar, the handle of which was studded with cornelians, but the blade was wanting; a tastefully decorated dagger could not be unsheathed; a pair of silver-mounted pistols had no flint; and, in fact, the only really offensive or defensive weapon was an ivory-handled pair of tongues, used to place a coal of fire to his tobacco-pipe. Let us rejoice that these things are so, for there can be no surer sign of the precarious nature of a government, and the inefficacy of its laws, than where individuals are obliged to carry weapons for self-protection.

"The soldiers of the garrison examined my fowling-piece with much minuteness, and when I snapped off several percussion caps, great was their astonishment, and copious the showers of *Mashallahs!* and *Ollah Kayrims!* When the gun was put into their hands to repeat the experiment, it was remarked that, like the militia of a country which shall be nameless, they shut their eyes or turned away the head when they pulled the trigger. This, of course, will be corrected by dint of practice. In explaining to them that we were Americans, they appeared to have very vague ideas of our country, but the mention of the *New World* cleared up the mystery immediately; and it is not unlikely that hereafter the idea of an American and a percussion cap will be intimately associated in the minds of these simple-minded Asiatics."

It appears from the following passage that we have long been in error respecting the state of liberty enjoyed by the Turkish women:—

"Every person who has been in Turkey, and is not afraid of speaking out his real sentiments, instead of timidly acquiescing in the loose reports of ignorant or prejudiced travellers who have preceded him, will agree with us when we state that women in Turkey actually enjoy more liberty than in the other countries of Europe or in America. We do not speak of the higher classes, for we know nothing about them, although our opportunities have been equal to those of most of our predecessors, and in many cases superior. We allude to the middle classes, by which alone every country is to be judged, if judged fairly or correctly. No stronger proof of the liberty they enjoy is necessary than the numerous parties of ladies which one meets with in the environs of Constantinople, which excursions, from their frequency, appear to form almost the sole business of their lives. It is in fact a pleasant way of passing time, and resembles our practice, except that it differs in its details. Instead of a formal card from Mrs. White to Mrs. Green and the Misses Green, the Turkish lady sends her servant to a friend, and

asks her company to take a ride out to Belgrade, or to an excursion on the Bosphorus. Instead of being bored to death like Mrs. White, who hopes half her dear friends will stay away, and, between the grumbling of husband and remissness of servants, is in a feverish flutter for a week or fortnight, the Turkish lady manages the business in a different manner. The fair Fatimah orders provisions to be put up for a day's excursion, and leaving enough for her complaisant husband, steps into her caik and calls upon her friend the Lady Zaylilah. From thence the party proceed up the Golden Horn, or, breasting the Bosphorus, select some lovely valley bordering upon that 'ocean stream.' Here the friends spend the day surrounded by their household, and continuing their customary avocations, while the young people are sporting under the shade of the lofty trees, and the party return home in the evening in high spirits, and with their health improved by exercise in the open air. It may be doubted whether our young women are equally benefited by spending an evening in a heated and crowded room, and vitiated atmosphere; but we fear the comparison may be thought Gothic."

* * * * *

In no article do the Turks display more ostentation and extravagance than in their pipes. This is carried so far, that a single amber head has been known to sell for \$300. The amber is supposed to possess the peculiar property of not conveying infection as it passes from one mouth to another. Of the state of the mechanic arts, our author gives a poor account. The blacksmith's work is extremely coarse and imperfect; the cabinet maker would deem it absurd to attempt to make a perfect joint; the turner works with an ordinary hand bow, while his toes afford him no inconsiderable assistance; and the shoemaker supplies by means of paste, gum, and plaster, the deficiencies of his thread. So badly are the houses built, that a story is told of a child being lost through the cracks of the floor, and, on a visit to a Penote nobleman, an umbrella actually disappeared through a crevice, and was not recovered, as the owner did not like to be so impolite as to request the floor to be ripped up. The mildness of the climate prevents the necessity of having tight houses.

But we must let our author speak for himself. Of the honesty of the people he says:—

"Returning home this evening at a late hour, I observed many persons asleep on mats, in the open air, before their respective shops, which were lit up, and apparently ready to receive customers. This affords a pleasing evidence of the good faith and honesty of the people. I have noticed a similar circumstance in the bazaars and shops of the metropolis. In these places, during the day, if the shopman wishes to step out, or to indulge himself in a nap, he ties a string across the door, or throws a cloth over a few articles near the street, and this signifies that the shop is shut, a hint which is universally understood and respected. If you purchase an article, the seller of course endeavours to obtain the highest price; but the Turkish dealer shows much more conscience than his Jewish or Christian neighbours. When a piece of money is put into his

hands to change, he returns the whole amount, and leaves it to the purchaser to deduct the price of the article. When it is recollected that the money of this empire is counterfeited to a great extent, the honesty of this procedure is apparent; he not only confides in your good faith, but exhibits his own in no small degree.

TURKISH MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.—"The general character of the Turkish monumental inscriptions, as they have been translated to me, is extremely simple. They consist of the name of the deceased, his occupation, or the offices which he filled, and conclude by recommending his soul to the only living and true God. Panegyric, or even a simple notice of the qualities of the deceased, is never dreamed of by these queer people, who would perhaps consider it as a mortal sin to tell a falsehood in conversation, much less to perpetuate one on marble."

SLAVES.—"The chief supply of male and female white slaves has hitherto been from Georgia and Circassia, where they were sold by their parents or relatives. The condition of these nominal slaves is in point of fact rather enviable than otherwise, for the females become the respected heads of families, and the males are carefully educated and trained to occupy the most important stations in the empire. It is a curious fact, to which we have already adverted, that it is from this class that we see selected to fill some of the most elevated stations in the realm, persons who in other countries would be, from the circumstance of their origin, necessarily excluded from any office whatsoever. From whatever cause this singular practice may have originated, there can be little doubt that its direct tendency has been to free the country from the shackles of an hereditary aristocracy, independent of the equalizing effect of its religious code. Whether it may not be more than counterbalanced by the absolute authority vested in the sultan, which is unrestrained by a proud and formidable nobility, is a question which, with our ideas of government, we must frankly answer in the affirmative.

"By the late treaty with Turkey this traffic was formally abolished, on the plea of humanity; but its inevitable effect has been to annoy the Turks exceedingly. It does not appear, however, to be acted upon, or rather, we should say, the business has changed hands. In August last a Russian vessel arrived here with seventy slaves from Georgia. They were all immediately purchased up at prices varying from three to eight hundred dollars a piece."

PRESENTS.—"It is an ancient oriental custom to accompany the transaction of all important business by an interchange of presents. We were favoured yesterday with a sight of the presents which are intended to be presented by our minister to this government as soon as the treaty shall be ratified: they consisted of snuff-boxes, fans, spy-glasses, watches, coffee-cup stands, and other knickknacks, all glittering with diamonds and precious stones. One snuff-box alone, which was intended for the sultan himself, cost \$10,000; and the total value of all the presents amounted to nearly \$40,000. Previous to the distribution of presents there is a list handed in to the minister containing the names of the

several officers of government, from the sultan downwards, with the amount in money which each expects to receive. The presents themselves are merely intended to disguise the transaction; but they have each a marked value, and find their way immediately into the jeweller's hands, to serve for another occasion. This identical snuff-box, for example, has no doubt passed through the hands of the sultan, the brokers, and the foreign ministers, upon a dozen different occasions.

"We have mentioned that when a minister is presented, a treaty ratified, or any other public act performed, an exchange takes place of presents of equal value. The Turkish government had, however, been informed of the seizure and sale of the horses which had been presented to a former American agent, Mr. Rhind, and of course will make no return to our minister. This system of making presents appears to us highly absurd, but it is one of those oriental customs which will probably never be eradicated."

The account of a wedding is too graphic to be omitted here. The author formed an acquaintance with the father of the groom, and his house being open to all comers on the occasion, the Americans with others entered the premises.

"We were shown into the upper part of the house, but the attendants would not allow us to take off our shoes, as we wished to do, in order to comply with their customs. We were then introduced into the chief apartment where the old man was in readiness to receive company, and who presented us to the bridegroom, a young man about eighteen years of age. He was dressed of course in his best, and a turban of spotless white shaded features which were remarkably regular and agreeable. The bride herself could hardly have displayed more diffidence than this young man; and we may in general observe, that young Turks are more quiet and orderly in their deportment, and more respectful to their parents, and to their elders in years, than the youth of any country we have ever seen. The room was filled with articles of dress, piled up on shelves, and their quantity and variety gave it the appearance of a well-stocked shop in the bazar. These were from the young lady and her friends, all of whom contribute something towards housekeeping upon such occasions. These articles all belong to the wife in case of the death of her husband, or of being divorced from him. The Franks here in their marriage contracts, which are always drawn up in writing with great formality, have a practice somewhat similar, but which is carried to an extent the most ridiculous and absurd imaginable. In the outer hall our attention was called to a formidable collection of pots, kettle, stewpans, and all the numerous et ceteras of a complete kitchen. After partaking of sweetmeats, pipes, and coffee, we were permitted to depart, but Mustafa requested us to witness the religious ceremony, which would take place in the village mosque that evening.

"We found at the door five arabahs, drawn by oxen, which were decorated with ribands, flowers, &c., and the arabahs were filled with the female relatives of the young man, about to go in search of the bride, who resided in a village just

above Bayahdery. We saw them returning in the afternoon with the bride, and the procession by this time had swelled out into quite respectable dimensions. First came a party of musicians, accompanying their vile nasal yells upon instruments still more detestable. Then followed the men on horseback, and the procession closed with a dozen arabahs filled with women. That which carried the bride was closed all round, but the others were open. The men seemed to be particularly anxious to display their horsemanship, and even the old papas of the respective parties exhibited a pardonable vanity in showing off their activity.

"Having given them sufficient time to reach home and settle down comfortably, we accompanied the ladies on their visit to the bride. On our way we met the bridegroom coming from the bath, in state; that is to say, he was preceded by musicians, accompanied by his friends, and followed by all the rabble of the village. He looked sheepish enough, and appeared to be heartily ashamed of the conspicuous part he was compelled to play.

"While waiting in the street for the ladies, our worthy friend Mustafa came out, and as, from a wish to comply with their customs, we resisted his invitation to enter, he ordered a coffee-house to be opened in the neighbourhood, where we might remain until the ladies appeared. According to their report they found the bride nearly stifled under the weight of her wedding clothes. She was apparently eighteen years old, as fat as a seal, with a pretty face, as far as it could be discerned under the various disfigurements with which fancy or fashion had contrived to disguise it. The eyebrows were united into one broad streak of black by the use of *soormay*, and various bits of gold foil, or gilt pieces of paper, were stuck upon different parts of her face. The ceremony in the evening was simple; a prayer was recited by the iman, and, upon leaving the mosque, the friends of the bridegroom struck him lustily over the shoulders for good luck, as Mustafa took the trouble to explain to us."

After leaving Constantinople our author visited Smyrna, and he gives some interesting sketches of the place, and of the trade with America. With an account of the fig trade we must reluctantly close the volume, and in doing so, commend it again as infinitely superior to the books on the same subject from English authors.

"The season for the packing of figs does not last more than three weeks, and of course much expedition is required in preparing them for market. It is not uncommon during this period to witness the daily arrival of 1500 camels, each loaded with 5 or 600 weight of figs, and some of these come from a distance of 70 and even 100 miles from Smyrna. Many of the principal merchants have from 500 to 800 hands employed in preparing and packing them, and for this purpose men, women, and children are indiscriminately employed. Their wages are from two and a half to twelve cents per day, and they are allowed besides to eat as many as they please, but to carry none away. As soon as the fresh figs arrive, they are carefully assorted for the different markets, the best being selected for the En-

glish trade. They are then washed in salt-water, rubbed between the hands, and after a final squeeze, which produces a concave and convex surface, they are handed over to the packer. This person arranges them in such a manner that the convex surface of one fig is received into the concave surface of another, and when the box or drum is filled, a few laurel leaves are spread over them.

"It was stated to me by an intelligent merchant, that the quantity of figs and raisins annually exported amounts to 100,000 tons, costing, upon an average, about \$60 per ton. The whole of this sum, deducting the expense of transportation, is clear gain, for the fig tree requires no attention whatever, and flourishes upon a barren soil. The preserved fig, as prepared by housekeepers in Smyrna, is a most delicious fruit, and far superior to the ordinary fig of commerce. Old residents assure me that the fig has much deteriorated of late, which they impute to the trees being now worn out by age. As the fig tree is, however, a tree of rapid growth, and can be replaced with great ease, I am rather inclined to doubt this assertion, and to place it to the old score of *laudatores temporis acti*."

The following lines on the passing season, are so beautiful and appropriate, that we cannot avoid giving them a place in our columns. There is a sweet tenderness and fidelity about the picture, that cannot fail to awaken the admiration of every cultivated and sober mind. We have seldom if ever seen more good thoughts embraced in the same compass.

AUTUMN.—BY JOHN MALCOLM.

Sweet Sabbath of the year!

While evening lights decay,

Thy parting steps methinks I hear

Steal from the world away.

Amid thy silent bowers,

'Tis sad but sweet to dwell,

Where falling leaves and drooping flowers,

Around me breathe the farewell.

Along thy sunset skies,

Their glories melt in shade;

And like the things we fondly prize,

Seem lovelier as they fade.

A deep and crimson streak

The dying leaves disclose:

As on consumption's waning cheek,

'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

The scene each vision brings

Of beauty in decay;

Of fair and early faded things,

Too exquisite to stay.

Of joys that come no more;

Of flowers whose bloom has fled;

Of farewells wept upon the shore,

Of friends, estranged or dead.

Of all that now may seem,

To memory's tearful eye;

The vanished beauty of a dream

O'er which we gaze and sigh.

A DUEL.

It was one of those raw cold mornings, not unusual in Barbadoes at the approach of the rainy season. A thick, dense fog partially obscured the landscape round, but which the newly risen sun and the awakening sea breeze had in part dissipated on the higher grounds, obscurely revealing fragments of the scenery in distorted and unsightly portions. I advanced towards my quarters: the fog became thicker and thicker, so that it required a person well versed in the local geography of Crab Town to be able to find his way.—Finding myself more and more at a loss, I struck into the burying ground; by crossing which, I knew I must arrive at the beaten road between the garrison and the fort.—I was winding my way carefully among the graves, cautiously avoiding the prickly pears and other thorny shrubs that grew scantily in the sand, between the ridges that marked the resting-place of the dead, when the sound of two shots, fired in quick succession, struck upon my ear. They were evidently discharged close at hand; and I stood in no enviable situation, for I had clearly distinguished the shrill noise that a bullet made in passing close to my head; and as I had heard too many of such singing birds whistle by me when on actual service not to be well acquainted with the sound, I shouted with all my strength, in order that the persons who discharged the shots should cease firing, unconsciously, and in my haste, using the technical word of command. But the echoes of my words had not yet died away, when they were answered by a repetition of the same sound; but now no bullet whistled past, for they had reached their destination. At that instant, the morning gun from the fort was fired, and answered by the admiral's flagship in the bay, followed by the brisk and irregular discharge of small arms from the marines on the gangways of the several men of war. The effect of heavy artillery on mists and vapors is well known. The thick, smoke-like clouds that hung over the sands slowly rolled aside for a moment in heavy folds, like the withdrawing of a curtain and again closed, darkening and concealing the surrounding objects; but brief as the interval was, it had permitted me to discover a group of figures, which might serve as a study for a painter, could the artist be found hardened enough to gaze unmoved on such a scene. Not twenty yards from me, on the ground, lay two officers, one in the uniform of my own regiment, the other in the undress of a naval captain; the surgeon and the second of each were stooping over their friends, and a black servant stood at a trifling distance, in evident alarm; while the smoke from their pistols still hovered over the spot, in dark circles, struggling to rise through the overhanging canopy of mist. I hastened to this spot: one was my brother officer, M'Ivor; the other was the fighting captain of the *Elmira*; both mortally wounded. The surgeon of each, after a few moments' consultation, declared the impracticability of removing either of them from the ground, as a few moments would most probably terminate their existence; indeed from the paleness and agony impressed on the features of L——, and from the crimson flood which widely stained the white sand beneath him, it was evident that the vital spark was about to be extinguished. Not so M'Ivor: his wound was in the chest, and the bleeding was mostly internal. He had risen upon one elbow; a small stream of blood flowed from between his clenched teeth; but as his dark eye was fixed sternly upon his prostrate antagonist, his whole face was illumined with an expression of exultation and delight, fearfully in contrast with his evident and increasing weakness; and the brilliant hue of pleasure lit up those features, at other times so pale and death like. The departing sailor, in faltering and broken accents, gasped out a request to be brought nearer to M'Ivor, that he might grasp his hand and die forgiv-

ing him. A strange expression of contempt played on the blood-stained lips of the latter, as he heard this demand, and beheld the surgeons assisting his adversary to approach him. With pain and difficulty the dying man reached out his trembling hand, and the accents of forgiveness hung upon his lips; when the young Highlander raising himself to a sitting posture, fiercely grasped the extended hand, and, while a gush of blood accompanied every word, exclaimed, in accents never to be eradicated from my memory, "L——, you are dying on the grave of my brother-in-law, poor Baldwin; he whom you murdered row in the soil beneath you; but my sister, Jessie M'Ivor, she rests with her forbears, among the green hills of that native land I never shall behold. You wronged a daughter of M'Ivor—a son of M'Ivor has avenged her wrongs." He flung the hand from him with contemptuous violence, and falling backward in the effort, ceased to exist; his face retained, even in death, the same expression of stern delight. L—— writhed in redoubled agony, as if the grave on which he lay had been a bed of molten fire—his features became convulsed—the glare of his eye bore fearful resemblance to the once insulting glance of the professed and successful duellist. Suddenly he started to his feet—he assumed the posture of a prepared combatant—and with his arm extended, as if in the act of discharging a pistol, he fell prostrate over the now senseless body of his youthful antagonist.—*A Soldier's Recollections.*

A PRECIOUS THOUGHT.—What can be so consoling to the heart of feeble man as the thought that his Maker cares for him and will save him from the cruel tyranny of his sins! Hours of despondency and gloom often cast their shadows over the christian's mind; but when the sweet impression revisits his soul that his dear Redeemer cares for him, it is sunshine with his heart again. What pen can reveal the preciousness of the thoughts of Almighty love that steal into the soul with all their balmy fragrance! In the silent hours of night, when creation slumbers around, one christian on his bed, whose soul is throbbing under the inexpressible pulsations of heavenly love, feels more happiness than all created worlds can bestow. He lies on a bed of spices. Images of beauty and glory cluster thickly into his entranced soul. His thoughts respond to the promptings of the celestial one, who, for aught we know, may be waving their dewy wings around his pillow.

Oh! one hour spent thus is "worth a whole eternity of bondage" to the pleasure of sense! Memory will go back with undefinable sweetness to such an hour, and the soul will yearn for it again with immortal desire. To believe that the pure, unchangeable and omnipotent heart of our Almighty Saviour thinks kindly of us—and that the prompting of his spirit applies to us, notwithstanding our sins and wretchedness, some precious promise of his word,—this, this is worth living for. For this may we gladly suffer and toil on through the trials of poverty and mental anxiety and struggles. Be blessedness like this ours. Be this precious thought our inheritance here—an earnest of that perpetual sun shine of the soul which cheers the inhabitants of the upper world.—*N. Y. Messenger.*

If men did but know what felicity dwells in the cottage of a virtuous man—how sound he sleeps, how quiet his breast, how composed his mind, how free from care, how easy his provision, how healthy his morning, how sober his night, how moist his mouth, how joyful his heart—they would never admire the noises, the diseases, the throng of passions, and the violence of unnatural appetites, that fill the houses of the luxurious, and the hearts of the ambitious.—*Jerry Taylor.*

Catching Tortoise on the Coast of Cuba.

[From the Book of Nature.]



(a) *The Green Tortoise.*

ESCULENT GREEN TURTLE

Testudo mydas, LINN. *Chelonia mydas*, CUV.

The marine tortoises, or turtles, as they are commonly called, are distinguished by their very large and long fin-shaped feet, in which are inclosed the bones of the toes; the first and second alone of each foot being furnished with visible or projecting claws, the others not appearing beyond the edge. The shield, as in the land tortoises, consists of a strong bony covering, in which are embedded the ribs, and which is coated externally by hard horny plates in one or two species much thicker or stronger than those of the land tortoises.

The green turtle, so named, not on account of its being externally of that colour, but from the green tinge* which its fat frequently exhibits when the animal is taken in its highest state of perfection, may be considered as one of the largest of this genus, often measuring above five feet in length, and weighing more than five or six hundred pounds. Its shell is somewhat of a heart-shaped form, or pointed at the extremity, and consists of thirteen dorsal segments, or divisions, surrounded by twenty-five marginal pieces. Its colour is a dull palish brown, with deeper undulations, but not exhibiting those strong and beautiful colours which distinguish the Hawkbill turtle, which affords the tortoise-

(b) *The Loggerhead Tortoise.*

shell of commerce; but so much is the flesh esteemed, that here and in Europe it is regularly imported in considerable quantities to supply the luxury of the table.

The above wood-cut represents the manner in which the marine tortoises are caught on the coast of Cuba, and on parts of the South American continent. The Count de Lacepede, in his History of Oviparous Quadrupeds, has described the various modes in which the business of tortoise-catching is carried on; and we shall conclude this notice with an abstract of his account. It must be remarked that the turtle is a most important addition to the ordinary mode of victualing a ship; and that, therefore, the war in which the human race engages against them, is rendered absolutely necessary by the wants of navigators.

"In spite of the darkness which is chosen by the female tortoises for concealment when employed in laying their eggs, they cannot effectually escape from the pursuit of their enemies: the fishers wait for them on the shore, at the beginning of the night, especially when it is moonlight, and, when they come from the sea, or as they return after laying their eggs, they either despatch them with blows of a club, or turn them quickly over on their backs, not giving them time either to defend themselves, or to blind their assailants, by throwing up the sand with their fins. When very large, it requires the efforts of several men to turn them over, and they must often employ the assistance of handpikes or levers for that purpose. The buckler of this species is so flat as to render it impossible for

* This is supposed to be chiefly derived from the vegetable substances on which the animal feeds, and more particularly from the *Zostera marina*, or turtle-grass, of which it is particularly fond.

the animal to recover the recumbent posture, when it is once turned on its back.

"A small number of fishers may turn over forty or fifty tortoises, full of eggs, in less than three hours. During the day, they are employed in securing those which they had caught in the preceding night. They cut them up, and salt the flesh and the eggs. Sometimes they may extract above thirty pints of a yellow or greenish oil from one large individual; this is employed for burning, or, when fresh, is used with different kinds of food. Sometimes they drag the tortoises they have caught, on their backs, to inclosures, in which they are reserved for occasional use.

"The tortoise fishers, from the West Indies and the Bahamas, who catch these animals on the coasts of Cuba and its adjoining islands, particularly the Caymanas, usually complete their cargoes in six weeks or two months; they afterwards return to their own islands, with the salted turtle, which is used for food both by the whites and the negroes. This salt turtle is in as great request in the American colonies, as the salted cod of Newfoundland is in many parts of Europe; and the fishing is followed by all those colonists, particularly by the British, in small vessels, on various parts of the coasts of Spanish America, and the neighbouring islands.

"The green tortoise is likewise often caught at sea in calm weather, and in moonlight nights. For this purpose two men go together in a small boat, which is rowed by one of them, while the other is provided with a harpoon, similar to that used for killing whales. Whenever they discover a large tortoise, by the froth which it occasions on the water in rising to the surface, they hasten to the spot as quietly as possible, to prevent it from escaping. The harpooner immediately throws his harpoon with sufficient force to penetrate through the buckler to the flesh; the tortoise instantly dives, and the fisher gives out a line, which is fixed to the harpoon, and, when the tortoise is spent with the loss of blood, it is hauled into the boat, or on shore."

A DISAPPOINTED MANŒUVRE:

OR FASHIONABLE TACTICS IN HIGH LIFE.

In the recently published Tale of "the Parson's Daughter," by Mr. Theodore Hook, there is an amusing scene where Lord Weybridge, whom, as a younger brother, Lady Gorgon had treated with the neglect and slights, which a fear that he might be a suitor to one of her daughters dictated, after he has acquired the wealth and rank of a Peer is sedulously courted. He accepts an invitation to dinner. "Nobody could imagine, who did not know, the state of effervescence into which this brief answer of Lord Weybridge threw the whole family. More like fates than graces, the three daughters of Lady Gorgon had been, first one, then the second, and lastly, the third, dragged about to every possible place—balls, concerts, parties, dinners, fetes, *dejeuners à la fourchette*, and *dejeuners dinatoires*. They had acted in private theatricals—stood and sat in *tableaux*—been all over the continent—at all the best watering places, in the seasons. Two of them had been down in the diving bell at

Plymouth—the third had volunteered an excursion in a baloon—Maria Jane had given the Loyal Horsemonger Troop of Yeomanry, a standard worked with her own fair hands. The heads of all the three had been examined by Deville—they had climbed poles, and swung on sticks under Captain Cliss—they all painted and lithographed—all spoke six living languages, and understood three dead ones—they all sang—and all danced—and all did every sort of curious work—and they all of them stuck prints on boxes with varnish—and all understood conchology, and ichthyology, and erpetology, and botany, and chymistry—and all had albums!—and all collected autographs and they all admired Pasta—and they all delighted in Switzerland, and adored Paris—they all loved yatching, and they all idolised the lake—they were all enthusiasts, and all sympathetic in their tastes. But with all this, they remained, at the period of Lord Weybridge's arrival in London, precisely what they had been in the beginning—the three Miss Gorgons. The provoking part of the affair was—for what pleasure is there without a drawback?—that there was no opportunity for display—not one trunk, except those containing the ordinary run of drapery, was unpacked; and the graces had to appear before the Viscount all the disadvantages of a *deshabille*—a trial to which the goddesses, who confidently anticipated the fall of their Paris, with great difficulty submitted; but, as Lady Gorgon said, he had seen them often enough before; and they might rely upon it, with a man of his Lordship's turn of character, mental attractions were those which would most decidedly ensure success.—'And now,' said Lady Gorgon, 'before we go to make ourselves ready for dinner—dress I certainly cannot call it—let me entreat you to recollect what is, I believe, within the reach of one of you. You are charmingly cordial with each other; and it is delightful to see such unanimity. Indeed, I must say, there is not a mother in the world happier in her children than I am. But you ought to remember, that, however much you may all admire Lord Weybridge, only one of you can possibly marry him. And therefore, if, in the course of the evening, he should evince any thing like a preference, I am quite sure the good sense and good feeling for which you are all remarkable, will teach you so to arrange yourselves, as not to thwart or break up any conversation or little party he may make. I have so far broken my word with him about strangers, that I expect Count Alouette and young Doldrum. I thought it would be better to have somebody upon whom you might fall back, in any case of emergency.' 'Oh,' said Maria-Jane, 'I assure you, mamma, I have no disposition to interfere with Anne or Louise; only certainly he was very attentive last year; and if you had given him any encouragement, instead of actually prohibiting him the house —' 'My dear child,' said Lady Gorgon, 'how could I foresee? he was not within three lives of the peerage—two of them certainly better than his own; and he had literally nothing to live upon. Your fortunes—very respectable for gentlemen, I admit—are, in the world, nothing. And it is not in the world as it is grammar, where two negatives make an affir-

ative, two nothings never make any thing.' 'Oh no,' replied Maria-Jane, who seemed rather inclined to stickle for precedence, agreeable to her seniority; 'of course one could not know—only—all that I meant was, that it was a pity; because he really is a very charming person—so very agreeable.' 'I remember thinking him delightful,' said Anne, 'that day at Lady Mallerston's breakfast.' 'Well,' said Lady Gorgon, 'in conclusion, all I mean is, that with the extraordinary friendship that has so long existed between me and dear Lady Frances, I should consider myself extremely fortunate indeed to have him for a son-in-law; but I never will force any thing of the sort; I am sure it never answers—it must all come naturally, and so I shall let things take their chance; only what I intend to say, (and I shall never touch upon the subject again,) is, that I believe he is timid and shy, and extremely delicate in his opinion about women; and if he should find us agreeable and pleasant, and suitable to him, I should not like him to be driven away by any little *tracasserie*, or idleness, on the part of any one of you which might unsettle or disturb him. So now, come, let us get ready for dinner; for we have not a minute to lose.' Thus saying, her Ladyship led the way from the drawing-room; and the graces proceeded to their several apartments to prepare for the meeting, which they fully believed to be fraught with consequences of the greatest importance to their future hopes and prospects. The silvery bell of the clock on the chimney piece had scarcely sounded seven, when the ladies reappeared in the drawing-room. 'Do come here, Anne,' said Lady Gorgon; 'what has your mind been doing with that head of yours? Why, I never saw—here, let me just turn that curl—there, so—why, my dear child, what a horrid pimple you have got on your cheek! And, Maria-Jane, now do let me beg of you not to sit directly under the lamp: with light hair it won't do—it won't, upon my word. Louisa, my dear girl, you are not looking well; I don't know what it is; I suppose it is the travelling, or the sea, or something, but—' The drawing-room door opened; Mr. Doldrum was announced. 'How d'ye do, Henry?' said Lady Gorgon; 'how's Lady Doldrum this evening?' 'Better, I thank you,' replied Doldrum, who, of shy young men, was the shyest. He bowed to the girls, and blushed. Maria-Jane held out her hand to shake hands with him; take it he did, but shake it he did not. 'This is very good natured of you, Henry,' said Lady Gorgon, 'to come on such notice. Maria-Jane said she was sure you would not mind.' 'Oh, no,' said Doldrum; and again he blushed. 'There is nobody in town, I suppose,' said her Ladyship. 'No, nobody,' echoed the young gentleman. 'We came through the city last night from the country,' said Anne, 'and there were a great many nobodies there; for we could hardly get along.' 'Yes, a great many,' observed Mr. Doldrum. 'You know Count Alouette, don't you?' said Maria-Jane. 'Yes, very well,' said Doldrum; 'that is, I never was introduced to him; but I have met him about a good deal.' 'He is every where,' said Lady Gorgon, 'and a charming person he is. He is coming to us to-day.—He—' Count Alouette was at that moment

announced; and, to be sure, as a contrast to the visitor who had so recently preceded him, nothing could be more remarkable. The one, red-cheeked, round faced, heavy, dull, and awkward; the other, fair, pale, light, gay, and airy; his eyes sparkling with animation, and his countenance beaming with good sense and good nature. 'My dear Lady Gorgon,' said the Count, whose accent gave *naivete* and piquancy to the merest common-places, 'I am so shocked to be so late. Dis comes of having a servant which loves to drive in de afternoon; my man shall have been to drive some ladi to whom he is fond in his cabb, and not to come back till so late as gives me just ten minutes to dress! How do you do, Miss Gorgon?—ah, Miss Anne, to be sure; always well—always pretty—always well. Dat is good English, eh?' 'How is your beautiful horse, Count?' said Louisa. 'Oh, my war horse, as the Duke calls him; he is as well as can be expected; I rode him dis morning. You were not out to day, my Lady?' 'No,' said Lady Gorgon, 'we are merely passing through town.' 'Ah!' said the Count, 'dat is just the way this time of year; every body you meet in de street has just come to town last night, and is going away to-morrow morning.' 'That is precisely our case,' said Jane; 'how long have you been in London?' 'Oh,' said the Count, 'I came last night—go away to-morrow morning. I have been in Scotland to shoot grouse, but I could not stay some time so long as I wish for I have to make a visit at Rochdale next Tuesday, when the Duke shall be back.' "

[They wait till eight, but no Lord comes. They send to his hotel, and hear he has gone out to their house. At last they must submit to the disappointment, and sit down to dinner without the only wished-for guest.]

"They proceeded down stairs, Lady Gorgon distressed beyond measure at what appeared the result either of some unforeseen accident or pre-meditated affront; and having reached the dinner-room the party seated themselves, their countenances saddened with a gloom which the vivacious expression of that of the Count, who entered upon the task of helping the soup with the most amiable alacrity, could not succeed in dispelling. Helped they were, when Stephen, who had been doing duty in the hall as porter, entered the room to assume the task of waiting, since hands ran short. 'Stephen,' said Lady Gorgon, the moment she saw him, 'you are sure Lord Weybridge has not been here?' 'No, my Lady,' said Stephen, 'I am quite sure; that foreign Baron called a little before seven, my Lady.' 'Who is dat?', said Alouette; 'Taganrag?' 'Yes,' said Lady Gorgon. 'About dinner-time always,' said the Count, 'he has a good smell I don't think, eh?' 'I said your Ladyship was not at home; and about five minutes afterwards, that Capt. Sheringham called who used to call so often last year.' 'Captain Sheringham!' screamed Lady Gorgon; 'why Captain Sheringham is Lord Weybridge, the Nobleman for whom we have been waiting; mercy on us, what did you say to him?' 'He asked me, my Lady, if your Ladyship was at home,' said the man; 'indeed, he was a-coming right in, without asking one thing or another, so I said you was out: and he asked me

if I was sure, for he was come here to dinner; and I said I was sure your Ladyship was not at home; and then he made a sort of a snuff with his nose, because he could smell dinner quite plain in the hall; however, I persisted, and so at last of all he said, says he, my Lady, 'that's uncommon odd,' and off out he went, like a shot.' 'Why what on earth could induce you to do such a thing, Stephen?' screamed her Ladyship. 'Why, my Lady, your orders to me, when you were in town last year were—says your Ladyship to me, says you, 'If ever that Captain Sberingham calls when I am at home, say I am at out; and if he calls when I am out, and any of the young ladies are at home, say they are out; and if ever he calls about dinner-time, as he sometimes does, never let him in; so I did as I was bid.' 'Bid!' exclaimed her Ladyship; 'and what on earth shall I do?' 'Eat your dinner, Lady Gorgon,' said Alouette; 'you can do no good now; never let nosing at all interfere with de gastronomie; he is gone to one of his clubs to dinner: he will do very well, and it will all keep till to-morrow. It is a sad mistake, to be sure.' It was so sad a mistake that no dinner was eaten, no wine was, drunk no conversation occurred, and the ladies retired almost immediately after the desert was put down, each to write a note of condolence and apology. Alouette, who enjoyed the defeat of a plotter and match-patcher, kept his dull friend Doldrum drinking a great deal more than either of them liked; and when they went to the drawing-room, they found that the graces had all retired for the evening; one because she had a violent headache, the other because she had been up so late the night before, and the third because she had to get up so early the next morning. Cafe and chase were very soon despatched, and his heavy-in-hand acquaintance quitted her Ladyship's mansion, more diverted with the amusement with which they had provided themselves, than any which had been furnished by their dreadfully disconcerted hostess."

Written for the Casket.

SONNET.

To gaze upon a lovely face,
The mirror of a lovelier mind,
Where shines revealed with every grace,
Virtue exalted and refined;
Gives to my sight
More pure delight,
Than India's boasted, sparkling gem,
Or brilliant star,
That beams afar,
In sable night's bright diadem.
Such beauty, find it where you will,
'Mid wintry snows or torrid heat,
Must every heart with rapture fill,
That hath with rapture learned to beat:
The mind adorned,
By virtue formed,
What features e'er so rich, so rare,
The sweetest flower,
That decks the bower,
Is not more lovely or more fair.

Mere form alone, without such charms,
Were but a cold, a senseless sight;
But joined with these, it all disarms,
And moves the very anchorite.
What heart is proof—
Who stands aloof—
When grace and soul combined are seen?
All must obey
Their matchless sway,
But one as ice-berg cold, I ween.
O! woman, sent by heaven to be,
With man, the partner of life's cares,
'Tis then thou'rt loveliest, when in thee
The mind, in lustre bright, appears—
With magic art,
Around the heart,
'Tis then thou twin'st love's golden chain.
A bondage sweet,
From thee we meet,
And captives to thy power remain. D. F. K.

We take the following lines from the *New York Mirror*. They were written, some years since, by a popular poet, in a lady's common place book, under the engraved portraits of Lord and Lady Byron, whence they were extracted for the *Mirror*. The verses embody a fair history of that unfortunate couple.

Lines written after the perusal of numerous essays relative to the marriage and separation of a certain noble lord and lady, who, once upon a time, were paired, not matched.

She said she never would forgive
And yet forgave him—
She vow'd a single life she'd live,
And never have him—
She swore she never would repent,
And yet repented—
By Jove! she never could consent,
And yet consented!
Was this well done, or sensible, or witty?
And yet 'tis woman-like, ah, more's the pity.

Well, then, she married him—of course they parted
Within a twelvemonth from their wedding-day;
She sobbed and sighed—was nearly broken hearted,
And, with her babe, went sadly on her way.
He sought out foreign climates, and wrote and swore
Whole books of nonsense 'bout his child and wife,
And toy'd with pretty women by the score,
And, not long after, breathed away his life.
The world, since then, has studied rather hard,
To solve the riddle of this strange event;
Some think the lady wroag'd, and some the bard,
And some in tears have o'er their story bent:
Yet all agree, 'tis very, very odd
That man and wife should cut up such a caper—
But one is resting 'neath the quiet sod,
The other wasting silently life's taper.
Now for the moral of my fretful verse—
(Unlike the writings of the man I sing
It has a moral, sensible and terse,
Though it nor cash, nor critic's praises brings—
And mark it well: young ladies should not wed
The man whose hand they've once refused in stead;
For, if the parson joins them, heart and hand
Will rue the day that ever they were wed!

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of 'squire, and from his manner, have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for the by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced; the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house. The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend, who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the first speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the former undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so, as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the en-

tertainer, and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half-reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few days before, in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal, there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him, that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then lighting a pine-knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night's rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be he himself, after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and a name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of him whom thou hast called thy beloved son: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveller, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the

river immediately; at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the great Source whence these blessings flow, may we be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the "Father of his Country."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

MARSHAL NEY.

Ney was frequently and severely wounded—a fate which gentlemen who storm redoubts by themselves are most likely to encounter. On another occasion he was taken prisoner.

"The French hussars had forced an Austrian column to lay down their arms, but were still stopped by a line of sharpshooters. Anxious to disperse the latter, and drive them from the heights which they occupied, they employed a field-piece to effect this. The Blankenstein hussars, perceiving this fault, hastened to take advantage of it, and returned to the charge, supported by the Coburg dragoons. The troops advanced on both sides, fought round the gun, and both parties struggled for it as the prize to be won. The ground was bad, and the numbers of the Austrians very superior; but Ney succeeded in throwing their ranks into confusion, and they gave way. The French were now in hopes that they would be unable to return to the attack, and were congratulating themselves on their victory, when fresh squadrons came up to the assistance of the Austrians. The republicans were now broken in their turn, and it was in vain for Ney to resist the torrent which swept his forces along. His horse fell, and rolled with him into the ravine. He was covered with bruises and blood; and, to complete his disaster,

his sword snapped in twain. The enemy surrounded him, and he had no further hope of escape. He resisted, nevertheless; for he perceived the fourth about to make a fresh charge, and he was anxious to give them time to come to his assistance. He therefore used the stump of his sword, struck, parried, and kept in check the crowd that pressed upon him. Such a struggle could not last long;—the ground was slippery, Ney's foot slid, he fell to the ground, and the Austrians succeeded in seizing him. He was thus made prisoner, and conveyed to Griesen. The fame of his capture had preceded him thither, and every one was eager to behold a man whose deeds seemed fabulous. The women, more particularly, could not imagine how he dared to resist a whole squadron, and, for a time, with some appearance of success. As they were taking him to head quarters, through a by-street, these fair admirers of courage begged that he might be led through the public square.

"Really," said an Austrian officer, annoyed at their importunity, "one would suppose that he was some extraordinary animal." "Extraordinary, indeed!" replied one of the ladies, "since it required a whole squadron of dragoons to take him." This sally put every one in good humor, and each yielded to the admiration which Ney's heroism inspired; some among the fair Germans calling to mind his valour on one occasion—others the humanity and disinterestedness with which he always treated the people he conquered. Ney was received at the Austrian head-quarters in a manner worthy of his high reputation. Each condoled with him on his mishap, and on the vicissitudes of war. But the conversation soon turned on battles and military manoeuvres; and the prisoner was discussing each general's share of merit, when he perceived his horse, with an Austrian upon its back. The animal seemed weak, lazy, and obstinate; in spite of the spur, it would not advance. Ney exclaimed against the awkwardness of the rider, and was answered by a joke about the worthlessness of the animal. An officer jestingly proposed to purchase it; and its points and capabilities seeming matter of doubt, Ney approached it. "I will shew you," said he, "the value of my horse." An opening was immediately made, Ney sprang upon the saddle, and taking the direction of the French army, soon left in the rear those who accompanied or followed him. The horse which had appeared so powerless to the Austrian, carried him off like the wind, and he was near escaping; but the trumpets sounded, and the heavy and light cavalry rode off, and soon stopped up every issue. Ney then turned back, and with equal celerity reached the spot where the Austrian general stood agast. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "what think you of the animal now? Is he not worthy of his master?" Their scattered squadrons sufficiently proved the affirmative. A little confused at their mistake, they henceforth guarded their prisoner more carefully, and took good care not to jest again about his horse.

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice; once when I gained a lawsuit, and once when I lost it."

THE CITY OF MECCA.



The city of Mecca, or Mekka, is the capital of Hedsjas, in Arabia, about 50 miles from Jidda, on the Red Sea. It contained, formerly, about 100,000 inhabitants, but its population is now set down at 30,000. It was known to the Greeks by the name of *Macoraba*, and is called by the Mussulmans, *Omm-Alcora*, or *Mother of Cities*, because it was the birth-place of Mohammed. It is situated in a dry, barren and rocky country, in a narrow valley, enclosed by mountains. The water is brackish, and the pastures distant, and every thing unfavourable for the support of a large population. It is two miles long, and one broad; the streets regular and handsome, being sanded, level and convenient; the houses of stone, of three or four stories, built in the Persian or Indian, rather than the Turkish style, having neat fronts, ornamented externally with mouldings. Many quarters are now abandoned to ruins, and of the houses that remain, two thirds are unoccupied. Mecca is a city of the greatest celebrity among the Mohammedans, and contains the three holiest things in the Mohammedan world,—the well *Zemzem*, the *Caaba* (or house of God,) and the Black Stone. *Zemzem* is believed, by the followers of Mohammed, to be the identical spring which gushed forth in the wilderness for the relief of Hagar and Ishmael; and marvellous efficacy is ascribed to its waters, in giving health to the sick, imparting strength of memory, and purifying from the effects of sin. The *Caaba*, or *Kaaba*, is of great antiquity. The Black Stone, the principal wonder of the place, is said to have been brought by the angel Gabriel, and to have been originally of a dazzling whiteness. The grand ceremony through which the pilgrims pass is that of going seven times round the *Kaaba*, kissing each time the sacred stone. It is generally supposed to be a meteoric stone. Forty eunuchs are at present maintained there, by the revenues of the temple and the gifts of the pious. Mecca is entirely supported by pilgrims from every part of the Mohammedan world; but the number is now much less than formerly, owing partly to the decay of religious zeal, and the decline of power and wealth of the Mohammedan states; and partly, also, to Mecca's being subject to the incursions of the Wahabees. The commerce, now greatly diminished, consists chiefly in the productions and manufactures of India. Notwithstanding the sacred character of the city, it has now little reputation for learning, and Burckhard found no book shops in the place. No Christian

is allowed to enter Mecca, and its territory is regarded as sacred to a certain distance round, which is indicated by marks set up. The male Meckaways are all tattooed at the age of forty days, to prove their origin in the holy city. Mecca was taken by the Wahabees, in 1804, but soon after recovered by the sheriff Galib. It was again captured in 1807, and again delivered by Mohammed Ali, pacha of Egypt, in 1818.

CANZONET.

'Tis sweet to see on yonder steep,
The Sun's last smile so rosy sleep,
Soft as an infant's dream;
While twilight breezes gently creep,
Where the low bending willows weep,
Their leaves into the stream,
But sweeter far to be,
By the smiling moonlight sea,
Alone, my love, with thee,
My Geraldine!

How brightly yonder Moon-beams play,
And the dimpling wave how it whirls away,
And sports in yonder cave,
And sweetly on the laughing stream,
The star of eve with lonely beam,
Kisses the murmuring wave:
But sweeter far the light,
That bathes in deep delight,
That eye so darkly bright,
My Geraldine!

POPE IMPROVED.—A friend who was amusing himself by examining the monuments in a stone-cutter's yard, at the South End, a short time since, was so much pleased with an epitaph on a grave stone, ordered by a person residing at the East, that he has communicated to us the four last lines, containing a very happy alteration, or amendment, or improvement, of Pope, whose beautiful epitaph on Mrs. Corbet, as the reader remembers, ends thus:

So unaffected, so composed a mind—
So firm, yet soft—so strong, yet so refined—
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried—
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.

Our eastern poet had borrowed the three first lines, but discarded the fourth, substituting another, more intelligible and eloquent, as appeareth by the following version:

So unaffected, so composed a mind—
So firm, yet soft—so strong, yet so refined—
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried—
I mourn my loss, but my wife she died.

The stone-cutter, who is one of our most respectable mechanics, and highly reverences "Pope's Works," could not endure the mutilation, and exerted all his powers of eloquence to prevent it, but to no purpose. No alteration, no pay. The grave stone was "made to order."—*Boston Transcript.*

ANECDOTE OF MARSHAL NEY.—When Napoleon marched, in the summer of 1800, to bring back victory to the eagles of France, a division of his army, as it hastened to the scene of action, halted within sight of the little town of Sarre-Louis, on the borders of German Lorraine, and the General who led it, pointing with his sword, said with emotion, "Gentlemen and fellow soldiers, this is my birth place; I am the son of a cooper, and thirteen years ago, on the spot where I now stand, I parted in tears with my father and mother to become a soldier; I bid you welcome to my native town." This leader was the celebrated Marshal Ney. —*Athenaeum.*

THE DARK WINTER TIME.

THE POETRY BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY—MUSIC BY THOMAS R. BISHOP.

A gob-let with gems may be shi-ning, Tho' bit-ter the poi-son with - in; So

gay wreaths are often en - twi - ning The lure that en - ti - ces to sin; Oh! turn from the false that

flat-ter, They can - not en - no - ble a crime; Oh! think of the thorns that would scat-ter O'er thy

Espress.

path in the dark win-ter time.

Ad lib.

Colla voce

2. The home of thy youth may be lonely,
The friends of thy youth may be cold;
The morals they teach may seem only
Fit chains for the feeble and old:
Yet, though they may fetter a spirit
That soars in the pride of its prime,
The friends of thy infancy merit
All thy love in the dark winter time
3. The stranger in gems would array thee,
More pure are the braids thou hast worn;
Say, would not their lustre betray thee,
Attracting the finger of scorn?
Go gaze once again on thy dwelling,
The porch where the wild flowers climb;
Go pray, whilst thy young heart is swelling
Pray for peace in the dark winter time.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

A FAVOURITE SEA SONG—AS SUNG, WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE, BY MRS. WOOD.

Moderato.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream-ers wav - ing in the
wind When black-eyed Su - san came on board, Oh! where shall I my
true - love find? Tell me, ye jo - vial sai - lora, tell me true,
If my sweet Wil - liam, If my sweet Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
Oh! Susan, Susan, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind,
They'll tell thee, "sailors, when away

At ev'ry port a mistress find."
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.
6 If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus, every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.
7. Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, free from harm,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.
8. The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay on board:
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her lily hand.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

TO ROSA.

Sing, my muse, in praise of Rosa!
Vita mia preziosa;
Graceful, kind, bewitching Rosa!

Have you ever seen my Rosa?
Piccolina bella cosa;
Naughty, little, laughing Rosa!

Queen of Smiles is pretty Rosa!
Never, never dolorosa;
Always charming, always Rosa!

Passing sweet's the voice of Rosa!
Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa,
Should have lived to hear my Rosa!

The pouting lip of wicked Rosa;
Che dolce! che delizioso!
Tempting lips, but cruel Rosa!

Countless are the charms of Rosa
As the leaves in Vallombrosa;
Zephyrs, waft my sighs to Rosa!

When I read, my book is Rosa:
Farewell Leibnitz, Locke, Spinoza;
I forsake you all for Rosa!

How sweet, if Cupid conquered Rosa,
And made her sad and amorous,
To soothe and share the pain of Rosa!

Can you love me, gentle Rosa?
Will you be my cara sposa?
Tell me, tell me, dearest Rosa!

B. K.

PROPOSITIONS.—An Irish clergyman once broke off the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed his congregation—"My dear brethren, let me here tell you that I am now just half through with my sermon, but as I perceive your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have had."

A Jew podlar travelling through Flintshire, being exhausted with fatigue, called for refreshment at a little Welch ale-house, where they could furnish him with nothing but eggs and bacon, which were accordingly fried and brought to table. The first morsel that he put in his mouth, there happened to be a clap of thunder, which made the house shake again. "Father Moses," cried the Jew, "what a fuss is here about a bit of bacon—take it away."

AN OLD STORY.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman, he remarked to her, that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah, Sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there."—*Athenaeum.*

A little boy, about four years of age, lay very still one morning, after a fine night's sleep, as if in deep thought. His parents watched him for some time. At length his mother said to him—George, my dear, what are you thinking about? Why mother, says George, how many kinds of fire are there? How many kinds of fire! why only one my son. Why, yes there is, continued the boy, there are four kinds. Four kinds! how will you make that out? Well, then, said he, first there is a wood fire, there is a coal fire, then there is a camp-fire, and then there is—there is—Well, what is your fourth, my son?—There is—*fire every like fury!*

Jonathan's Hunting Excursion.

"Did you ever hear of the escape that I and Zeke! had a duckin' on't on Connecticut river?" said Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under roof of her log cottage, for and in consideration bran new tin milk pan. "No, I never did; deuced was the reply."

"Well—you must know that I an Uncle Zeke! it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go'nin arter ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got sailed down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew warts and forwards I tell ye—and by'n by few a lit down by the marsh, and went to feeden on the clea. I catched up my pounder horn to prime slipped right out my hand and sunk to the botom the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I see it on the bottom. Now I could'n't swim a p'sex to Uncle Zeke, you're a pretty clever feller, w me take your pounder horn to prime. And don't think the stingy critter would not. Well says I a pretty good diver, I'un, if you'll dive down and I'll give you a primin. I tho't he'd leave his p horn, but he didn't; but stuck it into his pocket down he went—and there he staid—here she all opened her eyes with wonder and surprise and of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan abashed looked down and what do you think the critter w doin'?" "Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "Tha don't know." "There he was" said our hero, "i right on the bottom of the river pouring the pound of my horn into hiszn."

A German priest walking in procession at the of his parishioners, over cultivated fields in order procure a blessing on their future crops, w came to those of an unpromising appearance, w pass on, saying "here prayers and singing w nothing: this must have manuret" [A wise post

Reasons why a ship is called a ship:

Because man knows not the expense till he gets it.
Because they are useless without employment.
Because they look best when well rigged.
Because their value depends on their age.
Because they are upright when in stays.
Because they bring news from abroad.
Because they wear caps and bonnets.
Because they are often abandoned.
Because they are often painted.—*Boston E. P.*

HOLY WATER.—A very good story is related Lambert in his travels, respecting the efficacy of water.

"A friend of mine (says he) was once present at house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed and the room darkened. The of the house, not willing to leave the safety of her and company to chance, began to search her chest for the bottle of holy water, which, by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dread storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore doubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the ceased, and the party were providentially saved by its effects, which the good lady attributed solely to precious water. But when the shutters were opened and the light admitted, the whole company found the destruction of their white gowns and muslin kerchiefs; their coats, waistcoats, and breeches, instead of holy water, the pious lady had sprinkled them with ink."

A YANKEE TRADE.—Some years ago, the dealers in hats, caps and furs in a neighboring town, which has now risen to the importance of a city, entered into an agreement establishing an uniformity of prices, and in consequence, one of them posted up a highly emblazoned sign, bearing the inscription "one invariable price strictly adhered to." It chanced when this vender was sitting in his shop one day, musing upon the nifty bargains he had allowed to slip through his fingers by his adherence to the asking price, that a person entered, who at first glance was discovered to be possessed of a "shocking bad hat," and our hero intuitively rose and handed down several of his new ones, from common to extra superior. The visitor was uncommonly fastidious in his taste; he could discern some blemish in every one offered for inspection, until the last hat of the top row was transferred from the shelf to the counter, and again from the counter to the head of the customer. It was so perfect that not a blemish could be detected. A smile pervaded the countenance of Aminidab, (who wore a white broad brim) as he saw that the wearer was suited, and when the price was inquired, mildly announced it to be six dollars. "Six dollars!" exclaimed the other in astonishment, "why I bought full as good a one last year for five, surely that is sufficient for this." "Oh, no," replied the shop-keeper, "we have one price and must rigidly adhere to it." "well in that case I must try another store," and he accordingly made for the door. Principle and interest were struggling furiously in the heart of the hatter, and it was doubtful which would have obtained the ascendency, had not a thought struck him by which he could secure the customer without any deviation from his established rule. "Stop, friend," exclaimed he, "I will tell thee what I can do—I will give thee a dollar, and then thee can purchase the hat at my price"—saying which, he took a silver dollar from his drawer and laid it on the counter, whence it was taken by the other, who, depositing it in his pocket, turned on his heel and left the shop, saying "I will try elsewhere, and if I cannot do better, will return and purchase of you."—*New Bedford Mer.*

BUYING A HAT.—"Misther, have you ever a palm eat hat?" Yes Sir. "I wad be after purchasing one, and what will ye ax?" Nine shillings—"Nine shillings! but that bates the devil intirely; I could buy hat same for four and sixpence a while since!" O well, wait a while, till summer is over, and you may have this for that price. "True for ye, but what'll cover the head of me the while? O by the powers I'll fix it—so that nather of us will be cheated—I'll take the hat now and pay when the price is down."

AMERICAN GENERALS.—Washington was a surveyor and in after life a farmer—"Expressive silence! muse his praise." Knez was a book-binder and stationer. Morgan (he of the Cowpens) was a drover. Tarleton got from him a sound lecture on that subject. Green was a black-smith, and withal a Quaker, albeit through all this southern campaigns, and particularly at the Euauw Springs, he put off the outward man. Arnold—I ask pardon for naming him in such company—was a grocer and provision store keeper, in New Haven, where his sign is still to be seen; the same that decorated his shop before the revolution. Gates, who opened Burgoyne's eyes to the fact that he could not "march through the United States with 5000 men," was a "regular built soldier," but after the revolution, a farmer. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, was a physician, and hesitated not to exhibit to his countrymen a splendid example of the manner in which American physicians should practise when called upon by their country. Marion, the "old Boy" of the South, South Carolina, was a shepherd's boy.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—The late Mr. O—— minister at L——, in this county, was famed for his eccentricities in the pulpit. On one occasion a St. Andrews student, of a long Highland pedigree, among others had heard of the Rev. gentleman's fame, and was determined not only to witness his exhibitions himself, but to take notes of his sermon for the edification of his friends and fellow students. Accordingly one Sunday our hero appeared in church, and requested one of the elders to show him into a pew, where he might take his notes unseen by pastor or congregation. He was accordingly shown into a retired corner of the church, which, however, was by no means invisible to Mr. O——, who was apprised of the appearance and intentions of the learned stranger. After having chosen his text, Mr. O—— proceeded to exhort his hearers, during the course of which more than one person fell asleep. Among these was Janet—, an old woman, who kept a small alehouse in the Brae of L——. The neighbors of poor Janet endeavored in vain to awake her. She continued to snore so loud and so long, that she at length arrested the attention of the preacher. "Stop, stop," said Mr. O——, "I'll waken her. Bring in a bottle o' ale and a gill, Janet." "Comin', Sir," responded Janet, starting to her feet awake. "I tell't you sae," replied the minister; "my brethren—it is as impossible to keep that woman frae sleepin', as it is to keep a Highlandman frae stealin'." There never was a Highlandman that ever I kend but fat was a thief. Put ye down that in your notes, my young friend!"—[*Dundee Constitutional.*]

A GOOD REASON.—A man being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in the house of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot in the house—the chimney corner—as happy as a clam, fiddling most merrily. Our traveller tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters. "Jack," said he, "why don't you fix your house?" "O cause er rain so I cant." "But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?" "O wen er don't rain, er don't need no fixin'!"

Somebody, we believe Figaro, gave us this—it is not bad, and we insert it among our "pearls":—A shrewd nutmeg-vender, remarkable for *taking a hint*, being asked why he gave up visiting a buxom, good-looking girl in the neighborhood, replied he was kicked out of doors the last time he went to see her, and that was *hint enough for him!*

A gentleman having, in a dense crowd, accidentally stepped on the toe of the one next him, asked pardon for his carelessness. "No matter, sir," was the good natured reply, "it is only an error of the press."

A witness being called into court to testify in a certain cause there pending, on being asked what he knew of the matter, gave the following lucid evidence. He undertakes to relate a conversation between himself and the defendant.

"Pat! said he—What! said I—Here, said he—Where? said I—Its cold said he—Faith it is, said I—Oho! said he—Ah! said I—The Devil! said he—When [Whistling] said I—And that's all he told me upon the subject.

"A worshipful member of a certain corporation, immediately engaged in the interests of the Bentinck family, having visited London, the Duke of Portland politely invited him to dinner. "My Lord! I am sorry I cannot accept your kind offer," was the tenor of the reply, "But my son Johnny will be glad to come in my room, because he never saw a Duke."

A SKETCH.

'Twas the deep noon of night;
But still as if each zephyr had been hush'd
In some far distant bower; the moonlight rays
Streamed on the thousand leaves of the dark oak
A lustre, like the pearly light of some
Young angel's wings, when sporting o'er the wave
Of the calm lake of Heaven. A silver cloud
Hung movelessly in its broad path of blue,
An inland spot on the pure placid tide
Of a bright ocean. Hush'd by the calm scene,
No insect wing roam'd in the quiet air;
The cricket too, awed into silence, hush'd
Unconsciously, his tiny voice of praise;
No pure the air, you might have heard the dew
Upon the broad leaves falling —
One form alone sought the still night: his eye
Anon upon the bright moon turned, anon,
Upon her wandering beams, as oft
They flung their radiance o'er some little rill,
Like memory's glance on the past days of youth—
"O what a grand and glorious night," cried he,
"FOR KILLING SKUNKS."

Young M., a poetical, romantic, gin-drinking youth, has been laboring under "a slight mistake," in paying his devoirs to a second rate Psyche in the vicinity of the Bowling Green, and playing a thousand antics beneath the parlor windows. The unfortunate wight has at last discovered that she lived at the back of the house. Figaro has favored us with the subjoined lines on this dire mishap—

M— fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade
He awakened the whole neighborhood;—
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching:
While he played in front of the house—
She slept in the little back kitchen.

WELSH FLANNEL.—A Rational Reason for Marrying.—"How could you do so imprudent a thing," said a curate to a very poor Taffy; "what reason could you have for marrying a girl as completely steeped in poverty as yourself, and both without the prospect of the slightest provision?" "Why, Sir," replied the Benedict, "we had a very good reason: we had a blanket-piece; and as the cold winter weather was coming on, we thought that putting them together would be warmer."—*Literary Gas.*

NEY.—An officer asked him one day (says the Memoirs just published,) if he had ever been afraid; thus summing up in a single word that profound indifference to danger, that forgetfulness of death, that tension of mind, and that mental labor so necessary to a general-in-chief upon the field of battle. "I have never had time," was the Marshal's reply.

This indifference, however, did not prevent him from noticing in others those slight shades of weakness from which very few soldiers are wholly exempt. An officer was one day making a report to him: a cannon ball passed so close to them, that the officer bent his head as if by instinct to avoid it nevertheless, he continued his report without betraying any emotion. "Very well," said the Marshal: "but another time don't make so low a bow."

A lady looking at some stockings in a dry goods store, inquired of the clerk, who was a raw lad, how high they came? The clerk very seriously answered, "I never tried them on, but believe they will reach above the knee."

CHAPTER OF MISSES.

Th dear little *Misses* we meet with in life,
What hopes and what fears they awaken;
And when a man's ta-king a *Miss* for his *Wife*,
He is *Mis-led* as well as *Mis-taken*.
When I courted *Miss Kid* and obtained the kiss,
I thought in the warmth of my passion,
That I'd make a great *Hit* in thus gaining a *Miss*,
But 'twas only a *Miss-calcu-la-tion*.

For so many *Misses*, surrounded *Miss Kid*,
With me and my love interfering:
A jealous *Miss-trust* put it into her head
That she ought not to give me a hearing.
There's a certain *Miss-chance* that I met with as
day

Almost sent my hopes to destruction,
And she felt a suspicion of all I might say—
And all owing to one *Miss-construc-tion*.

Deceived by a *Miss-information* I wrote,
The cause of her anger demanding;
Miss-direction prevented her getting the note,
And introduced *Miss-understanding*.
When to make her my wife I exultingly swore,
Miss-belief made her doubt my intention,
And I nearly got wed to *Miss-fortune* before
I could wear her from *Miss-apprehension*.

But when she no longer would yield to *Miss-doubt*,
Nor be led by *Miss-representation*,
She had with *Miss-like* a most serious fall out,
And to wed felt no more hesitation,
But when at the church to be married we met
Miss-take made the Parson to linger,
And I got so annoyed by an awkward *Miss-ft*,
I could not get the ring on her finger.

Having been so *Miss-used*, I now keep a strict
watch,
Tho' I still liv'd in fear of *Miss-carriage*,
And I found, when too late, an unlucky *Miss-match*
Interfered with the joys of my marriage,
Miss-rule in my dwelling put every thing wrong
Miss-management there took her station,
Till my case, like the time I take singing my song
Was all wasted by *Miss-application*.

FRENCH BULL.—A lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

LAKES.—In travelling to a place called White Horse, about 150 miles west of Detroit, a great many Lakes are seen, from one to five miles in length, and some of them very handsome—the banks are generally sloping to the water, which is pure as crystal, and many of them abound with fine fish.

A COQUETTE IN INDIA.—"And who," says I, "is the pretty young lady to whom three gentlemen are paying court?" "It is Miss T., giving laws to her suitors; she possesses talents of no common order. What an acquisition she would have been to the Court or the coteries of Paris! She has not yet numbered twenty summers, yet observe with what a delicate poise she preserves the balance of power. To one adherer she had given her fan, to another her comb, the third was 'au desespoir.' What was to be done? Fortunately the ribbon of her sash was loose, she tied the despairing one to tie it, he did so, recovered his gaiety, and an universal equilibrium was the consequence."—*East India Magazine.*



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